"Familiar in their Louths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHARKSPRANE,

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Meckly Journal.

Deta CONFICTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1853.

LODGED IN NEWGATE.

POLICE Constable Keggs, when he put his hand upon my shoulder and informed me that he had a warrant for my apprehension, caused me to feel sick at heart. In face and voice he seemed to be the most repulsive of all mortals. I must go with him, he said, to Bow Lane station-house. I might go home for half-anhour and explain matters to my wife; but the night I must spend "locked up.", As we went along he advised me—supposing I might be delicient in tast or feeling—how I could best break the news, so that the sudden blow should fall as lightly as it might upon her. I think when we got home that, with an easy soothing way, he really did help very effectively to comfort her.

having been entered, and the contents of my pockets entrusted to the inspector on duty for the night—I was locked up in a cell doors, bolts, and keys upon my entrance; and,

At Bow Lane - the charge against me

as he occupied the whole of the narrow bench, which was the only available bed, I took my boots off and walked up and down throughout the night. A small gas lamp in a niche at the top of the wall (lighting two cells at once) enabled me to see that he was a horny man who had done rough work in the world. Towards morning he awoke and saw me: "Halloa!" he cried; "what time did your come in?" "Between eleven and twelve." "Drunk and riotous, or incapable?" "No," I replied. "Oh!" he said, "some heavy business p'raps. Well, I'm in for forgery."

business praps. Well, I'm in for forgery."

He got up and walked up and down, and told me a wild story of his former life, to which I gladly listened as a break on my own conference. He told me that, although as it painful meditations. At eleven o'clock the officer came for me, and conveyed me in a cab (paid for with the money that had been found in my pockets) to the Mansion-house. Through the dark passage under the Police I expected immediate liberation on bail; and, the bright moon of summer flooding all the streets outlide. The vault was crowded with the forms proper on opening the court had policemen in uniform, among whom there been completed, the various officers came

and two or three minor officials of the court above. The warder of the place-a thoroughly kind-hearted man, dangling a huge bunch or bright keys upon his finger—led me down a passage to the left into a corridor, along the walls of which were iron cages, like the dens which confine beasts of prey at the Zoological Gardens. Into one of these he locked me. Other prisoners were brought afterwards into the cages, so that we soon came to be rather closely packed. A huge gas burner glared upon us, and the place was very close; but there was nothing in the air half so unwholesome as the wandering utterances,

> "The voices and the shadows, And images of voice,"

which filled my ears with the knowledge that I was among people morally degraded. Old offenders winked their recognitions to each other; men-self-occupied, as is the way with all the ignorance stalked of themselves to containing only one ther person and highly their neighbours indiscussed crime as a calling, respectable" they told me. His snoring was and their changes of escape, or the character not interrupted by the clash and rattle of their several convictions, as a set of farmers might discuss their prospects for the harvest, only with less decorum and more mirth-a very ugly mirth. Levity was the prevailing habit. A quiet-looking boy asked in a meek voice, as the warder passed him, "Oh, if you please, sir, might I have a little drop of water?" Everybody was at once struck with intense thirst, and the joke was relished all the more as there was only one tin can to supply the whole. It was handed round, and every one praised the ale, declared it was in prime condition; some adding that they would "tick it up this time," but that the

was in due time shown-I had been accused of a grave crime hastily and in error, he should apply for a remand; for he would be unable to meet the charges against me effectually at once. Court I was ushered into an apartment like as I dreaded no stain upon my character, con-a vault, lighted with gas, though there was sidered that my trouble was already over. After the magistrate had taken his seat, and were also some officers in plain clothes, down, ready each at the fit time to uncage his

" cases." Mine was the second case called follower Me. Keggs up an extremely narrow staircase; atd, waiting at the top of it for a minute or two, saw that a trap-door was raised over my head, through which I was to be wound up, like a stage ghost, and quite as pale. I made my first appearance as a prisoner in the dock, and stood before the robes and chains of City magistrates. My mouth was dry, and I felt faint. I scarcely heard the case. I saw, as through a mist, a witness at the witness's rail. I heard persons on my right and left speaking loudly, as it seemed, against me; and a quiet, resolute "voice, which seemed to speak on my behalf. In my confusion I could not tell to what end the proceedings tended, until I cought the words from the Bench: "Well, if all parties are agreed, I see no reason for not granting it. Let the case be remanded until this day fortnight."

Then my thoughts dwelt upon the prospect of immediate deliverance. There was more talking, and whispering, and consulting on my right hand. Every man engaged in it was irksome to me, for prolonging my detention as the mark for a vague crowd of staring eyes. The voice from the Bench was again audille to me: "Oh, decidedly not. I cannot think of accepting bail. Bail is out of the

question."

Before I had attached a meaning to the words the trap was raised, and I was being hurried down the narrow staircase. minute or two I was again locked up in the den with my old compatitues, who received me with a simultaneous pull of long, commiserative faces, meant to be comical.

course, out of my own funds—"instead of going with the rest," said Mr. Keggs.

"But where am I to go to?" I asked in bewilderment. "Where is Mr. Bartle, my solicitor?"

directly.'

" And then ?"

"Why, then you must go to Newgate."

entrance-hall of that dark building I was offi- a hot bath filled, and I went in. The officer cially delivered over to the warden; who, with had then his opportunity of taking up my a cheery comfortable face, suggested thoughts garments one by one, searching their pockets

rather of warden pie than gruel.
"Prisoner on remand," said Mr. Keggs,

Mansion-house

Having asked me a few questions formally, to satisfy himself that I was the person speci-. fied in the document, and having inquired whether I had anything in my pockets, he shouted once or twice to some one who was alow to come out of the innermost recesses of the place. His voice echoed among the labyrinth of passages, beating itself against the thick stone walls, until another voice came echoing an answer to it. In a short time a man appeared behind the massive iron gratings, and retreated rapidly in the direction

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gate, and threw it open with a heavy sound, terrible to one who had not been scared before by anything more wretched than an unoiled bedroom hinge. "Here's one for the remand ward," said the warden. "Very well," said the man, who was in no good temper. "Come this way." I shook hands with the officer, and felt, when he departed, as if I had lost a valued friend. lost a valued friend. He would meet me, he said, at the Mansion-house, punctually on the appointed day; talking of it as genially as if it were a dinner appointment. Then, as administrator of my funds, he gave to the warden sixpence wherewith to buy for me postage stamps, and left me to make myself at home in Newgate.

Strong and stony as the prison seems to

passers by, it looks much stonier and stronger to the men who enter it. The multiplicity of heavy walls, of iron gates and doorways; of huge locks, of bolts, spikes and bars of every imaginable shape and size, make of the place a very nightmare dungeon. I followed the gruff under-warden, through some dark and clilly vaulted passages, now turning to the right, now to the left. We crossed a large hall, in the centre of which is a glass room for the use of prisoners when they are it is so used, a prison officer walks round and round it, seeing all that may take place within, but hearing nothing. In another pass; ge was a small recess, in which three or four under-wardens in their regulation uniform were dining. One vacant seat, with a half emptied plate refore it, let me know why my guide was not in a good humour. Had I arrived ten minutes later, he would "You can have a cab if you like"-of have been, I do not doubt, in an excellent humour. Still following, I was led into another large recess or enumber, on one side of which was a huge boiler with a furnace glowing under it, and on another side a large stone bath. On the third wall there were a "Mr. Bartle will be down to speak to you couple of round towels on a roller, with a wooden bench beneath them. "Stop," cried the warden, "take your clothes off." I hesitated. "Take off your clothes, do you hear?" Lwas taken to Newgate in a cab. In the My clothes were soon laid on the bench, and and their linings, feeling them about and holding them against the light. My boots handing to him the committal from the appeared to be especially suspicious. After he had put his hands into them, he thumped them violently on the stone floor; but there rolled nothing out. Having bathed, I was led down another passage, at the end of which were two gratings of iron bars, closely woven over with wire-work, distant about two feet from each other. Unlocking both he pushed me through, and started me up two or three steps into a square court-yard, where there was a man walking to and fro ver violently. After shouting "One in!" he locked the two

of his dinner. Another warden with a bunch of keys came from a gloomy building that formed one side of the court. "Go up," he said to the pedestrian; who disappeared up

a staircase instantly.

"Where are you from?" the jailor asked me, and "What are you here for ?" Being replied to on these points, he said shortly, "Come this way." He led up the dark stone staircase to a corridor with cells on one side, having iron doors to them a foot or more in thickness. One of those cells was to be mine. Venturing as I went in to ask "Whether I might be allowed to walk in the yard when I pleased?" he answered sharply, "You'll just please to walk where and when you're told." He slammed the door, bolted it, locked it, and padlocked it.

The cell was about eight feet by four, lighted by a loophole above eye-level. It contained, besides an iron bedstead with a straw mattrass and two coarse rugs upon it, an uncomfortable stool and a slanting reading-desk fastened to the wall, on which were a Bible, a prayer-book, and hynd-book. Alone for the first time since my apprehension, I stretched myself upon the bed; and, with my hands over my eyes endeavoured to collect my thoughts. I was soon aroused being opened in the corridor; and, in due turn mine was flung open, and the jailor looked prised and gratified. The order being "Go in. The impression my, body had left upon below and wash," I obeyed it, and washed the rugs enraged him creadfully. What," a lying on that 'ere bed, have you! You just soap, finishing off with a towel that had let me catch you on it again till night, that's been made very damp by having gone the

"Oh," I said soothingly, "I didn't know. Now that I do know, I will not lie down

"If I find you on it again I'll have you up before the governor or stop your supper.

That's all. Go down."

In the yard I found nine fellow "remands;" two or three of them well dressed, the others Those who were near me asked particulars about myself, and were communicative about themselves. We fell into line. An iron gate was unbolted, and at the same time there was a cry of "Hats off!" The governor appeared, with the head warden and a small pet spaniel. "Have any of you anything to say to the governor?" asked the warden. The governor himself repeated the question, and at the same time looked at us critically. There was silence, and the governor departed. We returned then to our a little butter or cheese, but not eggs and cells; and, for the rest of the afternoon I not bacon. There is a person, I was told, remained undisturbed, except by the clock of just outside the gates who regularly supplies St. Sepulchre's and the occasional shout of prisoners in Newgate for whom the door-"One in;" which let me know that time as it keeper has funds in trust, with the regulapassed on never found Newgate idle.

Almost simultaneously with the striking the morning tea and toast in the afternoon. of five from St. Sepulchre's, I heard the There was incidental relaxation also, as I.

shout of "Gruel!" followed by a clink of cans and spoons. My cell was unbolted, and there was handed in to the a tin of smoking gruel, and a piece of dry bread. I am not squeamish, but I could not eat it. I knew that my wife with our home walls about her felt more desolate than I. I'left my gruel and my bread, after a vain structule. to eat them. In a short time the jailor came and took away the can, ordering me down for a half hour's walk in the yard.

Just before locking up for the night at eight o'clock, the cell doors were again opened and the prisoners invited to drink from a bucket of water, by the help of a little can. Chains, padlocks, ar landditional bolts noisily adjusted, made all safe for the night; and, when the work of fastening was finished, the head warden came through the silence with a measured tread, and, raising a fulle peophole in each door, bade "Good night" to each prisoner; awaiting a reply, in order that he might report to the governor that all was well. Until six in the morning all was

quiet.

The sounds of keys and bolts aroused me in the morning. I had some experience of soldiers' bods and how they are made; and the Newgate beds are of the barrack by the undoing of bolts and bars below, character. Hearing my neighbours who had while a stentorian voice shouted from the made their beds up clumsily sharply admo-yard, "All—down!" I heard the cell doors nished, I packed mine up in military style nished, I packed mine up in military style before the jailor came to me. He looked surwith the help of a bucket at the cistern he cried, almost in a scream, "you've been tap in the yard and a very small piece of rounds before I took my turn at it. When I came back, the jailor-who had not lived down his admiration of my bed-making—took me to a cell not far from my own and bade me teach that shiftless Bilson how to make up a bed, exhorting Bilson at the same time to heed the lesson. Bilson of course introduced himself to me with the questions " When are you going up ?" " What are you in for ?" &c., which supply to Newgate prisoners such a topic as the weather is, to men out in the tree air.

. I was glad to get with my gruel and bread, at half-past seven, the information that if, when my friends came to see me, they left any money with the porter at the gate I might buy myself provisions out of it. Of course there were restrictions. Cold beef and mutton were admissible, pork . and veal were excluded. I could be allowed tion comforts, including coffee and rolls in

• found, connected with this arrangement. All those who are victualled by this worthy man are allowed to leave their cells and to go into the corridor where he serves out prison luxuries. Then for a minute or two rapid conversation could take place among us; but, if it wers protracted half a minute beyond the time sufficient for the drawing of our allotted portions, the stern voice of the jailor waiting to lock up again made us run like rats into our holes.

It being the first day of my residence in Newgate, I received a visit from the doctor, who made diligent inquiry on the subject of Soon afterwards I was sent my health. dows, with all the others whe had come in on the previous day, to see the ordinary in the vestry. Through an intricate stone labyrinth, by aid of numerous directions shouted out by the .. arden, we found our way into the comfortably furnished chamber at the foot of the chapel stairs. The Ordinary sat in a large easy chair at a table covered with papers, and he was backed by a large bookcase, on the top of which were proper Newgate ornaments, consisting of casts of the features of men who had been hanged. 1 found him kind and gentle. He inter-rogated me as to the charge which was entered in a book before him; conversed with and advised me for a few minutes in a considerate and humane way, and sent me back with a pamphlet which he considered suitable to my condition. It was entitled A Warning of Advice to Young Men in the Metropolis.

In the exercise yard I found all the remanded prisoners turning out for chapel parade. There was a gentlemanly young man who possessed a clothes brush which all-down to the most ragged-were solicitous to borrow. The desire was for something to do, and there were great brushings. That young man had been in the remand department for three months or more, on suspicion of having been implicated in a bank rebbery. He went out at last with a clear character, the police having in his case been on a false scent, for even police sometimes err. There was a showy foreigner anxious that I should tell him—as I was a newcomer—what the public thought about his chances of acquittal. There were some boys accused of larcenies, perverting the light-heartedness of childhood into a play of wretched mockeries and jokes, not checked by the authoritative "Keep quiet you there, won't you;" but greatly promoted by the smile into which now and then the jailor was betrayed.

The part of Newgate chapel set aside for the congregation differs of course in its *planning from any church or chapel used by people who have liberty to come and go. There are only four pews, separate and far

sheriffs or City authorities who came at special times: on condemned sermon Sundays for example. . We were marched across the chapel to the cage set apart for remands; which is in close contact with the governor's pew, and I observed that the jailor so formed the line of our procession every morning that the well-dressed men of our party were placed nearest to the dignitary. A black veil from the ceiling hung before the gallery above us and concealed the female prisoners. The locks of our cage having been fastened, and our jailor having scated himself so as to command a full view of all who were in his charge, the convicts in their grey suits were marshalled into a cage opposite to ours. When they had been locked up, some other prisoners were brought into the body of the chapel and ranged upon forms. There came a fine-looking old man who walked with an air of great consequence to a seat at the communion rails. He proved to have been a prisoner for some years past, a collector of taxes who had pocketed the public money. We were all so well classified in chapel that remands before committal, committals awaiting trial, convicted and sentenced prisoners could at a glance be distinguished from each other by the governor or chaplain.

Chaplain and clerk being in their places, the governor entered his pew; a prison bird sitting behind me, wanted to know whether he had his boots on? Yes, he had. "Then," said the whisperer, he'll visit us after this. When he is not going over jail till afternoon and keeps to himself all morning, he always comes to chapel in his slippers. I've not been here a dozen times for nothing, I can tell you." After prayers and psalms we had a sermon on the lesson of the day, in which we were not specially addressed as sinners, but as dear brethren who were to avoid sin. I was struck by the force which the whole body of prisoners threw into hymn singing; the jailors led, and there was scarcely a prisoner who did not take the opportunity to use his lungs. The hymns were really well sung, but my experience among the denizens of Newgate made me feel vexed at the hollowness of adoration so expressed. And yet, what would one have? Even such shows may lead the way to something more substantial.

After chapel service, we were marched back to our wards: I with the new arrivals being first taken to the governor's office and paraded there before the door, near the great entrance gate. We were called in one by one, and found the governor sitting on the table, having a warder before him with writing materials, and a book in which he wrote what was dictated to him. Looking stedfastly at me, the great authority over apart. One is for the governor, one for the us rapidly dictated the description of my head warden or deputy governor, and the person: "Light — grey — small — short—no other two, one in each gallery, for the distinguishing:" the last words, I suppose, meant that I had no mark upon me by which I might be at once identified. "What are you charged with?" "Ever in gaol before?" that I was measured by the standard rule, (I had before been measured in the station-house,) and dismissed by the governor with a sharp reproof to the warden so much before the arrival of the Ordinary, for laying brought me before him in shighly that the warden super out "Very had better I had be the continuous transport me before him in shighly that the warden super out "Very had better I had bet for having brought me before him in a highly improper state (I had a two days' beard). • He was to see at once and have me cleanly shaved.

Next followed the "ninety minutes" which to me were all the day. I had been locked up only a short time when I was unbarred and ordered to "the grate," at which I had been left by the first warden yesterday. It was the place for seeing visitors, and there 1 found my wife. The comfort and quiet of the other prisoners and prisoners' friends, who formed two close files opposite each other with the space between the two gratings parting them, was disturbed that morning. My dear wife cried loudly the whole time. The head warden came to her, and with a kindness not to be forgotten, begged her "not to take on so, it would be all right." Then he brought her a form to sit upon, telling her she would find it tiresome work to stand an hour and an half on the cold stones. When the two gates were opened that the bundles brought by visitors might be passed in, he made her advance half-way through, that she might shake hands with

me. His heart was not of Newgate stone.
Indeed, I found that while there was a
great deal, especially among the under-wardens, of the roughness that they considered necessary to discipline, there was no lack of a right human feeling anywhere. The hour and half of interview at the grate, from halfpast ten to twelve for female relatives and friends, and the hour from oue to two o'clock for male friends, were always full of noticeable scenes, that on the whole were to the credit of the people concerned in them. Only one visitor was allowed to each prisoner at a prisoners of every grade jostled one another to your cell, there's a good fellow! You vigorously, and the confusion of tongues was terrible. Some visitors were sad, and came weeping or dejected; others, at home in "The chief and the surnkey speaking for the first time gently to the youth, said, "Come now! up to your cell, there's a good fellow! You wanted to see your brother. Now I hope terrible." time; and, considering the pressure for front Newgate, sought to encourage their caged acquaintances with rude fun. The turnkey of the ward favoured us sometimes with his on the basement story with pen, ink, and company and exchanged recognitions with paper. There we wrote letters which a familiar people; adding a contribution of goodhumoured turnkey jokes. It was worthy of observation, that although there might be tears seen and regrets heard, no wife ever reproached her husband, no mother her son, no sister her brother. It was not the time for admonition, their hearts knew. With one exception the same right feeling was shown by the men.

A young man guilty of a small embezzle-

that the warden sung out "You had better, I think, stop that cat's noise here, you sir!" The next morning he told me that he had expected his brother; but that nobody had been to see him. He wanted to see his bro-ther very much. That afternoon while I was at the grate talking to a friend, a sedatelooking, sanctimonious, well-dressed man arrived. It was the expected brother. He did not aspear much affected, and addressed his repentant relative in a way that made the turnkey stare. The turnkey always came to have a thorough looks a new visitor. "Well, sir," said the good brother, "so here you are, and here of course you shall remain. I have just come; not because you sent for me, but to say that none of the family will have anything to do with you." The castaway had no answer, for he was groaning and lamenting; but the turnkey shouted after the righteous one as he was departing, "I say, sir, you must send him a clean shirt and a collar, and a bit of a hairbrush. And I tell you what, he don't relish his gruel; so just you leave a shilling at the gate to get him something better.'

The brother was exasperated at the impudent demand. "Prison fare," he replied, "is good enough for him, too good for him. I'll send the other things, if you assure me I can have them back when he is sentenced. And mark me, brother," he said, turning with fierce deliberation on his old home playfellow, "if by any chance you should escape punishment, don't come near any of us. We'll have nothing to do with you. The sooner you get out of the way the better." Shouldering his umbrella he marched off, and the turnkey speaking for the first time

gate, next to the constitutional walk in the yard, is being locked up in a large cell turnkey saw us sign and marked with his initials; they were then taken to be read by the authorities before they were posted. Sometimes I was locked up with one of the many prisoners who could not write, or even dictate sensibly; but such men newer would allow that it was possible to make their meaning clearer than they made it, by another than their own appointed form of words.

When being escorted through the passages ment, who had given himself into custody, to the glass-room for interviews with my had been brought into Newgate a day or two solicitor, I used often to meet a man carrying wine buttles in a basket, and wondered who it was that had so large a traffic to and from his cellar. L'found out that the bottles contained black draught and physic for the prisoners, and then my interest abated.

At last the morning came on which I was to be again taken to the Mansion-house. Before breakfast, I was got up for the event like a school-boy who is wanted in the parlour. As I had never shown any symptoms of a desire; to defeat the ends of justice. I had been trusted with my razor, and allowed to shave myself. The warder, however, lounged against one of the window-sills in the yard (the barber's shop) the while, indulging in gruff but wellmeant remarks on the young men who had come under his care. On this particular morning he was more than usually chatty. "Ah! I have known some first-rate men in here; and enjoy themselves very much, they did. Poor fellows; all their troubles commenced when they left here. That's the time—you'll find that when you get out. Every man that looks at you a little harder than usual in the streets you'll think knows you have been in Newgate. You'll think every one knows where you've come from; and, sure enough, it's wonderful what a sight of people do find it out." He ended by hoping he should not see me back again in Newgate.

Soon after morning chapel there was a cry heard of "Send down them remands!" I was taken down with half-a-dozen others, and paraded in line waiting for the van. Whenall was ready we were led through the long dark passage to the entrance-hall. The warden at the gate, having seen that we were the right persons to go out, required me to enter my his disbursements in the character of steward to my funds. The great iron gate then swung upon its hinges, and we passed to the van one by one through a lane of curious ob-

The van contained separate cabins, with swing shatters to the doors fastened by buttons, and all opening into the central passage. A young man, "very faint," requested that his shutter might be left open. "Yes," said the serjeant—"then you'll be all talking, you will."—"O no indeed, sir. we won't, I assure you. Do let me have it open if you please, sir." The plaintive tone prevailed; and after the van door was locked, the young man, putting out his arm, unbuttoned the other shutters, and a romp began. Jokes were bandied, arrangements and appointments made in the event of release, and the great game was for each to lie in wait watching the other shutters, and be ready to box the ears of any one who popped his head out. In that spirit of levity young and old men, accessed of grave offences, went to trial. At the Mansion-house the hand of Mr. Keggs appeared at the van door ready to help me down. That amiable friend bade me good day, and took me to the cage again.

I did not reappear in Newgate to add to my experience a knowledge of the kind of life led by committed prisoners or others in a lower deep—the convict department. I have teld my tale simply as so much experience, and have no desire or talent for constructing any theories upon it.

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

September 7th.—So, here we are at last, in sight of Australia. That faint grey something, seen through the worst of weather, we are told is Cape Otway. What a time we have had of it these last three weeks. It is all over with my Diary, as indeed it has very nearly been all over with everything else in the Rodneyrig, ever since we passed the little black rocky islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam. If I ever again take to keeping a journal, it must be on the plan of no-plan-1 mean of no sort of regularity as to

the intervals.

The condition of our cabin-our berthsevery cabin, and every berth in the 'tween decks, no tongue can tell. All washed out, and everything left, not high and dry, but moist, rotten, broken, trodden up, strewn about, and turned to rags and slush. The grand summit of all our sea-disasters we reached on the 10th inst.-was it the 10th or the 9th, or the 7th ?--oh, I forget, but it topped everything. We had gone to bed during gales, and got up in the morning to find a storm, to say pothing of any of the roaring hours between, for some time; but one day we had a hurricane that never ceased for a minute. name in his account-book as an acquittal for so that when it grew dark we all fairly turned into our berths to avoid being knocked and battered to pieces against the ship and each other, and there we all lay wide awake, listening to the various effects-such as roars, howls, hisses, gushes, creaks, clanks, shrieks, flaps and flanks, rumbles and falls, and sudden shocks, with the steady, monotonous, vibrating drone of the mighty wind holding on through all, without intermission. This lasted in all its force through the night, till from sheer exhaustion by attending to it I dropped off to sleep. Sometime between twelve and two I awoke with a start, caused by a loud and violent booming blow, followed by a rush of water, which came dashing down the main hatchway, and flooding all the 'tween decks, every cabin inclusive. lurch instantly followed, which sent all the water swosh over to the other side of the ship, but this seemed only done to give a more vehement impulse to the counter-lurch on our side, the roll of which went to such an extent lower and lower that I thought this time at last we must go elean over, and while the result was yet suspended in the darkness, down came rushing to our low-sunken side an avalanche of all the moveable contents of the entire 'tween decks-cooking

tins and crockery, washing things, all loose articles of every description, with bexes, jars, and tubs, and kegs and cabin furniture bursting away from their fastenings, through cabin doors, and bringing many cabin doors and panels along with them, together with the heavy crashing hatchway ladders—in one tremendous avalanche, cataract, and chaos, like the total destruction and end of all things. It was so sudden, so complete, so far exceeding all we had previously experienced. put together, that it produced for a second or two a dead silence. The suspense was momentary, for out of that silence there arose one loud, unanimous, spontaneous, simultaneous huzza! from nearly every cabin in the 'tween decks, just as though we had received the first broadside of an enemy on going into action. This is literally true. I felt proud of my countrymen. Most of us on our first voyage too. Certainly we English were meant to be a nation of sailors.

10th.-The foulest weather of the whole voyage was in the Indian Ocean, when we were first nearly abreast of Cape Lewin, off the invisible Australian coast. Our boas'n said he had been out flere fourteen times, and always had a storm off this coast. The boas'n a first-rate sailor. Had two holes, and one long rent in his blue trowsers-the largest patched with a great canvas heart, the next with an anchor cut out in leather and the long rent was covered with a Turkish seymetar, also of canvas. But here we were at last nearing the "Heads," and I did not care how soon I lost sight of all these petty objects and interests of the stupid old Rodneyrig. Took pilot on board. Crowd surrounded him with eager looks and questions. Pilot said gruflly at once, "All right as to the gold-now, I won't answer another question. Haul up the mainsail!"

11th.—Hobson's Bay. Who would have expected to see so many ships? Could not 11th.—Hobson's Bay. help feeling a momentary alarm, lest all the gold should have been picked up. But the ships looked all empty, deserted, as we passed. In one there seemed to be nobody but the captain, who was leaning disconsolately over the side. Others showed no signs of life at all. On this deck perhaps a boy, or that a dog, but generally no moving thing at all. Felt that if the gold had been picked up ever so extensively, at least it had not been carried away.

A row on deck between passengers and Captain Pennysage. Holson's Bay was not Melbourne—yet he declared he had no more to do with us now, and that we must get ashore in boats, how we could, at our own expense. We learnt from the pilot that the charges of boatmen for passengers and bag-gage ashore, were most exorbitant, and no help for it. How we raged at the captain! We all execrated Saltash and Pincher!

ashore, measured by their own off-hand men, besides paying for our own passage. Nobody with all his luggage, so that we had this to go through several times. Steam-tug calling at all manner of vessels by the way, round about and in and out, made it dark when we were landed on the wharf. In a few minutes, to our surprise and dismay, the air became dark-it was night, and the rain began to fall heavily. Rain had fallen before in the day, and all under foot was mud and slush. Most of their luggage all the passengers had to carry or drag ashore themselves; the rest, excepting what was carelessly left behind by the sailors of the tug, was bundled after us, pell mell. Cattle would never have been put ashore in so reckless a manner. There was not a single lamp on the wharf, nor even the temporary help of a lanthorn. Boxes, bales, cases, fragments of machinery, Laundles of diggers' tools, merchandise of all sorts bursting from their confines and being trampled into the mud, nien, women, large families, with the children all crying, now a dog running between your legs, now you running up against a horse who had also lost his master, and all this in a strange place, in the rain and dark, and nobody knowing anything you wanted to know, but retorting precisely your own question in a wild tone—especially "Which is the way to the town?"—"Where can we get lodgings for the night?"—"What on earth is to become of our luggage?" Arrowsmith, by agreement, had rushed ashore directly we touched the edge of the wharf, to go up to Melbourne and try and find lodgings for us, which we knew must be no easy matter. I had lost Waits in the scramble and confusion. I saw no more of either of them all night. In the miserable company of some forty or fifty passengers by the Rodneyrig, and another ship that had just sent a cargo of forforn wretches ashore, I passed the whole night on the wharf, standing with my back against a large packing case, and occasionally lying with my hand and elbows upon it indulging in no very lively train of reflection. I was very wet and cold of course, but not so cold as I had fancied I should be. About daybreak I discerned a large rusty boiler of a steam engine (one of the numerous pieces of machinery which for want of cranes, or other apparatus, besides labourers, had been left, as I subsequently found, to rot on the wharf), and into this boiler I crept, and coiling myself as nearly into a ball as I could,

gave a sigh, and went to sleep.

24th.—Horrible bad cold, aches in every joint of my bones, more rain, wandering about on the wharf searching for our luggage, with no breakfast, everybody rushing to and fro in a scramble, and nobody able to answer any question, or refusing to listen a moment. About nine o'clock, the sun came out bright and hot. We all execrated Saltash and Pincher! Saw Arrowsnith hurrying along cowared 13th.—Thirty shillings for every forty cubic with mud, and followed by Waits with a feet of luggage by the steam-tug that took us bloody nose and one of the skirts of his

coat hanging in shreds. They would answer no questions, but cried out, "The luggage! all the things!" Oh what a job sit was! They accuse me of deserting the luggage, it was they who had deserted me! Found most of it, and in a pretty pickle. We had to carry it ourselves up to the town, with the exception of a large heavy chest of Arrowsmith's which we left at an old shackety shed of planks and dirty canvas called a "store, for which he was to pay ten shillings "entrance," and half-a-crown a week.

Went to a one-storied, yellow-ochred, impudently squalid place in Flinders Lane, a sort of gin-shop, beer-shop, lodging-house, eating-house, and coffee-shop all in one, where they also sold potatoes, tin-pans, and oats, outside at a stall, and bought gold to any amount. Here (our luggage being bundled into a muckly yard at the back, where there was already a chaos of boxes, bundles, and rubbish) we got some very muddy coffee, with the chill off, some remarkably dirty brown sugar, stale bread, bad potatoes, the filthiest knives, forks, and table-cloth, the house could afford, and a huge dish piled up with at least nine or ten pounds of smoking hot fried beef-steaks. We were all fiercely hungry, from what we had gone through since yesterday afternoon, but the hopeless toughness absolutely made us all leave off with aching jaws long before our craving was satisfied. We finished, therefore upon stale bread and potatoes, with some rancid butter, and lots more coffee. We paid seven-and-sixpence a head. I asked to be shown to my bedroom, and was answered by a grin from the bearded brute who con-descended to act as waiter pro tem. "You see it before you," said Arrowsmith, "and here" (tapping the table) "are our bedsteads. They will find us blankets of some kind or other." I asked him if he and Waits had slept here last night. He said no, he had not, and he now proceeded to tell us (he and Waits having lost each cher) why he had not returned to me on the wharf, and what had been the adventures of the night. I shall give it in Arrowsmith's own words, as nearly as I can recollect.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN MELBOURNE.

Everybody, said Arrowsmith, from all I can hear, is astonished and disgusted with the first Right in Melbourne; but the first night of the arrival of three ladies, perfect strangers in the place, will show the extraordinary state of affairs here in a peculiarly strong light.

Afrived in the town, I at once began to hunt for lodgings, and went from street to street in vais. Ill at last, finding a house where they agreed to find room for three more -dead or alive, as the landlord invitingly said—I was on my way back to the wharf,

Miss Dashwood, and Mrs. Pounderby, who had very knowingly left the Rodneyrig with the earliest boat, in order to secure lodgings before they were all taken. They came luckily without any luggage but their night-bags. They had been from house to house almost, and during six or seven hours had been treated with such insult or unseemly ridicule at nearly every door, that each fresh application—which they undertook in turn-had been a greater effort, they said, than going to a dentist with an aching tooth. It had rained more or less the whole day, and they were wet to the very bones, as Mrs. Wat-son expressed it. Mrs. Pounderby was crying-indeed they had all cried several times in concert. Captain Watson had come ashore with them; but, never dreaming of this difficulty, had gone to dine and sleep at the private house of a merchant in the bush, with whom he had some business. And here they were! They besought me not to leave them, as they were sure they should all be dead before morning. So of course 1 could but remain with them, and try after lodgings once more.

We renewed our inquiries—humble solicitations, preparatory overtures, cautious advances. If I had had you two fellows with me, it might have been managed more than once, but directly they found that women were in question (the term ladies was absolutely dangerous to breathe, as it instantly received an inverted interpretation from these brutal householders; all hope was dashed out in a moment. I ought as a gentleman-as a man-to have engaged in five regular fights, besides countless tortures of passive self-command, in consequence of the atrocious, unmanly, ten times worse than black savage replies that were made to my request touching my three dripping, bedraggled, halffainting companions. The answers-divested of all their gold-mania ferocity-were to the effect that they wanted no women or children here, and they might all just go to a place which the speakers considered infinitely worse than Melbourne! Well, these things are not merely accidental adventures-I know that numbers have experienced the same—they are historical, and very bad bits of history everybody must admit them to be.

By this time poor Mrs. Pounderby, being, you know, very fat, was sobbing and puffing as though she would burst—and no joke to see, though ridiculous to relate. Mrs. Watson, with her hands clasped, continually referred to the Captain dining in the bush; and Miss Dashwood, having good Irish blood, still tripped along, sore-footed as she was, with tears in her eyes, but saying that surely, perhaps, Providence after all would stand their friend. Now, in my own mind (1 could have made that girl an offer on the spot-but that when who should I see paddling along in the by the by), I had fully prepared myself for mud but our fellow passengers, Mrs. Watson, passing the night in the streets. I went on,

besides what they might have in their nightbags, I thought they might manage pretty

well considering.

While looking out for such a place and coming upon nothing but hideous lanes of mad and rubbish, I was beginning to think we must content ourselves with getting under the lee of some lonely wall (at the risk of this fancy to myself), when passing the door of a long shed-like house, a tall man smoking a short pipe, said "Walk in, mate." To this polite novelty I was about to respond with alacrity, but the fellow spoilt it by adding, "Oh, you've got women with you!" and turned on his heel. But catching sight of a woman inside whom I took to be his wife, I instantly went in and accosted her, representing the predicament of my fair companious, in which I was immediately supported by all three in despairing tones begging the mistress of the house to give them shelter for the night. The woman seemed rather moved by this case of real distress, but said she had no room. "Oh, put us anywhere !anywhere!" cried my poor dripping companions. The woman hesitated, and as we renewed our entreaties at this glimpse of hope, she went to speak with her husband. In a few seconds she returned, saying she thought it could be managed; a "stretcher" would be put up for me in the lodgens' room below, and my friends could sleep "in the place above, where they would be quite safe, and to themselves." Rejoicing at this, and with a thousand thanks, we bude each other good night, the ladies following our kind hostess along a dark passage, and I, groping my way as directed, towards a door on the left with a light showing through the chinks.

I advanced by a descending foot-way of broken bricks and slush till I arrived at the to stretcher, because if I escaped treading door, and pushed it open. The room was a large one, for Melbourne, and as it lay about a foot and a half lower than the street, the whole surface was literally flooded by the day's rain. This was the lodgers' bed-room. It was full of stretchers—some thirty of them—with blankets, or rugs, or other rough covering by way of bed-clothes. Nearly all were occupied, and the men for the most part sound asleep, though it was barely nine o'clock. Many of the beds held two huddled together, and here and there a complicated bundle with feet sticking out, looked like I fell asleep. three. In one corner a gruff conversation on the subject of gold scales and weights was going on in an under tone; several lay smoking; others gave an occasional roll and grunt in a drunken sleep, or muttered in-

pretending still to look for lodgings, but in reality I was looking for a dry archway, or taken off everything but his boots (which other covered place with a moderate draught. Each of the ladies having a cloak or shawl, skin cap tied under his chin; the other displayed a pair of immense legs from beneath his dirty blanket, decked in a pair of scarlet stockings with yellow clocks, a recent purchase perhaps from some clown at the circus at an exorbitant price. Blue shirts and crimson shirts were also visible at intervals, and one shirt seemed to be of some drab colour, with great Orleans plums all over it. A large heing robbed and murdered-of course, I kept gold watch with a gaudy chain was hung upon a nail near one of the sleepers' heads, and a massive gold chain and scals were dangling over the edge of a quart pot (the watch being safe and softly lodging in the beer dregs inside) standing on the windowledge. There could not have been less than five-and-forty or fifty people here. Other few who were awake no one took the least notice of my entrance—a total stranger being no event where nearly all are total strangers to the place or to each other.

The landlord of this delectable retreat now pushed open the door behind me by a lurch with his starboard shoulder, and placing himself against the wall, being by this time very drunk, pointed to a stretcher which luckfly had no occupant (having just been sent in), and holding a tumbler towards me asked roughly if I'd take a nobler afore turning in. I thanked him-drank off the brandy-and returned the tumbler. He rolled round

against the door, and disappeared.

The room was lighted by one bad candle, stuck in the neck of a beer-bottle, placed on a flour-cask near the opposite wall. Its flickering reflection in the dark waters beneath contributed an additional gleam to the comfortable scene around. I was standing at this time on a sort of raised step, or threshold mound of loose bricks above the level of the floor, or rather lagoon, of the bed-room, considering how I should attain my stretcher. I felt that it would not do to step from stretcher upon a limb of any of the sleepers, I might still tip the thing with all upon it clean over; so I deliberately walked through. From the inequalities of the ground the depths varied from six to twelve or fourteen inches. I mounted my ricketty couch—drew off my boots, at the imminent risk of upsetting the concern with my struggles in a seated position—and enveloped myself in the blanket, trusting that my wet clothes would produce a warm steam on the water-cure principle; before the realisation of which, being very tired indeed,

So much for my bed-room; but now for the ladies. Miss Dashwood related it to me this morning directly we were outside the house, and while walking along, though at every

crisis all three spoke together.

The woman of the house led the way coherent imprecations. Scarcely any of them had their clothes off, but I noticed two ex-through a dark narrow passage full of water, being also believe the level of the street, with containing a bevy of occupied stretchers a brick here and there to step upon, for those enlivened by the gleam of one candle and who could see them, or knew wheresthey were its reflection. They were just over our planted, till they came to a yard. yard was a slough, having been torn up by the wheels of heavily laden drays and the hoofs of bullocks. They prossed by means of several broken planks, half embedded in the mud, close under the horns of a team of bullocks standing there till the driver got sober enough to attend to them, and then getting behind a maddy wheel, the ladies found their hostess had paused at the foot of a ladder. This they all by a very slow and difficult process ascended; but one of the spokes having been broken out, it was thought that poor Mrs. Pounderby would never accomplish the task, nor would she, but that the drunken bullock driver seemed to be coming to her assistance, which induced a succession of struggles that were at last successful. Of course, being so fat as she is, it was a dangerous moment for the

The hostess now led the way along some cracking boards till they arrived at the entrance of a loft or lumber attic. This loft, however, was only fragmentary, being quite unfloored, the only apology for which consisted of some eight or nine long planks laid across from side to side, and resting on ledges on the top of the walls, just where the upward slant of the roof commenced. "Oh gracious heavens alive!" cried Mrs. Pounderby; but her ecstacies were cut short by the woman of the house who said, "Better than the streets, I'm thinking;" with which curt remark she set down the caudle on a plank, and departed before they could at all make out where they were.

Surveying their apartment, as well as the squalid gloom would permit, they saw that about the centre of the planks lay a horribly dirty old bag made of packing canvass, and stuffed with straw and some lumps and rolls like cast-off clothes and rags made up into Upon this a couple of distembundles. pered looking blankets were placed, while the bolster was a sack filled with straw and brick-rubbish, which knocked upon the floor when moved.* Between the edges of this bed and the outside planks was a space of about two feet at most on each side, and beyond that was an unknown abyss. To the verge of this, Miss Dashwood cautiously approached, held fast behind, by the skirts of her dress, by Mrs. Watson, who was held in turn by Mrs. Pounderby in the same way. Peering over the brink, Miss Dashwood thought she could distinguish through the dark haze a large tank or reservoir, below, covered with strange shapes sleeping in little boats; gradually, however, she was enabled to see that it was a room carpeted with water, and

* It may be necessary to state (as Melbourne seems destined to have a place in history) that all this apparently axtravagant description is a record of fact.

heads.

The three poor ladies now sat down upon the bag-bed, and all had a good cry. Talked of having had every comfort at home, and lamented they had ever set foot in Australia. After this, feeling rather better, Mrs. Watson produced some biscuits and potted beef from a little basket she had, and reserving half for the morrow, shared the remainder, while Mrs. Pounderby found she had got a little flask of spirits in her bag, which was good against the spasms. They now began to feel their minds somewhat relieved. At least there was no danger here, except of falling over; but of this they all agreed to be very careful. Covering themselves over with the blankets, with many expressions of disgust at their dirt and stains, and strong odour of stale tobacco-smoke and cheese, our three fair friends crept and nestled close to each other, holding very fast round each others' waists. Miss Dashwood believes that they all fell asleep almost immedi-

But the fates had not willed that there should be any sleep for them during their first night in Melbourne, Squeaks and scrimmages soon aroused them, quickly followed by rattlings, and rushings, and sharp impatient irate little cries, and then a pattering over the planks. Three or four rats came, as avant couriers, to reconnoitre, and in no time there were a dozen describing circles round them. The ladies screamed, and the rats made a precipitate retreat; but presently returned in full force, apparently in open column, and again made a circuit of the bed, till several of the chivalrous took to making a dash across the bed. At this the ladies renewed their screams for help so loudly that it awoke some of the men below, who answered by brutal shouts and imprecations. Meantime the numbers of the rat-army augmented, and a whole squadron being detached. made a sharp wheel to the left, and gallopped clean over the shrinking, writhing, plunging, and vibrating bodies of our three luckless ladies. Mrs. Watson fainted away, and Mrs. Pounderby was in hysterics. The candle had been knocked out and caten; they dared not rise in the darkness to attempt an escape for fear of tumbling over into the place below; and they dared not again cry for help lest some of the savages below should come up to them. As for me, I slept through it all, and never heard anything.

These tortures they endured beneath the close drawn blankets, with buried heads, till daybreak. All the remaining biscuits and potted beef had been carried off from Mrs. Watson's basket; and the night-bag of Mrs. Pounderby had been torn to atoms, as it had a savoury smell of medical comforts which had been secreted there during the

June 1, 1853. Although many extraordinary changes have occurred in Melbourne since the above transpired, now six or seven months back, the march of improvement has gone on but slowly. The constant influx of people retards almost everything, The constant themselves included. Passengers are still landed at duk; luggage banged and dashed about in confusion; no pavement, or even road, on the wharfs; no lamps; only one crane; no common civility to new arrivals; and certainly no respectable or even decent lodgings for ladies, who want them immediately, and have no resident friends.

CROWNS IN LEAD.

BEFORE railways were established, the traveller from Paris to Boulogne, whilst journeying down those vales of dust they called a road, which was confined between great rows of trees from which all shade was taken by the lopping of the lower branches, the spire of St. Denis was a well-known object. Towering above the plain, it was visible for miles around. and formed a beacon to the stranger who approached the capital. That spire is now no more, and the basilica of which King Dagobert and St. Elvi laid the lowest stones is lopped of its most precious relies. What outcries would be heard from the architects, antiquaries, and lovers of the picturesque in England, if Westminster Abbey were treated thus! But suppose a greater desecration-suppose the tombs were rifled; the bones of our kings and queens removed; our generels, and admirals, and poets taken from their restingplaces, and thrown into the Thames; under what pretence could the despoilers screen themselves?

The Abbey of St. Denis has been thus despoiled. It is not alone deprived externally of that which made its fame, but it has been rifled also of all that age makes sacred. The sepulchres and monuments are there; you mark the spots where anxious tourists have lopped off a finger or a nose to carry away and place in their museums; but the bones or ashes which these monuments were wont to cover have been gone for many years. Not a King of France, since Dagobert, remains; for the grim assaults of the republic no more spared the long departed than the hving. We know that the bones of Cromwell were taken at the Restoration and hung upon a gibbet; that the tombs of the Dukes of he was disinterred. Burgundy were opened at Dijon for purposes of plunder. We know that for curiosity and in search of food for history, the old Egyptian sepulchres have been rifled, and that their linen-covered and well-preserved contents adorn the museums of the world; and

for heaps of gold were thought to rest in them; but the object of the French republicans when they swept the torabs of their ancient kings, was not gold. They required lead.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three. when France was hemmed in by hungry enemies who pressed upon her undefended frontiers, the manufacture of warlike missiles did not keep pace with their consumption. Measures of extraordinary kinds were then resorted to to fill this void. To get saltpetre, the cellars of every house were dug and sifted till not a particle of salt remained. The roofs were stripped of everything that could be melted into bullets; pots and pans-and leaden spouts were melted down. All was insufficient; and, as a last resource, it was determined to exhume the old sarcophagi of St. Denis, to pass them through the bullet mould, and to throw the venerable relics into a common ditch.

An edict was therefore passed by which that energetic body, the Constituent Assembly, called upon the municipals of La Franciadefor so St. Denis had then been christened, from patriotic hatred of a saint-to enter the basilica, and open in succession the tombs of all those tyrants the kings of France, despoil their coffins of the lead contained in them. and mix the bones and ashes of the royal houses in a common tomb. On the evening of its reception the orders were proceeded with. There was no faltering. A troop of soldiers accompanied by diggers with picks and shovels, and armed with torches, and with frying-pans for burning vinegar and powder, entered the abbey; and - whilst the lurid glare lit up the aisles and colonets, which the smoke blackened; amidst the crash of piling muskets and the oaths of mustachioed veterans-the work began.

In searching for the relics of the Bourbons the workmen were not at first successful; and by a strange fatality it was not a king they first dug up; but, on raising the earth from the first tomb, they found the frame and features of the great Turenne. They treated him with great respect; that is to say, they left him in his coffin, placed him in the sacristy, where he was shown for months, at a penny per head; and, afterwards, in the Garden of Plants, where he was shown for nothing. They then interred him beneath a splendid monument erected on the spot where

The scrutiny proceeded, and at last they found a Bourbon. He was perfect. The lineaments were those of Henry of Navarre, the father of that long line of Louises of whom the last had recently met with so melaucholy a death. His beard moustache, and . we are told that grains of wheat were found in one of them, which, being planted, grew, and left a progeny whose yearly produce spectacle, one of them drew his sword, and, feeds the English people. Of the tombs of casting himself down before the body of the all the Casars only one remains undesecrated, victor of the Loague, lopped off one of his

moustaches, and vlaced it upon his own lip, giving vent, at the same time, to a vehement

burst of national enthusiasm.

There was no enthusiasm when the pick and shovel had laid bare the cold and vacillating features of the thirteenth Louis; which were in perfect preservation also; but it was not without respect and admiration that Louis the Fourteenth, decrepid though he seemed and deprived of wig and every other orna-ment which adorned him when called "The Great," was exposed to view. Near him were discovered Maria Theresa and his son the dauphin; on whose frame were visible the traces of his violent and untimely death.

For days and nights the search continued. Some of the remnants of the House of Stuart were taker from the ground. Among others, the remains of Henrietta Maria, wife of hundred and twenty-six. Charles the First, and her daughter, Henrietta Stuart. Strange that of that family the body of the father should be buried in an unknown grave, and that, ages after, the remnants of those he loved should be desecrated, and thrown into a common ditch. Philip of Orleans, father of Egalité, and Regent of France, was next discovered; and near to him Louis the Fifteenth, who seemed still living, so rosy were the tints on his face preserved. Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, and, with them, all the relatives of Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fifteenth, and six handred and forty-five, both enveloped and Louis the Sixteenth, lay close together near kept together in a silken bag.

The same spot.

The skeleton of the Knight of Brittany—

Older monuments, more difficult of reach, were then broken into. Charles the Fifth of France, who died in thirteen hundred and eighty, was found beside his wife, Joan of Bourbon, and his daughter, Isabella. In his coffin was a silver frosted crown, a hand of justice, and a silver frosted sceptre four feet long. In that of Joan there were the remnants of a crown, a ring of gold, and the fragments of a spindle and a bracelet. Her fect-or the bones of ther-were shod with a pair of painted slippers, known in her time as souliers à la poulaine, on which were still the marks of gold and silver workmanshh. Charles the Sixth and his wife, Isabeau of Bavaria, Charles the Seventh and Mary of Anjou, were taken up immediately after; and the ditch in which the remnants of all the Bourbons had been thrown was closed for

A vault was then disclosed in which were found Marguerite de Valois, the gay and beautiful wife of Henry of Navarre; and near her Alençon, whose love for her originated a romatic chapter in history. The remains of Francis the Steond and Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the Ninth, were next disinterred. The vault of Charles the Eighth, which was next opened, contained Henry the his wife were found a sceptre, and a bird of

Brittany, were discovered a little further on.

The workmen began at this time to reach the oldest tombs and vaults in the Abbey. They discovered Joan of France in a stone coffin lined with lead in strips, leaden coffins not being then invented (one thousand three hundred and forty-nine). Hugues, the father of Capet, was known by an inscription on a stone sarcophagus, which contained his ashes. The pulverized remains of Charles the Bold were also found enclosed within a leaden casket in a stone sarcophagus, and the relics of Philip Augustus, cotemporary and competitor of Cœur de Lion, were found in The bones of Louis the the same state. Eighth were found in perfect preservation in a bag of leather, which retained its elasticity although buried in the year one thousand two

At dead of night and by the light of torches held by weary troopers, the searchers stumbled on the sealed stone vault which contained the body of Dagobert, who died in six hundred and Chirty-eight. Did the profanators know that he had founded that old church? It was with difficulty that they pene-trated into it, so strongly was it buttressed and closed up. They broke a statue at the entrance and found inside a wooden box two feet in length, which contained the bones of Dagobert and his wife Nanthilde; who died in

Bertrand Duguesclin—the terror of the Spaniards, was found in the vaults of the

chapel of the Charles's.

It was not till after long and laborious search that the vault of Francis the First was found. The leaden coffin which held his body was of gigantic proportions, and confirmed the historical accounts of his enormous size. Near him were his mother Louise of Savoy, his wife Claude of France, his dauphin Charles, and his other children the Duke of Orleans and Charlotte of France. The thigh of The thigh of Francis on being measured was found to be twenty inches long. Below the windows of the choir the vault was opened which contained the relics of St. Louis and his immediate circle. They were chiefly bones and dust confined in leaden caskets, and were thrown into the grave where lay the remnants of Philip Augustus, Louis the Eighth, and Francis the First.

The last tombs discovered were those of Philip of Valois, King of France and Duke of Burgundy, and his wife Anne of Burgundy, and that of John who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince and brought to England, where he died in one thousand three hundred and sixty-four. In the tomb of Philip and Second and his wife, Catherine de Medicis, and copper, a spindle, and a ring; and in the tomb her favourite son Henry the Third, who was of John a crown, a sceptre, and a hand of murdered. Louis the Twelfth and Anne of justice of silver gilt. The searching after this was given up. Thus the Abbey of St. half the building; sometimes the door alone Denis was despoiled of its most ancient

ECHOES.

STILL the angel stars are shining. Still the rippling waters flow, But the angel-voice is silent That I heard here long ago. Hark! the echoes murmur low Loug ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely, Still the plashing fountains play, But the past and all its beauty, Whither has it fled away? Hark ! the mournful echoes say Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth (Now, indeed, her song is pain), Visions of my happy hours, Do I call and call in vain? Hark! the echoes cry again All in vain!

Cease, oh echoes, mournful echoes! Once I loved your woices well; Now my heart is sick and weary, Days of old, a long farewell! Hark! the echoes sad and dreary Cry farewell, farewell!

KENSINGTON.

FROM Gore House to the town of Kensington we pass houses both old and new, some in rows, and some by themselves enclosed in gardens. They are all more or less good; pression she had made on him, and assisting and the turnings out of them lead into a the designs of Louis the Fourteenth and the considerable district which has lately been converted from nursery and garden ground into more streets, and is called Kensington New Town. It is all very clean and neat, and astonishes visitors who, a few years ago, beheld scarcely a house on the spot. A pleasant hedge lane, paved in the middle, and looking towards the wooded grounds of Gloucester Lodge, where Canning lived, leads out by the historians. She appears to have been of it into Old Brompton. One street, which a somewhat silly person (Evelyn says she mid has no thoroughfare, is quite of a stately character, though defaced at the corner with one of those unmeaning rounded towers, whose tops look like spice-boxes, or trifles unambitious barrack-like streets of a former

reaches from the ground to the storey above it, so that "cottages" look as ff. they were inhabited by giants, and the doorways as if they had been maximized, on purpose to enable them to go in.

This Kensington New Town lies chiefly between the Gloucester and Victoria roads. Returning out of the latter into the high road, we pass the remainder of the buildings above noticed, and just before entering Kensington itself, halt at an old mansion remarkable for its shallowness compared with its width, and attracting the attention by the fresh look of its red and pointed brick-work. It is called Kensington House, and surpasses Gore House in the varieties of its history; for it has been, first, the habitation of a king's mistress; then a school kept by an honest pedant, whom Johnson visited; then a French emigrant school which had noblemen among its teachers, and in which the late Mr. Shiel was brought up; then a Roman Catholic boarding-house with

Mrs. Inchbald for an inmate; and now it is an "asylum"-a term into which that consideration for the feelings which so honourably marks the progress of the present day has converted the plain-spoken "mad-house" of

our ancestors.

The king's mistress was the once famous Duchess of Portsmouth, a Frenchwoman— Louise de Querouaille-who first came to England in the train of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the sister of Charles the Second. She returned and remained for the express purpose (it is said) of completing the im-Jesuits in making him a papist, and reducing him to the treasonable condition of a pensioner on the French court. Traitor and pensioner, at all events, he became, and the French young lady became an English duchess; but whether she was a party to the plot, or simply its unconscious instrument, she has hardly had justice done her, we think, a "baby face"); she was bred in France at a time when it was a kind of sacred fashion to admire the mistresses of Louis the Fourteenth, and think them privileged confrom Margate. The smaller streets also partubines; she had probably learnt in the take of those improvements, both external convent where she was brought up that and internal, which have succeeded to the lawless things might become lawful to serve religious ends, and she was visited during generation; nor, in acquiring solidity, have her elevation by her own parents—straight-they, for the most part, been rendered heavy forward, unaffected people, according to they, for the most part, been rendered heavy forward, unaffected people, according to and dumpy—the too common fault of new Evelyn; the father a "good fellow," who buildings in the suburbs. It is ridiculous to seems at once to have rejoiced in her position see lumpish stone balconies constructed for the exhibition of a few flower-pots; and doors and flights of steps big enough for houses of three stories, put to "cottages" of one. Sometimes, in these dwarf suburban grandiosities the steps look as weighty as her occupation of the house at Kensington

appears to have been subsequent to the reign Charles, it probably took place on one of her visits to England during the reigns of William the Third and George the First, on which latter occasion she is supposed to have endeavoured to get a pension from the English Government—on what ground it would be curious to know. But the "baby-face" probably thought it all right. We take her to have been a thoroughly conventional, common-place person, with no notions of propriety but such as were received at court; and quite satisfied with everything, here and hereafter, as long as she had plenty to eat, drink, and play at cards with, and a confessor to make all smooth in case of collateral peccadilloes. The jumble of things religious and profane was carried to such a height in those days, that a picture representing the duchess and her son (the infant Duke of Richmond) in the characters of Virgin and Child was painted for a convent in France, and actually used as an altar-prece. They thought her an instrument in the hands of God for the

restoration of Popery.

Adieu to the "baby face" looking out of the windows at Kensington House in hope of some money from King George, and hail to that of the good old pedagogue, James Elphinstone, reformer of spelling, translator of Martial and friend of Doctor Johnson. He is peering up the road, to see if his great friend is looming in the distance; for dinner is ready; and he is afraid that the veal stuffed with plums (a favourite dish of the Doctor's) will be spoilt.

Mr. Elphinstone prospered in his school, but failed in his reformation of spelling, which was on the phonetic principle (one of his books on the subject was entitled Propriety's Pocket Dictionary;) and he made such a translation of Martial, that his friend Strahan the printer- But the circumstance must be told out of Boswell :-

"GARRICE. Of all the translations that ever were attempted, I think Elphiustone's Martial the most extraordinary. He consulted me upon it, who am a Inte of an epigrammatist myself, you know. I told him freely, 'You don't seem to have that turn.' I asked him if he was serious; and, fluding he was, I advised him against publishing. Why, his translation is more difficult to understand than the original. I thought him a man of some talents; but he seems crazy in this. Januson. Sir, you have done what I had not courage to do. But he did not ask my advice, and I did not force it upon him to make him angry with me. GARRICK. But as a friend, sir-JOHNSON. Why, such a friend as I am with him-no. GERRICK. But, if you see a friend going to tumble over a precipice? JOHNSON. That is an extravagant case, sir. You are sure a friend will thank you for hindering him from tumbling over a precipice; but, in the other case, I should hurt his varity, and do him no good. He would not take my advice. His brother-in-law, Strahan, sent him a subscription of tifty pounds, and said he would send him fifty more if he would not publish. GARRICK. What, ch! is Studen a good judge of an

epigram? . Is he not rather an obtuse man, ch? Jonnson. Why, sir, he may not be a judge of an epigram; but you see he is a judge of what is not an epigram."

That the readers of Household Words may judge for themselves, especially as the book is very ware, and nobody who speaks of Elphinstone quotes it, we add a specimen or two. We confess they are not favourable specimens; but they are not unjust:

"TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

" If Martial meekly woo'd Subscription's charms, Subscription gracious met a Martial's arms; Contagious taste illum'd th' imperial smile, And, Julius greater, Martial, won our ile."

" ON APOLLODORUS : TO REGULUS.

"Five for Ten, and for Lusty he greeted you Lean As for Free he saluted you Bond. Now he Ten, Free, and Lusty articulates clean.
Oh! what pains can! He wrote, and he conn'd."

Not a word of explanation, though the book is full of the longest and most superfluous comments. It is a quarto of six hundred pages, price a guinea in beards; and among its hundreds of subscribers are the leading nobility and men of letters: so prosperous had some real learning and a good character rendered the worthy schoolmaster.

Elphinstone had won Johnson's heart by taking charge of a Scotch edition of the Rambler. He also translated the Latin mottoes at the heal of the papers; and did it in a manner that gave little or no token of the coming Martial. Johnson, Jortin (of whom more hereafter), and we believe Franklin visited him at this house.

"I am going this evening," says Johnson, "to put young Otway to school with Mr. Elphinstone."—Letter to Mrs. Thrale. Otway is an interesting name. One would like to know whether he was of the poet's race. It is pleasant also to fancy the Doctor, then in his sixty-fourth year, walking hand in hand

down the road with the little boy.

"On Monday, April nineteenth, seventeen hundred and seventy-three, he called on me (says Boswell) with Mrs. Williams, in Mr. Strahan's coach, and carried me out to dine with Mr. Elphinstone, at his Academy at Kensington. Mr. Elphinstone talked of a new book that was much admired, and asked Dr. Johnson if he had read it. Johnson: 'I have looked into it.' 'What,' said Elphinstone, have you not read it through?' Johnson, offended at being thus pressed, and so obliged to own his cursory mode of reading, answered lastly, ' No, Sir : do you read books through?'"

It is said in Faulkner's History of Kensington, that Elphinstone was "ludicrously characterised in Smollett's Roderick Random, which in consequence became a forbidden book in his school." But none of the brutal schoolmasters of Smollett resemble the gentle pedagogue of Kensington. The book might

have been forbidden in consideration for the nature in word and deed. To balance these common character of the profession; to say advantages, which she possessed over other nothing of other reasons.

But we must not stop longer with Mr. Elphinstone. Of the school kept in this same house by the Jesuits, a delightful account has been left by Mr. Shiel in the memoir prefixed to the volume of his Speeches. Charles the Tenth, of France, was one of "the boys." Poor Charles the Tenth! himself one of the least of children in the greatest of schools—adversity; which he left only to be sent back to it and die.

In the year eighteen hundred and nineteen Kensington House was a Catholic boarding establishment, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Salterelli.

"In the chapel (says Bowden, in his Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald) the Archbishop of Jerusalem performed mass regularly during the early part of her residence, and the Abbé Mathias officiated when the Primate quitted the house. The society was extremely gentrel and cheerful, changing, however, too frequently for perfect cordiality and the forgation of intimacy. The Schiavonettis, however, scent to be acquaintances; and Mrs. Beloo, and Mr. Skeene from Aberdeen, were old friends, who on their arrival met with an unlooked for pleasure:—the celebiated artists, Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, upon leaving Stratford Place, were at Kensington House from August to October, before they settled upon a house in the Edgeware road."

Here Mrs. Inchbald spent the last two years of her life; and there, on the first of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-one, she died, we fear—how shall we say it of so excellent a woman, and in the sixty-eighth year of her age?—of tight lacing! But she had been very handsome; was still handsome; was growing fat; and had never liked to part with her beauty.

We have dwelt a little on this point as a warning—if tight-lacers can take warning. We almost fear they would sooner quote Mrs. Inchbald as an excuse, than an admonition. But at all events, beauties of sixtycight may perhaps consent to be a little

startled. If this was a weakness in Mrs. Inchbald let tight-lacers resemble her in other respects, and it their rickety children can forgive them the rest of the world may heartily do so. Mrs. Inchbald never had any children to need their forgiveness. She was a woman of rare endowments an actress, a dramatist, a novelist-and possessed of virtue so rare, that she would practise painful self-denials in order to afford deeds of charity. Her acting was perhaps of the sensible, rather than the artistical sort; and though some of her plays and farces have still their seasons of reappearance on the stage, she was too much given, as a dramatist, to theatrical and senti-

advantages, which she possessed over other people, she must needs have some faults; and we take them (besides the tight-lacing) to have been those of temper and stubbornness. Charles Lamb speaks of her somewhere as the "beautiful vixen." The word must surely have been too strong for such a woman, who is said to have possessed both the respect and affection of all who knew her. If our memory does not deceive us, he applies it to her upon an occasion when she might well have been angry, and when she thought herself bound to resort to measures of self-defence, physical as well as moral. A distinguished actor, who was enamoured of her—and who seems to have been a warmer lover off the stage than he was upon it persisted one day in forcing upon her a salutation, which appeared so alarming, that she seized him by the pigtail and tugged it with a vigour so efficacious as forced him to desist in trepidation. She related the circumstance to a friend; adding, with a touch of her comic humour, which must have been heightened by the difficulty of getting out the words (for she stammered sometimes)—" How lucky that he did not w-w-wear a w-w-w-wig. -Mrs. Inchbald had lived in several other houses in Kensington, which shall be noticed as we pass them; for the abodes of the authoress of the Simple Story make classic ground.

We have now come to Kensington High Street, and shall take our way on the left-hand side of it, continuing to do so through the whole town, and noticing the streets and squares that turn out of it as we proceed. We shall then turn at the end of the town, and come back by Holland House, Campden House, and Kensington Palace and Gardens.

On our right hand, over the way, is the l'alace Gate with its sentinels, and opposite this gate, where we are halting, is a sturdy good-sized house, a sort of undergrown mansion, singularly so for its style of building, and looking as if it must have been the work of Vanbrugh; one of whose edifices will be noticed further on. It is just in his "Nononsense" style; what his opponents called "heavy," but very sensible and to the purpose; built for duration. It is only one storey high, and looks as if it had been made for some rich old bachelor who chose to live alone, but liked to have everything about him strong and safe.

order to afford deeds of charity. Her acting was perhaps of the sensible, rather than the artistical sort; and though some of her plays and farces have still their seasons of reappearance on the stage, she was too much given, as a dramatist, to theatrical and sentimental effects—too melo-dramatic; but her novels are admirable, particularly the Simple Story, which has all the elements of duration—invention, passion, and thorough truth to

79. Y. T. . Y .T

Victualling Office says (in his Literary and Political Anecdotes of his own Times) that the baronet killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a profuse perspiration (the consequence of a medicine taken to that end), and going downstairs for the key of the cellar, which he had inadver-tently left on a table. "He was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key, and rob him of a bottle of his port-wine."

"This man (adds the doctor) died intestate, and left more than two hundred thousand pounds in the funds, which were shared among five or six day-labourers, who were his

nearest relations."

"Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store, Sees but a backward steward for the paor."

The High Street of Kensington, though the place is so near London, and contains so many new buildings, has a considerable resemblance to that of a country town. This is owing to the moderate size of the houses. to their general style of building (which is that of a century or two ago), and to the curious, though not obvious fact, that not one of the fronts of them is exactly like another. It is also neat and clean; its abutment on a palace associates it with something of an air of refinement; and the first object that presents itself to the attention, next after the sentinels at the Palace-gate, is a white and pretty lodge at the entrance of the new road leading to Bayswater. The lodge, however, is somewhat too narrow. The road is called Kensington Palace Gardens, and is gradually filling with mansions, some of which are in good taste and others in bad, and none of these have gardens to speak of; so that the spectator does not well see why anybody should live there, who can afford to live in houses so large.

Pleasant, however, as the aspect of High Street is on first entering it, the eye has scarcely caught sight of the lodge just mentioned when it encounters a "sore," in the shape of some poor Irish people hanging about at the corner of the first turning on the lefo hand. They look like people from the old broken-up establishment of Saint Giles's, and probably are so; a considerable influx from the "Rookery" in that quarter having augmented the "Rookery" in this; for so it has equally been called. This Rookery has long been a nuisance in Kensington. In the morning you seldom see more of it than this indication at the entrance; but in the evening the inmates mingle with the rest of the inhabitants out of doors, and the naked feet of the children, and the ragged and dissolute looks of men and women, present a painful contrast to the general decency. We understand, however, that some of these poor people are very respectable of their kind, and that the improvements which are taking place in other portions of the kingdom, in

late years to the destitute and uneducated, have not been without effect in this quarter. The men for the most part are, or profess to be, labouring bricklayers, and the women, market-garden women. They are calculated, at a rough guess, to amount to a thousand; all crammed, perhaps, into a place which sught not to contain above a hundred. The reader, from late and painful statements on these subjects, knows how they must dwell. The place is not much in sight. You give a glance and a guess at it, as you look down the turning, and so pass on. There was a talk, not long since, of bringing the new road, just mentioned, from over the way, and continuing it through the spot, so as to sweep it clean of the infection, as in the case of New Holborn and Saint Giles's : and in all probability the improvement will take place, for one advance brings another, and Kensington has become of late so much handsomer as well as larger, that it will hardly leave this blemish on its beauty. But leases must expire; and lettings and sublettings for poor people die hard. It is not the fault of the Archdeacon, non-resident in Kensington (we mention it to his honour), that these lettings and sub-lettings are still alive.

Most of this unhappy multitude are Roman Catholics. Their priests tell us of a fine house at Loretto, in Italy, which the Virgin Mary lived in at Nazareth, and which angels brought from that place into the dominions of the Pope. They also tell us that miracles never cease, at least not in Roman Catholic lands.; and that nobody feels for the poor as they do. What a pity that they could not join these feelings, these hands, and these miracles, and pray a set of new houses into England for the poor bricklayers!

Continuing our way from this inauspicious corner, we come to the turning at Young Street, which leads into Kensington Square, formerly as important a place in this suburb as Grosvenor Square was in the metropolis.

Kensington Square occupies an area of some hundred and fifty feet, and was commenced in the reign of James the Second, and finished towards the close of that of William. It is now a place of obsolete-looking, though respectable, houses, such as seem made to become boarding-schools, which some of them are; and you cannot help thinking it has a desolate air, though all the houses are inhabited. In the reigns of William, of Anne, and the first two Georges, Kensington Square was the most fashionable spot in the suburbs; it was filled with frequenters of the court; and these are the identical houses which they inhabited. Faulkner says, that "at one time upwards of forty carriages were kept in and about the neighbourhood"; and that "in the time of George the Second, the demand for lodgings was so great that an consequence of the attention so nobly paid of ambassador, a bishop, and a physician, were

known to occupy apartments in the same

The earliest distinguished name of an inhabitant of this snot in the parish-books is that of the Duchess of Mazarin, in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-two. We know not which house she lived in ; but the reader must imagine her, after the good French fashion, taking her evening walk in the square, the envy of surrounding petticoats, accompanied by a set of English and French gallants, Villiers, Godolphins, Ruvignys, &c., among whom is her daily visitor and constant admiring old friend, St. Evremond, with his white locks, little scull-cap, and the great wen on his forehead. He idolises her to the very tips of her fingers, though she borrowed his money, which he could ill afford, and gambled it away besides, which he could not but pray her not to do. He also begged her to resist the approaches of usquebaugh.

The Duchess was then six-and-forty, an Italian, with black hair; and, according to his description of her, still a perfect beauty. Fielding thought her so when she was younger, for he likens her portrait to Sophia

Western.

Hortensia Mancini was niece of Cardinal Mazarin, at whose death (to use her own words, in the Memoirs which she dictated to Saint Real) she became "the richest beiress, and the unhappiest woman in Christendom; that is to say, she found she had got a jealous, mean bigot for her husband, who grudged her a handsome participation of the money he obtained with her; and, as this was touching her on the tenderest point, she ran away from him in pure desperation, to see how she could enjoy herself elsewhere, and what funds to pay for it she would get out of him, by disclosing their quarrels to the world. The Duke (his name was Meilleraye, but he took the name of Mazarin when he married her) was inexorable, and not to be scandalised out of his meanness; so his wife, after divers wanderings which got her scandalised in her turn, came into England on pretence of visiting her cousin Mary of Este, Duchess of York, but in reality to get a pension from Charles the Second. This she did, to the amount of four thousand a year; every penny of which was probably grudged her by the lavish king himself, who could not afford it, and who is said to have been disgusted by her falling in love with another man the moment she got it. Charles, when in exile, had sued for Hortensia's hand in vain from her uncle the Cardinal, who thought the royal prospects hopeless, and who was in fear of the Protector. Madame de Mazarin, however, continued to flourish among the ladies at Whitehall during Charles's reign; she had half her pension confirmed to her by King William; did these verandahs have been appropriated nothing from first to last but keep company and railed off, as open receptacles of all and gamble it away; and six years after her residence at Kensington, died so poor, at a small house in Chelsea (the last, as you go their pipes, and quaffed Schiedam, are now

from London, in Paradies Row), that her body was detained by her creditors till her hushand redeemed it. The husband embalmed it; and, surviving her many years, is said (which is hardly credible) to have carried it about with him all that time, wherever he went, as if determined on having the woman with him, dead, who would not "abide" him while she was living.

WEST THE BELLEVIEW TO THE COURSE OF THE CO

Madame de Mazarin was praised by Saint Evremond for every kind of good quality except prudence in money matters. When she was a girl, she tells us that she and hen sisters one day threw upwards of three hundred louis out of window, for the pleasure of seeing a parcel of footmen scramble and fight for them. They must have been louis d'ors, or so many pounds sterling; a sum worth two or three times the amount at present. She says that the amusement was thought to have hastened her uncle's death. She was afterwards accused, while in a convent, where her husband succeeded in "stowing "her for a time, of putting ink into the holy water box (to blacken the nuns' faces), and of frightening them out of their sleep at night, by running through the dormitory with a parcel of little dogs, yelping and howling. She says that these stories were either inventious or exaggerations; but we are strongly disposed to believe them.

NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

THE true original Number Forty-two-of which a copy may be seen in any of the thousands of towns and cities between Nepaul and Ceylon-is situated in the very heart of the black town of Colombo, amidst the streets in which dwell natives, half-castes, and Eurasians, or country-born descendants of Europeans. It is to be found in the chief thoroughfare of the town, if such a term as thoroughfare can properly be applied to the narrow choked-up passage boiling over with hot coolies, enraged bullock-drivers, furious horsekeepers, dusty hackeries, and ricketty palanquins.

This state of tropical conglomeration will be more readily understood when I mention that the carriage-way or street is the only passage available for pedestrians and equestrians, for bipeds and quadrupeds. Dutch, when masters of the place, had provided every house with broad luxuriant verandahs, covered in and nicely paved; so that the dwellers in the town might not only sit out under shade in the open air of an evening; but, during the furious heat of the day, could walk from one end of the street to the other under these broad and pleasant covered ways. Now, however, and railed off, as open receptacles of all sorts of merchandise. Where in former jolly days radiant Dutchmen sat and smoked

piled up vile thases of iron and crates of earthenware: Where buxom, merry-eyed lasses once flirted with incipient burgemasters, are shiploads of rice; and car-goes of curry stuffs. The perfume of the rose and the cleander are supplanted by the caustic fragance of garlic and salt-fish.

Dotted along this fragant street, among rice stores, iron depots, and dried fish ware-houses, are the sheps of the Moormen traders, the only attractions for Europeans in this quarter. The supply of all descriptions of useful or fancy articles of domestic use to the English is in the hands of these people, who may be said, indeed, to be the Jews of India. Here and there a Burgher or. Eurasian may be seen vending pickled pork, perfurery, and parasols, but never one of the indigenous natives of the country. They cannot make up their roving, unsettled minds to shopkeeping; although some of their women have now and then the industry to become manufacturers and vendors "hoppers," "jaggery," and other Indvillage luxuries. Indian

Your regular Moormen shopkeepers, or bazaar-men, possess such terrifically unpronounceable names that, by common consent, their English customers designate them by the numbers of their shops. In this way a little, thin-faced, shrivelled-up Moorman, a small portion of whose name consists of Meera Lebbe Hema Lebbe Tamby Ahamadoc Lebbe Marcair, is cut down to Number Forty-eight; which is the title he is usually

known by. The most flourishing of these gentry is certainly Number Forty-two; a portly, oily-skinned, well-conducted Moorman, with a remarkably well-shaven head, surmounted on its very apex by a ridiculously little white linen cap, like an expanded muffin. His bazaar is admitted on all hands, especially amongst the fair sex, to be "first chop."
Yet a stranger would imagine that the fiscal had possession of the place and was on the point of selling off by auction the entire contents: so confused and motley an ap-Pearance do they wear.

The doorway, narrow and low, is jealously guarded by a pile of grindstones, surmounted by a brace of soup-tureens on the one side, and by tools and weapons of offence on the other; so that the chances are that, in trying to escape the Newcastle and Staffordshire Charybdis you get caught upon the sharp points of the Sheffield Scylla. Once past these dangers, however, you forget your anxiety and nervousness in the bland sunny countenance of Number Forty-two. He is truly delighted to see you, he is so anxious to place the whole contents of his store at your complete disposal that one might fancy his sole object in life was to minister to the pleasure of the English community.

tion; in the most winning manner, to a choice and very dusky collection of hanginglamps of the most grotesque fashion. fowling-pieces are pointed out to you as perfect marvels. If you require any blacking-brushes, or padlocks, or Windser soap, or smoking caps, or tea-kettles, he possesses them in every possible variety, just out by the very latest ship.

Our bazaar is by no means anistocratic. On the contrary, it is most decidedly republican in all its tendencies. It admits of no distinction of ranks. The higher born wares are placed on an equal footing with the most lowly merchandise, the most plebeian goods. Earthenware jostles cut-glass : ironmongeryand some of it rare and rusty too-elbows the richest porcelain; vulgar tin-ware hob-nobs with silks and satins. Tart-fruits and pickles revel in the arms of forty yards of the best crimson velvet. Pickled salmon in tins are enshrined amongst Coventry ribbons.

I don't happen to require any of his perfumery or preserves, nor am I anxious about muslins or plated-candlesticks; I simply want to select a few very plain wine-glasses, and I know there are none better than at Number Forty-two. Piles after piles of the fragile glass-ware are raked out from under a mass of agricultural implements, and it is really marvellous to see how harmlessly the brittle things are towsled and tumbled about amongst ponderous wares and massive goods. How peacefully the lions and the lambs of manufactures repose together within the dusty dark walls of Forty-two.

My portly friend with the muffin-cap is never disconcerted by any demand, however out of the common way. From ships' anchors and chain-cables down to minnikin-pins, he has a supply of every possible variety of wares. I have often asked for things that I never dreamt of requiring, just to try the wonderful resources of Number Forty-two, and sure enough he would produce the articles one by one. I thought I had caught him once when I requested to look at a few warming-pans, and pictured to myself how hugely chapfallen he would appear, to be obliged to confess that he had no such things in his store. But not a bit of it. He stole away very placidly into some dismal dark hole of a place, amongst a whole cavern of bottles and jars, and just as I pictured him emerging into broad daylight, dead-beaten, he came upon me radiant and cheerful as ever, bearing a gigantic and genuine "warming-pan," apologising to me, as he removed the coating of dust from it, for having but that one to offer-it was the last of his stock. I had it sent home as a real curiosity, and hung it up in my library amongst other rare articles of vertu.

There was one peculiarity about my muffincapped friend which must not be omitted. He never made any abatement in the price demanded for his articles, be they of the latest Number Forty-two directs your atten-importation, or the remains of an invoice

standing over since he first started in basi- bour of kindred habits, shall be would kies ness. A shop-keeper in nearly any other the first female oustomer who should set foot make room for new wares. But not so Number Forty-two; nor indeed any other number in that bazass. There lay the oldfashioned cotton-prints, and silk waistcast pieces, and queer-looking ribbons of no colour Years have rolled past since they first entered their present abode. The merchant who imported them died of a liver attack a dozen years since. They would not sell in eighteen hundred and twenty, and therefore are not very likely to move off in eighteen hundred and fifty; but the same price is affixed to them now as then, and the only chance for their disposal appears to be by the direct interposition of a fire or an earthquake. Number Forty-two had doubtless heard that wines are improved by age, and he may possibly imagine that some mellowing and enriching process goes on in a lapse of years with regard to silks and cottons.

This class of Indian shopkeepers have moreover a very confused and mystified conception of the real value of some goods. They can tell you to a trifle the worth of a dinnerset, or of a dozen of Dutch hoes, but in millinery and other fancy articles they are often fearfully mistaken. A Moorman buys what is termed, in technical language, a "Chowchow" invoice — in other words, a mixed assortment of hardware and soft-ware, of eatables and wearables. He is told the lot is valued at a hundred pounds sterling; he offers eighty, and takes them at ninety. He refers to the invoice on opening out the goods, and gets on very well in pricing them until he comes to such things as ribbons, gloves, lace, &c.; which are the dear and which the cheap he cannot possibly tell, and he, therefore, tickets them at so much the yard or the pair all round, as the case may he. In this way I often pick up a glorious bargain at Forty-two, buying kid-gloves for eighteen-pence, for which in London I should have to pay at least four shillings; and a trifle of real Brussels lace for my wife at the price of the very commonest Nottingham article.

The fortunes of Forty-two were once placed in the most imminent jeopardy from a circumstance which happened in his shop while I was there, and which became, at the time, the food of all the hungry gossip-mongers of the place. My friend had a Moorish assistant remarkably active, but dissipated and impertinent. He was ugly beyond measure, and when he grinned, which he frequently would do in spite of strict injunctions to the contrary, he distended a cavern of a mouth that was perfectly repulsive. This creature had one day become unusually excited, and it appears in the fervour of his He bought largely, paid as regularly as most joility had laid a wager with a young neigh- of other numbers, was constantly opening

country in the world would, at the end of a within Its master's shop on that morning, be certain number of years, clear out his old she fair or dark. I can imagine the horrer stock, and dispose of it as he best could to with which poor Forty-two beheld his grinning deputy fulfil his engagement by saluting the fair cheek of an English lady, and that lady-as chance would have it-the wife of one of the highest civil functionaries of the place. The uffair was hushed up as much as it could be, but in the end it cozed out; and people, so far from deserting Number Forty-two, actually flocked to it to hear the particulars of the affair. The offender was dismissed; but not until he had imparted to that particular shop a celebrity it had never

previously enjoyed.

There are other numbers besides Fortytwo which enjoy a considerable reputation, all things considered, but they certainly lack the fashionable repute of the aforesaid. For instance, there is Number Forty-seven, a remarkably well-conducted man, very steady, very civil, and exceedingly punctual in settling. his accounts with the merchants, who esteem him accordingly. This worthy Moorman transacts business much on the same principle as his neighbours, but unlike Forty-two and one or two other active numbers, he is given to indulge in certain siestas during the heat of the day, which no influx of customers can debar him from enjoying. As the hour of high noon approaches, he spreads his variegated mat upon the little, dirty, ricketty, queer-looking couch, under the banana tree in the back court-yard by the side of the well, and there, under the pleasant banana shade, he dozes off, fanned by such truant breezes as have the courage to venture within such a cooped-up, shut-in pit of a yard, dreaming of customers, accounts and promissory-notes. During this slumber, it is in vain for any one to attempt to coax a yard of muslin, or a fish-kettle out of the inexorable Forty-seven. The somniferous spell has descended upon his dwarfy deputy; who, rather than wake his master, would forfeit his chance of Paradise; and he, no less drowsy himself, opens one eye and his mouth only, to assure you that the article you require is not to be found in their You insist that it is. You know o lay your hand upon it. The deputy where to lay your hand upon it. Forty-seven shakes his drowsy head in som-niferous unbelief. You seek it out from its dusty, murky hiding-place, and produce it before his unwilling face. He opens another eye, smiles, nods to you, and is away again far into the seventh heaven. There is no help for it, but to appropriate the article and pay for it on your next visit.

Number Forty-eight is a small bustling variety of Moorman, making a vast show of doing a large stroke of business; but, as far as I could ever perceive, doing next to nothing.

remembered to have seen a single oustomer within his shop. How the man lived was. for a long time, a perfect mystery to me; but I learnt at length that he disposed of his purchases entirely by means of itinerant hawkers who, armed with a yard-measure and a pair of scales, and followed by a pack of loaded coolies grouning under huge tin cases and buffalo skin trunks, perambulated from town to village, from house to hut; and by dint of wheedling, puffing, and flattering, succeeded in returning with a bag full of

rupees and pice.

For Number Sixty-two I entertained a more than ordinary respect. Unlike his Moorish brethren he possessed a remarkably rational name; - Saybo Dora. Originally a hawker, he had by his steady conduct won the confidence of the merchants, who supplied him with goods wherewith to open a store, set a time when such places did not exist in the town. From small beginnings he rose to great transactions; and now, beside a flourishing trade in the bazaar, carried on pretty extensive operations in many smaller towns throughout the country. It was by no means an unusual thing for this simply-clad, mean-looking trader to purchase in one day from one merchant muslins to the value of a thousand pounds, crockery for half that amount, and, perhaps, glass ware for as much more. For these he would pay down onefourth in hard cash, and so great was the confidence reposed in him, that his bags of rupces, labelled and endorsed with his name and the amount of their contents, were received and placed in the strong-room of the Englishman without being counted. Saybo Dora's name on the packages gave them cur-

So much for their business aspect; but once I paid a visit to Forty-two in his private dwelling. In one of the dullest, dirtiest, and most squalid-looking streets of the black town dwelt he of the muffin-cap and portly person. The hut was perched high up on a natural parapet of red iron-stone, with a glacier of rubbish in front. The day had been fearfully hot, even for India; the very roadway was scorching to the feet though the sun had set, yet the tiny windows and the ramshackling door were all closed. Nobody was lying dead to the house, as I first imagined might be the case. They had only shut out

I found Forty-two enveloped in a sort of winding-sheet, reclining on some coarse matting, and smoking a very large and dirty hookah. A brazen vessel was by his side, a brass lamp swong from the ceiling; and, on a curiously carved ebony stand, was a little sort of stew-pan minus a handle filled with sweetmeats. In an adjoining part of the dwelling, divided off only by some loose drapery for want of a door, lay sprawling on the earthen upon an odd volume of an old Magazine for

hage packing-cases and crates, and sorting floor a leash of infantine, embryo Forty-twos; out their contents into heaps; but I never while, shrouded in an impenetrable mass of while, shrouded in an impenetrable mass of muslin, crouched Mrs. Forty-two, masticating tobacco leaves and betel nut. Smoking, eating sweetmeats and curry, and sleeping form the sum total of the earthly enjoyments of this race of people. Their sole exception to this dreafy, caged existence being an occasional recigious festival, or a pilgrimage to some shrine of great sanctity, when the muslinshrouded wife, the muslin-less children, the sweetmeats, the hookah, and the brazen vessels are packed into a hackery which, with its huge white bullock, jingles and creaks over the ruts and stones as though the wheels and axle had got a touch of Saint Vitus's dance, and for that one day at any, rate Number Forty-two may be fairly said to be out of town.

AN EXPLODED MAGAZINE.

Some years, ten or a dozen ago, during the Repeal agitation conducted by the late Mr. O'Connell, an outburst of retrospective patriotism and poesy took place in a ballad furnished with the title, "Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight?" It was first published in a newspaper, and referred, I suppose, to the unhappy rebellion which in that year desolated the fairest portion of Ireland; but I have never read it, nor, beyond its title, have I anything more to do with it here. It awakens no partisan feelings within me, and might as well be the song of The Boyne Water, or the Shan van Vaugh, Vinegar Hill, or Croppies lie down—intensely orange, or vividly green, for any effect it could have on my susceptibilities.

'Ninety-eight was not an annus mirabilis, although Nelson's great victory at Aboukir was won in its autumn. But every year was one of wonder then, and the age was one of marvels. Dynasties and thrones were being pounded up by the French armies like rotten bones in mortars. Wherever over the globe there were no wars, there were, at least, rumours of wars. And yet the world wagged, and the seasons came and went. There were as many wet and sunny days under republics as there had been under monarchies—in anarchy as in tranquillity. months brought their same tributes of fruit, or flowers, or grain; and were the same months, though the calendar had been remodelled, and they were henceforth to be Fructidors, Thermidors, or Ventoses. And it And it was the same death that kings suffered on the scaffold and soldiers in the field that a poor shepherd or a servant maid suffers to-day, and that you and I may suffer to-morrow. Sleeves and hose may alter, but legs and arms remain the same. Hunger was hunger and thirst thirst in 'Ninety-eight as it is in 'Fiftythree.

The other day, rambling about I stumbled

my favourite 'Ninety-eight. keeper, who was quite a Sir Charles Grandson of bibliopoles, politely offered to send my purchase home for me, but I took it to my habitat myself, and revelled in 'Ninety-eight half that night.

I found my Mag to be in the hundred and third volume of its age, a very respectable antiquity even in 'Ninety-eight; and, had it lived to the present day, it would have been a very Methuselah among Mags; but the work went the way of all waste paper, I am afraid, years ago. I cannot pretend to give you any detailed description of its contents; for, as per title-page they included letters, debates, antiquity, philosophy, mechanics, husbandry, gardening, fifteen more subjects, and "other arts and sciences," besides "an impartial account of books in several languages, "state of learning in Europe," and the "new theatrical entertainments" of 'Ninety-eight. And mark that my Mag. was only a half-year's volume, from June to December. So I will say very little about philosophy or husbandry, the state of European learning, and the new theatrical entertainments of 'Ninety-eight, merely culling as I go on what seems to me curious, principally among the domestic occurrences of my year, and which may interest even those who have no peculiar solicitude concerning 'Ninetyeight.

First, I found a frontispiece elegantly engraved on copperplate, representing a wood or bosky thicket, in which reposed a lady in the costume of Queen Elizabeth, but much handsomer; behind her the poet Dante; by her side a lady in a Grecian costume, name unknown; and around her a lion, several sheep, and a rabbit. In the foreground a hideous dwarf in a fancy dress. whom I was uncertain whether to take for the fabulist Esop or the Polish Count Borulawski, was presenting a laurel wreath to a gentleman in a full bottomed wig, large cuffs, ruffles, shorts and buckles, who seemed very anxious to get the wreath indeed, and was incited thereto by the poet Horace; who egged him on with a large scroll, backed up by another gentleman, of whose person or dress nothing was visible but a very voluminous wig looming above his friend's shoulder. and was on that account perhaps intended as an allegory of Mr. Charles James Fox. On reference to my Mag. for an explication of this engraving, I was informed that it was emblematic of Summer, and some lines from the Seasons followed the information; but as I could not see what he of the wig and ruffle had to do with summer and Queen Elizabeth, I considered it, and passed it over as a mystery of 'Ninety-eight, to be solved by future study and research.

This was at a June, complaining of the mania for volunbook-stall close to the Four Courts, Dublin; teering. She bewails the fact that her hus-and I immediately became its possessor at the band, and all the husbands of her acquaintance, ontlay of sevenpence sterling. The book-stall have now the same squareness of the shoulders to the body and the front, their heels are all in a line, and their thumbs are all as far back as the seams of their trousers. She complains that her husband's affections are completely alienated from her by the rival charm of one Brown Bess, and that at prayer time he calls out "front rank, kneel!" for all of which she rates the Duke of York heartly, but good humouredly. I wonder whether the reembodiment of the Militia, or the recollections of Chobham will call forth any Mrs. Muscadines in Fifty-eight. Next I find a long biography of John Wilkes. Wilkes died in the year before. In addition to his biography, my Mag. has this month a notice of Dr. Farmer, the author of the Essay on the learning of Shakspeare, also deceased in 'Ninety-seven. In the House of Lords, on the twenty-eighth of March (my Mag. only reports it in June), the Bishop of Rochester attributes the numerous applications for divorces, which have recently taken place in their lordships' House, to the Jacobinical principles which had been inculcated from France. In the House of Commons, on the third of April, on a motion for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of the slave trade at a period to be specified, which had been moved by Mr. Wilberforce, there are eightythree ayes, and eighty-seven noes-majority for the middle passage, the barracoons, the bilboes, and the cartwhip, four.

April the twenty-fifth, in a social little committee of ways and means, Mr. Pitt moves for a trifle of twelve millions eight hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds sterling for the army. He states, pleasantly, that he thought last Christmas that ten millions or so might have done; but that "into the particulars of that sum he will not now enter." Considerate, this, of the pilot that weathered the storm. To make things pleasant he claps on, in the same cosy little committee, the "additional tax upon salt, and the "additional duty upon tea," and the "tax on armorial bearings," "which," says Mr. Pitt, "rests upon a principle exceedingly different," which in truth it does.

Three-fourths of this month's number of my Mag. are occupied with a narrative of the events of the Irish rebellion, and of the battle of Vinegar Hill. They belong to

history. On May the third the Whig Club dine together at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, Mr. Fox in the chair. They are all very merry, and Mr. Fox gives the "Sovereignty of the People" (the Habeas Corpus Act has just been suspended). The Duke of Norfolk, on his health being drunk, sensibly observes, that "where the people have no rights, the nobility have no privileges worth enjoying; Mrs. Muscadine writes to the editor during and the Duke of Bedford in a neat speech intimates that the meeting is respectable. Mr. Erskine is rather glum; and when his health is drunk, coupled with "Trial by Jury," he contents himself with merely thanking the company, telling them that they know the reason why he is silent. Where-upon Mr. Sheridan (indefatigable in the pursuit of a joke under difficulties) gets up and proposes, "Our absent friend, the Hubens Corpus;" at which it needs no very retrospective effort of second sight to see the bumpers tossed off, and hear them jingled lustily by the Whig Club.

The suspension of "our absent friend" authorises, on the first of June, the arrest by Townsend the Bow-street officer, of Mr. Agar, a barrister, Mr. Curran (the son of the Curran), Mr. Stewart, and the Hon. V. B. Lawless (now Lord Cloncurry, and still alive I think', all under the authority of the Duke of Portland's warrant on a charge of treason-able practices. Failing our "absent friend," justice, in the shape of Mr. Townsend, lays hold of Mr. Lawless's French valet and of his papers: Mr. Lawless was taken in St. Alban's Place, Pall Mall,—that peaceful, shady, tranquil little thoroughfare, hard by the Opera Arcade, the Patmos of half-pay officers. 'Tis as difficult for me to fancy an arrest for high treason in St. Alban's Place, as to picture the rotting skulls of Jacobites over Temple Bar; yet both have been almost within the memory of man.

On the seventh of June three persons named Reeves, Wilkinson, and Adams, are hanged in front of Newgate. All for forgery. My Mag. says that this was "the most awful example of justice ever witnessed." Doubtless; but the example, however awful, was not efficacious enough to prevent its repetition many many more times in 'Ninety-eight. On the eighth of June there is another awful example (though my Mag. does not say so) on Pennenden Heath, one O'Coigley being hanged for high treason, in carrying on an improper correspondence with the French.

The next day dies, in Newgate, Dublin, of his wounds, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Dake of Leinster. On the twenty-first of May a proclamation offering a thousand pounds reward for his capture had been issued. Through the treachery of a servant-girl the place of his retreat was made known. A Captain Ryam Mr. Swan, a magistrate, and the well-known Major Sirr, went with three coaches and some soldiers, as privately as possible to the house of one Murphy, a feather-dresser, in Thomas-street. There they found Lord Edward lying on a bed, without his cont and shoes. He feigned, at first, to surrender; but a desperate struggle ensued, he being provided with a cut-and-thrust dagger. With this he gave Captain Ryan seven wounds between the

from Major Sirr; overpowered, conducted to the castle, and thence to Newgate, where, as I have said, he died on the ninth of June. Captain Ryan died of his wounds two days before his prisoner. Major Sirr lived till within a short period of the present day. He was for many years one of the Dublin city magnetrates, and sat in the Carriage Court to determine disputes and hear complaints against that eccentric race of beings, the Dublin car-drivers. He was of course cordially hated by all the cabbies. One Jehu, a most inveterate declarer of the thing which was not, on being remonstrated with by the usher of the Court for tergiversation (to use a mild word) retorted "Musha then! Cock him up with the truth! It's more than I. ever told the likes of him!" Singularly enough Major Sirr's last moments were spent among his enemies. He was taken mortally ill while riding in an inside car, and was scarcely carried from it before he died: it was even currently reported that he did actually die in the vehicle. A short time after his death a car-driver was summonsed (or, as the carman calls it, "wrote by the polis stumping a brother whip, i. e. inveigling a fare away from him. "I wouldn't a minded his stumping me," said the complainant; "but didn't he call out, when the lady was getting into the kyar, that it was mine was the kyar that the black ould major died in? And one could'nt stand that yer honour!"

In the month of July my Mag. has great news from the Convict Settlement at Botany Bay. Not the least curious among these is the notification of the appointment of the notorious George Barrington the pickpocket to be a peace-officer or superintendent of convictswith a grant of thirty acres of land, and a warrant of emancipation. Barrington had rendered considerable services to the executive during a mutiny on the passage out, and since his arrival in the colony had behaved himself to the entire entisfaction of the authorities. I believe he died a magistrate, in easy circumstances, and universally respected.

But the most noteworthy item in this Antipodean budget, is the account of the opening of a theatre at Sydney; the manager (Mr. John Sparrow), the actors and actresses, and the majority of the audience being convicts. Of the men Green, and of the women Miss Davis, best deserved to be called actors. The first performance appropriately com-menced with the "Fair Penitent," and on another occasion the "Revenge," and the "Hotel," were presented. The dresses were chiefly made by the company themselves; but some veterum costumes and properties from the York Theatre were among the best that The motto of these made their appearance. histrionic exiles was modest and well chosen; being "We cannot command, but will endeavour to deserve success." 1 suppose collar and the waistband, and Swan the justice that it was on this occasion that the too. He was at last disabled by a pistol-shot celebrated prologue, the production of Mr.

be found the appropriate lines :-

"True patriots we, for be it understood We left our country for our country's good.",

The authorities on licensing the undertaking gave the manager to understand that the slightest infraction of propriety would visited by the banishment of the entire company to another settlement, there to work in chains. The coercive mastership of the revels is somewhat akin to the theatrical discipline in use in the Italian provinces under Austrian yoke, where refractory tenors are not unfrequently threatened with the bastinado by the military commandant, and prima donnas in the sulks are marched off the guard-house between two files of Croat Grenadiers. The principal drawback to the prosperity of the Sydney theatricals seems, according to my Mag., to have been the system of accepting at the doors, in lieu of the price of admission, as much flour, beef, or rum, as the manager chose to consider an It was feared that this would equivalent. act like gambling, as an inducement to the convicts to rob; and more serious evil arose in the frequent losses of watches and money by the respectable portion of the audience during the performances, and in the advantage some of the worst of the fair penitents took of the absence of the inhabitants at the theatre to break into their houses, and rob them of their contents.

On the twenty-eighth of July my constant Mag. returns to the "Awful Examples." Two gentlemen, barristers and brothers, Henry and John Sheares, are hanged and decapitated in Dublin for high treason. At the last moment an urgent appeal was made to the Government for mercy, were it even to one of the brothers, and with an offer on their parts to make ample confessions; but the Government replied "That they had a full knowledge of everything that could come out in confession, and that the law must take its course." Which the law does.

July the twenty-first, William Whiley is flogged through the fleet at Portsmouth for mutiny on board Her Majesty's ship Pluto. On the same day, Brian, for the same mutiny on board the same ship, is hanged at the yard-arm.

July the twenty-third McCann is tried for high treason in Dublin, as being the author of some treasonable papers found in the house of Mr. Oliver Bond. He is found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged on the nineteenth of August. On the twenty-sixth, Michael William Byrne is also tried for the same offence, and the jury, after five minutes' consideration, find him guilty. He is impenitent, and exclaims, "with a warm accompaniment of action," that "he glories in the event of his trial." He is executed on the twenty-fifth of August. "Several other persons," adds before the magistrates at Bow Street, London,

Barrington, was spoken, in which were to examples, "have also been hanged for high

treason during the present month."
On the thirty-first of July, the Blenheim, a whale ship, arrives at Hull from the Greenland seas. Passing Whitebooth Roads the Nonsuch and Redoubt men-of-war, guardships, fire several shot into her (as a species of welcome to England, home, and beauty, I presume), but without effect. Three boats are then manned and sent towards her, for the purpose of impressing the seamer of the Blenheim; but these opinionated mariners "agree to differ" from the men-of-war's men, and arming themselves with harpoons. Greenland knives, and spears, resolutely oppose their coming on board. The Nautilus sloop of war, having, by this time, joined the other two, also sends a boat, and fires more than thirty shot into her "with intent to bring her to," but without effect. A deadly struggle ensues; and the seamen of the whale ship fire a swivel, loaded with grapeshot, into the men-of-war's boats, and desperately wound two men and an officer; and at last their opponents row off. One of the wounded men dies in the hospital the next night, and the life of another is despaired of; whereupon, a coroner's jury sit on the body. of the scaman deceased, and return a verdict of wilful murder against a person unknown. Mcanwhile, the crew of the Blenheim have reached the shore and concealed themselves -none of them being wounded. I wonder, if any one of them had been killed, and the same coroner's jury had sat on the corpse, what would have been the verdict upon him. I must not omit to state that, the day after this abominable affray, warrants are issued for the apprehension of such of the Blenheim's crew as had been identified by the crews of the men-of-war boats. My Mag. does not state if they are captured or not; but our friend the Habeas Corpus being still absent, I am not without misgiving for them if they are arrested.

On the second of August an event takes place with which most readers of the annals of the stage must be familiar. Mr. John Palmer, a favourite actor, while enacting the part of the "Stranger" in the Liverpool theatre, drops down dead upon the stage. He is buried on the thirteenth, at Warton near Liverpool, and on his tombstone (with questionable taste) are engraven these awfully significant words-

"There is another and a better world!"

My Mag, to add to the vulgar horror of the catastrophe, states that these very words were the last he uttered on earth; but a reference to the text of the Stranger will show that the words in question are in the part of Mrs. Haller.

On the sixth of September, my Mag. chronicles the result of six informations heard my Mag, as if weary of particularising the and laid by the Stamp Office against a

Mr. Williams, for suffering, in his room in Old keeping a pig; "a pig, if it runs about, con-Round Court, Strand, sundry persons to read the Daily Advertiser, and other newspapers, for the consideration of one penny each. The offence being held to be clearly made out, Mr. Williams is convicted in the pensity of five pounds on each information; "which is certainly sufficient," sagely concludes my Mag., "to convince the proprietors of reading rooms that newspapers must not be among the number of the publications which they suffer to be read for hire, or, as they call it (my Mag. is ironical) admission money. From which it would appear likewise that even penny news-rooms have had their persecutions and their martyrs. Ludicrously and inconsistently enough my Mag. in thus pleasantly recording Mr. Williams' malpractices, does so in a "Historical Chronicle," clearly news, and taxable accordingly, but of which the Stamp Office does not take the slightest notice.

On September eleventh, at six o'clock in the evening, the north-cast bank of the New River bursts near Hornsey-house, and a tendency to conceal the lesser: To impuinundates a circuit of four miles of meadow

land.

On the 17th September, Robert Ladbrook Troys is tried for forgery. Guilty. Death. On the same day John Collins is indicted at the instance of the Stamp Office for forging a plate to counterfeit the "two shilling hat stamps." The principal evidence against him is that of a Jew, Barnard Solomons, who acknowledges his having suffered about two years previously, three months' imprisonment for coining counterfeit halfpence. For the forgery of the "two shilling hat stamps" the verdict on John Collins is, Guilty. Death. The next day, the 18th, twenty-five men are tried on board the ship Gladiator, at Portsmouth, for mutiny. Nineteen are found Guilty. Death. Thirteen are executed; two are to have two hundred lashes; two one hundred, and one is acquitted On the twentieth, Mr. Silvester, the common-serjeant at the Old Bailey, pronounces judgment (Death) upon ten men and four women. Twenty-"flx are to be transported, twenty-six imprisoned, and two whipped. And so from month to month 'Ninety-eight pursues the even tenor of its way. The "awful example" harvest is unvaryingly fruitful; but it would be eventisome to continue recording the statistics of each hemp crop.

Mr. Sabatier, impressed with the prevalence of poverty and crime in 'Ninety-eight, attempts to elucidate their causes. One great exuse of poverty according to this gentleman is in "buying of unprofitable food.
"Ten and bread and butter," he says, "is a very unprofitable breakfast for working people." Cheese and porter are still worse: "The former of these have very little nourishment, and the latter is costly." Unfortunately Mr. Substier does not point out the profit-Mr. Sabatier does not point out the profitable food. A paramount cause of poverty is

sumes time in looking after it; it frequently gets into the pound; and eats up the scraps of the family where there should be none; it occasions the boiling of victuals merely for the sake of the pol-liquor; and then this stanted, half-starved creature must be fattened." I wonder that in Mr. Sabatier's virtuous indignation against the pig, he did not add in aggravation of its crimes that it squeaks in infancy and grunts when grown up, and that in feeding, it puts its foot in the. trough, quite ungenteelly. Giving children pence to buy tarts is, in Mr. Sabatier's eyes. a heinous offence, and invariably productive of poverty. He clenches his argument by a moral piece on the downfall of the eldest son of a poer, who was reduced by improvidence (beginning with penny tarts) to the sad necessity of enlisting as a common soldier.

The causes of crime, Mr. Sabatier ascribes, among others, to fixing the same punishment to different crimes, the greater of which has nity as in unconditional pardon, or in commuting death into transportation: To the confinement of prisoners before trial in idleness and bad company: To allowing legal passages for escape: To proscribing a man's character by visible dismemberment, such as public whipping, the pillory, or the stocks? To legalising, or rather not prohibiting pawn-brokers "and other receivers:" To permitting profligate characters to fill the religious ministry: To non-residence and neglect of incumbents: To permitting mendicity: To suffering seditionists to escape punishment: To allowing temptations to lie in the way of poor people, such as game and wood in forests: To the sale of spirituous liquors and lotterytickets: To lovying high duties on foreign commodities, and thereby encouraging smuggling. Among a variety of notions eminently germane to Ninety-eight Mr. Sabatier, as it will be seen, is in some respects many

many years in advance of it.
So I lay by my Mag. for the present. Years hence perhaps our grandchildren may take up some exploded magazine for this present year; and, as they turn it cursorily over, wonder how such things, therein recorded, could ever have been. I sincerely trust, however, that little advanced as we may be, 'Fifty-three has not evinced any symptoms of retrogression towards 'Ninety-

eight.

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OUT FOR A WALK.

You people with portmanteaus, trunks, Macintoshes, and umbrellas, bandboxes, carpet-bags, shawls, plaids, rugs, and muffetees, gentlemen who wear travelling caps and carry about hat-boxes, are not to suppose that you have ever travelled. You may have bought a newspaper at every railway station in Europe, but, believe me, you must tread your way if you desire to feel honestly that you have travelled it.

I am not a great traveller. Have never been in the East, and never been in the West, have only heard of the North Pole, and do not up to this date entertain any idea that I shall ever take a passage to Australia. Barring a quiet walk up the Moselle, and little trips of that sort, I have never been out of my own country. But I have spent some of the happiest days of my life afoot in England.

I should recommend any one in want of a good home walk not to stop out longer than about a week. He may let the railway take him quickly to new ground-it does not in the least matter what or where; there is no dull ground anywhere for the pedestrianand then let him step out. He should never look up to the sky in fear, but in love and enjoyment. The more changes there are in it, the more variety and pleasure is provided for him. Let the sun beat at him, and the rain dash cheerily in his face, and the wind blow all ill-humours out of him. He should go out impeded with nothing; have no knapsack, not even a sly scrap of luggage in his hat, no second coat upon his back, and no umbrella in his hand. He should go out nothing but a bold, unfettered man, to have communion thoroughly with nature. He must make up his mind for the week to disregard his personal appearance. In fine exciting stormy for the week with a comb, a tooth-brush, a towel, and a pair of socks, in one coat pocket, and a single reserve shirt in the other. That last-named garment will very likely have been | new sensation. wet through once, and certainly be crumpled, couple of hours too soon, and found the town by the time he puts it on. Its appearance does not matter in the least; the purposes of I occupied the empty streets with a full cleanliness will be for the nonce sufficiently heart, rejoicing.

answered, and he must demand no more. Every morning he should bathe in the first sparkling stream with which he meets, and that is why the towel should be carried. More impediment he ought not to take with him. Unless attached to it by habit he caght not to take even a stick: hands absolutely free are altogether preferable. I need not say that he must have a little money in his purse; it ought, however, to be little, and should be

used only to satisfy simple wants.

It is not necessary that a walk should last a week. One may get a joy that will become a memory for ever out of the walking of a single day or night. I remember one night taking a thirty miles' walk into Birmingham to catch a train that started before sunrise. There were not more shades of light between sunset and darkness, than there were emotions begotten by the scenery that shifted during such a walk. First, the long sunset shadows of the trees; then a glimpse from a hill top of the Severn between deep banks with the blue darkness of evening about it; then twilight softening into delicious thought, promoting gloom, and the moon rising over a flat surface of trees and hedges, contrasting its pure light with a red glare of fire on other parts of the horizon, as I got into Wolverhampton.

Properly I meant to have taken the train at Wolverhampton, bu I found the train gone when I reached the little station, and there were a couple of sleepy men sitting with a lantern on one of the benches, making a great noise in the place whenever they coughed or moved their feet. Then they looked up when they heard my footfall, and saw how the moon threw the big shadow of my hat over the railway sleepers. I was glad the train was gone, and trudged away again rejoicing over the ten, thirteen, or fifteen miles—I forget how many they were—to Birmingham. That is the they were - to Birmingham. weather he will get a little draggle-tailed: he most wonderful night walk in this country; must not mind that. He must be content all blighted soil, and glare of fire, and roar of furnaces. The intense purity and calm of the moonlight and the starlight seen from among such fires impress the mind with an entirely I got into Birmingham a

One great source of enjoyment in that walk was its unexpectedness. A walk is never so good as when it comes upon one by Surprise. I had set out originally, meaning to walk four miles to the mail coach, from an out-of-theway inn. I had not booked my place; the mail was full; and so the walk began.

Another improvised walk was contrived in company. One quiet autumn afternoon, I sat with a couple of good friends, one old, one young, in the garden of a rustic public-house in Cheshire. There was a big tree overhead, and a small spire among adjacent bushes, and there was some ten (the produce of our native hedges) on the table before us. Far away the Mersey glittered in the afternoon sun; the smoke of Liverpool dulled the horizon. On the other side were the Welsh mountains.

"Glorious out-door weather," said one

of us.
"How beautiful the mountains look!" said another.

"I should like to be among them."

"Let us go!"

Elder friend laughed, but younger friend oked serious. "It is only nine miles to looked serious. Chester; we can sleep there to-night, and walk round North Wales in about five days." Elder friend thought us mad; but, finding us in carnest and not disposed to be knocked down by a mere clean shirt difficulty, he agreed to carry word to our friends that we should be home in less than a week. Off

Oh, the delight of a first trudge into North Wales thus suddenly presented to the fancy; when satisfaction comes at once with the first burst of strong desire. We might have made up our minds to go on that day fortnight, have thought about it, have get up out of our beds to start, and finally have set about it as a preconcerted business, with a fog upon our spirits. But we did nothing so stupid. Since there was no reason why we should not give rein to the humour, while our hearts were open to the promised pleasure and under the very sunlight, while still in the way mood of buoyancy that had begotten the desire to tread the mountains, off we went. The Cheshire girls in their Welsh jackets were figures on the frontispiece of the great book of pictures with which we were setting out to fill our memories. Villages fixed themselves house by house, and black beam by black beam upon our hearts. We can tell any man upon our death-beds how many geese were busy about nothing on a little triangle of green that faced us as we rested by the handle of a willage pump. The short cut over the fields that we made brought us, to our dismay, when evening was far advanced, down to the dirty banks of the broad estuary of the Dee-ever so many miles from Chester -and there were our Welsh mountains ominously full of night, over the way, quite inaccessible.

That is another of the glories of foot travelling. I would not give a song for the society of a pedestrian who was not a bold fellow at short cuts. There is an excitement in trespassing and going astray out of the bondage of paths over an unknown country steeple chasing for a place to which one has never been in his life before, but which he houses by his superior ingenuity to get at by a road unknown to any of his fellow-creatures. The wonder as to what may be the result, and the strong, wholesome emotion that makes the heart beat, as though one had taken suddenly a shower bath when something wonderfully unexpected comes in sight, is a fine tonic for the jaded spirits. It was a fine surprise for us to come down upon the muddy expanse of the Dee, when we believed we might be on the point of getting into Chester. A finer surprise of the kind is to come down from behind a hill upon the dashing breakers of the sea itself by moonlight, when one thinks he has achieved a short cut to some town twenty miles inland. The dashing of fire is nearly as good an accompaniment to such a surprise as the dashing of water. I remember one night being out on business in deep snow. I was on horseback then. Trying to get home in the dark, long after midnight, I became more and more perplexed; and suddenly a turn of the road brought me into the immediate presence of a set of blast furnaces, spouting up fire into the dark sky, and clamouring fiercely in my ears. i did not in the least know what blast furnaces they were, had never seen them before; and their huge power made me aghast at the sense of my own helplessness. I suppose that is the reason why such a thing as a blast furnace, or the thunder of the sea upon a shore, can impress helpless mortals who have lost their way with such peculiar emotion. It is an emotion very wholesome in the main, as every emotion is that is entirely natural.

To go back to the Dee. I need not say that having come upon its estuary, we had nothing to do but trace the river up its course to find our way to Chester. There we slept soundly, true to our purpose, and the next morning, we set out into Wales. Some day I may think it worth while to trouble the world with some of my experiences in Wales during one or two trips as a pedestrian. I intend nothing of that sort now. As I write, I can recall the solemn closing of the hills about our road at twilight, and the glitter of the afternoon sun through the bushes as we lay over the clear trout stream in some happy valley. We enjoyed also the trout; we did indeed. We were amused at the port-We enjoyed also the trout; manteau travellers, who at Llanberis furnished themselves with guides and ponies and donkies (lacking mules), for the ascent of Snowdon, the great British Chimborazo. The path being obvious, we took no guides, and simply walked up after dinner and walked

down again. To the top of Snowdon from Lianberis is not a bit more difficult or complex an adventure than a climb up Snow Hill from Holborn. The way from Beddgelert is more tedious.

Upon the strength of my first walk about Wales I set up as a guide, and was showing a friend over the Welsh mountains on a subsequent occasion. He did not fully enjoy lain, and set out after breakfast from Carnarvon one wet morning, only induced so to do by the assurance that it was only seven miles to Llanberis, and that 1, being an old Welshman, knew the way. But ways look different in different weather, especially to people who have only seen them once or twice. We got up among unknown mountains, passed romantic lakes, over which now and then the sun broke fitfully. The walk was glorious, but we were out of the Llanberis road; and, as it shortly became evident, on the wrong side of Snowdon. Then the rain came down in sheets, and we arrived, wet through and glowing famously, at a small straggling village. Disposed naturally to fortify our constitutions with brandy and water, we stopped at the village inn. Purc Welsh-no English spoken. "Have you brandy?" Shake of the head. "Have you rum?" Shake of the "Have you gin?" Nod - "Yek. head. yek." And the good woman brought us whiskey. Each of us had accordingly a glass ot hot whiskey and water, for which the landlady knew enough English to make a charge of twopence a head. Cheap, certainly, but we had not wherewith to pay. A dire catastrophe broke in upon our peace. we had both left Carnarvon without change, and were affoat with nothing smaller than a sovereign. Change for a sovereign was not to be had in Bettwys. I doubt whether twenty shillings in silver could have been raised by the united fundholders of the whole village. A sovereign was too much to leave for fourpence with a magnanimous wave of the hand and a "never mind the change," while not to pay so moderate and fair a demand, would have been absolutely wicked. The women stared at us and gruened, and left us to do as we could. Then my good genius reminded me that in the compendious list of my luggage was included half-a-dozen postage stamps. thought the problem solved. I offered them in triumph; but, alas! the worthy woman shook her head-she had not the least idea what they were. We said that she might sell them-take them to the Post Office; she shook her head and smiled on helplessly. Nobody in Bettwys writes or receives letters, it appeared. Then there arese from the chimneycorner a grey-headed Welshman who had been looking on. He picked up the stamps, examined the gum at the backs, and looked at the Queen's heads. Having satisfied himself, he put the six stamps into his pouch,

and looked pleased. The man looked solid and commercial. If ever Bettwys be a great town, that was the sort of man you would expect to see thriving on 'Change there. He ought to have been horz in Change Allev.

ought to have been born in Change Alley.

We went on through wind and sun and rain, under wild snatches of cloud, that rolled in great volumes, chorussing to the eye a music of their own through the broad heaven. Instead of making a seven mile walk to Llamberris, we traversed nineteen miles of a most glorious county—all of it new and unexpected—and at last contrived to find our way into Beddgelert. It was a place quite out of our route; but the pedestrian who cares about his route does not deserve the legs he walks upon. That unexpected march upon Beddgelert is another of my choice remembrances.

I might go on conjuring up sucle recollections by the hour together, but I do not want to be a bore, so I will leave off. I have wished simply to show people how they may go out for a pleasant walk. There is a fine season now before us, though indeed every season is time to the man whom I should regard as a right-minded pedestrian. Only I mean to say, that a season of travelling caps, trunks, portmanteaus, plaids, and so forth has set in; and while half of our neighbours are up the Ithine and down the Ithone, we who remain behind have no reason to envy any man his continental trips. We have only to make up our minds, and take a hearty walk or two at home in the old country.

A DEAD SECRET.

In what manner I became acquainted with that which follows, and from whom I had it, it serves not to relate here. It is enough that he was hanged, and that this is his story.

"And how came you," I asked, "to be—" I did not like to say hanged for fear of wounding his delicacy, but I finted my meaning by an expressive gesture.

"How came I to be hanged?" he echoed in a tone of strident hoarseness. "You would like to know all about it—wouldn't you?"

Then my good genius reminded me that in the compendious list of my luggage was included half-a-dozen postage stamps. We thought the problem solved. I offered them in triumph; but, alas! the worthy woman shook her head—she had not the least idea them—take them to the Post Office; she shook her head and smiled on helplessly. Nobody in Bettwys writes or receives letters, it appeared. Then there arose from the chimney-corner a grey-headed Welshman who had been looking on. He picked up the stamps examined the gum at the backs, and looked at the Queen's heads. Having satisfied himself, he put the six stamps into his pouch, and gave the woman fourpence. She curtsied

the Fufies writhing, in them. The fingers of his lean hands were slightly crooked inwards, owing to some involuntary muscular rigidity, and I noticed that his whole frame was pervaded by a nervous trembling, less spasmodic than regular, and resembling that which shakes a man afflicted with delirium tremens.

I had given him a cigar. After moistening the end of it in his mouth, he said, bending his eyes towards me, but still more on the wall behind my chair than on my face: "It's no use. You may torture me, scourge me, flay me alive. You may rasp me with rusty files, and seethe me in vinegar, and rub my eyes with gunpowder-but I can't tell you where the child is. I don't know—I never knew? How am I to make you believe that I don't know—that I never knew?"

"My good friend," I remarked. "You do not seem to be aware that, so far from wishing you to tell me where the child you allude to is, I am not actuated by the slightest curiosity to know anything about any child whatever. Permit me to observe that I cannot see the smallest connection between a child

and your being hanged."
"No connection?" retorted my companion with vehemence. "It is the connection—the But for that child I should never

have been hanged."

He went on muttering and panting about this child; and I pushed towards him a met nie in the street I gave him the breadth bottle of thin clarct. (Being liable to be of the pavement, and recked nothing for called up at all hours of the night, I find it his shaking his fist at me, and calling me lighter drinking than any other wine.) He am ungrateful bound. My Uncle Collerer, filled a large tumbler—which he emptied into himself, rather than drank—and I observed that his lips were so dry and smooth with parchedness, that the liquid formed little globules of moisture on them, like drops of him in grinding the needy, in selling up poor water on an oil-cloth. Then he began :

I had the misery to be born (he said) about seven-and-thirty years ago. I was the offspring of a double misery, for my mother was a newly-made widow when I was born, and she died in giving me birth. What my name was before I assumed the counterfew that has blasted my life, I shall not tell you. But it was no patrician high-sounding title, for my father was a petty tradesman, and my mother had been a domestic servant. Two kinsmen succoured me in my orphanage! They were both uncles; one by my father's, one by my mother's side. The former was un retired sailor, rich, and a bachelor. The latter was a grocer, still in business. He was a father's door while he was asleep in church widower, with one daughter, and not very well to-do in the world. They hated each other with the sort of cold, fixed, and watchful aversion that a savage cat has for a dog too large for her to worry.

These two uncles played a miserable game of battledore and shuttlecock with me for nearly fourteen years. I was bandied about from one to the other, and equally maltreated by both. Now, it was my Uncle Collerer who boys and girls; and, although we knew the

discovered that I was starved by my Uncle Morbus, and took me under his protection. Now, my Uncle Morbus was indignant at my Uncle Collerer for beating me, and insisted that I should return to his roof. I was beaten and starved by one, and starved and beaten by the other. I endeavoured—with that cumning which brutal treatment will teach the dullest child—to trim my sails to please both uncles. I could only succeed by ministering to the hatred they mutually had one for the other. I could only propitiate Collerer by abusing Morbus: the only road to Morbus's short-lived favour was by defaming Collerer. Nor do I think I did either of them much injustice; for they were both wicked-minded old men. I believe either of them would have allowed me to starve in the gutter; only each thought that, appearing to protect me, would naturally spite the other.

When I was about fifteen years old it occurred to me, that I should make an election for good and all between my uncles; else, be-tween these two knotty crabbed stools I might tall to the ground. Naturally enough I chose the rich uncle-the retired sailor. Collerer; and, although I dare say he knew I only clove to him for the sake of his money, he seemed perfectly satisfied with my hearty abuse of my Uncle Morbus, and my total abnegation of his society; for, for three years I never went near his house, and when he although retired from the sea, had not left off making money. He lent it at usury on mortgages, and in numberless other crawling ways. I soon became his right hand, and assisted tradesmen, and in buckling on the spurs of spendthrifts when they started for the race, the end of which was to be the jail. My uncle was pleased with me; and, although he was miserably parsimonious in his housekeeping and in his allowance to me, I had hopes and lived on; but very much in the fashion of a rat in a hole.

I had known Mary Morbus, the grocer's daughter, years before. She was a sickly delicate child, and I had often teased and struck and robbed her of her playthings, in my evil childhood. But she grew up a surpassingly beautiful creature, and I loved her. We met by stealth in the park outside her on Sundays; and I fancied she began to love me. There was little in my mind or person, in my white face, elf-locks and dull speech to captivate a girl; but her heart was full of love, and its brightness gilded my miserable clay. I felt my heart newly opened. I hoped for something more than my uncle's money bags. We interchanged all the flighty vows of everlasting affection and constancy common to

One evening, at supper-time—for which meal we had the heel of a Dutch cheese, a loaf of seconds bread, and a pint of small beer-I noticed that my Uncle Collerer looked more malignant and sullen than usual. He spoke little, and bit his food as if he had a spite against it. When supper was over, he went to an old worm-eaten bureau in which he was wont to keep documents of value; and, taking out a bundle of papers, untied and began to read them. I took little heed of that : for his favourite course of evening reading was bonds and mortgage deeds; and on every eve of bills of exchange falling due he would spend hours in poring over the acceptances and endorsements, and even in bed he would lie awake half the night moaning and crooning lest the bills should not be paid on the morrow. After carefully reading and sorting these papers, he tossed them over to me, and left the room without a word. Then I heard him going up stairs to the top of the house, where my 100m was.

I opened the packet with trembling hands and a beating heart. I found every single letter I had written to Mary Morbus. The room seemed to turn round. The white sheet I held and the black letters dancing on it were all I could see. All beyond—the room, the house, the world—was one black unutterable I besought her to look at me and passiongulf of darkness. I tried to read a line—a line I had known by heart for months; but, to my scared senses, it might as well have been Chaldee. Then my uncle's heavy step

was heard on the stairs.

He entered the room, dragging after him a small black portmanteau in which I kept all that I was able to call my own. "I happen to have a key that opens this," he said, "and have read every one of the fine love letters that silly girl has sent you. But I have been much more edified by the perusal of yours, which I only received from your good uncle Morbus-strangle him! -last night. I'm a covetous hunks, am I? You live in hopes, do you? Hope told a flattering tale, my young friend. I've only two words to loosen say to you," contined my uncle, after a few in me. minutes composed silence on his part, and of "Get out of my house, you and your niece, blank consternation on mine. "All your rags too!" cried my Uncle Collerer. "You've are in that trunk. Either give up Mary served my turn, and I've served yours. Now, Morbus—now and for ever, and write a go!" letter to her here in my presence to that effect—or turn out into the street and never feebly, quarrelling in the passage, and Mary feebly feebly, quarrelling in the passage, and mary feebly feebly, quarrelling in the passage and mary feebly show your face here again. Make up your weeping piteously without saying a word, mind quickly, and for good." He then filled Then the great street door was banged to, his pipe and lighted it.

While he sat composedly smoking his pipe, I was employed in making up my wretched said.

was employed in making up my wretched said.

"Satisfied!" he cried with a sort of shriek,

two fierce hatreds that stood betwist us and tending to renounce Mary, and yet secretly happiness, we left the accomplishment of our wishes to time and fortune, and went on hoping and loving.

One evening, at supper-time—for which shame and confusion, I caught at this coward expedient, and signified my willingness to do as my uncle desired.

"Write then," he resumed, flinging me a sheet of letter-paper and a pen, "I will

dictate."

I took the pen; and following his dictation wrote, I scarcely can tell what now: but I suppose some abject words to Mary, saying that I resigned all claim to her hand.

"That 'll do very nicely, nephew," said my uncle, when I had finished. "We needn't fold it, or seal it, or post it, because—be, he, he'-we can deliver it on the spot." were in the front parlour, which was separated from the back room by a pair of foldingdoors. My uncle got up, opened one of these; and, with a mock bow ushered in my Uncle Morbus and my cousin Mary.

"A letter for you, my dear," grinned the old wretch; "a letter from your true love. Though I dare say you'll have no occasion to read it, for you must have heard me. I speak plain enough, though I am asthmatic, and can't last long-can't last long-eh, nephew?' This was a quotation from one of my own

letters.

When Mary took the letter from my uncle, her hand shook as with the palsy. But, when ately adjured her to believe that I was yet true to her, she turned on me a glance of scornful incredulity; and, crushing the miserable paper in her hand, cast it con-

temptuously from her.

"You marry my daughter," my Uncle Morbus piped forth—"you? Your father couldn't pay two-and-twopence in the pound. He owed me money, he owes me money to this day. Why ain't there laws to make sons pay their fathers' debts? You marry my daughter! Do you think I'd have your father's son—do you think I'd have your uncle's nephew for my son-in-law?" I could see that the temporary bond of union between my two uncles was already beginning to loosen; and a wretched hope sprang up with-

weeping piteously without saying a word. and my uncle came in muttering and panting. "I hope you are satisfied new, uncle," I

avarice—alternately gained ascendency within catching up the great earthen jar, with the mc. At length there came a craven inspiral leaden top, in which he kept his tobacco, as tion that I might temporise; that by pre-though he meant to fling it at me. "Satisfied!"

-Pil satisfy you : go. Go! and never let me see your hang-dog face again !"

"You surely do not intend to turn me out of doors, uncle?" I faltered.

If you are "March, bag and baggage. here a minute longer I'll call the police. Go!" And he pointed to the door.

"But where am I to go?" I raked.

"Go and beg," said my uncle; "go and cringeto your dear Uncle Morbus. Goandrot!"

So saying he opened the door, kicked my trunk into the hall, thrust me out of the room and into the street, and pushed my portmanteau after me, without my making the slightest resistance. He slammed the door in my face, and left me in the open street, at twelve o'clock at night.

I slept that night at a coffee-shop. I had a few shillings in my pocket; and, next morning x took a lodging at, I think, four, shillings a week, in a court, somewhere up a back street between Gray's Inn and Leather Lane, Holborn. My room was at the top of the house. The court below swarmed with dirty, ragged children. My lodging was a back garret; and, when I opened the window I could only see a narrow strip of sky, and a foul heap of sooty roofs, chimney-pots and leads, with the great dingy brick tower of a church towering above all. Where the body of the church was I never knew.

I wrote letter after letter to my uncles and to Mary, but never received a line in answer. I wandered about the streets all day, feeding on saveloys and penny loaves. I went to my wretched bed by daylight, groaned that it might grow light again. I knew no one to whom I could apply for employment, and knew no means by which I could obtain it. The house I lived in and the neighbourhood were full of foreign refugees and street mountebanks, whose jargon 1 could not understand. My little stock of money slowly dwindled away; and, in ten days, my mind was ripe for suicide. serve an apprenticeship to acquire that ripeness. Crowded streets, utter desolation and friendlessness in them, scanty food, and the knowledge that, when you have spent all your money and sold your coat and waistcoat, you must starve, are the best masters. They produce that frame of mind which coroners' juries call temporary insanity. I determined to die. I expended my last coin in purchasing lauda-num at different chemists shops—a penny-worth at each; which, I said, I wanted for the toothache; for I knew they would not supply mine. In one of his pockets I found a pocketa large quantity to a stranger. I took my dozen phials home, and poured their contents into a broken mug that stood on my washhand stand. I locked the door, sat down there was a roll of English bank-notes to on my fatal black portmanteau, and tried to a very considerable amount. In his waistpray; but I could not.

summer time, and the room was in that state hundred English sovereigns and louis d'ors. of semi-obscurity you call "between the

lights." While I sat on my black portmanteau, I heard through my garret window which was wide open, a loud noise; a confusion of angry voices, in which I could not distinguish one word I could comprehend. The noise was followed by a pistol-shot. I hear it now, as distinctly as I heard it twenty years ago; and then another. As I looked out of the window I saw a pair of hands covered with blood, clutching the sill, and I heard a voice imploring help for God's sake! Scarcely knowing what I did, I drew up from the leads below and into the room the body of a man, whose face was one mass of blood-like a crimson mask. He stood upright on the floor when I had helped him in; his face glaring at me like the spot one sees after gazing too long at the sun. Then he began to stagger; and went recling about the room, catching at the window curtain, the table, the wall, and leaving traces of his blood wherever he went-I following him in an agony-until he fell face-foremost on the bed.

I lit a candle as well as I could. He was quite dead. His features were so scorched and mangled, and drenched, that not one trait was to be distinguished. The pistol must have been discharged full in his face, for some of his long black hair was burnt off. He held, clasped in his left hand, a pistol which evidently had been recently discharged.

I sat by the side of this horrible object twenty minutes or more waiting for the alarm which I thought must necessarily follow, and resolving what I should do. But all was as silent as the grave. No one in the house and groaned for darkness to come; then seemed to have heard the pistol shot, and no one without seemed to have heeded it. I looked from the window; but the dingey mass of roofs and chimneys had grown black with night and I could perceive nothing moving. Only, as I held my candle out of the window it mirrored itself dully in a pool of blood on the leads below.

> I began to think I might be accused of the You must murder of this unknown man. I, who had so lately courted a violent death, began to fear it, and to shake like an aspen at the thought of the gallows. Then I tried to persuade myself that it was all a horrible dream; but there, on the bed, was the dreadful dead man in his blood, and all about the room were the marks of his gory fingers.

I began to examine the body more mi-The dead man was almost exactly of nutely. my height and stoutness. Of his age I could not judge. His hair was long and black like book, containing a mass of closely-written sheets of very thin paper, in a character utterly incomprehensible to me; moreover, ray; but I could not.

It was about nine in the evening in the silken girdle round his waist, were two What fiend stood at my elbow while I

made this examination I know not. The plan I fixed upon was not long revolved in my solved. The dead should be alive, and the live his pleasure. I had not to wait long. man, dead. In less time that it takes to tell, I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own that night I have remained ever since, and I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own clothes, assumed the dead man's garments, and secured the pocket-book, the watch, and the money about my person. Then I overturned the lighted candle on to the bed, slouched my hat over my eyes, and stole down stairs. No man met me on the stairs, and I cmerged into the court. No man pursued me, and I gained the open street. It was only, an hour after perhaps, as I crossed Holborn towards St. Andrew's Church that I saw fire-engines come rattling along; and, asking uncon-cernedly where the fire was, heard that it was "somewhere off Gray's Inn Lane."

I slept nowhere that night. I scarcely remember what I did; but I have an in-distinct remembrance of flinging sovereigns about in blazing gas-lit taverns. It is a marvel to me now that I did not become senseless with liquor, unaccustomed as I was to dissipation. The next morning I read the following paragraph in a newspaper:-

"AWFUL SUICIDE AND FIRE NUAR GRAY'S INN LANE .- Last night the inhabitants of Cragg's Court, Hustle Street, Gray's Inn Lane, were alarmed by volumes of smoke issuing from the windows of number five in that court, occupied as a lodging house. On Mr. Plose, the landlord, entering a garret on the third floor, it was found that its tenant, Mr. ---, had committed suicide by blowing his: elenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from the ignition of the wadding, or from some other cause, the fire had communicated to the bed clothes; all of which, with the bed and a portion of the furniture, were consumed. The engines of the North of England Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot; and the fire was with great difficulty at last sucoccupied by the deceased being injured. The body and face of the miserable suicide were frightfully mutilated; but sufficient evidence was afforded from his clothes and papers to establish his identity. No cause is assigned for the rash act; and it is even stated that if he had prolonged his existence a few hours later he would have come into possession of a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, his uncle Gripple Collerer, Esq., of Raglan Street, Clerkenwell, having died only two days before, and having constituted him his sole heir and legatec. That active and intelligent parish officer, Mr. Pybus, immediately forwarded the necessary intimation to the Coroner, and the inquest will be held this evening at the Kiddy's Arms, Hustle Street."

I had lost all - name, existence, thirty thousand pounds, everything-for about four

hundred pounds in gold and notes.
"So I suppose," I said, as he who was hanged paused, "that you gave yourself up with a view of re-establishing your identity; and, failing to do that, you were hanged for murder or arson?"

I waited for a reply. He had lit another cigar, and sat smoking it. Seeing that he was mind. It seemed to start up matured, like calm, I jadged it best not to excite or aggra-Minerva, from the head of Jupiter. I was re- vate him by further questioning, but stayed

am now: that is, if I am anything at all. The very day on which that paragraph appeared, I set off by the coach. My only wish was to get as far from London and from England as Prossibly could; and, in due time, we came to Hull. Hearing that Hamburg was the nearest foreign port, to Hamburg I went. I lived there for six months in an hotel, frugally and in solitude, and endeavouring to learn German; for, on narrower examination of the papers in the pocketbook, I guessed some portions of them to be written in that language. I was a dull scholar; but, at the end of six months, I had scraped together enough German to know that the dead man's name was Müller; that he had been in Russia, in France, and in America. I managed to translate portions of a diary he had kept while in this latter country; but they only related to his impressions of the towns he had visited. He often alluded too, casually, to his 'secret' and his 'charge'; but what that secret and that charge were, I could not discover. were also hints about a 'shepherdess,' an 'antelope,' and a 'blue tiger'—fictitious names I presumed for some persons with whom he was connected. The great mass of the documents was in a cypher utterly brains out with a pistol, which was found tightly inexplicable to my most strenuous inge-clenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from muity and research. I went by the name of Muller; but I found that there were hundreds more Müllers in Hamburg, and no man sought me out.

I was in the habit of going every evening to a large beerhouse outside the town, to smoke my pipe. There generally sat at the same table with me a little fat man in a grey great-coat, who smoked and dank beer incessantly. I was suspicious and shy of strangers; but, between this little man and me there gradually grew up a quiet kind of tavern acquaintance.

One evening, when we had had a rather liberal potation of pipes and beer, he asked me if I had ever tasted the famous Baërische or Bavarian boor, adding, that it threw all other German beers into the shade, and liberally offering to pay for a flask of it. I was in rather merry humour, and assented. We had one bottle of Bavarian beer; then another, and another, till, what with the beer and the pipes and the wrangling of the domino

players, my head swam.
"I tell you what," said my companion,
"we will just have one choping of brandy. I always take it after Baërischer beer. We will not have it here, but at the Grune Gans hard by : which is an honest house, kept by Max Rombach, who is a widow's son.'

I was in that state when a man having

already had too much is sure to want more, and I followed the man in the grey coat. How, many chopines of brandy I had at the Grüne Gans I know not; but I found myself in bed next morning with an intellegated to cry out. But I was so well intolerable thirst and a racking headache. gagged, and bound, and muffled, that in sheer My first action was to spring out of bed, and weariness and despair, I desisted. We halted search in the pocket of my coat for my pocket at last for good. I was lifted out, and again intolerable thirst and a racking headache. search in the pocket of my coat for my pocket book. It was gone. The waiters and the landlord were summoned; but no one knew anything about it. I had been brought home in a carriage, very inebriated, by a stout man in a grey great-coat, who said he was my friend, helped me upstairs, and assisted me to undress. The investigation ended with a conviction that the man in the grey coat was the thief. He had manifestly been tempted to the robbery by no pecuniary motive; for the whole of my remaining stock of bank-notes, which I always kept in the pocket-book, I found in my waistcoat pocket neatly rolled up.

That evening I walked down to the beerhouse where I usually met my friend-not with the remotest idea of seeing him, but with the hope of eliciting some information

as to who and what he was.

To my surprise he was sitting at his accustomed table, smoking and drinking as usual; and, to my stern salutation, replied with a good humoured hope that my head was not any the worse for the brantwein overnight.

"I want a word with you," said I.

"With aleast "."

"With pleasure," he returned. Whereupon he put on his broad-brimmed hat and followed me into the garden behind the house,

with an alacrity that was quite surprising.
"I was drunk last night," I commenced. "Zo," he replied, with an unmoved counte-

"And while drunk," I continued, "I was

robbed of my pocket-book. " Zo," he repeated, with equal composure.

" And I venture to assert that you are the

person who stole it."

" Zo. You are quite ight, my son," he returned, with the most astonishing coolness. "I did take your pocket-book; I have it

bere. See."

He tapped the breast of his grey greatcoat; and, I could clearly distinguish, through the cloth, the square form of my pocket-book with its great clasp in the middle. I sprang at him immediately, with the intention of wrenching it from him; but he eluded my grasp nimbly, and, stepping aside, drew forth a small silver whistle, on which he blew a . shrill note. In an instant a cloak or sheet was thrown over my head. I felt my hands 'muilled with coft but strong ligatures; and, before I had time to make one effort in selfdefence, I was lifted off my feet and swiftly conveyed away, in total darkness. Presently we stopped, and I was lifted still higher; was placed on a seat; a door was slammed to; and tioning to two servants in scarlet liveries to the rumbling motion of wheels convinced me take hold of me under the arms, waddled on that I was in a carriage.

My journey must have lasted some hours. We stopped from time to time: to change horses, I suppose. At the commencement or the journey I made frantic efforts to disengage calried swiftly along for upwards of ten minutes. Then, from a difficulty of respiration, I concluded that I had entered a house. and was perhaps being borne along some un-derground passage. We ascended and dederground passage. We ascended and de-scended staircases. I heard doors locked and unlocked. Finally, I was thrown violently down on a hard surface. The gag was removed from my mouth, and the mufflers from my hands; I heard a heavy door clang to, and I was at liberty to speak and to move.

My first care was to disengage myself from the mantle, whose folds still clung around me. 1 was in total darkness — darkness so black, that at first I concluded some infernal device had been made use of to blind me. But, after straining my eyes in every direction, I was able to discern high above me a small circular orifice, through which permeated a minute thread of light. Then I became sensible that I was not blind, but in some subterranean dungeon. The surface on which I was lying was hard and cold—a stone pavement. I crawled about, feeling with my hands, endeavouring to define the limits of my prison. Nothing was palpable to the touch, but the bare smooth pavement, and the bare smooth walls. I tried for hours to find the door, but could not. I shouted for help; but no

man came near me.

I must have lain in this den two days and two nights—at least the pangs of hunger and thirst made me suppose that length of time to have elapsed. Then the terrible thought possessed me that I was imprisoned there to be starved to death. In the middle of the third day, as it seemed to me, however, I heard a rattling of keys; one grated in the lock; a door opened, a flood of light broke in upon me; and a well-remembered voice cried "Come out!" as one might do to a beast in a cage.

The light was so dazzling that I could not at first distinguish anything. But I crawled to the door; and then, standing up, found I was in a small courtyard, and that opposite to me was my enemy, the man of the grey

coat.

In a grey coat no longer, however. was dressed in a scarlet jacket, richly laced with gold; which fitted him so tightly with the short tails sticking out behind, that, under any other circumstances, he would have seemed to me inconceivably ridiculous. He took no more notice of me than if he had never seen me before in his life; but, merely mobefore.

We went in and out of half-a-dozen doors, and traversed as many small courtyards. The buildings surrounding them were at in a handsome style of architecture; and in one my keeping."

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Müller,"

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Müller," grated windows on the ground floor, several A distant men in white caps and jackets. row of copper stewpans, and a delicious odour, made me conjecture that we were close to the kitchen. We stopped some close to the kitchen. We stopped some moments in this neighbourhood; whether from previous orders, or from pure malignity towards me, I was unable then to tell. He glanced over his shoulder with an expression of such infinite malice, that what with hunger and rage I struggled violently but unsuccessfully to burst from my guards. At last we ascended a narrow but handsomely carpeted staircase; and, after traversing a splendid picture gallery, entered an apart-ment luxuriously furnished; half library and half drawing-room.

A cheerful wood fire crackled on the dogs in the fireplace; and, with his back towards it, stood a tall elderly man, his thin grey hair carefully brushed over his forehead. He was dressed in black, had a stiff white neckcloth, and a parti-coloured ribbon at his buttonhole. A few feet from him was a table, covered with books and papers; and sitting thereat in a large arm-chair, was an old man, immensely corpulent, swathed in a richly furred dressing-gown, with a sort of jockey cap on his head of black velvet, to which was attached a hideous green shade. The servants brought me to the foot of this table, still

holding my arms.

"Monsieur Müller," said the man in black, politely, and in excellent English. "How do

you feel?"

I replied, indignantly, that the state of my health was not the point in question. demanded to know why I had been trepanned,

robbed and starved.

"Monsieur Müller," returned the man in black, with immovable politeness. "You must excuse the apparently discourteous manner in which you have been treated. The truth is, our house was built, not for a prison, but for a palace; and, for want of proper dungeon accommodation, we were compelled to utilise for the moment an apartment which I believe was formerly a wine-cellar. I hope you did not find it damp."

The man with the green shade shook his

The man with the ground laughter, fat shoulders, as if in silent laughter. "resumed management of the silent laughter." resumed "In the first instance, Monsieur," resumed the other, politely motioning me to be silent; possession of the papers in your pocket-book" (he touched that fatal book as he spoke) "would have been sufficient for the accomplishment of the object we have in view. But, finding that a portion of the correspondence is in a cipher of which you alone have the key, we judged the pleasure of your company absolutely indispensable."

"I know no more about the cipher and its key than you do," I ejaculated, "and, before

pursued the man in black, taking no more notice of what I had said than if I had not spoken at all. "Carol, bring in lunch."

He, lately of the grey-coat, now addressed as Carol, bowed, retired, and presently returned with a tray covered with smoking viands and two flasks of wine. The servants half loosened their hold; my heart leapt within me, and I was about to rush towards the viands, when the man in black raised his hand.

"One moment, Monsieur Müller," he said, before you recruit your strength. Will you oblige me by answering one question, Where is the child?"

"Ja, where is the child?" echoed the man in the green shade.

"I do not know," I replied, passionately; "on my honour I do not know. If you were to ask me for a hundred years, I could not tell you."

"Carol," said the man in black, with an unmoved countenance, "take away the tray. Monsieur Müller has no appetite. Unless," he added turning to me, "you will be so good as to answer that little question."

"I cannot," I repeated; "I don't know, I never knew."

"Carol," said my questioner, taking up a newspaper, and turning his back upon me, "take away the things. Monsieur Müller,

good morning.

In spite of my cries and struggles I was dragged away. We traversed the picture gallery; but, instead of descending the staircase, entered another suite of apartments. We were crossing a long vestibule lighted with lamps, and one of my guards had stopped to unlock a door while the other lagged a few paces behind, (they had loosened their hold of me, and Carol was not with us,) when a panel in the wainscoat opened, and a lady in black —perhaps thirty yer so of age and beautiful— bent forward through the aperture. "I heard all," she said, in a rapid whisper. "You have acted nobly. Be proof against their temptations, and Heaven will reward your devotedness.

I had no time to reply, for the door was closed immediately. I was hurried forward through room after room; until at last we entered a small bed-chamber simply, but cleanly furnished. Here I was left, and the door was locked and barred on the outside. On the table were a small loaf of black bread, for I was about to speak, "we deemed that the and a pitcher of water. Both of these I consumed ravenously.

I was left without further food for another entire day and night. From my window, which was heavily grated, I could see that my room overlooked the court-yard where the kitchen was, and the sight of the cooks, and the smell of the hot meat drove me

almost mad.

On the second day I was again ushered into the presence of the man in black, and the man with the green shade. Again the infernal drafua was played. Again I was tempted with rich food. Again, on my expressing my inability to answer the question, it was ordered to be removed.
"Stop!" I cried desperately, as Carol was

about to remove the food, and thinking I might satisfy them with a falsehood; "I will;

confess. I will tell all."
. "Speak," said the man in black, eagerly, "where is the child !"

"In Amsterdam," I replied at random. "Amsterdam—nonscuse!" said the man in the green shade impatiently, "what has Amsterdam to do with the Blue Tiger?"

"I need not remind you," said the man in black, sarcastically, "that the name of any town or country is no answer to the question. You know as well as I do that the key to the ice on the head. Let it be Baltic ice." whereabouts of the child is there," and he

Monsieur Müller."

ministered to me the barren consolation that began to order cataplasms and Baltic ice. "Heaven would reward my devotedness." The bruises I had to show were ascribed to Again I found the black loaf and the pitcher injuries I had myself inflicted in tits of frenzy. of water, and again I was left a day and a The maniacs with whom I was caged denight in semi-starvation, to be again brought clared, like all other maniacs, that I was outforth, tantalised, questioned, and sent back rageously mad.

the fifth of these interviews, "it is gold that "you are at liberty. I was bribed, by you Monsieur Müller requires. See." As he know who, with ten thousand Prussian

the world could not extort from me a secret a sum worth having) to set you free. which I did not possess. In vain I exclaimed shall lose my place, and have to fly; but that my name was note! fuller; in vain I distributed by the ghastly deceit I had practised. Englanders, and make my fortune. Come!" The man in black only shook his head, smiled He led me down stairs, let me out of a incredulously, and told me-while compli-private door in the garden; and, placing a menting me for my powers of invention-that bundle of clothes and a purse in my hand, my statement confirmed his conviction that I bade me good night. knew where the child was.

After the next interview, as I was returning to my starvation meal of bread and water,

the large in black again met me.

"Take courage," she whispered. "Your deliverance is at hand. You are to be removed to-night to a lunatic asylum."

How my translation to a mad-house could e accomplish my deliverance, or better my town, and engaged a place in the Edwagen prospects, did not appear very clear to me; but that very night I was gagged, my arms were confined in a strait waistcoat, and placed in a carriage, which immediately set off at a I was very thin and weak with confinement rapid pace. We travelled all night; and, in and privation; but I soon recovered my health the early morning, arrived at a large stone and strength. I must say that I made up building. Here I was stripped, examined, by good living for my former compulsory

placed in a bath, and dressed in a suit of coarse grey cloth. I asked where I was? I was told in the Alienation Refuge of the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeigiger.

"Can I see the head-keeper?" I asked.

The Herr-ober-Direktor was a little man with a shiny bald head and very white teeth. When I entered his cabinet he received me pd itely and asked me what he could do for me? I told him my real name, my history, my wrongs; that I was a British subject, and demanded my liberty. He smiled and simply called—" Where is Kraus?"

"Here, Herr," answered the keeper.
"What number is Monsieur?"

" Number ninety-two."

"Ninety-two," repeated the Herr Direktor, leisurely writing. "Cataplasms on the soles of the feet. Worsted blisters behind the ears, a mustard plaster on the chest, and

The abominable inflictions thus ordered pointed to the pocket-book.

"Yes; there," echoed the man in the green me in every imaginable way; and in the mids of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me mids of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me "But, sir —" I urged. where the child is, Müller, and you shall The answer was simply, "Good morning, have your liberty in half-an-hour."

I was in the madhouse for six months. If Again was I conducted back to my prison; I complained to the doctor of Kraus's illagain I met the lady in black, who ad-treatment and temptations, he immediately

ain.

One evening, as I lay groaning on my bed,

Perhaps," remarked the man in black, at Kraus entered my cell. "Get up," he said, Monsieur Müller requires. See." As he know who, with ten mousaint spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with thalers to get your secret from you, if I spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with thalers to get your secret from you, if I could; but I have been bribed with twenty In vain I protested that all the gold in thousand Austrian florins (which is really

I dressed myself, threw away the madman's livery, and kept walking along until morning, when I came to the custom-house barrier of another Grand Duchy. I had a passport ready provided for me in the pocket of my coat, which was found to be perfectly en règle, and I passed unquestioned. I went that morning to the coach-office of the to some German town, the name of which I forget; and at the end of four days' weary travelling, I reached Brussels.

abstinence; and both in Brussels and in Paris, to which I next directed my steps, I lived on the best. One evening I entered one of the magnificent restaurants in the Palais Royal to dine. I had ordered my meal from the carte, when my attention was roused by a small piece of paper which had been slipped between its leaves. It ran thus :-

" Feign to eat, but eat no fish. Remain the usual time at your dinner, to disarm suspicion, but immedistely afterwards make your way to England. sure, in passing through London, to call on Hilde-

I had ordered a sole au gratin; but when it arrived, managed to throw it piece by piece under the table. When I had discussed the rest of my dinner, I summoned the garçon, and asked for my bill.

"You will pay the head waiter, if you please, Monsieur," said he.
The head waiter came. If he had been a centaur or a sphynx I could not have stared at him with more horror and astonishment than I did; for there, in a waiter's dress, with a napkin over his arm, was Carol, the man of the grey coat. .

"Miller," he said, coolly, bending over the table. "Your sole was poisoned. Tell me he turned and disappeared among the crowd where the child is, and here is an antidote,

and four hundred thousand francs.

For reply I seized the heavy water de-canter, and dashed it with all the force I could command, full in the old ruffian's face. He fell like a stone, amid the screams of women, the oaths of men, and cries of à la Garde! à la Garde! I slipped out of the restaurant and into one of the passages of a good steamer would leave George's Dock outlets which abound in the Palais Royal, at ten that same night, for Glasgow. And Whether the man died or not, or whether I to Glasgow for the present I made up my was pursued, I never knew. I gained my lodgings unmolested, packed up my luggage, and started the next morning by the diligence, for Boulogne.

I arrived in due time in Loudon; but I did not call on "Hildeburger" because I did not know who or where Hildeburger was. I started the very evening of my arrival in London for Liverpool, being determined to go to America. I was fearful of remaining m England, not only on account of my a fourth, where persecutors, but because I was pursued whiskers, dresse everywhere by the spectre of the real lighted lantern.

Miller.

I took my passage to New York in a steamer which was to sail from the Docks in a week's time. It was to start on a Monday; and on the Friday preceding I was walking about the Exchange, congratulating myself that I should soon have the Atlantic between myself and my pursuers. All at once I heard the name of Müller pronounced in a loud tone close behind me. I turned, and met the gaze of a tall thin young man with a downy moustache, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was sucking the end of an ebony stick.

"Monsieur Müller," he said, nodding to me

"My pame is not Müller," I answered, boldly.

"You have not yet called on Hildeburger," he added, slightly elevating his eyebrows at my denial.

I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and

stammered, "N-n-no!

"We had considerable difficulty in learning your whereabouts?" he went on with great composure. "The lady was obstinate. screw and the water were tried in vain: but at length, by a judicious use of the cord and pullies, we succeeded."

1 shuddered again.

"Will you call on Hildeburger now?" he resumed quickly and sharply. "He is here -close by."

"Not now, not now." I faltered. "Some other time."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," I answered eagerly, "the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Saturday be it. You will meet me here, at four in the afternoon! Good! Do not forget. Au revoir, Monsieur Müller."

of merchants on 'Change.

I could not doubt, by his naming Saturday, as the day for our meeting, that he had some inkling of my intended departure. Although I had paid my passage to New York, I determined to forfeit it, and to change my course so as to evade my persecutors. entered a shipping-office, and learnt that mind to go.

At a quarter before ten I was at the dock with my luggage. It was raining heavily, and

there was a dense fog.

"This way for the Glasgow steamer - this way," cried a man ir Guernsey shirt, "this way, your honour. I'll carry your trunk!"

He took up my trunk as he spoke, and led

the way down a ladder, across the decks of two or three steamers, and to the gangway of a fourth, where a man stood with dark bushy whiskers, dressed in a pea-coat, and holding a

"Is this the Glasgow steamer ?" I asked.

"All right!" answered the man with the lantern. "Look sharp, the bell's a-going to ring. "Remember poor Jack, your honour," said the man in the Guernsey, who had carried my trunk. I gave him sixpence and stepped on board. A bell began to ring, and there was great confusion on board with hauling of ropes and stowing of laggage. The steamer seemed to me to be intolerably dirty and crowded with goods; and, to avoid the crush, I stepped aft to the wheel. In due time we had worked out of the dock and were steaming down the Mersey.

the wheel. He stared at me as if he did not understand me, and muttered some unin-telligible words. I repeated the question.

"He does not speak English," said a voice at my elbow, "nor can any soul on board this vessel, except you and I, Monsieur Müller."

I turned round, and saw to my horror the young man with the ebony cane and the downy moustache.

"I am kidnapped!" I cried. "Let me have a boat. Where is the captain?"

"Here is the captain," said the young man, as a fiercely bearded man came up the companion-ladder. "Captain Miloschvich of the Imperial Russian ship Pyroscaphe, bound to St. Petersburg, M. Müller. As Captain Miloschvich speaks no English you will permit me to act as interpreter."

Although I feared from his very presence that my case was already hopeless, I entreated him to explain to the captain that there was a mistake; that I was bound for

shore directly

"Captain Miloschvich," said the young man, when he had translated my speech, and received the captain's answer, "begs you to understand that there is no mistake; that you are not bound for Glasgow, but for St. Petersburg; and that it is quite impossible for him to set you on shore here, seeing that he has positive instructions to set you on shore in Cronstadt. Furthermore, he feels it his duty to add that should you, by any words or actions, attempt to annoy or disturb the crew or passengers, he will be compelled to put you in irons, and place you in the bottom of the hold."

The captain frequently nodded during these remarks, as if he perfectly understood their purport, although unable to express them; and, to intimate his entire coincidence, he touched his wrists and ancles.

If I had not been a fool I should have resigned myself to my fate. But I was so maddened with misfortune, that I sprang on the young man, hoping to kill him, or to be Kided myself and to be thrown into the sea. But I was chained, beaten, and thrown into the hold. There, among tarred ropes, the stench of tallow-casks, and the most appalling sea-sickness, I lay for days, fed with mouldy biscuit and putrid water. At length we arrived at Cronstadt.

All I can tell you, or I know of Russia is, that somewhere in it there is a river, and on that river a fortress, and in that fortress a cee, and in that cell a knout. Seven years of my existence were passed in that cell, under the lashes of that knowt, with the one horrible thestion dinning in my ears, " Where is the child?"

How I escaped to incur worse tortures it is bootless to tell you. I have swept the streets of Palermo as a convict, in a hideous

"How long will the run to Glasgow take, yellow dress. I have pined in the Inquisition think you, my man?" I asked of the man at at Rome. I have been caged in the madhouse at Constantinople, with the rabble to throw stones and mud at me through the bars. I have been branded in the back in the bagnes of Toulon and Rochfort; and everywhere I have been offered liberty and gold, if I would answer the question, "Where is the child?" At last, having been accused of a crime I did not commit, I was condemned to death. Upon the scaffold they asked me "Where is the child?" Of course there could be no answer, and I was-

Just then, Margery, my servant, who never will have the discrimination to deny me to importunate visitors, knocked at the door, and told me that I was wanted in the surgery. I went down stairs, and found Mrs. Walking-shaw, Johnny Walkingshaw's wife, who told me that her "master" was "took all over like," and quite "stroaken of a heap." Johnny Walkingshaw is a member of the ancient order of Sylvan Brothers; and, as I am club doctor to the Sylvan Brothers, he Glasgow, and that I desired to be set on has a right to my medical attendance for the shore directly.

Sum of four shillings a year. Whenever he has taken an overdose of rough cyder he is apt to be "stroaken all of a heap" and to send for me. I was the more annoyed at being obliged to walk to Johnny Walkingshaw's cottage at two in the morning, because the wretched man had been cut short in his story just as he was about to explain the curious surgical problem of how he was resuscitated. When I returned he was gone, Whether he and I never saw him more. was mad and had hanged himself, or whether he was sane and had been hanged according to law, or whether he had ever been hanged or never been hanged, are points I have never quite adjusted in my mind.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

WHAT is it you ask me, darling? All my stories, child, you know; I have no strange dreams to tell you, Pictures I have none to show.

Tell you glorious scenes of travel? Nay, my child, that cannot be, I have seen no foreign countries, Marvels none on land or sea.

Yet strange sights in truth I witness. And I gaze until I tire; Wondrous pictures, changing ever, As I look into the fire.

There, last night, I saw a cavern, Black as pitch; within it lay Coiled in many folds a dragon, Glaring as if turn'd at bay.

And a knight in dismal armour On a wingèd eagle came, To do battle with this dragon; His towering crest was all of flame.

As I gazed the dragon faded, And, instead, sate Pluto crowned, By a lake of burning fire; Spirits dark were crouching round.

That was gone, and lo! before me, A cathedral vast and grim I could almost hear the organ Roll along the arches dim.

As I watched the wreathed pillars, A thick grove of palms arose, And a group of swarthy Indians Stealing on some sleeping focs.

Stay; a cataract glancing brightly, Dashed and sparkled; and beside Lay a broken marble monster, Mouth and eyes were staring wide.

Then I saw a maiden wreathing Starry flowers in garlands sweet; Did she see the fiery serpent That was wrapped about her feet?

That fell crashing all and vanished, And I saw two armies close-I could almost hear the clarious And the shouting of the foes.

They were gone; and lo! bright angels, On a barren mountain wild, Raised appealing arms to Heaven, Bearing up a little child.

And I gazed, and gazed, and slowly Gathered in my eyes sad tears, And the fiery pictures bore me Back through distant dreams of years.

Once again I tasted sorrow, With past joy was once more gay, Till the shade had gathered round me And the fire had died away.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

THERE is a good deal of romance to be found even in the details of pure science, and a book of wonders could very well be made out of what might be called the social history of optical discoveries. Much of it would be co-extensive with a history of the black arts -dark sciences that often get their darkness out of light.

Every one has been told that the old priests of Egypt and of Greece were better skilled in optics than in necromancy; that many an awful ghost, riding upon a cloud, was the result of hocussing and focussing. Any commentator is entitled to suppose that an old form of incantation (said to have had a more sacred origin) has become slightly corrupted by the exchange of convertible letters in the lapse of time, and was, in the first instance, really hocus, focus. Let him take up a pseudoscope, and look through it, properly focussed. Let him look at some man on the other side of the way. He will not appear to be on the other side at all, the street will have come in doors, and Wheatstone to illustrate his discovery of the

the house will be turned out of window. Let him look at a friend's face. The cheeks will so decidedly fall in, that the face will become no face, but a hollow mould. Let him look into the bottom of a teacup. For a minute he may see it as it is; but-O, hocus, focusin the twinkling of an eye, it has turned inside out. It has no hollow, but is all solid. Let him look at a framed picture hung against the wall. It will seem to be, not hung against the wall, but to be let into it. The frame will appear to surround it like a moat. There is a pretty instrument for turning every thing hindside foremost! If it were possible to take a bird's-eye view of the whole world through a pseudoscope, and get it all at one time into focus, every mountain would appear to be a valley, every valley would exalt itself into a mountain. abasement of the lofty, and such exaltation of the lowly, such bringing forward of the backward, and putting backward of the forward, is effected by two simple prisms of glass-properly focussed.

Again, a couple of flat daguerreotype pictures of any scene are put into a little box. When they are looked at in a couple of reflectors properly arranged, the scene itself seems to be visible in bold relief. So, for example, we may perchance look in upon the river Volga flowing between its banks, and inspect the piles and works of a great unfinished bridge, forming a track partly across the tide from bank to bank, every post as round and real as though the river and its banks and the great work there in progress had been modelled by the fairies. Goethe tells a story of a fairy who was carried about by a mortal in a small box, through the chinks of which there could be seen her sumptuous palace. Here is a box of about the same size, containing any fairy-scene that by the help of photography we may be disposed to conjure up. It is called the Stereoscope. And of what use is its magic? To go no farther than the particular picture just suggested, of very great use. The Emperor of all the Russias is in a great hurry for the completion of the bridge therein represented. He used to make frequent long expeditions to the works, and if he remained long absent, the architect never seemed to him to be sufficiently industrious. The architect now saves all trouble to his imperial master, and The architect now maintains his own credit, by having a couple of true and undeniable copies of the works taken once a fortnight by the sun, and sent to St. Petersburg. There they are put into a stereoscope, with which the emperor may sit* in his own room, and in which he may count every dam and post, see every ripple of the distant tide.

The pseudoscope is of the same parentage as the stereoscope. In speaking of photography we said about the stereoscope, that it was invented some years since by Professor principles of binocular vision. As we are stereoscope and not incidentally, we shall go into a little more detail, as to the history of the instrument.

Although Professor Wheatstone's discovery was alluded to in Herbert Mayo's Outlines of Physiology in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was not until the twenty-first of June eighteen hundred and thirty-eight that Professor Wheatstone detailed the true theory of binocular vision, together with a description and diagram of his illustrative apparatus, which he there first called the Stereoscope, (after two Greek words meaning "solids—I see") before the Royal Society, in a paper; for which, in eighteen hundred and forty, he was awarded the Royal Medal. The stereoscope was afterwards produced and explained by Mr. Wheatsfore at the Newcastle meeting of the British Association in September, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. The form of instrument then exhibited remains to this day the most efficient that has been constructed. It is the most beautiful, because it is the simplest; it is the most useful, because it can be applied to the inspection of all drawings made upon the stereoscopic principle, what-ever may be their size, and it is capable of every kind of adjustment. A very little excreise of ingenuity has sufficed to make it also not less portable than any other, for it is made on the lazy-tongs principle, and can be opened and packed like scissors. Of this instrument, when first shown to the British Association, one literary journalist, expressing the opinion of the time, now perfectly confirmed, said that it rendered the phenomena of double vision, about which volume upon volume have been written, clear to the comprehension of childhood; and by a contrivance so simple, that of investigation also illustrated by it. when once seen, any person can construct a copy in an hour. The importance of the sides.

In a report of that meeting of the Association, published in the same year, it is recorded, that "Sir David Brewster was afraid that the members could scarcely judge, from the very brief and modest account given of this principle, and the instrument devised for illustrating it, of its extreme beauty and generality. He considered it one of the most valuable optical papers which had been presented to the section." Skr John Herschel, on the same occasion, justly characterised the discovery as "one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity in the entire range of experimental

At that time photography was an unheard of science, and there could be used in the stereoscope only drawings made by the hand of an artist. Geometric figures, and a few information that you want is not to be had simple sketches could be made, but the eye by playing the mysterious mother one trick, of the best artist was not accurate enough try her with another and another.

to catch the delicate distinctions of outline, now, nowever, treating specifically of the light and shade existing in the same landscape or figure, as it would appear seen from two points at a distance of only two and a half inches from each other. At the beginning of the year' eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, photography became known, and Mr. Wheatstone, not slow to perceive that the sun would sulply his stereoscope with pictures of the necessary accuracy, soon obtained from Mr. Talbot stereoscopic Talbotypes of statnes, buildings, and even living persons. The first Daguerreotypes were produced for Mr. Wheatstone by M. Fizeau and M. Claudet. The application of the stereoscope to photography having been communicated by Mr. Wheatstone to M. Quetelet, specimens being at the same time sent, was made public in the bulletins of the Brussels Academy for October, eighteen hundred and forty-one. Eight or nine years afterwards, Sir David Brewster helped to popularise the idea by prompting M. Dubosq Solcil (as we have elsewhere said) to the construction of a number of stereoscopes, in which, by the use of a couple of semi-lenses with their edges directed towards each other, a form of instrument was obtained very convenient for the Daguerreotypist, who deals rarely in large pictures. This instrument is a slight modification of the second form of stereoscope—the refracting—suggested by the original discoverer. The old reflecting instrument, the first form, remains, however, for all purposes of experiment and study, as well as for many purposes of common use, by far the best.

Before we proceed to an account of the steps which led up to the discovery of the stereoscope, and of some facts in nature which it proves and illustrates, we should say two or three words about the method Wheatstone is Professor of Experimental Philosophy in King's College, London, and one discovery was recognised at once on all of the most successful of the experimental philosophers of our own time. Down in the vaults of King's College we remember seeing, years ago, a great array of wires which we were told belonged to an experiment of Mr. Wheatstone's then in hand. Those wires were the unborn electric telegraph, which came into life out of the experiments of Mr. Wheatstone on electrical velocity. The discovery of the stereoscope furnishes an interesting illustration of the method by which the chief operations of experimental philosophy are conducted. The surest way to get a secret out of nature—if one is clever enough to do it—is to overreach her: to entrap her into a confession by compelling her to work under unheard of conditions. She cannot go to work on fresh material of your own choosing without betraying some part of her If all the mode of setting about business.

secrets of double vision, which could never have been either thought out or discovered by a mere watching of nature at her daily tricks or such experiments.

Place any irregular or angular solid body on the table before you. Close each eye in turn, while you observe the object accurately with the other. You will not fail to observe that a slight-but very sensible-difference exists between the results of the two sights taken from two points in the same head at the same object. The points of sight in the two eyes are of course different, and by the laws of perspective it is easy to determine that the views of the same thing taken from those two points could not be identical. That is very obvious and very identical simple. Yet that simple observation is the whole basis of the theory of the stereoscope, and it had not been made or rather when made had been always set aside as imanaterial, before Professor Wheatstone built upon it one of the most beautiful little discoveries that grace the science of our day. There is a reason, thought Mr. Wheatstone, for this difference. It had been commonly supposed that single vision with two eyes only the picture formed by an object on the same point in each eye. But that is what can take place only in the case of a painted landscape. If we look at a Claude or a Canaletto the eyes both see the same picture, and both see it in precisely the same way, but the result is that they see it as a flat painting on canvas, and are so convinced of its flatness, that the best skill in shadow and perspective will not cause the houses to look really solid, the hills really to appear as lumps arising on a broad flat earth. The best picture will not, as an illusion, stand the test of two eyes. But if we look at it with one eye, the painter can cheat that. If one eye be not allowed to compare notes with its neighbour, and to see the objects which profess to lie one behind another from a second point of view, then accurate lights and shadows in a picture, corresponding to the real light in the room, will be assumed as evidence of actual solidity. In a landscape that consisted of real fields and trees, or in a real street, one eye could have obtained not much more evidence than that, and the mind, satisfied to get the utmost evidence attainable, would upon that have founded a conclusion. For this reason, connoisseurs may be seen often shutting one eye when they examine a painting. If use be made of a hollow tube, or a roll of paper, which is the same thing, in such a way that the frame, and all surrounding objects of comparison are carefully excluded, the cheat perpetrated upon one eye by a really good picture is very complete indeed.

only person who before our times had reasoned on the matter. He pointed out, that if you look at a solid globe with one eye work, have been wormed out of her by such it conceals a certain piece of background, which to the other eye is visible; and if you change the eye you change the background, so that, as he said, except a certain part behind the globe invisible to both eyes, the solid body is in a certain sense transparent. He thought that the impossibility of cheating two eyes with a picture lay in the impossibility of getting at this state of affairs in the background. Mr. Wheatstone observes justly, that had the philosophic painter taken any other solid than a ball on which to found his illustration, he would have observed not only the difference in the background, but also the difference between the two perspectives. But he did not. Mr. Wheatstone, therefore, was the first who called distinct attention to this very obvious, but, Revertheless, practically new fact in the theory of vision.

Then the experimenter said to himself: The old theory which supposed an identity between the pictures painted at the same time on the two eyes being false, there must be something more in the disparity resulted from the falling of the same point of than a mere necessary awkwardness resulting from the impossibility of having two eyes in one place. If the possession of two eyes only caused a confusion to be got over by habit, we two-eyed people should be all really worse off than Polyphemus. have we two eyes? That was the question which Mr. Wheatstone entrapped Nature into answering. The trap set by him was the stereoscope.

One could not easily imagine any apparatus simpler in its construction. Since it was not possible twenty years ago, by aid of photography, to obtain on paper or silver two sketches of the same scene, having only the minute difference in the point of view that would exist between the two points of sight furnished to man by Nature — which are about two-and-a-hair inches distant from each other in an ordinary adult head-Mr. Wheatstone took the simple forms of cubes and other, solid mathematical figures, placing them before him, and carefully making two sketches of each, corresponding to the two appearances presented by it to the two eyes. They were obvious and easy of depiction. They were made simply in outline, and in such case, of course, were evidently flat copies. Let us take the example of the cube. These, the experimental philosopher then reasoned, are the images of the cube separately presented to each eye; flat outlines evidently. Let me contrive now to look at them in such a way that the right eye shall see only its own proper picture as I have drawn it from its own proper point of view, and the left eye the other picture, and that Leonardo da Vinci noticed this method of they shall fall as they do in nature with their examining a picture with one eye, and is the respective differences upon corresponding,

parts of the two eyes. result?

The instrument was soon made. Two bits of looking-glass placed back to back were arranged in the form of a broad letter V their angle a right angle and their mirrors looking outwards. On two little walls placed at equal distances beyond the mirrors, the two pictures of the cube were hung and carefully adjusted so that the two images should be reflected in precisely the right way. Then an observer, placing his nose at the point of the V and looking with one eye into one mirror, and with the other eye into the other mirror would, of course, see with each eye its own distinct view of the cube, as it had been sketched. What, then, was the result? Not a confusion of two sketches, but a complete reproduction of the cube itself in all its wholeness of length, breadth, and depth. The illusion was perfect. The instrument so constructed, and here rudely described, was a reflecting stereoscope; and, by its use, Mr. Wheatstone was able to demonstrate so simply that all could understand, and no man could dispute the fact, that the use of two eyes is to obtain two pictures from different points of view, and that the use of the differences that exist in the two images of every solid object so seen rent impressions made upon his two eyes will is to assure to the mind the idea of depth not in that case mingle, but-sometimes one or distance.

Mr. Wheatstone reflected in his mirrors a pair of real cubes. When they were so placed that they threw upon the eyes in the due way two pictures so differing, that they represented the two aspects of a single cube as seen by the two eyes, there was a single cube seen in relief: when they were so adjusted that each eye received a precisely similar impression, though two solid forms were looked at, the mind believed that it saw only the flat picture of a cube. I need not multiply such illustrations of a fact already placed beyond dispute.

A great many experiments could be made with the reflecting stereoscope by a philosopher gifted with Professor Wheatstone's ingenuity; a great many experiments were really made, and more secrets were in fact dis-line from the same point, through the other covered.

Of course the nearer any object is to the two eyes, the greater is the discrepancy between the pictures of it seen by them, and the more vivid the notion of relief. Of distant objects the views taken by both eyes are almost identical, and we judge of the reality of the whole distant scene as the oneeyed man judges of all things visible. judge by experience and comparison, by the effects of light and shade, and by conclusions drawn from the movements of the head, which enable us to note how the view converge upon it gradually more and more, changes as we change the point of observation. at the same time that the image of the stone In looking with a single eye through a microscope at crystals or other objects, every observer knows how difficult it is to avoid misconception as to which parts of an object are they recede. At the same time, while they

What will be the nearer to the eye, which are more distant from it:

Since the same object, say a jug of punch, throws a larger image on the eye in proportion to its nearness, and since there are few positions in which it is not nearer to one eye than to the other, the two images seen at one time by the two eyes can rarely be quite allke in size, and so there occurs another interference with the identity of the two pictures. Having reflected upon this matter,. Mr. Wheatstone drew two circles differing somewhat in their size, and presented by means of his stereoscope one to each eye. He did not see two circles. Though different they coincided, and presented the impression of a circle intermediate in size between the two. Beyond certain limits; that is to say, beyond the utmost difference of this kind that can occur in any case of vision with two eyes when each eye squints outwards; no such coincidence can take place in the stereoscope between two outlines of unequal magnitude. The mind, however, never does more than its assigned work in the way of fusion. Whoever wears a pair of spectacles with one glass blue and the other yellow, will not see surrounding objects coloured green. The diffepredominating, and sometimes the otherhe will see things always tinged either with blue or yellow, sometimes with one colour and sometimes with the other, but always with only one of the two colours at one time.

One of the oddest and most instructive results of experiment with the reflecting stereoscope, detailed by Mr. Wheatstone—one which creates artificially a complete chaos of the laws of vision-we must endeavour in the next place to explain. In order to do so, we must make use of and first understand a technical expression-optic axes. What are optic axes? Place upon the table before you one small stone, and look at it with both your eyes. The line drawn from the stone at which you are looking through the centre of one eye-ball is one optic axis, and the eye-ball, is the other axis. On the stone, when you look at it, the lines of course converge. Look at the stone from a considerable distance, and the two lines or axes run for a long way side by side; look at it from a distance of three inches, and the lines converge very rapidly; in other words, they form, when they meet on the stone, in the first case a small angle, and in the last case a large one. Very well. Now, as you come nearer to the stone in walking from a corner of the room towards the table, the optic axes enlarges on the retina. It is a familiar experience that things in motion become larger on the eye as they approach us, smaller as

approach the optic axes converge more towards, them, and again the said axes become more nearly parallel as they are departing. Now it was no hard matter for Professor Wheatstone so to adjust pairs of pictures on the moveable walls of his reflecting stereoscope as that all ordinary experience should in this matter be contradicted.

In the first place, he arranged the stereoscopic pair on arms moveable only in a circle, so that the images in the two mirrors should always be of the same size, being formed by pictures always at a like distance from the mirrors, but that the eyes should be obliged in following the movements of the pictures to vary the degree of convergence of the optic axes. He found that as the convergence of the optic axes lessened (suggesting distance) the perceived size of the image grew upon the mind, and it seemed to become smaller as the convergence was increased. The real size of the image was, as we have said, unaltered. In nature, as the convergence of the axes I ssens, the size of the image lessens, but its perceived magnitude remains the same; because the mind, at all reasonable distances, insensibly, through habit and experience, forms a pretty equal and just conception of the size of objects.

The experiment, just cited, was then reversed. By simply sliding the two pictures nearer to the mirrors, the size of the image being shifted, in observing them the inclinaalterations in size were perceived accurately, and while the pictures were moved to and fro, the image, enlarging and diminishing, cheated the mind in a fresh manner; it appeared in the most evident way to be moving backwards and forwards. And yet, observe the curious distinction, whenever it stood still, and whatever might be other its perceived size, there was no apparent change in its position, it never seemed to have moved at all. It always appeared, when motionless, to be at one and the same distance from the eye, because the chief measure of distancethe amount of convergence of the optic axes -never altered.

A similar delusion was elicited in the companion experiment, wherein though the real size of the image never altered, the degree of convergence of the axes being made constantly to vary, caused it apparently to increase and decrease. In that case, while the picture grew or dwindled, as we know by experience that it would increase upon the eye or dwindle if advancing or receding, yet, for all that it never seemed to move. It stood still enlarging like the dog that grew into a hip-

tance: the image had got, apparently, into a new place, because the inclination of the axes ceased to be the same. Thus, we may be told to look at an object in this magic instrument advancing and receding without changing place, and changing place without being observed to move. A state of things utterly contradictory and confusing, scarcely or not at all conceivable, because it never has been in the experience of any man from Adam downwards, until Mr. Wheatstone learned to detect and recombine and make experiments upon the first principles of vision in his new

instrument, the stereoscope.

Enough has been said to show the great value and importance of the stereoscope to a philosophical investigator of the laws of sight. When we before spoke of this instrument we said that, apart from its philosophical use, it was employed only as a toy. It is to be purchased now-in its less perfect formsin all toy-shops; and the use to which it is put commonly by the photographer, though agreeable, is unimportant. The stereoscope itself, however, is not only of philosophical importance, it admits of many really valuable We need refer only practical applications. to what has been already said of the difficulty experienced by the microscopist in determining with one eye whether crystals and other objects seen by him are hollow or solid. It a sovereign be looked at through a microscope, thrown upon each eye was enlarged, but the the Queen's head upon it will as often appear position of the images upon the mirrors not to be sunk into the coin as to stand out in relief from it. Now, however, when phototion of the optic axes was not altered. The graphic copies can be taken of objects seen in the field of the microscope, it will suffice to take two copies of the same object, with the due angle of difference between their points of view, and place them in a stereoscope. The power of two eyes will be then brought to bear upon the object seen with one eye only through the glasses of the microscope, and a correct impression will be formed of its relative dimensions.

Having explained their principle, we do not think it worth while to discuss the construction of the different forms of stereoscope now in use. In the refracting instrument, inconvenient for the examination of small pictures, prisms are used to deflect the rays of light proceeding from the pictures refracted are there substituted for reflected

images.

Of this instrument the small portable stereoscope in common use is a modification suggested by Sir David Brewster. Its pair of prisms are the two halves of a commen lens. An ordinary lens having been cut in half, the cut edges are turned outwards, and the two half circles, or thin edges of the popotamus before the eyes of Dr. Faustus. two prisms so made, are directed towards Nevertheless, whenever the trial ceased, each other. They are placed about two whatever change had been made in the inches and a half apart, with a power of position of the stereoscopic plates was adjustment that enables them to be presented represented to the eye as a difference of dis-accurately to any pair of eyes, so that each

Minute detail upon subjects of this kind impression. must of course be sought in other publications. We must in this place be satisfied if we convey general ideas of a just kind upon such topics: a notion of the stereoscope—and at the best no more has now been given—as we attempted on a former occasion to convey a notion of photography. We desire to note in this place that in our brief sketch of the processes of that art, we conveyed among other things an error by a slip of the scribe. which set down dilute pyrogallic acid as an agent used for fixing the picture on the metallic plate. A solution of hyposulphate of soda was the agent that should have been named. Having stepped aside to correct that erratum, we return to our proper subject and have to content ourselves now with a final word or two about the pseudoscope; an in-strument of which the name implies "falsehoods, I see."

If we cheat the eyes in a stereoscope by showing to each eye the picture that belongs only to its neighbour's point of view, every-ment on the right-hand side, cross over again, thing is perverted. Upon every point, not keep straight on, round a little to the left, immediately in the middle line between and then sharp to the right, and the third house before the two eyes, the optic axes must converge in the wrong way, and objects or at it through the crowd, is the much-sought parts of objects will appear distant in pro-onice of the Commissioners of Land and portion as they otherwise would have seemed Emigration. The dense throng of impromptu

exact focus of observation of any object. The the labyrinth of type comprised in the thirtyprisms reflect the two images of any one four rules of the Commissioners. There is a thing—each apparently but not actually to warm and lively performance going on in the wrong eye—and, when the instrument that waiting-room down below the iron is so adjusted that one two images coincide; wicket amongst the ready-made farm-serand the object consequently appears single, vants from Whitechapel and the shepherds the observer is at once subjected to illusions of Shoreditch. It would be impossible to of the oddest kind. A globe, so observed, say precisely how many tongues were going may for a minute be a globe, but after the at once about steerage passage, and seaspectator has gazed at its rotundity for a sickness, and split peas. short while, suddenly, as if without cause, it appears to be converted into a concave liemisphere, over the brim of which continents are flowing as the globe revolves. A China cup, with coloured ornaments upon it in relief. • becomes a mould of half the cup with painted hollow impressions of the flowers inside, instead of outside.

The suddenness of the metamorphosis suffered by such a cup belongs, one might say, wholly to the days of sorcery. The explanation wholly to the days of sorcery. The explanation female statute adults shipped by the "Wigis, however, very natural. Relief and distance gins" for Adelaide and the "Scroggins" for are not suggested solely by the use of two

eye of the pair may look precisely through of relief being suggested by the presence the centre of the half lens presented to it. of some signs, the eyes at first are apt Under such prisms the stereoscopic pictures to dwell upon them, and are not disare adjusted.

FIRST STAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

It is of no use pretending not to know where Park Street, Westminster, is. Don't ask your way of the crossing-sweeper. Don't enquire of the policeman at the corner. You need not trouble the elderly woman of the fruit stall to point out to you the direction of this Open Sesame of the Great South Land-the abode of these official guardians of the Golden Regions, according to popular belief. Follow the stream of fustian jackets, corduroy trousers and smock-frocks, keep in the rear of the chattering excited parties of half-shaven mechanics, slatternly all moving in one direction, and you could not, miss your way if you tried, for it's much easier to follow this stream than to move against it.

Across the broad street, along the paveon the right-hand side, if we can but get sheep-shearers, ready-made agriculturists, The pseudoscope is especially contrived for and shepherds by inspiration find it difficult the illustration of this fact. It is a little to get through the iron wicket and down the instrument, convenient as an opera glass in steep stone steps into the area, where they the hand and as easily adjusted. It consists are compelled to pass to the lower waiting of two prisms of flint glass, so joined, that room. Indeed it is almost as intricate and they may be adjusted before the eyes to the dangerous an undertaking as wading through

Up the cold, broad, stone staircase, and in the first floor on the left hand, is a quiet busy room, full of active clerks—a Custom House Long Room in miniature. Pens are travelling over acres of paper ruled in an infinity of tabular forms; heads are reckoning up shiploads of shepherds with three children and wheelwrights with one, and carpenters with only a wife. Senior clerks are adding up and tabulating the totals of male and Port Phillip, and a table-full of supernumeyes and the convergence of their optic axes. rary deputy-assistant clerks are ticking off We are accustomed to note other signs which as many single young women as they can are perceived by each eye singly. The idea afford to do for six shillings a-day. There

will not add up. He makes the total come statute adults; and, being a fresh hand he cannot conceive the possibility of half of an ther applicant indulges in a desponding Irishman emigrating to any part of the strain, telling Her Majesty's Commissioners globe; not yet being aware that by the that he is extremely desirous of being marging to any part of the strain, telling Her Majesty's Commissioners globe; not yet being aware that by the that he is extremely desirous of being margined to a young woman, five feet five inches young children to make up the full statute

Higher up on the next floor, secretaries, assistant secretaries, and commissioners hold solemn deliberations about ships, shepherds, single women, and salt pork. Early in the morning, the desks of the assistant secretary and chief clerk are piled with enormous heaps of letters from every part of the United | he thinks, precisely the same. A third can-Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, not forgetting the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and the Isle of Man. Every town and village osses, with a wife which will bear investi-guighout the empire is represented in the gation." A fourth is "a mill-rite with two sending home the funds for emigration are with disappointment;" and has an ardent all in favour of married labourers of certain attachment for Australia, and entreats the tions have, of course, to be borne in mind return of post. in the selection of candidates for free passages to Australia. requisition for these colonies are agricultural lithographed circulars), the crowd of personal labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, journeymen applicants have to be attended to below. mechanics and artizans. while such persons as shopmen, elerks, mitted to an interview with a deputy inbakers, butchers, tailors, confectioners, green-spector-general of emigrants, in a small grocers, wire-drawers, wig-makers, and jewellers, are invariably refused, and whilst all single men (except those who may be part of a family) are also rejected, the search is for blacksmiths, carpenters, sawyers, gardeners, agriculturists, with their wives and families. To select the hale and honest artisan or farm servant from the pauperised emigrants of certain callings are eligible town labourer; to choose the valuable family colonist from the London candidate who has more than three children under ten years of age, or who has not been vaccinated, or has more sons than daughters, or who has been in the habitual receipt of parish relief -forms no inconsiderable or pleasurable task. It taxes the patience, the industry, and the good temper of the secretary and his assistants to an inordinate degree.

The work of opening, sorting and docketing these numberless letters begins. The majority are oddly folded; oddly spelt, oddly addressed, oddly worded. There is one ex-tremely uncouth-looking epistle soldered together by cobbler's wax, and pressed tightly down with the thumb. It contains an admixture of the official and free-and-easy style; commencing "Honoured sir," and ending "Yours affexenetly." This correspon- into his little 'tween decks, whether he has dent appears to be as versatile in his "begs ever followed the plough or sown up a to inform to the honourable commissioners" cont.

is a bald-headed supernumerary in one cor- that he can not only do all sorts of field-work, ner, in the depths of despair because an but house-work also; and that he believes he emigrant freight note from some Irish port shall do his country a service by going to will not add up. He makes the total come "Orstraley;" that his wife can make butter, to three hundred and thirty-nine and a half is very stout, and has had the measles: his three children are perfect prodigies. Anoried to a young woman, five feet five inches in height, with whom he has been keeping company for three years; but that he sees no prospect of accomplishing this unless they will do themselves the pleasure of sending him out to the colonies. He is a painter and glazier; but is quite prepared to undertake any sort of work from a police-serieant down to a shepherd, the qualifications being, didate for expatriation states himself to be "a yung man of good ten stun fore; used to corresponding department of the Colonial female children." A fifth represents himself Land and Emigration Commission in Park to be "just like the fond lover wishing to The requirements of the colonists gain the desire of his art, but often meets ages and occupations, and those considera- Commissioners to take his case in hand by .

> While, above stairs, piles of such letters are The callings most in being read and replied to (sometimes with It follows, that One by one, or two by two, these are adofficial cabin very like a regulation steerage This officer is a keen-eyed, sharpberth. witted person, up to no end of artful dodges, and more than a match for any number or painters and glaziers, or half a hundred "mill-rites," trying to get out under false pretences. We have explained that only for free passages out of the Government Consequently it is the unceasing funds. object and aim of hundreds of Spitalfields weavers, Lambeth labourers and Kentisk. Town cads, to transform themselves into rustic swains by the aid of smock-frocks, slouch hats, and laced boots. They might as well endeavour to pass themselves off as noble savages or Aztec dwarfs. Our keen-eyed friend in the steerage is thoroughly up to them. He knows that pale faces and smock-frocks do not belong to each other > he can tell that bony fingers cannot possibly know anything about sheep-shearing, or hedging and ditching. He can see the difference between hands that have worked with the spade and those that have only made acquaintance with the yard or the scales. He can tell by the way a man walks

From the quiet dignity of Park Street, Westminster, we will take a rapid run down to the London Emigration Depot at the Nine Elms Station of the South-Western Railway, derings towards the Gold World at the Southampton is now the great port of embarcation for Government emigrants from the south coast; and, by special arrangements with the directors of the Railway Company, emigrants are temporarily housed and fed at their Nine Elms Station; and are eventually conveyed to Southampton for a very small sum per head. The extensive suite of lofty well ventilated rooms, once the London headquarters of the Company, are now converted class; but the deficiency is in certain cases into dormitories, refectories, and reception made good by a Ladies' Emigration Comrooms for Government emigrants; and a mittee at Southampton; which takes care very comfortable time they have of it whilst that no mother of a family leaves her awaiting the arrival of a sufficient number of home without such comforts for herself and ber to be sent off by special train to South-

At that port the disused terminus is also used for the same purpose. What was once the directors' board goom contains a hun-chartered by the Emigration Commissioners; dred beds for married couples; the secretary's and, as soon as the passengers have been rooms accommodate as many more for single men; and single women are sately accommodated in the old treasury. The ancient booking-office is now the dining-hall; and adjoining, the luggage-room has been converted, by the aid of huge boilers and steampipes, into a gigantic kitchen. The savoury fumes of soups and meats permeate the whole establishment; heavy boiler-lids are constantly leaping up, and recking joints peep out like Hadji Baba's thieves from the engagement, that, if they go to the gold fields, oil-jars inquiring if it were time. The hissing and steaming cauldrons contain the mid-day meal of a party of Government emigrants momentarily expected to join the copperfastened, swift sailing schooner (standing A 1 at Lloyd's) " Muffineer," now in the Southampton docks, which is promised to have "quick dispatch" for Melbourne.

The humble passengers begin to pour in by

half-dozens: then in scores, and presently men, women, childra, and luggage inundate the depot, tumbling over one another for the first half hour in the most hopeless confusion. But time and patience convinces everybody that there is room for all and to spare. Everything goes on systematically. Heavy packages are placed in an outer railed shed; parcels and children are carefully stowed away on one side of the dinner-hall. There is a good deal of talking and pushing about. and wondering where ever "my boxes," or "my Johnny," or "my missus with baby and the tea-canister with the money in it," can have got to. But at length one o'clock comes, a large bell sounds; and, as it dies away, there is not one of all that motley troud who is not seated before a clean plate.

Many of these poor emigrants have not partaken of such a meal as that which is a new land. now spread before them for many a day; perhaps never before in the course of their there had left our shores for all parts of the

toilsome lives. Certainly none of them ever laid down to rest in more comfortable beds than they do on this first night of their wan-Antipodes.

Long before the Southampton public are awake or moving, the emigrants are up, and submitting their baggage to the examination of the government officer; whose duty it is to see that each has an outfit sufficiently abundant for a four months' voyage. Sometimes. a few articles of clothing are found wanting; for many of these people are of the poorest her children as are indispensable to a long

voyage,

Every attention is necessarily given to cleanliness and ventilation on board the ships allotted their respective berths, they are each served with a set of utensils necessary for the voyage; such as a tin pot, a bread basket, a can for water, metal plates, knives, forks, and spoons, in addition to bedding and a clothes bag. These articles become the property of the emigrants at the end of the voyage, except in cases of misconduct. Recently, it has been found necessary to take from the emigrants at the port of embarcation a written or if they quit the colony within four years after landing, they will repay to the colonial government a proportionate part of their passage money, at the rate of four pounds per adult for each year remaining to complete four years from landing. This is the merest justice to the colonists; who provide funds in order that labourers might be forwarded to them; and not with the romantic benevolence of stocking the diggings with gold scekers.

It does not require many days to fill the "Muffineer." The stores are all on board, the sails are loosened, the last group of parting friends have left the gangway, the emigration agent certifies that all is complete, the word is given to the little steam-tug to move a-head, whilst hats and handkerchiefs are waved, tears are shed, and as the "Muffineer" is being towed out of the mouth of the harbour, some few rather bolder and stouter than the rest try to get up a parting cheer; but it generally turns out a miserable failure. They are off, to swell the living tide that floats towards the south. They who have been inured to labour are off, from hunger, toil, and sorrow, to plenty, to comfort, and happiness. They are off, from the poor-house, the jail, and the asylum, to the green hills, and fertile fields of

During this present year to the end of June

world not fewer than two hundred and of Salamanders. They have taken possession ninety-two thousand three hundred and fortyseven persons. Of these, one hundred and ninety-nine thousand left for the United States of America, and fifty-two thousand for the Australian gold regions. The remainder went to Canada and to other places. The is supposed to know but himself. In the imchannels through which all this has taken place have been various. Parish emigration, assisted emigration, free emigration, emigration through the aid of relatives, and lastly that mode of which we purpose treating more especially, Government emigration.

A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

It is eleven o'clock at night. The moon is shining, not too brightly to dim the fun of the shall explode his crackers in the air; whether "Gardens." There is a temporary respite. The a Devil-among-the-Tailors shall end his Suffolk prodigy, eight years of age and freaks with a grand explosion of flower-pots weighing an unlimited number of "stun," and fizzgigs; whether there shall be a has exhibited his fat legs for the small charge of threepence. Sporting amateurs in pinafores have had a pop at a revolving target of foxes and hares at a penny per shot. Professor Contortini and his talented son have tied themselves up into endless knots, and the Signora Doubledoni has petrified her in which the celebrated comic singer obexpenditure of sundry pennies, which amongst and which can punch a spring-butter with the down, and the Chinese pog-top has gone to sleep for the night. The rifle-gallery has ceased Its whiz, fizz, slap, bang. The Circus has displayed the talents of "the graceful écuyère," the "dashing horsewoman," has reached the end of the plank. The Elastic the materials Brothers have performed their matchless of fireworks. feats of standing upon nothing and swinging on chin-balanced poles twenty feet high.— The din of amusement is over; and now chemical change instantly follows ignition. nothing remains to be seen but the achieve—The desired result may be an explosion, or a ments of Chevalier Mortram, with his troop recoil, or a flame, or a stream of sparks; but

of a certain dark portion of ground, backed by a wood and canvas temple of an unknown order of that ultra composite architecture known as the Indescribable.

What the Chevalier is about to do no one penetrable breast of the artist lies the determination whether there shall be rockets with tail-stars, or with golden rain, or with brilliant heads; whether Bengal lights shall burst with green fire or red fire; whether there shall be a pot d'aigrette, with a tree of silver flowers and a grand shower of fiery serpents; whether a shell shall explode with brilliant stars, or with snakes; whether there shall be a six-rayed star, with Chinese flyers and a grand cross of jerb fire; whether Jack-in-the-Box cascade of golden flowers, or an asteroid rocket to change colour seven times, or an ascending shower of snakes, or a fiery dragon to dart and wriggle and spit fire over the heads of the spectators.

We are behind the scenes; and we there learn from the renowned fire artist many patrons and patronesses (at twopence a head) curious and interesting things. We are told by her inexplicable powers of clairvoyance and thought-reading. The grand concert is over, of the most important principles in chemistry, of the most important principles in chemistry, optics, and dynamics. Explosion itself is, he tained five encores. The angels of the grand says, a chemical phenomenon. As a general ballet have shed their wings and their rule, pyrotechny depends on the property which muslin, and are supping off saveloys with nitre possesses of accelerating the combustion their respective husbands and families. The of inflammable substances, even when exvisitors have ascertained satisfactorily, by the cluded from the air; nitre, or saltpetre, or sal-prupella (for they are nearly equivalent themselves is the tallest, which the heaviest, names) is on this account the soul of all pyrotechny. Of the substances whose comgreatest force. The Hungarian Band have bustion nitre accelerates, sulphur is the hung up their instruments, and are sporting principal; it is used either as roll-sulphur or thung up their instruments, and are sporting principal; it is used either as roll-sulphur or pea coats over their spangles and tights. The Polygraphic Views are rolled up; the ingredient is charcoal; which is made from American nine-pins are all finally knocked hard wood or soft wood, and is ground finely or coarsely, according to the kind of effect which is required to be produced. Nitre, Nitre. sulphur, and charcoal, are the three ingredients of gunpowder, and the pyrotechnist uses them largely, as gunpowder, in this comthe "sylph of the arena," the "queen of the bined state; but he also uses them sepamanege," the "oquestrian star," the "demon nately and in varied proportions. For signor horseman," the "gymnastic wonder," and the purposes, bitumen, pitch, tallow, resin, coal, "unequalled contortionists." The butter-tub camphor, glass, mica, orpiment, alcohol, metal phenomenon has rolled his perilous way up a filings, benzoin, oils, sawdust, amber, clay, hundred feet of inclined plane amidst the frankincense, myrrh, and other substances, breathless dread of the spectators that he are occasionally employed; but nitre, sulphur, will tumble off and break his neck before he charcoal, metal filings, and a few-salts, are the materials in ordinary of a brilliant display

> Let these materials be combined in what number or proportions they may, a

so much more space than the solids, that they must displace air to obtain room for themselves, and the violence of this displacement occasions the noise of the explosion. If the materials be confined within a strong paper case, or a gun barrel, the greater effort of the expanding gases to rend it increases the intensity of the noise. It flame be required, exploding materials must be loosely confined, and the solids must be such that their resultant gases will inflame or ignite. If sparks be wanted, some one of the materials must bear an intense heat and reflect an intense light before being dissipated. these are chemical effects; and different com-binations of ingredients are necessary to ensure their production. For simple explosion without other attendant phenomena, gunserpents, a little less proportion of nitre is possible excluded; for sparks, charcoal preponderates, aided by metal filings. The slow or the quick burning of substance, the production of sound or of light, the exhibition of chemical laws.

No one can dispute the optical beauty of fire-works. The sparks and the flames may be regarded as luminous particles, rendered visible by intense heat; but the most gorgeous effects are produced by the reflection of coloured rays derived from various chemical mixtures; the nitre and the sulphur and the charcoal, one or more, produce the flame and the sparks, but it is something else which imparts brilliancy of colour. The theatres are famous show places for these coloured fires. When Jessonda is about to be immolated, and the Portuguese besiege the castle, one feels berribly hot at the idea of the approaching flames; and when Don Juan is pushed down by small devils in trap-door, there are misgivings as to the nature of the red fire into which he is plunged. But there is nothing to fear. Nitrate of strontian does it all: and chemistry thus comes to the aid of Spohr and Mozart. Very white light, used for "white speckies" or illumination lights in ornamental fireworks, owe much of their whiteness to zinc filings. Pale blue light is indebted to a little antimony as well as zinc. Red is produced by the addition either of mica or nitrate of strontian toothe other ingredients. Purple fire is kide by red lead; yellow by blacklead; green by nitrate of copper; yellowish-white by red orpiment, and so on. The che-which a rotatory movement is given by the mistry of colour is taxed by the pyrotechnist escape of water or air through orifices, on a to the utmost: a new colour would be wel-principle somewhat analogous. The modes comed by him as much as a new sauce by of applying these chemical, and optical, and

When an explosion takes place, the solid materials, or some of them, ase instantly converted into mases: and these are instantly treasures to him: but he converted into mases: fachioned illuminating lamps, fed with oil instead of gas, the gay colours are due to the little glass vessels and not to the flame itself; they are examples of coloured light produced by transmission. This transmitted light does wonders on the stage. When Mario and Grisi in La Favorita more in the moonlight; or when the dead nuns in Robert le Diable dance an unearthly ballet, we may make a tolerably near guess that a green glass bottle, placed in front of a strong light, produces the moonshine.

The laws of dynamics or mechanical move-

ment are, besides those of chemistry, illustrated and brought into play in pyrotechnics. The ascent of a sky-rocket, and the revolving of a fire-wheel, are beautiful examples of these laws. When a cannon is fired, the ball goes one powder is the chief or only agent; for a way and the cannon another—the latter being recoil motion, such as that of rockets and affected by a recoil. It is true this recoil is very slight, on account of the great weight of used; for flame, charcoal is as much as the cannon, and the mode in which it is con-The gunpowder nected with the ground. behind the ball explodes or expands into gas; this gas must and will find room for itself. either by driving the ball out of the cannon, Sames or of sparks-are all the result of or by driving the cannon away from the ball, or both. Apply this to a sky-rocket. A rocket is a strong paper tube, filled with inflammable matter. It is fixed vertically to a stick; and, when fired at the lower end, the composition becomes converted into a gas. This gas, pressing and driving in all directions, finds an outlet, rushing out with great force; and is accompanied by a brilliant shower of sparks at the opened lower end; but it also drives the case itself upwards by the recoil. The ascent of the rocket is wholly due to the efforts of the gaseous exploded mixture to escape. This recoil is the same in principle as that displayed by a screwpropeller, however different it may appear in action. The screw must turn round, because a steam-engine irresistibly compels it, but it horns, tails, and brown tights through a cannot do this without either driving the water in one direction or the ship in another. It does both; the ship recoils under the force used, and thus is it moved along. The beautiful revolving wheels which form such attractive objects in pyrotechnic displays are in like manner dependent on the dynamic action of the wheel. They are kindled at certain points-sometimes at the periphery, sometimes at the side of the spokes-and the expanding gases rush out at the orifices. But this rush tends to recoil against the wheel itself; and, if the orifice be judiciously placed the recoil will cause the wheel to rotate with

dynamical principles may be almost infinite. It is the pyrotechnist's business to find out these modes; it is his craft, his art and mystery, the fruit of his ingenuity, and the source of his bread and cheese.

Listen to a catalogue of some among the many forms which these graceful displays of light and colour and form and motion are made to present :-

First there is the Sky-rocket, already noticed—a cylindrical case intended to ascend to a great height, give out a profusion of sparks during its ascent, and spread a brilliant shower of coloured stars when it explodes, high up in the skiey regions. A Tourbillon is a sort of double rocket, having orifices so placed as to produce a double recoil -one rotatory and one vertical; the Tourbillon revolves and ascends at the same time, and is an exceedingly beautiful and brilliant firework. A Roman Candle is a case containing one or more smaller cases; a stream of sparks carries up a brilliant kind of star, which may be white, blue, or sparkling, according to the ingredients which it contains. A gerb or jerb is a tirework depending chiefly on the brilliant sparkles of steel and iron filings; and a Chinese fountain is somewhat similar to it. A Pot-de-Brin is a case or cavity from which serpents, stars, and crackers, are thrown up into the air. A Potd'Aigrette throws up serpents only; while a Pot de-Saucisson throws up cases which are half serpent half cracker. A Balloon (in the pyrotechic not the aëronautic sense) is a shell propelled from a mortar, and made to scatter squibs, crackers, scrpents, and stars, compounded of a brilliant fire and a bounce, the ground. A Scroll is a kind of tourbillon on a small scale, provided with a rotatory motion. A Rain is a composition for adding to sky-rockets and other pieces; it pours down a vertical shower of brilliant sparks, which may be of any desired colour. A Star is a brilliant light, produced by the explosion of a small case connected with sky-rockets and Roman candles. A Wheel-whether a single case, or a spiral, or a compound, or a horizontal, or a compound spiral, or a diverging vertical, or a reversed, or a conical horizontal, or an extending, or a diminishing, or a axial movements according to its kind; long ceeded by ten or a dozen other, all differwheel in various directions; and when these terns, globes, cones, and other hollow models, compositions are fired the recoil causes the illumined within and without. They are wheel to revolve horizontally, or vertically, or made of transparent painted paper, sup-

the pyrotechnist's command in these productions. A Geometrical Figure is such an arrangement of filled paper cases as will produce when ignited a fiery cross, triangle, square, hexagon, octagon, or other figure. An Ostrich Feather, or Prince of Wales's plume, is a pleasing spread of sparkling fire, usually forming the apex of a pyramidal firework. A Tree throws out coloured fires at various angles for either side of a vertical centre. These are only some among the many varieties

at the disposal of the artist.

There were Mortrams, Henglers, Southbys, and Darbys in early days; although rather for military than for holiday duties. The Chinese and Hindoos made and exploded fireworks long before Europe had any fireworks to explode. The famous Greek Fire which was used at Acre against the crusading army of St. Louis, has occasioned numberless speculations and controversics. This fire, the old annalists tell us, " came forward as large as a barrel of verjuice, with a tail of fire issuing from it as big as a great sword, making a noise in its passage like thunder, and seeming like a dragon flying through the air: and from the great quantity of light it threw out, giving such a light that one might see in the camp as if it had been day." It is also described as "consuming even flint and iron," and as emitting an awful stench. The Byzantines used the Greek Fire against the Pisans; Philippe Auguste employed it against the English vessels at the siege of Calais; and it was used at the siege of Ypres in thirteen hundred and eighty-three. The late Dr. Macculloch, after a laboured attempt to diswhen it explodes at a great height: this is cover what the Greek Fire really was, gave often very magnificent. A Cracker is a small it up as a hopeless task, concluding that cover what the Greek Fire really was, gave case filled with dense powder, and producing the people who witnessed it were too much a loud report when exploded: a Maroon is a frightened to speak intelligibly about it. When large cracker; and both form component nitre came into use as an aid to combustibles. parts of larger fireworks. A Soucisson is fireworks and gunpowder may equally be said to have been invented. Whatever Roger and is discharged out of a mortar fixed on Bacon may have done in this way in Europe, it is certain the Chinese preceded him by a dozen or two of centuries. Without speaking of Chinese fireworks generally, we may say a few words concerning the Chinese "drum," which so excited Sir George Staunton's admiration during his visit to China. firework appears to resemble a cylindrical band-box, ornamented on the exterior with paintings. When it is to be fired, it is suspended from a stand twelve or fifteen The light is applied at the feet high. lower part. There immediately drops out below a transparent piece, accompanied by concentric, or an alternating wheel—is a brilliant light, which falls to the grounds framework of wood or iron, having certain after being burned out; and this is suctubes filled with gunpowder or composition ing in device. These appear to be not merely are twined upon, or around, or within the transparent pictures—but castles, ships, lan-wheel in various directions; and when these terns, globes, cones, and other hollow models, to ascend or descend-endless beauties are at ported on a light wooden framework. All

these objects are packed away with great in- the projectile force by its explosion. Upon its genuity in the bottom of the drum; and they are so surrounded and connected by tubes, and slow matches, and composition, and fireworks, that they drop one by one out of the their display when high up in the air. open and of the drum, displaying their beauties for a brief space, and then quietly

Whether it is Chin-chop-chew making fireworks for the Celestials at Pekin, or Chevalier Mortram making for the British public, there is doubtless much similarity in the workshop processes, the manufacturing operations. The gunpowder has to be pounded, and the sulphur and charcoal The metal filings pounded and purified. have to be brought to different degrees of fineness, and the colouring materials prepared and the various combinations mixed in due The paper cases also must be proportions. made. Strong cartridge or brown paper is rolled round a mandril or rod into a tubular form, the last lap being secured by paste. These paper tubes, filled in various ways and to different degrees, constitute the whizzing, and bouncing, and cracking, and sparkling fireworks. Then there are veins or arteries, not necessary for visible display, but for conveying the fiery impulse from one work to These are called leaders. another. consist of paper tubes containing string which has been dipped in certain solutions, varied to act as slow-match or quick-match, according to need.

On the fifth of November, when Muffincap and his schoolfellows prepare a grand display of fireworks, at their joint expense, they of course take care not to omit the squibs; but they know nothing of these two facts-that every halfpenny squib undergoes no less than thirteen distinct processes, and that the shopkeeper gets more for selling it than the pyrotechnist gets for making it. The cutting, the rolling, the choking, the charging, the knocking-out, the bouncing, the capping, the tying are some, but not all, of the events in the birth of a squib. First, strong brown paper, weighing eighty pounds to the ream, is cut into thirty-six pieces per sheet, each piece to make a squib; the case is formed with this stout paper, and is covered with much thinner white paper; each little tube is choked with a dent or depression near one end; it is partly filled with composition through a funnel, and rammed down with a rod; it is further filled with loose powder; it is provided with a nipple, and touch paper, and a blue cap, and a sealing of wax or glue-and thus it goes sforth into society at the cheap cost of half-acrown pergross.

A souib is a miniature representative of a large number of fireworks; for the mixing of the composition, the making of the tube, and the filling, are the types of operation both on the large and the small scale. To a rocket the large and the small scale. To a rocket there is a strong cylindrical cartridge case, to contain the composition which is to produce Booksellers.

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upper extremity is fixed a conical case, also of paper, to contain the stars, or serpents, or crackers, which are to astonish the natives by pound rocket is perhaps an inch-and-a-half in diameter by fourtecen and fifteen inches long. The composition in the conical part differs from that in the cylindrical part chiefly in the addition of antimony or some metal which shall aid in producing the grand flare-up when the rocket has reached its greatest height. The filling and securing of the cases are nice operations, requiring much care; and when these are completed, the rocket is attached to a long wooden rod. This rod acts like the tail of a kite or the feather of an arrow; it preserves the line of direction during the rocket's flight.

All such operations as these—the preparing of ingredients, the making of cases, the filling, the scaling and touching-are carried on in the workshops of our Chevalier and his brother pyrotechnists; where are also made the frames and wheels which are to support the largest fireworks. At the public gardens where such displays occur there is a subsidiary workshop, in which the tubes, and leaders, and fuzes, are adjusted to their proper places on the frames or scaffolding. And here it is interesting to observe how time becomes an element in the work. All the leaders, containing the match or fuze composition, are so adjusted in length that they shall convey the ignition to every spot at the exact instant required; else the banging of the crackers might commence before the beautiful star has done its shining work, or the rotation of a wheel might be so ill-timed as to burst the cracker. The appearance of the frame itself, with all the tubes and leaders tied to it in various directions, would give a stranger very little idea of the ultimate forms and movements intended to be produced.

In his mysterious plot of ground, with his frames, and rockets, and wheels, and maroons placed conveniently at hand, the monarch of the fiery region kindles the results of his labours, one by one, and off they go-amidst exclamations of the wildest delight bursting from thousands of upturned countenances. At length the National Anthem bursts forth. the last star faints and expires; and there is an end to the brilliant display of fireworks.

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CONVICTS IN THE GOLD REGIONS.

On arriving at the main Sydney route from the town houndary of Melbourne-Melbourne famous, among other things, ever since it rose to fame two years ago, for no roads, or the worst roads, or impassable sloughs, swamps, and rights of way through suburb wastes of bush, and boulder-stones, and stumps of trees -leaving, I say, all these peculiarities behind, you suddenly arrive at the opening of the main road to Sydney, leading in a direct line to the village of Pentridge, the position of the Convict Stockade. This is the chief

penal depôt of the colony.

The first thing that strikes you, after all you have gone through, is the excellence of the road, its directness, and its length. You look along a straight road, broad, well formed, hard, clean, with drains running along each side, protected (together with the lower edges of the road) by large boulder stones and heavy logs at intervals, and the eye traverses along this to an unvarying distance of two miles and a quarter. There is no road to wooden verandah of the house, the picture is whole of this has been the product of convict labour, within the space of little more than two years and four or five months. Be it be overcome, in respect of swamps, huge stones, and large trees and stumps with great roots. Nor was this the whole of the work performed by the convicts of Pentridge, a bridge and part of a road elsewhere having been constructed simultaneously; the bridge during these periods of high wages, being of the value of five thousand pounds. Whatever the saving as to cost, however, the value of a this is almost beyond calculation. I forget what practical philosopher it was who said, "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him," but surely most people will readily admit that such a road as the above, in any country, and more especially in the colony of one of the yards. Victoria, is not only far more useful, but a far more humane and sightly object than the gallows.

slightly rises till you reach the top, when a collective history in a few words, which show turn to the right brings you at once upon the that the said chains are by no means un

ground of the Stockade, which lies in a hollow a little below. A first impression does not convey any adequate impression of its strength, or general character as a penal establishment. You see several detached tents upon the higher ground, with a sentinel walking to and fro in front of them; and you look down upon a low-roofed, straggling range of buildings, something in appearance between an English country brewhouse, and a military outpost holding it in charge. Descending the slope, and reaching the house of the superintendent, a square garden of cabbages, and square beds of weeds mixed with flowers and shrubs (a type of most of the gardens since the discovery of the gold), is seen on the other side of the horse-way between, with a green swampy field beyond, bounded by a long iron-grey wall of large loose stones, with a few trees to the right, and the head of a sentinel moving backwards and forwards—upon legs we assume—in the meadow or marsh below on the other side.

be compared with it in the colony, and the further enlivened by the slow approach of a cow from a cow-house in the proximity of the cabbage square, which pauses and looks at me with a rueful and rather commiserating understood very great difficulties had to expression. She is pretty comfortable herself, but she sees that I am a new comer, and wonders perhaps what I have done to be brought there. The place is all very silent; so is the cow; so of course am I. A dog now comes round the corner, and after looking at me, without barking or other demonstration. alone, if it had been built by free labour retires. I follow mechanically, and on turning the angle of the house I come in view of what I had at first compared in my mind to a country brewhouse, which on a closer good road and a bridge to a new country like examination becomes formidable enough, presenting as it does very unmistakeable indications of strength, precaution, and watchful vigilance, both within and without. No voice is heard; nothing is heard but the clash of the chains of a gang of convicts passing across 3

The Superintendent, Mr. Barrow who is at the head of the penal establishments of the colony, appears, and on my making some The road to Pontridge gradually and allusion to the men in chains, gives me their

necessary ornaments. Most of the convicts feat he performs. have been, in one place or other, prisoners canter of wine on the table, he remains a from childhool. They have been three times second or two with glaring eyes, and slowly convicted at home; first of all, whipped, per- withdrawing his open hands from both sides, haps, in the Parkhurst prison for juvenile offenders. After being exposed to the conthan themselves they have been pardoned, and sent adrift on the world, worse than when they entered it. Again apprehended and convicted, they have been sent to Pentonville, or some other prison. Liberated after years. again following a course of crime, and once more apprehended and convicted, they have been transported to Van Diemen's Land, or Norfolk Island. At each of these places, and respects a very good and trusty servant, and pet system of penal training and reform in untruth. use at the period has been tried, and all have failed. Obtaining their conditional pardons, nation, of all those fierce convicts in their after a certain number of years in Van chains—which are not taken off even at Diemen's Land, or Norfolk Island, they have night—sitting up in their dens, or scowling had it in their power to go with their ticket up from beneath their blankets, still haunting of leave to any of the Australian colonics. Of me, I feel obliged to communicate my wish course they have made directly for Melbourne to Mr. Barrow to be permitted, if not confirst to the gold region of the diggings, trary to rules, to pay them a passing visit and next to the more fixed gold region of the forthwith. My wish being courteously acwealthy community in the town. Most of corded, I accompany the captain to the gate the crimes of these men—that is to say, mety of the Stockade, and having passed this, and per cent. of them, have originated in England, the armed sentinels, I find myself in a sort of They had their chief experience and training barrack-yard, to appearance, with storeat home. They have committed every crime rooms at each side, having strong narrow here, to obtain gold, which their previous doors, immense iron bolts, and an iron grating knowledge, skill, and depravity could suggest above for ventilation. The captain informs -and here they are at last.

to say, a large bell in the Stockade, now stores themselves to escape. These strong announces that the time has arrived for all rooms are, in fact, the wards, or dormitories the prisoners to go to bed. A jingling of of the convicts. Being invited to look in upon chains is heard as the several gaugs pass them, I approach one of these bolted doors. across the yard, then a sound of the drawing A square shutter is unfastened and pushed of bolts, then silence. I cannot help specu- aside by the captain, and displays an iron lating on the different sorts of suppressed grating through which I look at the irreferocity in the faces of all these subdued claimables in their lairs. How absurdly human tigers, as they sit up on their wooden different is the reality from the picture I had pallets, or look out from beneath their framed in my imagination! Over a large blankets.

chief officer in command of this department (an old army captain), we are waited upon by one of the aborigines, whose black face is without a single tint of negro brown. He is a prirouer of the Stockade, but in reward for a long period of good conduct, is entrusted with this comparative degree of Kberty. He understands enough English chiefly nouns, with a few morsels of verbs-· to wait very well; and though in his training he let fall or otherwise demolished a fearful amount of plates, glasses, and other strange and wondrour domestic articles which were previously unknown to his hands or eyes, he has now attained sufficient skill to avoid all such disasters. But he has his many old misfortunes of this kind in constant memory, and is full of dreadful apprehensions at every

When he places a deready to catch it in case it should take a fit of tumbling over as he walks away. He has tanginating influence of many more depraved an awful look of care in handing me a large dish of smoking potatoes. It seems like a solemn rite to an idol. I do not dare to glance up at his face. His constant care and watchfulness are extraordinary, and he obviously possesses far more intelligence than the aborigines of Australia are generally believed capable of acquiring. Mr. Barrow informs me that he is really in all ordinary in all their prisons, at home and abroad, the that he has never been known to tell an

But the picture I have formed in my imagime that the stores are not thus protected to It is night; a cold wind blows and a prevent anybody from walking off with them, drizzling rain falls. An iron tongue, that is but to render it almost impossible for the room are distributed on stretchers, or other · Dining with the Superintendent, and the raised surface, and all so close together as only to allow of space for passage round each, a number of bundles of bedding, apparently, each enveloped in a grey and blue chequered coverlid of the same pattern. The bales or bundles are without motion or sound; no voice is heard, no head or foot is visible. Each bundle contains the huddled up form of a convict, who adopts this plan to obtain the greatest degree of warmth. Some are, no doubt, asleep; many wide awake, and full of peculiar thoughts: and perhaps even of fresh plans, should they ever again get a chance. What a volume of depraved life, what a prison-history lies enfolded in each of those moveless coverlids! There is absolutely nothing more to be seen, and we pass on to the next door. It is very much the same.

Athird ward, however, presents a difference,

the sleeping places being built up in separate open order. They are all dressed in the berths, formed of cross battens, like very usual grey, or dark pepper-and-salt coarse strong wooden cages for bears. The occupants of the upper tier ascend by means of a names are called over. None of the black wooden bracket which juts out about bald sheep are missing. I look along the ranks from the black that it is not about the part of the black of the part of the black of the bl belonging probably to some tall man who raise it or lower it at any time during the night without opening the door. When the light needs trimming, the lanthorn being lowered, one of the prisoners, whose turn it is, has to get up and attend to it. The gleam it sheds is very melancholy, almost funereal. Hard natures, indeed, must they be, who, lying awake sometimes in the night, are not

announcement.

Early in the morning, Billy—the aboriginal scene. -comes bolt into my room with my boots in case either of them should fall sideways, and making, carpentering, &c. Tramp-trampdeparts as abruptly as he entered.

At seven o'clock the bell calls the convicts to a general muster in the principal yard, preparatory to the different gangs being marched off to their various descriptions of work. Mr. Barrow accompanies me into the yard. We pass through the little narrow massive gate, and I am at once in the presence of the thrice picked and sifted incorrigibles of the mother country and her Australian colonies. Sentinels, with loaded muskets, patrol the outskirts of the yard, and officers and constables armed with truncheons stand on guard outside the ranks. Many of the convicts have irons on their legs, but the majority are quite free, and can "make a rush" if they will.

The convicts are ranged like a regiment of

way up. Here I did see one foot protruding, from face to face—with apparent indifference, casually, and with as little offence or purpose was not in irons. A lanthorn is suspended in my gaze as possible; and I am quite sure from the centre of the roof, by a cord which that it is not from knowing what they are, but is passed over a pulley, and runs through a really from a genuine impression of what is hole above the door, so that the guard can written by the fingers of experience in very marked lines and characters, and fluctuating or fixed shades, that I am persuaded there is not one good face among them. No, not one. On the contrary, nearly every face is extremely bad. I go over them all again in the same casual purposeless way (they are not deceived by it a bit) and I feel satisfied that a worse set of fellows never stood in a row softened to a few serious thoughts or emotions than those before me. Beneath that silent as they look around them; but hard no outwardly subdued air, there is the manifest doubt they are, and most of them of the lurking of fierce, deprayed, remorseless hardest. The Superintendent has work to do in his away into the course of crime that brought office - letters, reports, calculations, ac-them here. By this time they are all counts, &c.; he becomes absent and tacturn, at work upon me, quietly speculating on and I betake myself to bed. Throughout the who I am, what I want, and if my visit whole night, I am awakened every half hour portends anything to them. The yard is by the Stockade bell, and am five times in-|covered with loose stones of broken granite, formed, by the different voices of five sentinels, and I notice close to my feet, and looking up heard in succession from different points of directly into my face, a magpie. He also the building, near and remote, that "all's holding his head on one side interrogatively, well!" After the sixth or seventh round of seems to ask my business here. I take a this, however, I get used to it, and drop to fresh breath as I look down at the little sleep again after hearing the satisfactory thing, as the only relief to the oppressive sense of prison doom that pervades the heavy

The different working gangs are now one hand, and a jug of hot water in the marched off, about twenty at a time, with a other. He neither utters a word, nor looks at sufficient interval both of time and distance me (except in a way he has with his eyeballs between each, in case of a combination for a turned from me) but places the boots on the rush. Some go to work at building, some on floor, hovering with one hand over them in the roads, some to the bridges, some to shoethen sets the jug upon the dressing-table, tramp—with a jingle of irons—and they are He states at it with a warning, or rather a all gone, and the little, harrow, massive gate threatening look, when, seeing that it stands is closed. The yard is vacant and silent, with firmly, his gloomy features relax, and he nothing to be seen but the magpie hopping over the broken granite, and nothing now to be heard but the faint retiring jingle of the chains, the low continuous quire of the frogs in the swamp, and the distant lowing of a forlorn cow.

It will have been evident before this, that everything is conducted here on a fixed system, rigidly and undeviatingly enforced, and that this is perfectly necessary considering the subjects that have to be dealt with. No loud voice of command is ever heard, and the Superintendent has strictly forbidden all strong language on the part of the various officers and constables; the convicts are all controlled by the Stockade bell. When the bell orders them to come forth, they come forth; when the bell orders them to retire, they retire; if they are talking after retiring soldiers at muster, the rear ranks taking to rest, and the bell rings for silence, they are

heard no more. Thus, all sense of personal tyrannics, and all special animosities are avoided; the convicts feel they are under the spell of a sort of iron fate, a doom with an iron tongue-they are subdued and surrounded by an ever-vigilant and inflexible system, and they submit in spite of their will not to submit.

Mr. Barrowhas been engaged in this anxious, painful, and unresting work these twelve long years-first in Norfolk Island, then in Van Diemen's Land, finally placed over Pentridge Stockade, the head quarters of all the penal establishments of the colony. Of all public officers, there is probably not one whose duties are so full of sleepless anxieties, and so imperfectly appreciated (partly because they are but little known) as those he performs with such rigid constancy.

I have taken a stroll round the outskirts of the Stockade, and while gazing over the swampy fields, now wearing the green tints of the fresh grass of winter which is near at hand, and thence turning my gaze to the bush in the distance, with its uncouth and lonely appearance, I hear the jingle of chains to the left of where I am standing, and prezertly I see winding round the road a gang of convicts on their way to work at a bridge. They are succeeded by another gang; and at the same interval, by a third. I am instantly and forcibly reminded of the string of convicts whom Don Quixote met and set at liberty, driving away their guards, taking off their fetters, and making them a noble speech; in return for which they ran off scoffing and hooting, and saluting their deliverer with a volley of stones. I never before felt so strongly the truthfulness of this scene. Here are a set of men who would have done -and who would this very day do-the same thing to any eccentric philanthropist in a broad brimmed hat who should set them free and make them an address on liberty and So true may fiction be in the humanity. hands of genius.

Other convict establishments have been alluded to, which consist of two smaller stockades, and the hulks which are lying in Hobson's Bay. The stockades being conducted in the same manner as the one just described, it will be unnecessary to particularize them, but I at once accept Mr. Barrow's

obliging offer to take me on board the prison ships. We mount his gig and drive off. On the way to Melbourne, through the bush; I ask many questions of the Superintendent—as to the growth of corn and cab-bages—the latter, with other vegetables being expensive lfixuries in Melbourne. I also ask if the anvicts can be trusted with edge tools, out of sight of the guards, or in sight? Is a funeral of one of them at all a melancholy sight to the others? and so forth. To these questions, I only receive monosyllabic replies, and often no reply; I half expect to get an answer from the distant bell. The Super- as much work in an hour as double the

Thus, all sense of personal intendent, scarcely hears me: his mind is away at Pentridge, or on board one of his hulks. We pass through Melbourne, crossthe bridge, and make our way along the muddy road to Liardet's Beach. I am indiscreet enough to ask a few more questions, but the anxious and absorbed look of the Superintendent shows me that he is absent frosh the gig, drive as well as he may, and I give it up. We arrive at the beach, and put off in the Government boat.

It is a long pull, and by no means a very lively one, for it is pretty clear that everybody in the boat feels a certain sort of cloud over his spirits from the serious business all are upon; but the sky is clear and bright, and I am soon in quite as absent a state as my friend the Superintendent, though it is probable that our thoughts are not in the same direction.

We first pull on board a hulk, a new one, to meet the rapidly increasing exigencies of the gold fields, which is being "fitted up" as a convict ship. From the magnitude and strength of the wooden bars, rails, and battens, one might imagine that it was intended for young elephants, buffaloes, and wild boars. But I am assured by one of the wardens that they are not at all too strong. From this we row away to the prison ship for sailorsnot convicts, but refractory. This word refractory includes all the offences of running away to the gold fields on the very first chance after the vessel drops her anchor in the bay, or of refusing their duty, or otherwise mis-conducting themselves while on board, with a view to distracting and overthrowing all arrangements for a most difficult port, and escaping in the confusion. To this hulk many captains of vessels have been obliged to send half their crews as soon as they have entered the harbour, and several have even adopted the more resolute plan of sending the whole crew off to prison at once, on the first show of insubordination, and keeping them there.

From the refractory, would be gold-digging sailors prison we push off for Williams' Town, and land near the light-house, at a little boat-pier of loose stones now in course of erection by a gang of convicts sent ashore for the purpose. Guards with loaded muskets patrol on the outskirts. It is a most useful work, and the extremity towards the water being made circular, for a small saluting battery, may serve to salute in another way if there should ever be need. We pass from the pier to other works of building, drainage, and so on, all performed by convict labour: Mr. Barrow attending to his duties, and leaving me to stroll about and observe what 1 may, and judge for myself. To sum up all this in two words, I cannot perceive that the convicts have one spark of manly shame at their position; but I do most certainly observe that,

me to be that the convicts are thinking of any way? they are always too glad of any their work as an agreeable relief after solitary opportunity of having the door opened. We confinement, and are glad to use their limbs; whereas the free labourers are thinking of the gold fields, and how to get ten shillings, a day for doing nothing, until they are able to be off to the diggings.

The Superintendent now rejoins me, and carrying me along with him at a brisk pace, informs me that we are going on board the President, his principal convict hulk. This prison-ship contains the worst of the worstmen who cannot be trusted to work at anything-who pass their time in solitary confinement and in irons, excepting an hour's exercise on deck, when they are also handcuffed together-men for whom the Stockade of Pentridge is not an adequate protection-"the crême de la crême," Mr. Barrow says, "of the prisons of the mother country and her Australian colonies.

We ascend to the deck, where the wessel, a little in front of the gangway, is separated by massive iron bars of some ten or eleven feet high from the rest of the ship. The Superintendent leaves me, as before, to attend to his duties of inspection, &c., but the chief officer in command (whose name I am rather uncomfortably startled at finding to be the forth; some rush away to the gold fieldssame as my own) places me in charge of one of the head wardens, to accompany me where I again heavily ironed, on board this dreadful wish to go. Of course I at once express a desire to pass through the great iron bars of fresh term of punishment in these final of this terrible cage, and to go below and see the all final cases is twenty, or even thirty years.

crême de la crême. We enter, and descend the ladder to the main-deck. There is very little to be seen of a first week or two. After that, they are again kind to make a picture, or a bit of description -in fact, nothing-all is in a state of severe, quiet, orderly, massive simplicity. The main deck is reduced to a passage, with rows of cells of immense strength on each side. The name of the occupant of the cell is written on a placard outside—with his crime, and the number of years for which he is sentenced. The great majority of offences are robbery with violence, and the term of imprisonment varies from five to twenty years. As I read I cannot say I at all envy the snug berth of my namesake in command. I feel that I would far rather be the Wandering Jew, or the captain of the Flying Dutchman. The cells are very like clean dens for wild beasts -their huge solid timbers and ironwork being quite strong enough for lions and tigers, bears and rhinoceroses, but not more so than necessary—so strong, so wilful, so resolute, and so unconquerable is man in his last stage of depravity. I express a desire to have the door opened of a certain cell, where the placard outside exercises a grim attraction upon me; but the warden at my side informs me that the convicts here are all under prolonged punishright to make a show of them. "Oh, indeed," slight fluctuations. Presently they begin to

number of free Government labourers get I say — "very proper." — "Not," adds the through in a day. The chief reason seems to warden, "that it would hurt their feelings in do not open it even at meal times; we push their allowance through a trap with a slide, which is instantly closed again and bolted."-

What a life-for all parties! I hear some of the prisoners singing in a low voice, and others holding a conversation between their partitions of four or five inches thick. To avoid some of the mental evils of long solitary confinement, they are wisely and humanely permitted to do this, provided no noise is made, or any loud tones audible. In an equally wise spirit Mr. Barrow has arranged a kind of prospect of amelioration; a degree of hope, well-founded, however remote, is open to all. A certain number of years of good conduct here, gives the vilest ruflian of former times a fair prospect of removal to one of the Stockades; a certain number of years of good conduct there, gives him the probability of further promotion: namely, to work at some trade, or to go at large as a house servant and to attend in the yards; while, as a final result of many years of good conduct, he gets his ticket of leave to go where he pleases in the colony. Many do really reform, and lead decent lives thencenot to dig, but to plunder-and are back prison-ship, in less than three months. The I inquire if they sink into utter hopeless despondency in such cases. "No; only for the scheming, and plotting, and looking forward

I hear a regular tramp going round overhead, accompanied by a jingling of chains. The warden informs me that ten of the convicts are now on deck for an hour's exercise. Only ten at a time are ever allowed to be out of their cells, none of these being ever trusted to go ashore to work, or to work at anything on board. I immediately go upon deck to have one look at the Superintendent's crême de la

to some chance of escape.'

The ten men are all attired in the pepperand-salt convict dress, with irons on their legs, and handcuffed together, two and two, as they walk round and round the main hatchway. I make no pretence of not looking at them; and they make none as to me. There is nothing violent or ferocious in the appearance of any of them; the predominating impresion they convey is that of brutal ignorance, grossness, and utter absence of the sense of shame. The one who has most sense in his countenance is a dark, quiet, determined, patient villain, equal to any atrocity or daring. His look, as he comes round and faces me, ment, and my namesake does not consider it never changes; most of the rest have some

whisper each other; and one makes a remark and passes it on ; and presently they begin to exchange jok s, and indulge in a high degree of noiseless merriment at their own observation, speculations, and comments, until it becomes quite apparent that I am getting the worst of it. I retire with a modest unconscious air, which seems to delight them immenselv.

Ironed, barricaded, and guarded, as these men are, they sometimes attempt an escape, though without success. Their chief hope often turns upon bribing one of the wardens; for these prisoners—settled for life as they may be—have really the means of bribing. Most of them have gold in Melbourne in care of a friend, or in the banks, or secreted at some of the diggings.

THE MERCHANT'S HEART.

MATTHIAS, the Levantine merchant, had spent his whole life, from his boy-time upward, in travelling for the sake of gain, to the East and to the West, and to the islands of the South Seas. He had returned to his native place, Tarsus, in the full vigour of manhood, and was reported to have amassed great wealth. His first step was to make a prudent call upon the governor, and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to be peak his good-will. He then built himself a spacious palace in the midst of a garden impossible for a good man to remain all his on the borders of a stream, and began to lead life alone. If they wilt come to my house and a quiet life, resting after the fatigues of his see my wife and my little Gorges dancing in many voyages. Most persons considered him the arms of the ebouy-black girl, Zarifeh, thou to be the happiest of merchants; but those wilt surely relent and seek at once to be as I who were introduced to his intimacy knew am. Perhaps thon hast not well looked around that his constant companions were thought thee. There is Miriam, the daughter of our and sadness. When he had departed in his baker, who is of majestic presence, being as youth, he had left his father, and his mother, big as thyself. She will suit thee to a hair, and his brothers, and his sisters in health, and, if thou desirest, my wife shall make although poor; but, when he returned in proposals for thee this atternoon." Matthias hopes to gild the remainder of their days, he found that the hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that there was no one to share his prosperity; and a blight came over his heart.

^ The gossips in the bazaars soon began to talk of his case, and it was then that Hanna the Christian tailor one day said in a loud voice to his opposite neighbour the Jewish moneychanger, "I will lay the value of my stock that the merchant Matthias will find conso-lation in marriage; that he will choose the most beautiful of our maidens; and that he will found a family which shall be colebrated in this city as long as its prosperity endures." To this the Jew replied: "What is the value of thy stock? Three jackets returned upon thy hards, a rusty pair of seissors, an old stool, and some bundles of thread? Verily the risk is not great." The Christian said a prayer or two to himself, that he might not curse his nothing but love of dress, and love of them-neighbour, and then answered: "I will selves. How could their capricious and throw in Zarifeh, the ebony-black girl whom selfish natures find pleasure in communion I bought last spring to follow my wife when with a man whom this world had sore tried,

she goes out with the little Gorges to the gardens. What sayest thou now?"

The Jew pundered awhile, leaning his grey beard on the breast of his caftan. He remenfoered that forty years before he too, had returned from travel with his money-bags, and had found his house desolate; and that he had devoted himself ever since to moody reflection, and to the heaping of mahboul upon maliboul. The thought had therefore become fixed in his mind that when the middle time of life comes, there can remain no affection in the heart, either of Christian, or of Jew, or of Mahommadan, but for gold. So he said: " Let the odds be equal. I will venture tive hundred pieces against thy five hundred pieces, that within five years the merchant Matthias does not take to his bosom a wife." "Agreed!" cried the Christian. The neighbours were called in as witnesses, and every one laughed at the absurdity of the dispute.

Matthias was not long in learning that a wager had been laid upon his future life; and, in passing through the bazaar, he stopped one day and said sternly to the Christian tailor: "Son of rashness, why hast thou risked more than the whole of thy havings upon a matter which is only known to Heaven? I have looked upon all the maidens of my people, and no emotion has stirred within me. Verily thou wilt become a prey to this Jew."

"My lord," replied the tailor, smiling, "it is laughed and frowned, and went on, and the Jew chuckling in his beard said: "O Hanna, for how much wilt thou free thyself from thy wager? Wilt thou pay a hundred pieces and let all be said?" But the Christian replied: "In five years Saint Philoten wore away a stone as big as this stool with her kisser and her tears—in five years the heart of this man may melt."

Matthias went not on his way unmoved after his conversation with the Christian tailor. He began to think that perhaps, indeed, he was wearing away his life uselessly in solitude. There was certainly no beauty and no satisfaction in that manner of being. It was better to take to himself a companion. But where find her ! Amongst all the frivolous daughters of Tarsus, was there one with whom he would not be more lonely than with himself? Their mothers had taught them and who wished to wait in meckness and in

patience for the world to come?

These meditations disturbed Matthias, but they did not render him more unhappy. They, occupied his mind; they relieved the monotony of his existence; they prevented him from always turning his eyes inward upon himself; they forced him to look abroad. He went to the houses of his friends and once more studied the perfections or imperfections of their daughters. His object was so manifest, that the joke went round that he wished to save the Christian tailor from ruin. People jested with the Jew as they brought in their money to change. But, although Matthias saw many beautiful girls who threw the glances of their almond-shaped eyes encouragingly towards him, he saw none that pleased his heart; and, suddenly retiring from society, shut himself up for a whole year in his palace, seeing nobody, and taking back melancholy and discontent for his only companions.

At length Matthias began to feel the desire of change, and made it a practice every morning to have his mule saddled and to ride out to the base of the mountains; and, then putting foot to ground to wanter until evening amidst the rocks and valleys. On one occasion he went so far that he could not return to where he had left his mule and servant before night-fall, and lost his way. After going hither and thither for some time, he was compelled to seek the shelter of a cave, and to wait until morning. Sleep overtook him, and he did not wake until the sun's rays slanting in through the cleft of the rock, played upon his eve-lids. He got up; and, having said his prayers, went forth and beheld a beautiful green meadow stretching along the banks of a stream which came from a narrow gorge at no great distance. He did not recognise his whereabouts and was doubtful of finding his way back, until he saw, at the further end of the meadow, some object moving rapidly to and fro. It was a young girl chasing a cow that had escaped from her, and ran with a cord tangled about its horns in the direction of Matthias. "Ah!" said he. "I will catch this unruly animal, and then make its keeper point out to me the direction of Tarsus." So he tucked up his robes; and, being strong and vigorous, soon came up to the cow that was wantonly galloping hither and thither, and brought it to a stand-still. "May blessings light upon thy sturdy arms, stranger," exclaimed the girl, running up out of breath, and unwinding the rope from the cow's horns; "If Naharah had escaped they would have beaten me.'

"And who could find it in his heart to beat thee, child ?" said the merchant, as he looked at her and wondered at her delicate loveliness.

"The fathers," she replied, pulling Naharah in the direction she wanted to go. "Triple blessings upon thee, again I say, stranger!"
Matthias forgot all about Tarsus, and

walked by the side of the girl, asking ques-

tions of her. He learned that she was the bond-maiden of a monastery situated in those mountains, and that her duty was to take out the cows, and especially this one, every morning to the pasturage. "Do not follow me," said she, when they came to the entrance of the gorge from which the stream flowed; "for I am forbidden to talk with those whom I may meet." Matthias thought awhile, and then bade her adieu, having learned what path he was to follow, and returned to his palace full of nothing but the image of this

simple bond-maiden.

"Verily," said he to himself next morning,
"I forgot to ask the name of that girl. I must learn it, in order that I may send her a recompense." Under this poor pretence he mounted his mule, and rode towards the mountains, and began his walk at the usual place, and repaired to the cave and pussed the night there, and was out on the meadow before dawn. He soon saw four or five cows driven out of the gerge, and the girl following them, leading the frolicsome Naharah. "There is no need for thee to-day, stranger," said she, smiling playfully, "unless thou wilt drive my herd down to the water to drink. and take care that the black one goes in first, or else she will gore the others." Upon this, Matthias took the branch of a tree and began to cry, "Hoo! hoo!" like a herdsman, and to beat the flanks of the black cow, which scampered away, and led him a long chase round the meadow; so that he did not come back until all the other animals had taken their morning drink, and the girl was sitting on the bank laughing at him, and wreathing a crown of flowers to deck the horns of Nabarah.

"Thou dost not know thy new business," said she, to Matthias, as he came up out of breath; whereupon he began to curse the cow which had led him that dance, and to think that he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the girl. However, they were soon sitting side by side in pleasant talk, and the merchant learned that the name of the bond-maiden was Carine.

By this time he had quite made up his mind to marry hor, if she would have him; but, although reflecting upon his wealth and her poverty, it seemed scarcely probable that she should refuse, his modesty was so great that he dared not venture to talk of love. They parted early, and Matthias went away, promising to return on the morrow. He did so; and for many weeks continued these meetings in which, for the first time since his youth, he . found real happiness. At length, one day be took courage, and told Carine that he intended to take her away and marry her, and make her the mistress of his wealth. "My lord," said she, with simple surprise, "has madness stricken thee? Dost thou not know that I am a bond-maiden, and that there is no power that can free me?

"Money can free thee, child," said Matthias

privilege of this monastery that bondsmen and bondswomen shall for ever appertain to it. If any freeman casts his eyes upon one of us, and desires to marry her, he must quit his state and become a slave, he and his descendants for ever, to the monastery. This is why I was not married last year to Skandar, the porker, who offered twenty pigs for my freedom, but who refused to give up his liberty." Matthias internally thanked Heaven for having given an independent spirit to the porker, and replied, smiling, "Believe me, Carine, that the fathers love money-they all do-and I shall purchase thee as my wife."

"It is nonsense," said she, shaking her

head, "they refused twenty pigs."

"I will give twenty sacks of gold, baby," cried Matthias, curaged at her obstinacy. Carine replied, that she was not worth so much; and that, if she were, it was of no use talking of the matter, for the fathers would not sell her. "By Saint Maron!" exclaimed Matthias, "I can buy their whole

He was mistaken. The monastery of Selafka was the richest in all the East, and the head of it was the most self-willed of men. He cut short the propositions of the merchantwho went straight to him that very day-by saying that on no account could the liberty of Carine be granted. "If thou wouldst marry 'said he, looking, as Matthias thought, more wicked than a demon, "thou must give up all thy wealth to us, and become our bondsman." With this answer the lover went sadly away, and returned to Tarsus, saying to himself, "It is impossible for me to give up, not only the gains of all my life, but even my liberty, for the sake of this cow-girl. I must try to forget her."

So he went back among his friends, and began again to walk in the the bazaars. When the Jew saw him, he cried out, "Hail, oh wise man, that will not burthen himself with the society of a woman!" the merchant frowned black upon him, and tyrned away; and, to the surprise of all the neighbours, went and sat down by the side of the Christian tailor, and, taking his hand, whispered to him: "Close thy shop, my friend, and lead me, that I may see, as thore didst promise, thy wife and thy child."

"Which child?" said the tailor. "I have bow three, Gorges, Lisbet, and Hanna."

"All of them," said Matthias: " and also

ske ebony-black girl, Zarifeh.' "Oh!" said the tailor, "I have set her free, and she is married to the pudding-seller, round the corner."

"It seems," said Matthias to himself, "that it is the law of Heaven that every one shall marry.

The tailor shut up his shop and took the

*" Not so ;" replied she, "for it is an ancient wealth ; that is to say, his pretty wife, his three stout children, and a coal-black girl called Zara, who was kneading dong a in the court-yard. "My friend," said Matthias, "what wouldst thou do if the powerful were to say to thee, thou must be deprived of all this or else lose thy liberty and become a slave."

"Liberty is sweet," replied the tailor, shrugging his shoulders; "yet some live without

it; but none can live without love.

Upon this the merchant went back to his palace and mounted his mule and rode to the monastery, where he found the court-yard full of people. "I am come," said he to one of the fathers whom he met in the gateway, "to give up my liberty and my wealth for the sake of Carine.

"It is too late," was the reply : "Skandar, the porker, has just driven in all his pigs, and they are putting the chain upon his neck in the chapel, and all these people that thou seest collected are to be witnesses of his marriage

with Carine."

Matthias smote his breast with his hands, and the sides of his mule with his heels, and galloped through the crowd shouting out that nobody should be made a slave that day but he. The chief of the monastery, on learning what was the matter, smiled and said, "That the porker had a previous claim;" but the monks, who, perhaps, looked forward to the enjoyments which the merchant's wealth would afford them, ingeniously suggested that he had the best claim who had hesitated least. Carine's opinion was asked; and she, seeing both of her suitors resolved, heartlessly condemned the enamoured porker to liberty, and said: "Let the chain be put upon the neck of the merchant." The ceremony was immediately performed; and, whilst the head of the convent was preparing to begin the more interesting rite of the marriage, brother Boag, the treasurer of the monastery, set off to take an inventory of the wealth which had thus fallen under his jurisdiction.

It is said that Matthias never gave a single thought to his lost property, being too much absorbed in contemplating the charms of the beautiful Carine. The only stipulation he made was, that he should be allowed to go out to the pasturages with her; and, next morning, he found himself in sober seriousness helping to drive Naharah and its companions down to the water's

Meanwhile the Governor of Tarsus heard what had happened to Matthias, and was stricken with rage, and caused his mule to be saddled and his guards to be mounted, and set forth to the monastery and summoned the chief, saying, "Know, O Monk, that Matthias is my friend; and it cannot be that he shall be thy slave, and that all his wealth shall be transferred from my city to thy monastery. merchant home and showed him his domestic He is a liberal citizen and I may not lose him

by reason of certain loans without interest graceful means of embellishment in many and presents (over and above the purse and the string of pearls which the merchant had presented at his first coming), with which Matthias had freely obliged the Governor: who also hoped a continuance of the same. Whereupon the chief of the monastery, hid his hands and was humbled; and the Governor and he parted with a good understanding and agreement.

It fell out, therefore, that after a month of servitude Matthias and his bride were called before an assembly of the whole monastery, and informed that the conditions imposed were simply for the sake of trial. Nearly all the wealth of the merchant was restored to him, and he was liberated and led back amidst applauding crowds to his palace at Tarsus. Of course he made a liberal donation to the monastery, over and above a round sum which Boag the treasurer had not found it in his heart to return with the rest. Being a just and generous man, he not only relieved the Jew from the consequences of his wager, but made such presents to the Christian tailor, that he had no longer any need to ply the needle for his livelihood. Tradition dilates with delight on the happiness which Carine bestowed on her husband; who used always to say, "that with wealth or without wealth, with liberty or without liberty, she was sufficient to bring content into any house, and to make the sternest heart happy.'

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

It is time that Leather—the tough old veteran whose fame extends far and wide—should look to his laurels. He is from time to time attacked by a number of annoying antagonists, who saucily threaten to "put him down." Once it is Papier Maché, a conglomerated paste-like stripling, who claims a toughness and lightness of his own, without the solid consistency of Leather. At another time it is young Carton Pierre, a native of France, who presents a substance built up of paper and plaster. But the veteran has had more formidable attacks from two other interlopers—Meer India Rubber and Shah Gutta Percha; these boast so much of their elasticity, their toughness, their indestructibility, and every other corporeal and corpuscular excellence, that Leather has had as much as he can do to maintain his ground against them. It is well, therefore, to know, that tough old Leather does not mean to give up the contest. He will fight his battle yet, and shows a disposition to carry the contest into the enemy's country. Already we find ladies making leather picture frames and for art. It is curious to note that the writer leather adornments of various kinds for their of an old French treatise on this art, acknowapartments; and we perceive that saloons ledges the superior skill of the Englishmen and galleries are once again, as in times of engaged in it, and laments that his countrymen yore, exhibiting leather tapestries. We find, cannot maintain an even position with them too, architects and decorators acknowledging in the market.

from amongst us." The Governor spoke thus that leather may be accepted as a fitting and cases where carved wood would otherwise be used.

 A leather tapestry is not a curtain hanging loose, like the arras or Gobelin hangings; but it is stretched on canvas, and made to form the panels of a room; the stiles or raisea portions being of oak or some other kind of wood. Such was generally the case in the old leather tapestries, and such it is in those now produced; but the mode of use is susceptible of much variation; since the gilding. and stamping, and painting of the leather are independent of the mode of fixing. These tough old garments, to keep the walls warm. were known in early times to an extent which we now little dream of.

As a wall-covering, leather presents great advantages; not only from its durability and its power of resisting damp, but from its facility of being embossed, the ease with which it receives gold, silver, and coloured decoration, and the scope it affords for introducing landscapes, arabesques, emblazonments, or other painted devices. All these properties were known before decorators had been startled by the novelties of Carton Pierre, Papier Maché, and Gutta Percha. Continental countries were more rich in these productions than England. In the Alhambra, the Court of the Lions still presents, if we mistake not, the same leather hangings which were put up there six centuries ago. The great Flemish towns-Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, and Mechlin-were all famous for producing these hangings; those from the last-named town were especially remarkable for their beauty. Eighty years ago the French manufacturers complained that, however excellent their gilt and embossed leather might be, the Parisians were wont to run after those of Flanders; just as Worcester glove-makers in our day deprecate the wearing of French gloves by true-born Britons. There were, nevertheless, fine specimens produced at Paris and Lyons; and there were one or two cities in Italy also, in which the art was practised. Many old mansious in art was practised. Many old mansious in England have wherewithal to show that leather hangings of great beauty were produced in this country in the old time. Blenheim, the seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, is one of the places at which these English leathers are to be found. At Easthan manorhouse, in Essex, built by Henry the Eighth. there were leather tapestries of great sumptuousness, covered with such large quantities of gold, that they realised a considerable sum when sold half a century ago, by a proprietor who cared more for coined gold than Thus the English leather

cellent.

undergoes a process of tanning and currying, differing from that to which leather for other purposes is subjected. The old French leather gilders about the times of Louis the Four-bossed leather tapestries have a formidable teenth and Fifteenth generally employed list, of good things to say in their favour. sheep-leather; but sometimes calf and lamb. They assert, in the first place, that leather sheep-leather; but sometimes calf and lamb. They assert, in the first place, that leather skins. The last two were better, but the first keats wool in its power of resisting damp and was the cheapest. The dry skins of leather were soaked in water, to mollify them; they were then vigorously ponnuelled, to give them suppleness. The leather was laid upon a flat stone, and scraped and scraped until its wrinkles were removed-not filled up, as with the cosmetic of the wrinkled downgers of the old school-but fairly and honestly scraped There was a stretching out of existence. process effected at the same time, whereby the leather became somewhat lengthened and widened at the expense of its thickness. As it is the fate of many skins to have defective places, the workmen showed a nice skill in trimming the margin of the hole or defective spot, and pasting or glueing a little fragment of leather so neatly over it so as to form an invisible joint. When the leather was thus far advanced, it was covered with loaf silver; for it appears that, in those days, gilt leather was not gilt leather; it was silvered leather lacquered to a golden line. The silverer rubbed a little bit of parchment size over the leather with his hand; and while this was yet in a sticky or tactile state, he applied upon it leaves of very thin beaten silver-not attenuated to so extraordinary a degree as leaf-gold, but still very thin. These leaves were, as applied side by side on the leather, pressed down by a fox's tail rolled into a sort of little mop; and the leather was exposed to air and sunshine until dry. This lacquer was a mysterious mixture of resin, aloes, gum sandarach, litherge, red lead, and linseed oil, brown in colour, but assuming a golden hue when backed by a silvery surface. The lacquer, like a thick syrop, was laid on by the hand, as the best possible lacquering-brush; and, after two or three applications, the Jacquered silvered leather was dried in open air. Sometimes the leather was coated with leaf-copper instead of leaf-silver; and in that case the lacquer was required to be of a different kind to produce the desired gold hue. Then same the artistic work, the employment of design as an adornment. blocks were engraved, much in the same way · as for the printing of floor-cloths and paperhangings—with this variation, that the cavities or cut out portions constituted the design, instead of the uncut parts of the free iginal surface. The design was printed on round silvered leather by an ordinary press, "It the aid of a counter mould, if the relief in the old times; but more can now be it is the required to be higher than usual;

tapestries must have been, at one time, ex-1 There was thus produced a uniform golden or silver surface, varied only by a stamped The leather required for these purposes or relievo pattern; but occasionally the design was afterwards picked out with colour.

The advocates for the use of gilt and eminsects-whether the light-minded moths of the summer months, or the dull-souled creeping things which have a tendency to lay their eggs in woolly substances. They assert, also, that well-prepared gilt leather will preserve its splendour for a great length of time. And, lastly that a soft sponge and a little water furnish an easy mode of cleansing the surface, and keeping it bright and clear. various good qualities have induced one or two firms in England and in France to attempt the revival of leather tapestries. It has been up-hill work to induce decorators and connoisseurs to depart from the beaten track, and adopt the old-new material; but it has taken root; it is growing; and many sumptuous specimens are finding their way into the houses of the wealthy. The ducal mansions of the Norfolks and the Sutherlands, the Hamiltons and the Wellingtons, the Devonshires, the Somersets, and other brave names, have something to show in this way; and royalty has not been slow to take part in the matter. The English revivers adopt, we believe, many of those described as having been followed by the old French workmen, but with various improvements; among others, they use gold-leaf instead of lacquered silver-leaf-a very proper reform in these Californian days.

The relief on the leather tapestries is very low or slight, but by deepening the engraving or embossment of the stamps, it can be made much more bold. It thus arises that leathers become available for a great variety of ornamental purposes, varying from absolute plainness of surface to very bold relief. Thus we hear of the employment of adorned leather for folding-screens, for cornices and frames, for pendents and flower-borders, for panellings, for relief ornaments to doors, pilasters, shutters, architraves, friezes, and ceilings; for chimney pieces, for subjectpanels, for arabesques and pateras; for mountings in imitation of carvings; for decorations to wine-coolers, dinner-waggons, tables, chairs, pole-screens and cheval-screens; for bindings, cases, and cabinets of various kinds; for clock-cases and brackets, for consoles and caryatides, for decorations in ships' cabins, steamboat saloons, railway carriages—but we must stop.

Some such things as these were produced effected. Pneumatic and hydraulic pressure marry leather being previously moistened on are now brought into play. Without diving The under surface to facilitate the pressing, into the mysteries of the workman's sunctum,

we believe that the leather is first brought, by an application of steam, to the state of a tough pulpy material, ready to assume any one of a thousand metamorphoses. The design has been previously prepared; and from this a mould is engraved or cut in a peculiar mixed metal which will not discolor the teather. The leather is forced into the mould by a gradual application of pressure, partly hydraulic and partly pneumatic, so tempered as to enable the leather to conform to the physical force, the pressure from without, without breakage The leather, when once or perforation. removed from the mould, retains its new form while drying, and can then either be kept in its honest unsophisticated leathery condition, or can be brought by paint or gold to any desired degree of splendour.

No one can conceive - without actual inspection-that such bold relief could be produced in leather. Not only is this in some specimens so bold as to be fully half round, but there is even the backward curve to imitate the under-cut of carving, this could only be obtained by means of the remarkable combination of elasticity and toughness in leather. Some of the recent productions, in less bold reflef, display a very be of leather; this has been completed; the just as the ormate taste of the lady-worker dimensions are nine feet by seven; the may suggest. If a picture-frame may be style is Renaissance, and the ornamentation thus adorned, so may a screen, a chimney is most elaborate; two of the panels are ornament—anything, almost, which you may occupied by bas-reliefs, in which the figures please. are represented with nearly as much beauty of detail as if carved—and yet all is done have begun to sell the simple tools, and to in stamped leather.

In all these articles formed in leather, to break them is nearly out of the question; this be so or not, a tasteful woman can easily to cut them is not particularly easy; to work out the requisite knowledge for herself. destroy them in any way would seem to require the very perversity of ingenuity. To be sure, if a leather bas-relief were soaked in water for some hours, and then knocked about, it would receive a permanent disfigurement. But so would a man's Whereas if the sonking were not face. followed by the thrashing, both the leather relievo and the man's face would retain their proper forms. At any rate, a leathern ornament is one of the toughest and strongest productions which could be named. Occupying, as it does, a midway position in expense between carved wood and various stamped and cast materials, leather has a sphere of usefulness to fill dependent on its qualities relative to those of its antagonists.

Leather flower-making is becoming an occasional resource for industrious ladies crochet and embroidery continue to reign how to obtain relief ornaments by modelling make anti-Macassars and slippers and collars affix all these dainty devices to a supporting

and furniture covering, that no new employment for spare half-hours need be sought? If a lady should deem it unpleasant to have to deal with little bits of damp leather, let her remember that there is great scope for the display of taste-always an important matter, whether in business or in pleasure. we mention picture-frames, we must be understood as referring to their ornamental decorations only. A carpenter or a frame-maker prepares a flat deal frame, with neither mouldings nor adornments; the fair artist covers this with leather ornaments, and then paints the whole to imitate ancient oak, cr in any other way which her taste may dictate. The preparation of the ernament depends on this fact—that leather can be brought into almost any desired form while wet, and will retain that form when dry. The leather (a piece of common sheepskin will suffice) is cut with scissors or sharp knives into little pieces, shaped like leaves, stalks, tendrils, fruit, petals, or any other simple object; and these pieces are curved and pressed, and grooved, and marked, and wrinkled, until they assume the required torm. It is not difficult to see how, with a few small modelling-tools of bone or hard high degree of artistic beauty. Her Majesty wood, all this may be done. And when done, and the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and when the Royal Consort, a few years ago, the little pieces are left to dry; and the little pieces wood, all this may be done. And when done, jointly sketched a design for a cabinet, of dry, they are tacked or pasted on the frame; which the whole of the decorations were to and when tacked or pasted, they are finished

If we mistake not, the leather-embossers give the simple instructions, requisite for the practice of this pretty art. But whether Our lady readers, however, need not be left wholly to their own resources in the practice of this art. Madame de Condé, in her little shilling essay on the leather imitation of old oak carving, tells us all about it. She instructs us how to select the basil or sheepskin, how to provide a store of cardboard, wire, moulding instruments, glue, asphaltum, oak stain, amber, varnish, brushes, and the other working tackle; how to take patterns from leaves in cardboard; how to cut the leather from the cardboard patterns; how to mark the fibres or veins with a blunt point; how to pinch up the leather leaf in imitation of Nature's own leaf; how to make stems by strips of leather wrapped round copper wire; how to imitate roses, chrysanthemums, daisie china-asters, fuchsias, and other flowers, in soft bits of leather crumpled up into duc form; how to imitate grapes, by wrapping And a very good resource, too. Why should up pens or beans in bits of old kid glove; without a rival? Is it so very pleasant to soit leather on a wooden foundation; how to duly set forth.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"WHAT is Life, Father?"

"A Battle, my child,

Where the strongest lance may fail, Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled, And the stoutest heart may quail.

Where the foes are gathered on every hand And rest not day nor night.

And the feeble little ones must stand In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, Father?"

" The rest, my child, When the strife and the toil are o'er, And the angel of God, who, calm and mild, Says we need fight no more; Who driveth away the demon band, Bids the din of the buttle cease; Takes the banner and spear from our failing hand, And proclaims an eternal Peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble. I fear, To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear, In the battle-field of life; My child, though thy foes are strong and tried, He loveth the weak and small; The Angels of Heaven are on thy side, And God is over all!"

THE GREAT INDIAN BEAN-STALK.

This bean-stalk, by which many very small adventurers have climbed to wealth, flourishes under the vice-regal sway of the Honourable East India Company, where a costly staff of European officials is supposed, by a pleasant fiction of the Covenanted Service, to administer justice to the hundred millions of worthy British subjects inhabiting those wide-spreading countries. Judges of various degrees, magistrates and deputy magistrates, preside singly over the fate of districts as large as Yorkshire or Wales, and to enable them to make the most remote pretence of discharging their duties, they receive the assistance of a swarm of native subordinates, whose name may truly be called legion.

· The revenue department of the Indian government is equally beholden to the min-isterings of these indigenous officials, without whom, indeed, we could make but small progress in the collection of the twenty-seven millions of pounds sterling annually squeezed from the muscles of Indian ryots. I am quite willing to admit at starting, what it would be folk to deny, that to dream of carrying on the administration of our Indian empire without the aid of native subordinates would be an utter absurdity.

framework; and how to colour and varnish and consist indiscriminately of Mahometans the whole. These items of wisdom are all and Hirdus. It would perhaps be very difficult, if not impossible, to say which of these two races are the greatest adepts at extortion and every species of cunning rascality. Miserably paid, they seek, by an infinity of methods, to swell up their income, and this they contrive to do with the utmost impunity-living in the midst of luxuries when an honest man would starve. The steps upon the branches of this Great Indian Bean-Stalk are many: but, patiently followed, they lead at last to a golden certainty.

Lallah Ram, of whose life I am about to relate a few trifling incidents, was a man: of humble station, but aspiring in mind, and being well acquainted with most of the native Omlah or judicial subordinates of the city, used every influence in his power to obtain the most menial appointment in the police court. After many months of patient watchfulness, Lallah, by dint of dustur or fee, was installed as Orderly to the Deputy Magistrate of the district, on a salary of eight shillings a month. This pay was small enough, especially as Lallah had a wife and three children to maintain with it. But my hero had not been a hanger-on of police-courts and Cutcherries (collectors' offices) for nothing. He had gained a complete insight into the history of the Great Indian Bean-Stalk, and panted for an opportunity of reducing his knowledge to practice.

Lallah began systematically, and lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with his master the Sahib Bahadur, or great magistrate: "he made it appear on every occasion that he was on the best possible footing with Sahib; to whom he was really quite indispensable. No sooner was this feeling fairly established than the aspiring orderly began to turn it to account. Did any one, no matter what his rank, desire an audience with his highness the magistrate, he was kept cooling his heels in the outer hall, until having exhausted his patience he offered Lallah a rupee to take his name in to the Bahadur. The orderly would give the solitary coin a look of the utmost contempt, move not an inch, and say that he was a poor man, but, had every desire to oblige the visitor if in his power. The suitor would relax, slip five rupces into his willing palm, and was at once ushered into the presence amidst many adjurations to the heathen pantheon, and all sorts of prosperity evoked on the donor's head.

These visitors were numerous; and, although a few now and then endeavoured to rebel against the innocent practices of Lallah, he was invariably a match for them. Should there be any disposition to avoid the dustur (anglice "down with the dust"), the orderly expressed many regrets; but the Sahib was most particularly engaged, and had given express orders not to be disturbed on any These subordinates are, unfortunately, account. It was seldom that a sentence of taken from the very dregs of Asiatic society, this kind was misunderstood; the fee was produced and the door flung wide epen. Per-haps the visitor complained, and the orderly wily orderly took him outside, and quietly may, perchance, have got a wigging. To be even with him, the very next day, when the Sahib is particularly busy, Lallah pours in upon him a whole host of troublesome people; and when remonstrated with, declares that "Sahib wished it to be so." And thus things

fall back to their old course.

It is not only suitors and other visitors who are made to contribute to the orderly's treasury, to build up his golden ladder; the very police inspectors, or thannadars, cannot approach the presence without dus-Once upon a time an inspector, either poorer or more stubborn than his fellows, did not choose to fall into the customary practice, and declined bleeding for the benefit of Lallah. The latter was, of course, indignant at this unprincipled conduct, and although he dared not act openly against the recusant official, he laid his plans so quietly and surely as to effect all he desired. The Sahib had many idle moments; and, during these, Lallah contrived to whisper to one of the hangers-on, loud enough to be hear!, some scandalous proceeding of the thannadar. other replied, also in a sort of stage whisper, that he too had heard something of the same sort, whilst the mohurrir, or clerk, chimed in with another story against the doomed policeman, and remarked that he was a scoundrel and "unfaithful to his oath." These whisperings were, of course, overheard; and, being repeated at intervals, left an impression on the mind of the Sahib by no means favourable. No pains were spared to watch the victim; and as might be expected, some irregularity was at last brought against him, not perhaps of any moment, but Lallah's whispered poisons had worked their effect in the mind of the magistrate, and the consequence was that the thannadar was dismissed.

Such were a few of the proceedings carried on in the outer courts, the vestibule of the temple of justice. My hero was not less bold and successful within the sanctuary itself. His bean-stalk was planted deep at the very foot of the justice seat. No sooner was a case decided, no matter how insignificant, than the watchful indefatigable Lallah slipped out; and, following the successful suitor, extended towards him his open palm, into which the other, too wise to decline, dropped a rupee. The orderly offers up a mental vote of thanks to Brahma, Siva and Vishnu, and sneaks back to his place in court; none but those in the secret having observed his

absence.

The registry office was another locality highly favourable for the upward growth of this famous bean-stalk. Whenever an order of court was made out for a report from the Sheristah, or native registry, bearing upon some case in suit, Lallah took especial care that the matter was not proceeded with for took out the summous agreed to fee the chu-

requested to know how much he would give to have the report made out forthwith. The impatient suitor gladly proffered a rupee. The dustur was pocketed; and, proceeding with his retainer to the registry office, Lallah called out to the record-keeper, in a wellunderstood swaggering tone, which was meant to say "It's all right," that the Sahib was highly incensed at the delay with the plaintiff's record, and had desired him to intimate that any further hindrance would be

punished with a smart fine.

The refusals to bleed were far from being many; still they did happen occasionally. When that was the case, Lallah was in no way disconcerted, for he knew that it must come at last, proceeded with the unmanageable suitor to the registry, and, winking his eye at the Sheristah, simply enquires why the report is not made out, in a mild tone of voice, which plainly enough intimated that it was not all right yet. The Sheristah of course understood,; and stroking his beard (he was a Malfometan) called upon the Prophet to witness that some most important papers had been demanded by a superior authority which required immediate attention; . the Sahib must accordingly allow him a few more days' grace. The suitor, driven to despair by this delay, consented to a heavy fee, and instantly Lallah became his warmest Hastily retracing his steps, the friend. orderly, in a voice of thunder, expressed his astonishment at the impertinence of the Sheristah, and gave him to know that if his friend did not at once receive the report the whole affair should be reported. Again the tone and manner of the pliable orderly were duly appreciated; the report appeared as if by magic, and Lallah, the lucky, retired to share the spoil with the Sheristah, muttering a song of thanksgiving to that very respectable body the Hindu Triad.

In this way the boan-stalk had flourished greatly; but was now destined to be transplanted to another locality, though still within a genial, kindly soil. My hero, finding the office of orderly not quite important enough for his ambition, and thirsting for distinction and rupces, managed by a variety of artful oriental devices to get elected a Chuprassic, or process-server, to the native sheriff of the district. This was truly a splendid field for his talents, and he was not long before he turned the golden opportunity

to account.

The mode of coining rupees in this department was of the simplest kind. The summonses for the appearance of defaulters of revenue before the deputy magistrate were very numerous, and the defeadants were all of the Ryot class, the poorest grade in society. But unless the Zemindar, or kandholder, who many days. When the litigant was worn out prassee in addition to paying for the summons,

he might as well have spared himself the two pounds a month, and for this, he paid latter expense; for the documents were left to the English deputy collector ten pounds quietly in the official's turban or his pouch until the dustar was forthcoming. Some of these zemindars were very rich and very stingy, and now and then gave my friend Lallah a little trouble.

Some people would have been disconcerted if the powerful zemindar of the next division gave no token of the usual fee. But not so Lallah. He was prepared for every contingency, and was always cool and resolute. He did nothing. The writ never left his pouch, and at the end of many days the plaintiff complained that no summons had been served. The chuprassie, on being questioned, declared by all the sacred spots in Hindostan, that the plaintiff's agent had refused to indicate the party to him, and what was he to do? There was no help for it but to issue a warrant of apprehension, for which the zemindar had to pay in addition, and who, aware at length of the impossibility of proceeding without dustur, came down handsofuely to the processserver.

Lallah became less particular as he moved onwards in his career; and, provided a handful of coin was to be the reward, never flinched from any daring act of villany. It was of no use doing things by halves. A greedy zemindar wished to dispossess a poor cultivator of a tract of fine land held by the latter under a pottah, or lease, for which the rvot had paid handsomely some time before. The wealthy seoundrel trumped up a case of arrears of rent against the cultivator, and obtained a simple summons against him. This document he placed, with some weighty considerations, in the hands of Lallah the obsequious, who undertook not to serve it. At the end of some days a return was made to the Sahib magistrate to the effect that the ryot would not show himself, but lay hidden! within his hut so that his summons could not be served. This is one of the most unfavourable offences a native can commit, in the eyes of a Company's magistrate; it is never forgiven, and is always visited with severity. The irate justice instantly made out an order to dispossess the cultivator of his lands and make them over to the plaintiff. This was as a matter of course done, to the ruin of the villager, the delight of the zemindar, and in which case my hero generally contrived to the replenishment of Lallah's overflowing purse.

At need not be wondered at, that by a long continuance of such practices, carried on by night and day, at all seasons, and with all classes, my hero was enabled to amass a out that usurious interest. A more lucrative field, bloowever, hay before him in the depart-ment for Opinia and Salt revenue, into which he ephtained admission by the usual means. The nealary attached to this post was very small's considering the large amount of the beau-stalk in his old calling—that of reverance placed at his mercy. It was but the police. He was now a Thannadar, or

monthly.

One of the chief duties of the officers of this department is to search for contraband dealers in opium; all of whom are heavily fined. The right of sale is farmed out annually; and, naturally enough, these farmers are always on the look out for coutrabandists, especially since they come in for a lion's share of the fine. The indefatigable Lallah was waited on one fine morning, whilst sipping his coffee and smoking his hookah like any other great man, by the opium farmer of the district; who prefaced his mission by most humble salaams, and a douceur of ten rupees slipped under his hookah-stand. Of course the wary officer took no notice of this little piece of pantomime, but knew that his services were in requisition. The hookah was finished; and, without asking any troublesome questions, Lallah followed the farmer as meekly as a Arrived at the suspected house, lamb. accompanied by a posse of the farmer's people and officers, an entrance was demanded and obtained. The owner of the house was a respectable and wealthy trader, and appeared quite conscious of his innocence; so' much so, that he paid small attention to the proceedings of the party.

The search went on and Lallah, while he seemed most inattentive, was really most watchful, saw one of the farmer's servants conceal something under a heap of rubbish in a corner. Presently another of the searchers turned over the identical heap, and of course dragged from it that which had been placed there-a quantity of the forbidden opium. It was in vain for the trader to protest his innocence; equally in vain to declare that the whole thing was a plot. Lallah asked him with an air of offended dignity whether he thought that he, Lallah, would be a party to any knavery? The whole thing was conclusive. The trader was rich, and could therefore afford to pay the fine of one hundred and fifty rupees, which were shared between the government, the opium-farmer,

and Lallah.

Sometimes it happened that the farmer would not or did not "make things pleasant;" show him the folly of his conduct by siding with the suspected parties, and thus foiling the attempts of the informers. It mattered very little to him on which side he was enlisted, provided the ways and means were supplied; indeed, he rather liked a little opposition to the regular course of things, seeing that it usually had the effect of bringing back his former friends with stronger proofs than ever of their regard for him.

From this department of the service Lallah managed to climb a little higher on the bean-stalk in his old calling-that of

inspector of a district, and a personage of some consequence. The same course of fees, bribery, and presents, was carried on as of fessed to the commission of the crime in the old: but on a larger scale. His career was, however, no longer smooth and unruffled. Anxieties and cares stole upon the now great man's life, to which he had before been an utter stranger; and although he did contrive by dint of stratagem and well-matured policy to extricate himself from every fresh difficulty as it arose, it entailed upon him great watchfulness.

Murders had become very frequent in his new district, and the attention of the superior authorities had been seriously called to the subject. Just at that period a report was sent in from a village to the effect that deed, the prisoners were found guilty, and a trader of some consequence had disappeared in a mysterious manner, and no tidings of him could be learnt. The magistrate resolved to show his zeal in the cause, and accordingly ordered Lallah to bring the guilty parties to justice, under penalty of forfeiture of his office. The thannad or set to work in right good carnest, with every instrument at his disposal. Fields, rivers, houses, hedges, jungle, forest—all were searched, but in van; no trace of the murdered man could be found, and for once Lallah again sent up for affirmation, when forwas at fault.

A thannadar of a low and grovelling nature would have reported his failure to his supe plea of "Not guilty" and the absence of all rior; but not so Lallah. The Sahib wanted direct evidence, the criminals should not be

to provide the same at all hazards.

By some means Lallah ascertained that in the same village in which the missing man and the magistrate praised for his activity. had resided, there dwelt another trader who But some few months after the murdered was largely indebted to the supposed victim, man turned up. He had been keeping and who was known to be a man of violent temper and loose habits. This was the very man for the thannadar. Who more likely to have made away with the trader than his debtor of ill-repute? Had Lallah advertised in the Mofussilite under the heading of "Wanted, a Murderer," he could not have succeeded more to his wishes.

The shopkeeper was apprehended, together with his wife. Witnesses were of course forthcoming, who swore by every Hindu deity that they had heard the prisoners and the missing man at high words, and that when last seen the latter was in company with the former. So far so good; but the prisoners denied their guilt to Lallah, and that was a difficulty that had to be overcome. They were confined in a deep pit up to their waists in putrid filth during a day and night. On the following day they were exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun; and, when parched and feverish, they called faintingly for water, a bag of dry and broken chillies or capsicums was shaken over their heads, the fierce dust from which piercing refuse him any favour, or to decline to beinto their eyes and down their throats drove the miserable creatures almost mad. Human in this way the bean-stalk grew so strong nature could not stand up against such treat-that Lallah was enabled to climb nearly to

ment : the rack and the wheel were mercy to such torture; and in their agony they conpresence of witnesses, and offered their signatures to a statement to that effect.

The case was thus in excellent condition, and Lallah took it in triumph before the magistrate, who was equally pleased at the result. The examination of the witnesses was very brief, and the case was sent up to the

sessions judge.

Before the higher tribunal little more was done than recapitulating the proceedings of the magistrate's court; and although no body had been found, no bloody weapon had been produced, no one had ever witnessed the sentenced to be hung. This sentence had necessarily to be affirmed by a court of appeal, which body sent the case back to the judge, directing his attention to the fact that he had forgotten to ask the prisoners to plead to the indictment, and had not examined any witnesses on their behalf, though they appeared to have had some! The judge went through the form of asking the prisoners to plead, and they as a last hope pleaded "Not guilty." No witnesses appearing, the case was tunately for the condemned couple the superior tribunal decided that, owing to the evidence and a prisoner, and he was resolved hung but merely imprisoned for life, first

being branded on the forehead as felous. So far all was well; Lallah was rewarded, out of the way for some private reasons, and returned on hearing of the trial and sentence of his supposed murderers. The latter were, of course, set free; but no pardon could erase the felon-brand from their foreheads. The accused man died broken-hearted soon afterwards, having first related how he had been tortured into a confession, though, in doing so, he did not dare to implicate the powerful Lallah. The big scoundrel escaped, and the little ones

were punished by dismissal. A year or two of these duties, and Lallah felt anxious to be relieved of them. His wealth had accumulated to an extent that warranted him in starting in quite a different career. He next appeared at Calcutta in the Character of buhian, or money-lender; a wide and fruitful field for gain. Here Lallah Ram Sing figured as a man of immense wealth and influence; and, truly, few possessed more advantages. than he did. He soon contrived to ge dozen of the Calcutta officials deeply in his books, and once there he knew how to turn them to account. They were too needy to come parties to jobs, however barefaced; and

the top of it. His establishment is now one of the largest, in the City of Palaces. His nantches are on the most magnificent scale; the Governor-general was present at the last. His clients are more numerous than those of any other banian; his monetary transactious more extensive; and, in speaking of his wealth, people talk not of thousands, but of millions of rupees.

This Bean-stalk is not an imaginary plant. It is not culled from Arabian romance or fairy legend, but is taken from the veritable records of Indian every-day life. It grew yesterday; it grows to-day; it will grow on to-morrow, and will continue to grow until the axe of Indian Reform cuts it down for

ever.

THE PHALANSTERIAN MENAGERIE

ONE evening lately I found myself at Paris, without being exactly able to remember how I got there. I ought to have been on the: north coast of France, philosophising on the bers to require my attention; so, as I perbeach at regular hours, or perhaps unphilosophically contemplating the freaks of the adult it will afford me pleasure to act as your guide and infant bathers there. For I had a tiresome book in hand to be forthwith edited, and my last letter from England contained a severe demand for "copy." Morcover, there was a convalescent nurshing in the way, for whom Channel breezes were urgently prescribed; nor had I any clear recollection of having settled with my native landlady before thus abruptly quitting her comfortable board and lodging. But railways are such leaders into temptation. "To Paris and back for into temptation. twenty francs" had been placarded about for a fortnight past. I have substantial proof that it is a vulgar error that "rolling stones gather no moss." In short, at Paris I seemed to be, without my French mother-and they are a sharp-sighted set—having the least suspicion that I was out.

It is a luxury of ecstatic degree to make this kind of sudden escape, and to break loose out of the mill-round of duties which have daily to be done from morning till night. new set of faces, a new set of streets, a new cet of hedges and ditches and fields, are most effectual tonics. There are people in the world who would die, or go mad, if they could not freely and fairly take wing now and then. I am closely related to that family of migrants, and that, I suppose, was the reason why I happened so oddly to be strolling about Paris unconscious of the means which had

cenveyed me.

I had no object on earth to take me there, and I wandered along in delightful carelessness. As it was getting dusk, I reached one of the quays. Before me flowed the rushing Seine; behind, me rose a large and dingy building, which bore some resemblance to a publisher's shop. I leaned over the parapet, gazing at the river, and musing on some passions of the minor mode, to the inferior strange notions about electricity that had canine race, the Fox. The dog is the noblest

been proposed to my consideration, when a sudden glare of light interrupted my thoughts, and made me turn round to ascertain the cause. The building was brilliantly and in stantly illuminated—could it be by the electric light ?-and through the windows I could see that it contained, besides books, a large collection of living animals. Of course, in Paris all such treasuries as this would be open to the inspection of a well-behaved public, and I at once determined to ascertain the prescribed form of obtaining admittance. But, as I approached the door, it was opened wide to receive my visit, and a handsome, brown-bearded, full-eved man invited me in with pleasing yet dignified looks and gestures.

"I only occupy a portion of this establishment," he said. "My fellow-labourers, not less enthusiastic than myself, have each their special department assigned them. Mine, just now, is to exhibit the Menagerie. The public will not arrive quite yet in any numceive you are a stranger and an Englishman, for a private view, during the brief interval which I have to spare before lecturing to my

usual audience.

Only one reply-a bow of thanks-could be made to this obliging offer. I followed my Mentor, charmed with his manner and amused with his matter, but often soriously asking myself whether or not I were in company with an escaped lunatic. Still, at many a remark which he made, I resolved to try and remember that, and give some report of his observations.

Let us first—he said—inspect the animals which have rallied around the standard of man; some of them as auxiliaries, others merely as domestic slaves. What a pity that I should have so few to show you! With exceedingly rare exceptions, every living creature, whether bird or beast, sincerely desires to fraternise with man; and during the space of six thousand years, with several thousands of animals to work upon, we have only succeeded in attaching to us some forty of them, at the very outside calculation. I do not know of any fact which is more severely condemnatory of the actual phase of society, than the simple comparison of these figures respectively.

Here you observe a goodly collection of dogs, all admirable for their special merits. God having in the beginning created man, and beholding him so feeble, gave him the dog; and in order that the dog might entirely belong to man, he exclusively endowed him with friendship and devotion. He instilled into his heart the most profound contempt for family joys and paternity. He limited his sentiment of love to the animal instinct of reproduction. He left love and familism, the

conquest that man has ever made; for he is the first element in the progress of humanity. Without the dog, man would have been compelled to vegetate eternally on the border-land of Savagery. The dog enables human society to pass from the savage to the patriarchal state, by presenting it with flocks and herds. No dog, no flock nor herd, -no flock nor herd, no certain means of subsistence; no leg of mutton, nor roast beef at pleasure; no wool, no plaids, nor burnous; no leisure hours, no astronomical observations, no science, no industry. The dog has enabled mankind to find time for all these things. The east is the cradle of civilisation, because the east is the native land of the dog. Take away the dog from Asia, and Asia is no better off than America. What constitutes the superiority of the Old over the New World, is the possession of the dog. What, in fact, is the end of all the efforts of intellect, all the labours of the Mohican, who has only the chace to depend on for a subsistence? It is nothing more than the study of the great art of tracking and following his game, or his enemy. Now, that young terrier who is peeping out of his kennel, knows as much, or more, of this difficult science after six months' study, as the most intelligent savage at the end of forty years. The natives of the East, then, who possessed the dog, were relieved from an amount of painful labour which employed the whole life and faculties of the Red Skins. They had time to spare, and they were able to employ it in the creation of industry. Such is the origin of arts and trades; such is the whole difference between the Old and be useful to man during his life. New Continents. Historians have written thousands of volumes on this grave question, without lighting upon the discovery of this simple truth; and brave anatomists continue to dissect the sculls of Americans, in order to find out the cause of the inferiority of that race, without even suspecting that they are wandering a hundred leagues away from the solution of the problem.

To this new and luminous anthropological solution there hangs another observation, which is equally my own, namely that cannibalism is an endemic disease in all countries that have the misfortune to be without dogs. Why is cannibalism never met with amongst pastoral nations, amongst the Chaldwans, Egyptians, Arabians, Mongolians, and Tartars Because the milk and flesh of the herds and flocks, with which the dog has endowed those nations, constantly preserve them from the criminal temptations of hunger. On this subject, I will beg permission not to add my anathema to those which have so often been hurled against anthropophagy by the hand of false morality and false philanthropy. Cannibalism is one of the diseases of the earliest infancy of humanity; a depraved taste which famine explains, if it does not entirely justify. agriculture. I confess that the future pros-Pity the cannibal, and don't abuse him, ye pects of the goat fill me with considerable members of civilised society, who eat under-lalarm; for I find no employment for him in

done meat, and kill millions of men, for much less plausible motives than hunger. According to my own ideas, of all the wars which men wage against each other, war for the sake of eating one's enemy is the only ra-tional warfare on the whole list. Roasting one's adversary after he is dead, is not halt so senseless and wicked an action as killing him by wholesale when he feels no inclination to die. From cannibalism, and all its attendant horrors, our faithful friend, the dog, has rescued us. It is not his fault if we still commit the most atrocious form of human madness—war.

Behold a specimen of domestic swine, which are allowed the entrée of the menagerie. If the pig still continued to lend to man the aid of his snout to discover and disinter the truffle, I should have been able to include him in the list of auxiliaries; but it is evident that the moment he allowed the dog to displace him from his special function, he lost the right of figuring in that honourable class. I may be told that he has been employed in St. Domingo and elsewhere, as a call-pig, playing exactly the same part in the woods as his passional homologue, the call-duck, does upon the lake. I do not deny the fact; but the. mere act of calling, quacking, or grunting, does not constitute an auxiliary. There is, besides, another reason of a superior order, a reason of analogy, which compels me to refuse that title to the pig. He is the emblem of the miser; and the miser is good for nothing till after his death. Consequently, it was not amongst the pig's possibilities to

The he-goat, the mutilated type of the Bouquetin of the Pyrenees and the Alps, has never enjoyed any great reputation for sanctity, and I will not take upon me to assert that he has acquired a much worse name than he deserves. It is very certain that, by his dissolute morals, he lays himself open to calumny, and that the odour he exhales does not symbolise a model of purity. He is the emblem of brutal sensuality. The Greek, Jewish, and Christian religious accord with analogy in this respect. The Greeks were. not content with sacrificing a goat to Bacchus, as being one of the vine's enemies, one of the plagues of attractive labour; they disguised their satyrs with the mask and character of the lascivious animal, in order to band gross and material love with an unmistakeable mark of reprobation, in order to declare their belief that purely sensual passion is degrading to man, and lowers him to the level of the brute.

I am sorry to pass sentence on a poor animal already laden with the sins of Israel; but I cannot find it in my heart to utter a word of excuse for an emblem of lust and moral filth, for an enemy of vineyards and

harmony, when leather breeches will suffer an immense reduction in price, in consequence of the suppression of the gendarmerie. The most favourable lot the goat can then expect is to be banished to his native country, for the purpose of repeopling the glaciers and rocky precipices, in company with the vigogne, the mouflon, and the chamois.

Lascivious, capricious, and easy-tempered, addicted to vagabondage and sorcery, fund of saltpetre, but a good daughter and a good mother at the bottom of her heart, the shegoat represents the thorough-bred gipsy, the smart Esmeralda. Lament if you like, but beware of endeavouring to avert the lot which awaits Esmeralda and the goat. The goat and her family may henceforth find their appropriate place in the colonisation of desert islands and uninhabitable mountains. Under every latitude the goat and the rabbit are undoubtedly the best agents which God has given to man, for deriving some profit from the barren rock.

Prudence forbids my speaking my mind on the subject of the sheep and the lamb, which you see folded there. I have very little esteem for sheep-like people, who submit to be shorn without resistance. Innocence, candour, and resignation under suffering are virtues which I do not desire to see too common in France. It is high time that the lamb, and the poor working man, should cease to play the part of victim. Therefore, mind how you behave yourselves, ye cruel butchers and iniquitous shepherds!

I do not value the tame rabbit in that hutch, either for his flesh or for his habits, which latter are tinged with cannibalism; but I am pleased with his fecundity, his rapid growth, and many other merits—with his low price especially—permitting him to make acquaintance with poor people's stomachs who have no means of tasting butcher's meat. The rabbit is the emblem of the poor labourer who lives by working in quarries and mines, a race which sometimes finds repose at the bottom of its subterraneau retreat, but liable to be attacked by a thousand enemies the moment it puts its nose above ground. It is not gifted with foresight, like the hamster and the squirrel, because the wages of the workmen, whom it symbolises, are too low for them to be able to lay by the least fraction against a rainy day. The rabbit sometimes kills its young. Every day, want and profligacy drive the starving workwoman . to commit infanticide. This crime, so common in the tribe of rabbits, happens more rarely in the tribe of hares. The reason is, that destitution is more frightful in manufacturing towns than in agricultural districts. The rabbit has made riots, and overthrown cities, according to the account of Pliny. great towns the poor occasionally included. This blood-thirsty family includes the in the same amusement, but never in the animals which furnish the finest and the most country, because they are not crowded close esteemed peltry; wherefore, stinkard-bunting enough together, to be able to compute is an important affair, both in Siberia and in

their own numbers and strength. In Champagne I used to know a gamekeeper who piped rabbits by means of a bird-call, in the same way as is practised with robin redbreasts, and which forced them out of their burrows quicker than the ferret would. The art of piping rabbits was practised in Spain in very nuclent times; the verb cheller being coined to specify the process, which was also not unknown in Provence.

Next you have a group of stinkards, vermin whom I hold in abomination. Neither the boar nor the stag is a scentless animal, yet no one ever thought of applying the name of stinkard to them. A denomination so gracefully characteristic has been reserved for these lowest of beings, which hiding in some subterranean retreat, and poisoning the air with their odions effluvia, live by dangerless murder and rapine. The polecat—the best known type of the group which I style "cut-throats" and "blood-drinkers"—the polecat, and all the rest of its tribe, have been gifted by the Creator with a membranous pouch, situated close to the tail, and secreting an odoriferous liquid. In the stinkards of our own climate, this odour is nothing worse than repulsive; but in the species of Central America, known under the significant name Mephitics, it is so horribly and unbearably fetid as to suffocate and poison those who breathe it. In that country, there have been cases proved of persons being killed in their beds by the odour of stinkards; and it is sufficient for one of these creatures merely to pass through a granary, a fruitroom, or a cellar, to render every provision in them uneatable, every beverage undrinkable. Charitable souls will learn with delight that the science of military engineering, the noble art of legal destruction, has lately borrowed a wrinkle from the stinkard in the practice of distant poisoning. People in general are not prepared for the surprise which awaits them on the next declaration of hostilities between absolutism and democracy. Bulletins will not run in their usual style. Instead of that, we shall read in the Gazette, "After two hours' cannonading, at the distance of fifteen hundred yards, the enemy fled in all directions, abandoning their arms and their cannon, and holding their noses. So complete a victory was never attended with so little bloodshed: The enemy fell, like brimstoned bees, performing the most grotesque and laughable contortions. Nose-witnesses asserted that the infection from our howitzers was such, that the air was tainted for the distance of several miles. The successes of the day may be in great part attributed to the ingenious precaution which I had taken; namely, to furnish each of our soldiers with a pair of spectacles."
This blood-thirsty family includes the

Analogy teaches as the reason, America. both of the sanguinary disposition which characterises this species, as well as of the insupportable odour which it exhales, and the silkiness and strength of its garment of fur. The blood-drinkers—the Mustelians of learned language—are the most sanguinary animals in all creation; because they symbolise thieves in little and murderers in little empoisoners of provisions and adulterators of drinks-and because the crafty practices of these meanest of industrials, who sprout and flourish on the outskirts of civilisation, cause the death of an infinitely greater number of persons than the cannon and the bayonet. The purveyor for the army or navy, who pares off his profit from the soldier's ration, and the Director of the Algerian hospital, who adulterates the sulphate of quining, have killed a hundred times as many soldiers as the Arabs, even since eighteen hundred and thirty. I rejoice to eighteen hundred and thirty. I rejoice to learn that nothing of the kind has ever occurred in provisioning the British fleet.

The polecat and its murderous brethren owe to the elasticity of their intercostal cartilages a suppleness of backbone which allows them to insinuate themselves through the narrowest chinks of the dovecote and the poultry-house. An entrance once effected. the villanous brutes bathe in blood, intoxicate themselves with murder, and kill right and left for the mere pleasure of killing. This supple spine and inextinguishable thirst for gore represent the insatiable avidity, pro-fligacy, and astuteness of the usurer, the man of law, the pleader, and the legist, who creep through the smallest chinks of the code sometimes missing the galleys by the merest hair's-breadth-to penetrate into hard-work- object, too, of nasty sport. Fox-hunting is ing households, entwine the poor labourer in only excusable as one means of fox destructheir deadly folds, and bleed him till he is as ition. You English hunt the fox for hunting's pale as death. The polecat is pitiless; it sake; and it is a reproach of which you will destroys every individual bird which it finds, never clear yourselves. Other beasts you Exactly in the same way, the Jew. after hunt, not for the sport, but to break your drawing the last drop of gold from the veins necks and practice horse-dealing. of his victim, will throw him on a straw bed hunting affords no interest at all, and hardly in prison, regardless of his unhappy family, deserves to have a word bestowed upon it. whom the detention of their head reduces! tions of hunger. pigeon, the hen, the pheasant, the rabbitare the usual victims of the polecat's rage. The weak, the poor city workinan, and the humble farm labourer, are the prey of the cheat, the parasite, and the usurer. remarkable adherence of the hair to the skin, which constitutes the value of fur, symbolises the avarice of men of the law, traffickers in lying words, and dealers in adulterated goods. Nothing can equal the tenacity with which these misérables hold their ill-gotten wealth. The infected odour exhaled by stinkards is the extortion and stock-jobbing, the assault and murder, which transude from the ganis paramount.

Would we cure the body social of its infamies, and exterminate the nuisance from our territory? The means of both are one and the same; and, moreover, have the advantage of being exceedingly casy. To heal the wounds of society, and exterminate the polecat, we must substitute fraternity for selfishness, centralism for divergence, universal partnership for piece-meal property. Let us suppress all piece-meal property, which is the golden-egged hen of chicanery, mortgage, and usury; witness the subile pleader, the sworn interpreter of the code, and the rotail dealer in stamped paper, who shuts up shop without any warning. Let us exchange the five hundred miscrable huts, which are the pride and glory of civilised villages, into one splendid communal palace, a comfortable club-house for the entire population. Let us replace the five hundred barus. covered with thatch, pierced with holes, and tumbling to pieces, into one vast, united granary, to receive the produce of the commune, and over whose inviolability numberless agents will feel it their office to keep strict watch. Instantly, every one of the noisome vermin which are the ruin of the labourerpolecats, rats, weevils, and so on-will disappear from the world for ever. It is evident that the question of the polecat, and of the vampires of parasitism, is identical; that both these pests have simultaneously invaded the body social; that they issue from the same source, antagonism; and that, the cause ceasing, its necessary effect will also cease. I await the death of the last surviving polecat to deliver a triumphant funeral oration over the grave of the last of thieves.

Now for the fox-a nasty creature, the

Young foxes are easily familiarised to the to want, and delivers to the terrible sugges- | faces and creatures of the house in which they Innocent species—the are brought up. The part of our institutions which they most readily fall in with, are our regular fixed hours for eating. I know no chronometer that indicates the precise time of dinner with greater exactness than a fox's stomach. Tame foxes which had regained their liberty, have been known, after three months' absence, to return to the farm where they had lived, and always, observe, at dinner time.

A long while ago, I was the proprietor (continued my scientific showman) of a very young fox, a remarkable wag, who was capable of beating a commissary-general in the art of playing tricks with eatables. He grened body of France, where Jewish influence was my own and my school-fellows' great consolation, during our study of Latin and

Greek. The applause bestowed upon his clever tricks, together with too much self-estistaction, perhaps, and the intoxication of success, had developed to an extraordinary degree the manifestations of his crafty nature. My mother, who, according to the terms of the Civil Code, was responsible for the acts and deeds of my fox, asserted sometimes, in an undertone, that she might have bought a handsome horse with the sum total of the indemnities which my mischievous brute had cost her for murdered chickens, plundered soup-boilers, and tame rabbits artfully made away with. At last, a price was set upon his head; but who, in our presence, dared to undertake the execution of the sentence?

A kite of courage, when the thing was proposed to him, did not shrink from the enterprise. He was a redoubted bird, the terror of all the cats and poodles of the place, and proudly conscious of fifty victories. He challenged the fox to single combat, and the lists were opened with my consent. kitchen was the field of battle. The first attack was terrible. Surprised and frightened by the aggressor's impetuosity, Reynard disgracefully turned tail, and sought a retreat in the darkest corner of the room. The bird then pounced upon the enemy's rump, slashing away with all the power of his beak. But that portion of the adversary, the only part he could work upon, was also hairy and invulnerable. Satiated at last with his apparent triumph and the uproarious applause of the delighted public, he left his quarry, perched upon the back of a low chair, and soon was dozing like a gorged buzzard. The spectators, supposing that all the fun was over, discussed the superior gallantry of carnivorous birds over carnivorous quadrupeds; and the debate became so animated, that the actual combatants were completely lost sight of, till a fearful scream re-echoed through the place. We turned and looked, and-heart-rending sight !- the kite layerostrate on the floor of the arena, beating the air with his dying wing, and contracting his claws in a final convulsion of agony.

"How the death-wound had been dealt, I was the only person able to say. It was a feint borrowed from the famous combat of the Horatii and the Curatii. The fox had fled, in order to induce the bird to pursue him, and waste his strength upon his payded buckler. As soon as the kite was tired and had given up the contest, the cunning brute turned his head, observed the position, and measured the distance. Then, darting forward with a terrible bound, which no one foresaw and no one heard, he seized the unsuspecting creature in his mouth, and pierced him through and through with a single bite. The whole affair was the work of a moment. When we looked to see where the murderer was, we perceived him under the kitchen

Greek. The applause bestowed upon his up the dinner plates, like a complete stranger clever tricks, together with too much self- to the tragic event.

Further on, I will show you some creatures, which stand as the symbols of literary men. You hear the bell which is ringing at this. moment; it announces to them their feeding time. * * * Here the loud sound of some heavy body falling plump between my feet, diverted my attention from the speaker's harangue. I looked on the floor to discover what had occasioned the noise; and there, sure enough, lay a half-open, thick octavo volume, whose aspect was perfectly familiar to me. stooped to raise it from the ground. On listening for the continuation of my conductor's address, and the sequel remarks on literary animals, the Illuminated Menagerie had entirely disappeared, and I was sitting in my arm-chair in my snug little study, exactly where I ought to have been—namely, on the north coast of France, instead of at Paris, I knew not how.

"Monsieur est servi!" shouted a female voice in a very unusual tone of displeasure. "The dinner has been on the table for ever so long, and everybody is tired of waiting. I have rung the bell till my arm quite aches. The soup, made of a magnificent veal ankle, is now as cold as fountain-water; and the omelette, in which I surpassed myself, dashing it off in a moment of enthusiasm, is no better than a bit of buttered sponge. It is crkel of you, Monsieur Feelsone, to serve me so," continued my landlady as she entered the room. "But, ah! I see the cause of the indifference to meal-times which has lately overclouded your spirit. I behold the reason of the ungrateful return which you make to-day for my kitchen labours. It all arises from that ugly, wicked treatise. In vain I lie awake all night, contemplating a happy combination of dishes; in vain I ransack, the waters, salt and sweet; in vain I send emissaries to marsh and wood, all to procure you fish and game. Now-o'-days you care no more about them than if they were slices of bread and butter. But if matters are much longer to go on in this way, I shall wish Phalansterianism at the bottom of the sea. M. Victor had a great deal better attend to his patients' maladies, than keep sending to Paris for books by the dozen, to corrupt your mind as well as his own. I shall soon be looked upon as a complete nobody in the house, if comfortable lodging and liberal board are treated as things not worth attending to. Philosophy is to have the upper hand! Worlds of Birds! and Minds of Brutes! I wonder what nonsense will next be thought of? I am sure all your friends are sick of the subject. For my part, if Dubois—"
"Madame Dubois," I calmly answered, "I

creature in this mouth, and pierced him through and through with a single bite. The whole affair was the work of a moment. When we looked to see where the murderer was, we perceived him under the kitchen you will have a much wider and more honoursink, contemplating the maid as she washed able scope in which to exercise the culinary

art. We shall then be gifted with a gamut of tastes, as complete as now is our gamut of sounds. For instance, loaves of bread will then be made to answer exactly to each of the savoury notes of the scale. You will be able to compose chromatic sauces, to serve as the variations to diatonic dishes. You will cook a grand pastoral dinner in E flat major, to be followed by an allegro supper in L. That the books, though eccentric, are not bad at the bottom, your own acute judgment shall decide for itself. You are aware. Madame, that women, in France, are not treated with sufficient consideration. They have too little to do; they are kept far too much in the back-ground; they exercise too little influence both in public and private affairs; and are not consulted half often enough about things which concern their sons and their husbands. Well; the writer of this very book proposes to remedy the evil of this completely. Henceforth, instead of gentlemen taking the lead, 'Mrs. and Mr. Smith' will be the polite style. Listen only to one short passage: 'Females in general are the epitome of all that is good and beauful. Why do men shave their beards if it be not to resemble the feminine type? Woman is the second edition of man, revised and corrected, and considerably embellished.' There, Madame Dubois, what do you think of that?

"The books are not heretical, after all!"
was my answer. "Study is certainly a very
improving thing. You and M. Victor have quite a right to cultivate your minds, if you do not neglect your dinner-times. Perhaps, by-and-bye, I may allow the Messieurs D. to peruse a few extracts, if you will make it the effect of your goodness to select the most edifying parts for their instruction-like that which you read just now. Never mind things being cold for once. The soup shall soon be hot again. I'll whip up an omelette to eclipse the first. The roast shall retire into the oven for a moment; and the salad will be the

better for a second dressing,"

"Bravo, Madame! I am wide-awake now. When we pass from Civilisation to Harmony, you shall rule the roast and boiled, in the Communa Palace in which I dwell. For, in that happy state of existence, no work is to be done but labours of love."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE Long Parliament assembled on the third of November, one thousand six hundred and forty-one. That day week the Earl of Strafford arrived from York, very sensible that the spirited and determined men who formed that Parliament were no friends towards him, who had not only deserted the cause of the people, but who had, on all occasions, opposed

very next day Mr. Pym, in the House of Commons, and with great solemnity, im-peached the Earl of Strafford as a traitor. He was immediately taken into custody and fell from his proud height in a moment.

It was the twenty-second of March before he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, where, although he was very ill and suffered great pain, he defended himself with such ability and majesty, that it was doubtful whether he would not get the best of it after all. But on the thirteenth day of the trial, Pym produced in the House of Commons a copy of some notes of a council, found by young Sir Harry Vane in a red velvet cabinet belonging to his father (Secretary Vane, who sat at the council table with the Earl), in which Strafford had distinctly told the King that he was free from all rules and obligations of government, and might de with his people whatever he liked; and in which he had added-"You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience." It was not clear whether by the words "this kingdom," he had really meant England or Scotland, but the Parliament contended that he meant England, and of course this was treason. At the same sitting of the House of Commons it. was resolved to bring in a bill of attainder declaring the treason to have been committed: in preference to proceeding with the trial by impeachment, which would have required the

treason to be proved.

So a bill was brought in at once, was carried through the House of Commons by a large majority, and was sent up to the House of Lords. While it was still uncertain whether the House of Lords would pass it and the King consent to it, Pym disclosed to the House of Commons that the King and Queen had both been plotting with the officers of the army to bring up the soldiers and control the Parliament, and also to introduce two hundred soldiers into the Tower of London, to effect the Earl's escape. The plotting with the army was revealed by one George Goring, the son of a lord of that name: a bad fellow, who was one of the original plotters, and turned traitor. The King had actually given his warrant for the admission of the two hundred men into the Tower, and they would have got in too but for the refusal of the governor-a sturdy Scotchmanoof the name of BALFOUR-to admit them. These matters being made public, great numbers of people began to riot outside the Houses of Parliament, and to cry out for the execution of the Earl of Strafford, as one of the King's chief instruments against them. The bill passed the House of Lords while the people were in this state of agitation, and was laid before the King for his assent, together with another bill, declaring that the himself to their liberties. The King told him, Parliament then assembled should not be for his comfort, that the parliament "should dissolved or adjourned without their own not hurt one hair of his head." But, on the consent. The King—not unwilling to save

a faithful servant, though he had no great ter do, but he gave his consent to both bills, although he in his heart believed that the bill against the Earl of Strafford was unlawful and unjust. The Earl had written to him, telling him that he was willing to die for his sake. But he had not expected that his roval master would take him at his word quite so readily; for when he heard his doom he laid his hand upon his heart, and said,

"Put not your trust in Princes!

The King, who never could be straightforward and plain, through one single day or through one single sheet of paper, wrote a letter to the Lords, and sent it by the young Prince of Wales, entreating them to prevail with the Commons that "that unfortunate man should fulfil the natural course of his life in close imprisonment." In a postscript to the very same letter, he added, "If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday." If there had been any doubt of his fate, this weakness and meanness would have settled it. The very next day, which was the twelfth of May, he was brought out to be beheaded on Tower Hill.

Archbishop Laud, who had been so fond of having people's ears cropped off and their noses slit, was now confined in the Tower too; and when the Earl went by his window, to his death, he was there, at his request, to give him his blessing. They had been great friends in the King's cause, and the Earl had written to him, in the days of their power, that he thought it would be an admirable thing to have Mr. Hampden publicly whipped for refusing to pay the ship money. However, those high and mighty doings were over now, and the Earl went his way to death with dignity and heroism. The governor wished him to get into a coach at the Tower gate, for fear the people should tear him to pieces; but he said it was all one to him whether he died by the age or by their hands. So, he walked, with a firm tread and a stately look, and sometimes pulled off his hat to them as he passed along. They were profoundly quiet. He made a speech on the scaffold from some notes he had prepared (the paper was found lying there after his head was struck off), and one blow of the axe killed him, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

This hold and daring act, the Parliament accompanied by other famous measures, all originating (as even this did) in the King's having so grossly and so long abused his power. The hame of DELINQUENTS was applied to all sheriffs and other officers who had been concerned in raising the ship money, or any other money, from the people, in an unlawful manner; the Hampden judgment was reversed; the judges who had decided against Hampden were called upon to give large securities that they would take such consequences as Farliament might impose upon plotted in Irehand besides, but it is very prothem; and one was arrested as he sat in bable that he did, and that the Queen did too;

High Court, and carried off to prison. Land was impeached; the unfortunate victime. whose ears had been cropped and whose noses had been alit, were brought out of prison in triumph; and a bill was passed. declaring that a Parliament should be called every third year, and that if the King and: the King's officers did not call it, the people. should assemble of themselves and summon it, as of their own right and power. Great illuminations and rejoicings took place over all these things, and the country was wildly excited. That the Parliament took advantage of this excitement and stirred them up by every means, there is no doubt; but you are always to remember those twelve long years, during which the King had tried so hard whether he really could do any wrong or not.

All this time there was a great religious outery against the right of the Bishops to sit in l'arliament; to which the Scottish people particularly objected. The English were divided on this subject, and, partly on this account and partly because they had had foolish expectations that the Parliament would be able to take off nearly all the taxes. numbers of them sometimes wavered and

inclined towards the King.

I believe myself, that if, at this or almost any other period of his life, the King could have been trusted by any man not out of his serises, he might have saved himself and kept his throne. But, on the English army being disbanded, he plotted with the officers again, as he had done before, and established the fact beyond all doubt, by putting his signature of approval to a petition against the Parliamentary leaders, which was drawn up by certain officers. When the Scottish army was disbanded, he went to Edinburgh in four days-which was going very fast at that time -to plot again, and so darkly too, that it is difficult to decide what his whole object was. Some suppose that he wanted to gain over the Scottish Parliament, as he did in fact gain over, by presents and favours, many Scottish lords and men of power. Some think that he went to get proofs against the Parliamentary leaders in England of their having treasonably invited the Scottish people to come and help them. With whatever object he went to Scotland, he did little good by going. At the instigation of the EARL OF MONTROSE, a desperate man who was then in prison for plotting, he tried to kidnap three Scottish lords, who escaped. A committee of the Parliament at home, who had followed to watch him, wrote an account of this Incident, as it was called, to the Parliament; the Parliament made a fresh stir about it; were (or feigued to be) much alarmed for themselves, and wrote to the EARL or ESSEX, the commander-in-chief, for a guard to protect them.

and that he had some wild hope of gaining the Irish people over to his side by favoring a ries among them. Whether or no, they did rise in a most brutal, savage, and atrocions residien; in which, encouraged by their prisets, they committed such atspcities upon nambers of the English, of both sexes and of all ages, as nobody could believe, but for their being related, on oath, by eye-witnesses. Whether one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand Protestants were murdered in this outbreak, is uncertain; but, that it was as ruthless and barbarous an outbreak as ever was known among any savage people on earth, is absolutely certain.

The King came home from Scotland, determined to make a great struggle for his lost power. He believed that, through his presents and favours, Scotland would take no part against him; and the Lord Mayor of London received him with such a magnificent dinner that he thought he must have become popular again in England. It would take a good many Lord Mayors, however, to make a people and the King soon found himself mistaken.

Not so soon, though, but that there was a great opposition in the Parliament to a celebrated paper put forth by Pym and Hampden and the rest, called "THE REMONSTRANCE," which set forth all the illegal acts that the King had ever done, but politely laid the blame of them on his bad advisers. Even when it was passed and presented to him, the King still thought himself strong enough to discharge Balfour from his command in the Tower, and to put in his place a man of bad character: to whom the Commons instantly objected, and whom he was obliged to abandon. At this time, the old outery about the Bishops became louder than ever, and the old Archbishop of York was so near being murdered as he went down to the House of Lords—being laid hold of Yy the mob and violently knocked about, in return for very foolishly scolding a shrill boy who was velping out "No Bishops!"-that he sent for all the Bishops who were in town and proposed to them to sign a declaration that as they could no longer, without danger to their lives, attend their duty in Parliament, they protested against the lawfulness of everything done in their absence. This they asked the King to send to the House of Lords, which he did. Then the House of Contmons impeached the whole party of Bishops and sent them off to the Tower.

Taking no warning from this, but encouraged by there being a moderate party in the Parliament who objected to these strong measures, the King, on the third of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-two, took the rashest step that ever was taken by mertal man.

Of his own accord and without advice, he sent the Attorney-General to the House of Lords to accuse of treason certain members of

most obnoxious to him; LOED KIMSOLTON, Sir Arthur Haselbig, Densil Hollis, John PYM (they used to call him King Pym, he possessed such power and looked so big), John HAMPBEN, and WILLIAM STRODE. The houses of these members he caused to be entered, and their papers to be sealed up. At the same time, he sent a messenger to the House of Commons demanding to have the five gentlemen who were members of that House immediately produced. To this the House replied that they should appear as soon as there was any legal charge against them, and immediately adjourned.

Next day, the House of Commons send into the City to let the Lord Mayor know that their privileges are invaded by the King, and that there is no safety for anybody or anything. Then, when the five members are gone out of the way, down comes the King himself, with all his guard and from two to three hundred gentlemen and soldiers, of whom the greater part were armed. These he leaves in the hall, and then, with his nephew at his side, goes into the House, takes off his hat, and walks up to the Speaker's chair. The Speaker leaves it, the King stands in front of it, looks about him steadily for a little while, and says he has come for those five members. No one speaks, and then he calls John Pym by name. No one speaks, and then he calls Denzil Hollis by name. No one speaks, and then he asks the Speaker of the House where those five members are? The Speaker, answering on his knee, nobly replies that he is the servant of that House. and that he has neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, anything but what the House commands him. Upon this, the King, beaten from that time evermore, replies that he will seek them himself, for they have committed treason; and goes out, with his hat in his hand, amid some audible murmurings from the members.

No words can describe the hurry that arose out of doors when all this was known. The five members had gone for safety to a house in Coleman Street, in the City, where they were guarded all night; and indeed the whole city watched in arms like an army. At ten o'clock in the morning, the King, already frightened at what he had done, came to the Guildhall, with only half a dozen lords, and made a speech to the people, hoping that they would not shelter those whom he accused of treason. Next day, he issued a proclamation for the apprehension of the five members; but the Parliament minded it so little that they made great arrangements for having them brought down to Westminster in great state, five days afterwards. The King was so alarmed now at his own imprudence, if not for his own safety, that he left his palace at Whitehall, and went away with his Queen and children to Hampton Court.

It was the eleventh of May, when the five Parliament, who, as popular leaders, were the members were carried in state and triumph

The river could not be seen for the boats on land, there to pawn the Crown jewels for barges full of men and great guns, ready to protect them, at any cost. Along the Strand a large body of the train-bands of London, of Warwick, to hold his place for a year under their commander, Skippon, marched to be ready to assist the little fleet. Beyond them, came a crowd who choked the streets, roaring incessantly about the Bishops and the Papists, and crying out contemptuously as they passed Whitehall, "What has become of the King ?" With this great noise outside the House of Commons, and with great silence within, Mr. Pym rose and informed the House of the great kindness with which they had been received in the City. Upon that, the House called the sheriffs in and thanked them, and requested the train-bands, under their commander Skippon, to guard the House of Commons every day. Then, came four thousand men on horseback out of Buckinghamshire, offering their services as a guard too, and bearing a petition to the King, complaining of the injury that had been done to Mr. Hampden, who was their county man and much beloved and honoured.

When the King set off for Hampton Court, the gentlemen and soldiers who had been with him, followed him out of town as far as Kingston-upon-Thames, and next day Lord Digby came to them from the King at Hampton Court, in his coach and six, to inform them that the King accepted their protection. This, the Parliament said, was making war against the kingdom, and Lord The Parliament then Digby fled abroad. immediately applied themselves to getting hold of the military power of the country, well knowing that the King was already trying hard to use it against them, and had secretly sent the Earl of Newcastle to Hull, to secure a valuable magazine of arms and gunpowder that was there. In those times, every county had its own magazines of arms and powder, for its own train-bands or militia; so, the Parliament brought in a bill claiming the right (which up to this time had belonged to the King) of appointing the Lord Lieutenants of counties, who commanded these train-bands; and, also, of having all the forts, castles, and garrisons in the kingdom, put into the hands of such governors as they, the Parliament, could confide in. It also passed a law depriving the Bishops of their votes. The King gave his assent to that bill, but would not abandon the right of appointing the Lord Lieutenants, though he said he was willing to appoint such as might be suggested to him by the Parliament. When the Earl of Painbroke acted him whether he would not give way on that question for a time, he said, By God! not for one hour!" and upon this he and the Parliament went to war.

His young daughter was betrothed to the Prince of Orange. On pretence of taking her to the country of her future husband, the

to Westminster. They were taken by water. Queen was already got safely away to Holof Warwick, to hold his place for a year. The King named another gentleman; the House of Commons took its own way, and the Earl of Warwick became Lord Admiral without the King's consent. The Parliament sent orders down to Hull to have that magazine removed to London; the King went down to Hull to take it himself. The citizens would not admit him into the town, and the governor would not admit him into the castle. The Parliament resolved that whatever the two Houses passed, and the King would not consent to, should be called an Ordinance, and should be as much a law as if he did consent to it. The King protested against this, and gave notice that these ordinances were not to be obeyed. The King, attended by the majority of the House of Peers, and by many members of the House of Commons, established himself at York. The Chancellor went to him with the Great Seal. and the Parliament made a new Great Seal. The Queen sent over a ship full of arms and ammunition, and the King issued letters to borrow money at high interest. The Parliament raised twenty regiments of foot and seventy-five troops of horse; and the people willingly aided them with their money, plate, jewellery, and trinkets—the married women even with their wedding-rings. Every member of, Parliament who could raise a troop or a regiment in his own part of the country, dressed it according to his taste and in his own colours, and commanded it. Foremost among them all, Oliver Cromwell raised a troop of horse-thoroughly in earnest and thoroughly well armed-who were, perhaps, the best soldiers that ever were seen.

In some of their proceedings, this famous Parliament unquestionably passed the bounds of all previous law and custom, yielded to and favoured riotous assemblages of the people, and acted tyrannically in imprisoning some who differed from the popular leaders. But, again you are always to remember that the twelve years during which the King had had his own wilful way, had gone before; and that nothing could make the times what they might, could, would, or should have been, if those twelve years had never rolled away.

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SLANG.

Ir has been a pleasant conceit with philosophers and writers to distinguish the successive ages of what, in the plenitude of their wisdom, they call the world, by some metallic nickname. We have had the Golden Age, nickname. As the Silver Age, the Age of Iron, and the Age of Bronze; this present cra will, perbe be known to our grandchildren as the ge of Electro-plating, from its gen ral tendency to shams and counterfeits; and, when the capital of the Anglo-Saxon Empire shall be, some hundreds of years hence, somewhere in the South Seas, or in the centre of Africa or interior of China, the age that is to come may be known as the Age of Platina or that of Potassium, or some one of the hundreds of new metals, which will, of course, be discovered by that time.

However, this present age may be distinably, I surmise—as an epoch of the most undegenerated into folly and perversity, and Without is now a vice and a nuisance. names to objects, abstractions, and persons stupidly, irrationally, and inconsistently: completely ignoring the nature, the quality, the gender, the structure of the thing, we prefix to it a name which not only fails to convey an idea of what it materially is, but actually obscures and mystifies it. A persistence in such a course must inevitably tend to debase, and corrupt that currency of speech which it has been the aim of the greatest scholars and publicists, from the days of Risabeth downwards, to elevate, to improve, and to refine; and, if we continue the reck-"less and indiscriminate importation and incorporation into our language of every cant term of speech from the columns of American

a lexicon by an advertising tradesman to puff his wares, every slip-slop Gallicism from the shelves of the circulating library; if we persist in yoking Hamlets of adjectives to Hecubas of nouns, the noble English tongue will become, fifty years hence, a mere dialect of colonial idioms, enervated ultramontanisms and literate slang. The fertility of a language may degenerate into the feculence of weeds and tares: should we not rather, instead-of raking and heaping together worthless novelties of expression, endeavour to weed, to expurgate, to epurate; to render, once more, wholesome and pellucid that which was once a "well of English undefiled," and rescue it from the sewerage of verbiage and slang? The Thames is to be purified; why not the language? Should we not, instead of dabbling and dirtying the stream, endeavour to imitate those praiseworthy men of letters who, at Athens, in that most miserable and forlorn guished by future generations, whether ferru- capital of the burlesque kingdom of Greece ginously, or auriferously, or argentinally, there have laboured, and successfully laboured, in can be no doubt that the Victorian era will the face of discountenance, indifference, igno-be known hereafter—and anything but favour—rance, and a foreign court, to clear the Greek language from the barbarisms of words and scrupulous heterodoxy in the application of phrases, Venetian, Genoese, French. Lingua names. What was once occasionally tole-tranca, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Spanish, rated as a humorous aberration, afterwards Sclavonic, Teutonic which, in the course of successive centuries of foreign domination and oppression, had crept into it; and now (though the slightest regard to the proprieties of in the columns of base-priced newspapers, nomenclature, or to what I may call printed on rotten paper with broken type) the unities of signification, we apply give the debates of a venal chamber, and the in the columns of base-priced newspapers, give the debates of a venal chamber, and the summary of humdrum passing events, in the language of Plato and Socrates. These men have done more good and have raised a more enduring monument to the genius of their country, than if they had reared again every column of the Acropolis, or brought back every fragment of the Elgin marbles from Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

It is no excuse for this word-sinning of ours* to say, that we have learnt a great portion of our new-fangled names and expressions from America. The utterer is as bad as the It is true that our Trans-atlantic coiner. cousins have not only set us the example, but have frequently surpassed us in their eagerterm of speech from the columns of American ness to coin new words, and to apply names newspapers, every Canvas Town epithet from to things with which they have not the the vocabularies of gold-diggers, every bastard remotest relation. The Americans call New classicism dragged head and shoulders from York the "empire city," as if a city—and in

a republic moreover-could be under any circumstances an empire. Another town of theirs is the "crescent city," and so fond of the name of city are they, that they fre-quently apply it to a group of half-a-dozen log cabins and a whisky shop in a marsh, on the banks of some muddy, fever-haunted river. Every speculator in "town lots" (slang again) in the States has founded half-a-dozen such "cities."

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In the United States if half-a-dozen newspaper editors, post-masters, and dissenting ministers, two or three revolvers, a bowie knife, a tooth-pick, and a plug of tobacco get together in the bar room of an hotel, the meeting is forthwith called a "crucus" or a "mass meeting." If Joel J. Wainwright blows out General Zebedee Ruffle's brains on the New Orleans levee, it is not murder but a "difficulty." In South America, if a score of swarthy outlaws-calling themselves generals and colonels, and who were muleteers the week before-meet in an outhouse to concert the assassination of the dictator of the republic, (who may have been the landlord of a venta or a hide jobber a year ago,) the ragged conclave calls itself a "pronunciamento.

And touching the use of the terms, " monster," "mammoth," "leviathan," how very trying have those misplaced words become! Their violent transformation from substantives into adjectives is the least of their wrongs; the poor harmless animals have been outraged in a hundred ways besides. The monster, I believe, first became acquainted with a meeting in connection with that great agitator, so calm now in Glasnovin place of wit. An audience will sit in a cemetery, and whose agitation has been followed by such a singular tranquillity and apathy in the land he agitated. As something possibly, but not necessarily expressing hugeness (for the most diminutive objects may be monstrous) the term of monster was not inapplicable. But in a very few months every re-union of four-and-twenty fiddlers in a row was dubbed a monster concert; a loaf made with a double allowance of dough was a monster loaf; every confectioner's new year's raffle was a monster twelfth cake; we had monster slop-selling shops, and the monster pelargonium drove our old fimiliar friend, the enormous goose-berry, from the field. Then came the mam-moth. An American speculator—who in the days when spades were spades, would have been called a showman, but who called himself a "professor and a tiger king," neither of which he was-had a horse, some hands above the ordinary standard of horseflesh, and forthwith called him the mammoth horse. That obsolete animal the Mammoth being reputed to have been of vast dimensions, gave to the horse this new nickname; but in a short time there started up from all coarseness and indecency, put little slang into quarted of the Anglo-Saxon globe, from the mouths of their characters. Even Mr. the sky, the carth, and from the waters Jonathan Wild the great, who, from his

under the earth, a plethora of mammoths. The wretched antediluvian beast was made to stand godfather to unnumbered things that crawled, and things that creat, and things that had life, and things that had not. The mammoth caves of Kentucky howled from across the Atlantic. Peaceable tradesmen hung strange signs and wonders over their shop doors; and we heard of mammoth dust pans, and mammoth loo tables. and mammoth tea trays. Large conger cels. fruits of unusual growth, and cheeses made considerably larger than was convenient, were exhibited in back streets at sixpence a head, under the false pretence of being mammoths. If anybody made anything, or saw anything, or wrote anything big, is hecame a mammoth, that the credulous neight suppose the Titans, Anak and all his sons, were come again, and that there were giants in the land. We wait patiently for a plesiosaurus pump-kin, or an ichthyosaurus hedgehog; and we shall have them in good time, together with leviatnan lap-dogs, behemoth butterflies, and great-sea-serpent parliamentary speeches.

Brigands, burglars, beggars, impostors, and swindlers will have their slang jargon to the end of the chapter. Mariners too, will use the terms of their craft, and mechanics will borrow from the technical vocabulary of their trade. And there are cant words and terms traditional in schools and colleges, and in the playing of games, which are orally authorised if not set down in written lexicography. But so universal has the use of slang terms become, that, in all societies, they are frequently substituted for, and have almost usurped the theatre and listen to a string of brilliant witticisms, with perfect immobility; but let some fellow rush forward and roar out "It's all serene," or "Catch 'em alive, oh!" (this last is sure to take) pit, boxes, and gallery

roar with laughter.

I cannot find much tendency to the employment of slang in the writings of our early humorists. Setting aside obsolete words and phrases rendered obscure by involution, there are not a hundred incomprehensible terms in all Shakspeare's comedies. The glut of commentators to the paucity of disputed words is the best evidence of that. We can appreciate the humour of Butler, the quaintness of Fuller, the satire of Dryden, the wit of Congreve and Wycherly, nay, even the sour-rilities of Mr. Tom Brown, as clearly as though they had been written yesterday. Swift's Polite Conversation, among all the homely and familiar sayings there is no slang; and you may be sure, it there had been any of that commodity floating about in polite circles then, the Dean would have been the man to dish it up for posterity. Fielding and Smollett, in all their pictures of life, with all their coarseness and indecency, put little slang into

position and antecedents, must have been a work in the synonymous department. master of slang in every shape, makes but And in little use of it in his conversation. that reque's epic-that biographia flagitiosa the Beggars' Opera-we can understand Macheath, Fisch, Jenny Diver, and Mat of the Mint without dictionary or glossary. The only man who wrote slang was Mr. Ned Ward; but that worthy cannot be taken as an exemplar of the polite, or even of the ordinary conversation of his day.

It may be objected to me that although there may be a large collection of slang words floating about, they are made use of only by loose, or at best illiterate persons, and are banished from refined society. This may be begging the question, but 1 deny the truth of the objection. If words not to be found in standard dictionaries, not authorized by writings received as classics, and for which no literary or grammatical precedents can be adduced, are to be called slang-I will aver that you shall not read one single parliamentary debate as reported in a first-class newspaper, without meeting with scores of slang words. Whatever may be the claims of the Commons' House to collective wisdom, it is as a whole an assembly of educated gentlemen. From Mr. Speaker in his chair to the Cabinet ministers whispering behind it-from mover to seconder, from true blue protectionist to extremest radical, Mr. Barry's New House echoes and re-echoes with slang. You may hear slang every day in term from barristers in their robes, at every mess table, at every bar mess, at every college commons, in every club dining-room.

Thus, with great modesty and profound submission, I must express my opinion either that slang should be proscribed, banished, prohibited, or that a New Dictionary should be compiled, in which all the slang terms now in use among educated men, and made use of in publications of established character, should be registered, etymologised, explained, and stamped with the lexicographic stamp, that we may have chapter and verse, mint and hall-mark for our slang. Let the new dictionary contain a well-digested array of the multitude of synonyms for familiar objects floating about; let them give a local habitation and a name to all the little by-blows of language skulking and rambling about our speech, like the ragged little Bedouins about our shameless streets, and give them a settle-ment and a parish. If the evil of slang has grown too gigantic to be suppressed, let us at least give it decency by legalising it; else, assuredly, this age will be branded by posterity with the shame of jabbering a broken dialect in preference to speaking a nervous and dignified language; and our wits will be sneered at and undervalued as mere wordtwisters, who supplied the lack of humour by a vulgar facility of low language.

Only consider what a vast multitude of equivalents the perverse ingenuity of our shanginess has invented for the one generic word Money. Money—the bare, plain, simple word itself has a sonorous, significant ring in its sound, and might have sufficed, yet we substitute for it-tin, rhino, blunt, rowdy, stumpy, dibbs, browns, stuff, ready, mopusses, shiners, dust, chips, chinkers, pewter, horsenails, brads. Seventeen synonyms to one word; and then we come to species—pieces of money. Savereigns are yellow-boys, cooters, quids; crownpieces are bulls and cart-wheels; shillings, bobs, or benders; sixpenny-pieces are fiddlers and tizzies; fourpenny pieces, joeys or bits; pence, browns, or coppers and mags. To say that a man is without money, or in poverty, some persons remark that he is down on his luck, hard up, stumped up, in Queer Street, under a cloud, up a tree, quisby, done up, sold up, in a fix. To express that he is rich, we say that he is warm, comfortable, that he has feathered his nest, that he has lots of tin, or that he has plenty of stuff, or is worth a plum.

For the one word drunk, besides the authorised synonyms tipsy, inebriated, intoxicated, I find of unauthorised or slang equivalents the astonishing number of thirty-two, viz. : in liquor, disguised therein, lushy, bosky, buffy, boozy, mops and brooms, half-seas-over, fargone, tight, not able to see a hole through a ladder, three sheets in the wind, foggy, screwed, hazy, sewed up, mooney, muddled, muzzy, swipey, lumpy, obfuscated, muggy, beery, wincy, slewed, on the ran-tan, on the re-raw, groggy, ploughed, cut, and in his

For one article of drink, gin, we have ten synonyms: max, juniper, gatter, duke, jackey, tape, blue ruin, cream of the valley, white satin, old Tom.

Synonymous with a man, are a cove, a chap, a cull, an article, a codger, a buffer. A gentleman is a swell, a nob, a tiptopper; a low person is a snob, a sweep, and a scurf, and in Scotland, a gutter-blood. Thieves are prigs, cracksmen, mouchers, gonophs, go-alongs. To steal is to prig, to pinch, to collar, to nail, to grab, to nab. To go or run away is to hook it, to bolt, to take tracks, to absquatulate, to slope, to step it, to mizzle, to paddle, to cut, to cut your stick, to evaporate, to vamose, to be off, to vanish, and to tip your rags a gallop. For the verb to beat I can at once find fourteen synonyms: thus, to thrash, to lick, to leather, to hide, to tan, to larrup, to wallop, to pummel, to whack, to whop, to towel, to mavl, to quilt; to pay. A horse is a nag, a prad, a tit, a scrow. A donkey is a moke, a neddy. A policeman is a peeler, a bobby, a crusher; a soldier a swaddy, a visters, who supplied the lack of humour by lobster, a red herring. To pawn is to sport, vulgar facility of low language.

The compiler of such a dictionary would are mauleys, and the fingers flippers. The have no light task. I can imagine him at feet are steppers; the boots crabshells, or

five pound note is a flimsy; a watch a ticker; by vis-a-vis, entremets, and some others of the anything of good quality or character is stunning, ripping, out-and-out; a magistrate is a beak, and a footman a flunkey. Not less can I set down as slang the verbiage by which coats are transformed into bis-uniques, alpacas, vicunas, ponchos, anaxandrians, and antiquated and obsolete expressions picked

siphonias.

The slang expressions I have herein set down I have enumerated, exactly as they have occurred to me, casually. If I had made research, or taxed my memory for any considerable time, I have no doubt that I could augment the slang terms and synonyms to at least double their amount. And it is possible that ar accomplished public will be able to Reverend Mr. Caudlecup's being "so full of supply from their own recollection and experience a goodly addition to my list. The arrival of every mail, the extension of every colony, the working of every Australian mine would swell it. Placers, squatters, diggers, clearings, nuggets, cradles, claimswhere were all these words a dozen years ago? and what are they, till they are marshalled in a dictionary, but slang? We may say the same of the railway phraseology: buffers switches, points, stokers, and coal bunks—whence is their etymology, and whence their authority?

But slang does not end here. It goes higher —to the very top of the social Olympus. If the Duchess of Downderry invites some dozen of her male and female fashionable acquaintances to tea and a dance afterwards, what do you think she calls her tea-party? A the dansante—a dancing tea. Does tea take a shilling out of my porte-monnaic, and dance? Can it dance? Is not this libel upon honest Bohea and Souchong slang?—pure,

unadulterated, unmitigated slang.

The slang of the fashionable world is mostly imported from France; an unmeaning gibberish of Gallicisms runs through English fashionable conversation, and fashionable novels, and accounts of fashionable parties in me from Dresden, and then we will take a the fashionable newspapers. Yet, ludicrously enough, immediately the fashionable magnates Bojannee Loll's for my next "Thursday," for of England seize on any French idiom, the really my dear "lions" are so scarce now, French themselves not only universally that even Bojannee Loll will be an acquisi-French themselves not only universally abandon it to us, but positively repudiate it altogether from their idiomatic vocabulary. If you were to tell a well-bred Frenchman that such and such an aristocratic marriage was on the tupis, he would stare with astonishment, and look down on the carpet in the fashion, and I rejoice that it has. startled endeavour to find a marriage in so unusual a place. If you were to talk to him of the beau monde, he would imagine you lows" (very often pronounced "faywows"); meant the world which God made, not half- if he is going to drive a four-horse coach meant the world which God made, not half-a-dozen streets and squares between Hydo down to Epsom Races, he is going to "tool Park Corner and Chelsea Bun House. The his drag down to the Derby." Lord Bobby the dansante would be completely inexplicable to him. If you were to point out to him the Dowager Lady Grimgustin acting as chaperon tenth hussars is "a man in the tenth;" a to Lady Amanda Creamville, he would pretty young lady is a "neat little filly;" a

trotter cases, or grabbers. Food is grub, imagine you were referring to the petit prog, and crug; a hackney cab is a Chaperon Rouge—to little Red Riding Hood. shoul; a Punch's show a schwassle-box; a He might just understand what was meant flying horde of frivolous little foreign slangisms hovering about fashionable cookery and fashionable furniture; but three-fourths of them would seem to him as barbarous French provincialisms, or, at best, but as up out of the letters of Mademoiselle Scuderi. or the tales of Cribillon the younger.

But, save us, your ladyship, there are thousands of Englishmen who might listen to your ladyship for an hour without understanding half-a-dozen words of your discourse. When you speak of the last faux pas, of poor Miss Limberfoot's sad mésalliance, of the soul," of the enchanting roulades of that ravishing cantatrice Martinuzzi, of your dinner of the day before being recherché, of your gens being insolent and inattentive, how shall plain men refrain from staring wonderstruck at your unfathomable discourse?

And when your ladyship does condescend to speak English, it is only with a delightful mincingness of accent and a liberal use of superlatives. The Italian singer you heard last night was a "divine creature;" if you are slightly tired or dull you are "awfully bored" or "devoured with ennui;" if your face be pale you vow you are a "perfect fright;" if a gentleman acquaintance volunteer a very mild joke he is a "quizzical monster"dreadful quiz, he is so awfully satirical; and the comic actor last night was "killing;" and Julie, my child, hand me my vinaigrette, and tell Adolfe to get some jujubes for Fido; and, let me see, if I go out in the pilentum to-day, or stay, the barouche (we have a char-à-banc down at our place, Doctor), I will wear my moire antique and my ruche of Brussels lace, and my mantelet, and my chatelaine, with all the "charms" Lord Bruin Fitzurse brought drive in the Park, and I will leave a card at tion : and so on.

I believe the abominable slang practice of writing P. P. C. on a card of leave-taking, and R.S. V. P. at the bottom of a letter when you wish an answer to it, is gone out of

Young Lord Fitzurse speaks of himself and of his aristocratic companions as "felwehicle which is not a drag (or dwag) is a flat as to be taken in. He proved the genmon "trap" or a "cask;" his lordship's lodgings of Lord Protocol's move, and, though he in Jermyn Street are his "crib," his "diggings," or he "hangs out" there. His father brown." How many young politicians would is his "governor;" his bill-discounter a "dreadful old screw," if he refuses to do a "manner, yet how hitterly the foreign essayist would be ridiculed for his conversational mortgaged his estate he pronounces if to be mortgaged his estate, he pronounces if to be

Then there is the slang of criticism. Literary, dramatic, artistic, and scientific. Such words as esthetic, transcendental, the "harmonies," the unities, a myth: such phrases as an exquisite morceau on the big drum, a scholarlike rendering of John the Baptist's great toe; "keeping," "harmony," "middle distance," "aerial perspective," "delicate distance," "aerial perspective," "delicate handling," "nervous chiaroscuro," and the like, are made use of pell-mell, without the least relation to their real meanings, their

real uses, their real requirements.

And the Stage has its slang, both before and behind the curtain. Actors speak of such and such a farce being a "screamer," and such and such a tragedy being "damned" or "goosed." If an actor forgets his part while on the stage, he is said to "stick" and to "corpse" the actors who may be performing with him, by putting them out in their parts. A "part" has so many "lengths;" a piece will "run" so many nights. Belville is going in the country to "star" it. When no salaries are forthcoming on Saturday, the "ghost doesn't walk"-a benefit is a "ben," a salary a "sal;" an actor is not engaged to play tragedy or comedy, but to "do the heavy

Thus through all grades and professions

of life runs this omnipresent slang.

In the immense number of new words which are being continually coined and disseminated throughout our gigantic periodical press lies, I conceive, the chief difficulty of the English language to foreigners. The want of any clear and competent authority as to what words are classical and what merely slang, what obsolete and what improper, must be a source of perpetual tribulation and uncertainty to the unhappy stranger. If he is to take Johnson and Walker for standards, a walk from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, an hour at a theatre, or an evening in society, will flood his perturbed tympanum with a deluge unfortunate Monsieur, or Herr, or Signor of his fellow men, he will have no lack of should address himself to write, as De Lolme critics to tell him that he writes insufferable did, a treatise on the English constitution. Suppose he were to begin a passage thus:-"Though Lord Protocol was an out-and-out Her Majesty's decease we should have had

style of composition.

"dipped." Everything that pleases him is crushing, by Jove!" everything that displeases him (from bad sherry to a writ from lished after forty years labour, nearly two centuries ago, is still the standard model of elegance and propriety in composition and conversation. The result of this has been that every work of literary excellence in France follows the phraseology, and within very little the orthography which we find in the poetry of Racine and Boileau, and the prose of Pascal and Fénélon. And the French has become, moreover, the chief diplomatic conversational and commercial language in the world. It is current everywhere. It is neither so copious, so sonorous, or so dignified as English or German, but it is fixed. The Emperor of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey may write and speak (accent apart) as good French as any Parisienne. But in England, an Englishman even has never done learning his own language. It has no rules, no limits; its orthography and pronunciation are almost entirely arbitrary; its words are like a provisional committee, with power to add to their number. A foreigner may hope to read and write English tolerably well, after assiduous study; but he will never speak it without a long residence in England; and even then he will be in no better case than the English bred Englishman, continually learning, conpray tragedy or comedy, but to "do the heavy tinually hearing words of whose signification business," or "second low comedy," and when he has not the slightest idea, continually he is out of an engagement he is said to be perplexed to as what should be considered "out of collar." tinually hearing words of whose signification

To any person who devotes himself to literary composition in the English language the redundancy of unauthorised words and expressions must always be a source of unutterable annoyance and vexation. Should he adopt the phraseology and style of the authors of the eras of Elizabeth or Anne le may be consured as obsolete or as perversely quaint. Should he turn to the Latin tongue for the construction of his phrases and the choice of his language, he will be stigmatised as pedantic or with that grave charge of fising hard words. And, should he take advantage of what he hears and sees in his own days and under his own eyes, and inof words concerning which Johnson and corporate into his language those idiomatic Walker are absolutely mute. How is the foreigner to make his election? Suppose the daily affairs of life and the daily conversation

vulgarity and slang.

Her Majesty Queen Anne is dead; but for humbug, Sir Reddy Tapewax was not such a an Academy of Letters and an Academy Dictionary in England. There are two opinions the persons whose history I am going to tell in this country relative to the utility of scade- you. The tale was told to my mother, as mies; and, without advocating the formation she told it to me, and as I shall shouly tell it of such an institution I may be permitted to you.

submissively to plead that we really do want. "A very long time ago, a young man a new dictionary-if not in justice to ourselves, at least in justice to foreigners, and in justice to our great-great-grand-children.

A NORMAN STORY.

Nor many evenings ugo, when the southwest wind had cooled the atmosphere, I was sauntering with my dog on the top of the cliffs not far from Fécamp, in Normandy. All at once my dog made a halt, pricked up his ears, and uttered a low growl. A few seconds afterwards I perceived in the shade a man who had also stopped on my approach. I called my dog; the man came forward; and, by his cloak lined with sheepskin, I recognised one of those numerous coast-guards, whose duty it is to watch all night long in little hiding-places that are built upon the cliffs, more than three hundred yards above the

level of the sea.

"You have got there," he observed, as he laid his hand upon my dog's head, " an excellent companion for the evening. A real Newfoundlander," he added. "I once had one like him, but was obliged to part with him. We are no longer allowed to take dogs out with us. To be sure, they would discover a smuggling transaction sooner than we could by ourselves; but they would also inform us of the visits of our night inspectors, and that would not exactly suit thom." While gossipping thus, he gave me to understand that this was his native place; that, trifling amount of money which remained although he was not particularly rich, with after his father's affairs were settled, he then his salary of six hundred francs a year, he was yet glad to be home again. "And, Monsieur," he continued, "I have not enjoyed that pleasure long. Although I have now been here three days I cannot literally say that I have slept under my family roof; for I have only every fourth night to myself." During the course of this speech, he leaned forward from time to time, and peeped over the edge of the cliff.

"Do you hear anything?" I asked.
"No," he replied; "but I am looking for a grotto about which my mother used formerly to tell me a curious story. The spots on which we have passed the happiest moments of our lives, are old friends whom we are delighted to meet again. Look there that's the very place." And he pointed with his finger to a cavern in the cliff, which imprinted upon its white side a vast and irregular black spot. I will spare you the relation of the manœurring which I employed, to induce the coast-guard to tell me his story. We sat ourselves down inside his little hut, and he began :-

"In the first place, Monsieur, I assure you

named Louis Morand was sent by his father to Paris, to complete his studies, and to take his Doctor's degree in the Faculty of Medicine. The father died; and the report went about that it was in consequence of grief at his son's However that might be, the ill conduct. youth, who had no great inheritance to expect, simply sent for the papers of his deceased parent, and employed himself one evening in destroying them, and in selecting those that promised to be of use. After the inspection of much that was of no consequence, he came to a bundle which contained letters all in the same handwriting. The very first letter made him extremely anxious to examine the rest. and he read a tolerably voluminous correspondeuce. They came from a friend who seemed greatly attached to his father. 'Since it is your yish,' he wrote, 'that I should reserve for your son what I desire and am able to bequeath to you, send him to me as soon as he is five-and-twenty; and, if he shows a good disposition, I will undertake to provide for him handsomely. On the other hand, I will take good care not to furnish him with the means of developing a vicious and a malignant character, to the prejudice of those with whom he has to do.' When Louis Morand read the signature, he recognised the name of a man who was reputed here to be a sorcerer and a necromancer. He laughed at first at this offer of protection; but after he had spent, in as bad a way as possible, the resolved, under pressure from his creditors and in uncertainty about his future prospects, to try his chance upon new ground, and introduce himself to this unknown benefactor, who appeared to have both the power and the will to serve him. He set out on his journey; and, after a troublesome search, arrived sately at the necromancer's house. I ought to tell you that this necromancor was perhaps no more a sorcerer than you and I. Probably he was only better informed than other folks, and by means of a few chemical and mechanical secrets, contrived to impose upon the credulity of the vulgar."

At this last word, I looked at the coastguard with some degree of surprise.

you think so ?" I said.

"I don't think anything about it," he answered. "What I am now telling you is part of the narrative like all the rest. My mother told it me in that way, and probably that is exactly how she heard it herself. The magician's house was in the midst of a wood, on the slope of a hill. When Louis Morand knocked at the door, a little black-faced man came and opened it. His appearance made a that neither my mother nor myself ever knew deep impression upon Louis. At that time

people were not acoustomed to the sight of negroes; and, moreover, the figure and the costume of the slave were altogether strange and fantastic. His entire little person was completely covered with gold and precious stones. On beholding him, Louis took him for a gnome—one of those genii who, in the bowels of the earth, are deputed to keep gnard over the treasures there. He inquired for Master Guillaume, trembling all the while to receive an answer; for the aspect of the tiny creature was by no means calculated to inspire confidence. The gnome—I am unable to state exactly whether he was a negro or a real gnome—the gnome introduced him into an immense saloon, where his master was reading by the light of a large fire. Nor can I tell you whether Louis's imagination caused him to see things differently to what they actually were; or whether this fire were supernatural; or whether the effect was produced by ordinary causes; but, to Louis's eyes, the fire was reflected in bright blue light all around the walls of the room.

were partially hidden be neath a violet cap; most fruitful source of enjoyment is to be the the rest of his costume was equally in keeping possessor of a large fortune, that I do not with his necromantic reputation. Immedia hesitate to ask you for it."—'So be it as you ately that Louis was announced, he embraced desire,' the old man replied with gentleness; ately that Louis was annothneed, he embraced desire, the old man replied with genuences; him and talked about his father with tears in 'but first allow me to warn you of the dangers his cyes; and then, after this outburst of which your choice will draw around your feeling, he ordered dinner to be served dined. Men are like ships; they founder the rectly. The repast was of exquisite delicacy; more easily, in proportion as they are heavier the wines, especially, were most delicious. laden with wealth. However honourable one Louis ate and drank to his heart's content. may feel one's self to be, it is best to avoid He afterwards, however, thought he remember the possession of too powerful and efficacious. bered that Master Guiliaume, who ate nothing weapons. The sheep, perhaps, would be as but rice, and drank nothing but water, knitted ferocious as the wolf, if its teeth were as his brows two or three times when he saw strong and sharp as those of its enemy.'—him fill and empty his glass; but the recol- The old man here added a multitude of refleclection was so utterly vague, that he never tions and examples, which I will not relate to could feel quite certain of the fact. 'My you, because my mother, who probably did son,' said Master Guillaume, 'your father was not hear a word about them, repeated nothing my dearest triend. His simple tastes and his of the sort to me; only Louis atterwards contempt for earthly things made him refuse stated that his aged friend's eloquence was to profit by my friendship during the whole by no means amusing; and that he passed of his life. If you are not degenerated from all the time which it pleased Master Guilso honourable a parentage, you shall inherit laume to employ in making his peroration, in it, according to his wish; and it is no contemptible inheritance that I offer you, as you yourself shall judge by and bye. We will now descend into my laboratory. There, we will talk about it, and I will then see what is to be done for you.'

"Guillaume and Louis then descended, by a dark and narrow staircase, for more than an hour. At the end of that time they found themselves in a large apartment richly hung with purple. It was illumined by lamps that slied a purple light, and gave an extraordinary air to the necromancer's sub-casket are entirely expended. More frequent extraordinary air to the necromancer's sub-terranean retreat. Louis was struck with applications would be a useless disturtance complete astonishment. When they were both of my favourite pursuits. On the other hand, seated upon some downy cushions, Master you have no occasion to hoard. If I die Guillaume pulled a bell, whose golden wire was before you, the casket will continue to fill

gnome instantly made his appearance. Louis was alarmed at the apparition of the little creature who, in less than a couple of seconds, had passed a distance which had cost them an hour to traverse. The gnome remained standing, awaiting in silence the orders of his superior. 'Zano,' said Master Guillaume, there is one thing of importance which I have forgotten. It will perhaps be late when we leave this place; let a couple of partridges be prepared for our supper, one for each of us; but do not put them down to roast until

1 give the order. After a long conversation, in which Master Guillaume questioned Louis about his past life, his habits, and his tastes, he said: 'My son, in consideration of the friendship which I still bear to your father, even beyond the grave, I will give you whatever you choose to ask me. But I am able to grant you only one single thing; and therefore, think of it carefully beforehand. My power extends no further than that. — Master, replied Louis, 'I have often pondered in my mind which is "The old man's appearance was venerable, the most useful thing in life, and I am so He had a long white beard; his silver locks thoroughly convinced that the surest and thinking of the use he would make of his future riches, and of the pleasures which he

was upon the point of enjoying. . "Master Guillaume concluded his long discourse in the very same words with which he had commenced it: 'So be it as you desire. Here is a little casket filled with gold. Whenever it is empty you will come to me, and I will fill it for you again. I shall not trouble you with any questions about the use which you make of your money. I only beg hidden in one of the folds of the drapery. The itself, according as you empty it.' Master

Chilleume then gave him some further counsel-which you might find tiresome.

Louis came tolerably often to get his casket filled. One day he again fancied that he saw the Master knit his brows. He then thought that perhaps some caprice of the old man might deprive him, at one moment or another, of the wealth to which he had become accustomed; and he determined to make a fresh demand as soon as half the money in the casket was spent, in order to be able to amass a treasure, and render his future career independent of the necromancer's whims. He spent his life in gambling, and in orgies of every description. There was nothing which he did not believe himself permitted to practise; and unhappily, the immense fortune which he had at his disposal converted those who surrounded him into so many slaves, who spared no pains to confirm him in that idea. In his despotic license, he knew no check; and afterwards, cloyed with pleasures , which he could not greatly vary, on account of being unable to travel far from the source of his riches, he could find amusement in no other pursuit than in doing mischief to those around Rechteren noticed that for the last hour the

"The intimate companion of his debaucheries was a clever and good-natured young man, who although partaking of a portion of his pleasures, did not, on that account, hesitate to blame other parts of his conduct; and who, for that very reason alone, had put himself in danger of incurring Louis's displeasure. An accident changed this discontent into a deep and envenomed hatred. Louis had a mistress, who resided a league from this spot; and her house was the usual scene of the riot and debauchery which occupied his life, excepting the moments when he was a prey to ennui. One day, he imagined that he discovered between her and Rechteren certain looks of intelligence, which kindled a burning jealousy in his heart. He did not, however, cease to receive Rechteren in the most friendly manner. But one evening, when they were departing together from the house of—" Here the coast-guard hesitated. I waited for some time; and then, fearing that he might have fallen asleep, I made a noise to awaken him. But he was not asleep; only

puzzling his brains. "It is singular!" he said, "that I cannot remember the name of Louis Morand's

mistress.

"Substitute some other, then."

"I shall remember it directly. I want to tell you the story exactly as it was told to nre.—Her name was Hortense.—As they were leaving Hortense's house together, Louis Morand said to his friend, 'If you will be guided by me, we will take advantage of the ebb tide to follow the path at the foot of the cliffs. We shall see the sun set in the sea.' It is most probable," added the coast-guard, 'that Louis Morand made use of some addi-

tional arguments to persuade his companion to go that way; for sunset is not so very un-common a sight. The sun must set every evening as long as he rises every morning. It was, as near as may be, at this season of the year, and the moon was at the full. Consequently, it was 'spring tides,' and the tide began to flow at four o'clock. As you would easily perceive if the water was not so high, and as you have most likely observed on other occasions, it is rather a rough and fatiguing task to have to walk over points of rock and pebbles which roll beneath your feet. They were proceeding exactly below the hut in which we are sitting. At this time of day, the tide rises ten fathoms over the spot where their feet were standing. They amused themselves with admiring the sunset, and with gossiping. The wind blew from the north west, and slightly tipped the waves with white. There are people in the world who would spend a whole week in gazing at the sea, without doing anything else. For the last releven years it has been my principal employment, and I have yet to learn what pleasure it can give them. All of a sudden, tide had been flowing, that the wind was driving the waves before it, and that it would be more prudent to retrace their steps, especially as they had scarcely advanced more than a quarter of a league. But Louis Mbrand burst out laughing, asked him scornfully if he were afraid, and assured him that in another quarter of an hour they would be walking in the town of Fécamp.

"' Very well, then,' said Rechteren, 'let us

proceed.

"But they could only proceed at a very slow rate. It was now almost night; and they incurred every moment the risk of breaking their legs between the rocks. Louis was continually finding some pretext for retarding their progress. Sometimes he pointed out to Rechteren the yellow tints which the sun had left in the west; sometimes he noticed the earliest stars which were making their first appearance in the cast. They were still far from the end of their journey, and the sea roared in a menacing tone. Every wave which broke upon the rocks advanced further than its predecessor had done. It now became completely night, and a faint glimmer behind the cliffs announced the rising of the moon.

"Rechteren stopped. 'Iouis!' he exclaimed, 'let us return. In half an hour we can retrace the distance which we have advanced; and we do not know how long it will take us to get to the end of our present path. We have not even the moon to guide us. She is hidden behind the heavy clouds which the wind is driving before it from the

offing.'
"'Return, if you like,' said Louis Morand; 'for my part, I shall go on.'

"'I will follow you then,' said Rechteren.

"A few hundred paces further, Rechteren again halted. The pebbles were black beneath his feet, and he stooped to touch them with He then perceived that the his fingers. cause of their blackness was that a wave somewhat stronger than the rest, had reached the very foot of the cliff, and wetted it. Nevertheless, he made no remark; for, at the point which they had reached, if they were not nearer to Fécamp than to their place of starting, they must inevitably be drowned. Another step, and a wave glided forwards, wetting their legs as it broke on the shore.

"'Louis, we are lost!' he said. Louis made no reply, but doubled his pace. Rechteren refrained from uttering any reproach; but still it was his companion's obstinacy which had thus endangered both their lives. At last, they ran as fast as they could towards a portion of the cliff which jutted out into the sea. Perhaps behind that projecting point they might find a track where it would be possible to climb. But, as soon as they had gained the promontory, the sea burst rowing against the cliff. 'Louis,' repeated Rechteren, 'we are utterly lost!' He tried to measure the cliffs at a glance, as well as the night would allow him to do so. Far as his eyesight could pierce the gloom, nothing was to
be seen but a wall three hundred feet high, terrifies me. You may laugh if you like, my and as upright as the mast of a ship. They dear Louis, although you do not seem in a hastily ran back again; but from time to laughing mood; but I feel an irresistible imtime fatigue compelled them to pause and pulse to pray. These voices of the sea and take breath. Rechteren swallowed a mouthful from a flask of spirits; and then they foaming waves, all seem to command me to again endeavoured to press forward. In a fall down upon my knees.' Rechteren then quarter of an hour, they were once more knelt down upon the rock. 'It would be very arrested by the sea, which broke against the difficult just now, he said, to remember all cliff. On either side escape was impossible. The space of a couple of hundred feet was all that was left uncovered. Every advancing be as good as any.' After a few mo-wave devoured the dry land; and before ments, he arose again. 'Louis, do you in wave devoured the dry land; and before another half hour could elapse, the place on which they then stood would certainly be six fathoms under water. Rechteren stopped short, and looked right and left at the fast rising tide. Before him was the boiling ocean; behind, the smooth, unbroken cliff.

"'This is not the moment to flee like a hare,' he said; 'still less to give way to despair. We must be resigned to our laws, and await it boldly. Come, Louis; it is all for it. "Louis fixed his glittering eyes full upon "Louis fixed his glittering eyes full upon

"Louis walked a few steps onwards, and climbed a boulder which had fallen from the cliff, and which leaned against it to the height of seven or eight feet above the level of the I should wish during the few minutes that beach. There, he sat himself down in silence. I still have to live, to feel as little suffering Rechteren followed him, and stood by his side.

"'My good friend Louis,' he said, 'can you guess what vexes me most in the midst of his flask into a little hollow on the top of the this terrible catastrophe! It is, that two or rock: then, taking from his pocket the flint three fools of my acquaintance, who have and steel which he always carried about him, often teased me because I cannot swim, and he set fire to it, and a blue flame soon quiwho have always predicted that I should die vered over its surface.

And they started again without exchanging in the water, will conclude their funeral another word.

"A few hundred paces further, Rechteren him so!" That, I must confess, is a pleasure which I was scarcely disposed to confer upon them. After a moment's pause, he continued: This is a horrible death! I do not fear to die, but I do fear the pain of dying. Look at those rocky points against which we shall soon be dashed! How frightful is the voice of these roaring waves and this whistling wind! But, however fearful it may be, the awful spectacle elevates the soul, raises a man above himself, and endows him with strength to die becomingly. It is better to meet death in this decided style, than to take the chance of being shot for giving the lie to a fool, who is afraid to fire the bullet which kills you. But Louis, you do not speak a word.'

"There was another moment of solemn silence, during which the sea could be heard to be constantly advancing. A wave, crowned with its wreath of foam, came and touched the rock which was their last refuge.

"'I have just experienced,' said Rechteren, 'a final paroxysm of despair and rage; I have been tempted to rush against the cliff, and try to climb it with my nails and fingers.' He then added, with a burst of blasphemy, 'A cat could not manage to perform the feat! the prayers which they taught me in days gone by; but the one I shall make will turn follow my example. I assure you that it will do you no harm.'

"'No ;' muttered Louis.

"'You seem to me to be rather in a stupor; I will not arouse you from your insensibility. It is one way, among others, of meeting death, and is perhaps the best thing that could happen to you. Only, if I have offended you in any respect, I now entreat your pardon

"'I confess to have injured you with regard to Hortense. But I am dying with cold? as possible. Ah, yes! I have it now.' he emptied the spirits which remained in 'What a capital

thought!' he exclaimed; 'But it is unlucky when Louis Morand offered his hand as usual that we have no sugar here. It would be de on entering, the master did not offer his in lightful to drink a glass of punch while we return. Louis retired, pale and horribly are waiting for the tide to rise enough. At agitated; the master had evidently refused any rate, it will warm my fingers till the sea to take the hand of a murderer. An ironical

"'Wretch!' said Louis Morand, 'do you not see that the waves are breaking against

the rock which we have mounted?

"'I see it, as well as you do; and I almost wish that it was all over and ended. For there is a moment coming which frightens me a little. But, Louis, why are you undress-

ing yourself?'
"'Why? Because you have confessed your crime, of which I was already aware; because I have brought you up hither to have

Hortense's perfidy.'

"Ht stepped from the rock; the water was up to his middle. As Rechteren shouted after him, 'Louis! Louis! Do you abandon me thus?' an enormous billow rose above fixed itself there, and took firm root. Morand's head. He dived, and reappeared on completely occupied him, by night and by the other side of the wave, which broke day. He turned it over, and arranged his against the foot of the rock. Louis Morand plans in his head; all his difficulties vanished, had hard work to swim, plunging under all his dangers were over. As soon as everyevery wave. Rechteren screamed, but he did thing was prepared for the execution of his not hear him; for the sea made a deafening project, he went to the house of his aged noise, till he got completely away from the breakers. He then turned round. The blue to enter, he rushed upon the negro, enveloped flame was still shining in the darkness of night. A little afterwards, he turned again. The and handed him to some men who carried flame was extinguished. Three hours later him away. he arrived at Fécamp.

"Look that way," said the coast-guard, pointing to the grotto which he had already indicated, "if the tide were low I could still show you, by descending to the beach, the

to the flask of spirits.

"Louis related the death of his friend, exactly as suited his own convenience. They had been surprised by the tide; in spite of have already bestowed upon you, for me to desperate efforts, he had been unable to rescue Rechteren, and had had great difficulty in saving himself. He ostentatiously mourned the death of the man whom he had murdered; and everybody agreed in praising his excellent heart and his sensibility. But, what he become crimes, and your wickedness would really feared, was the presence of Master increase with the means of indulging it. Guillaume and his severe and penetrating

"This time he waited till the casket was completely empty before he made up his mind to apply to the sorcerer. At the door, the hesitated, and was very near turning back again; but by repeatedly reminding himself that Master Guillaume had imposed no conditions upon his favours, and that, moreover, he would be sure to be deceived, like other to death; and here he lay, enduring the people, by the reports that were current, he dreadful pangs of hunger and thirst, for six took courage, and entered. Master Guillaume, according to custom, filled the casket without speaking a word. But there was voice was heard, and Louis Morand's face apsomething cruelly sardonic in his look; and peared at one of the windows. He employed

comes and puts it out. But I shall then have smile had for a moment contracted his lips.

I louis had everything to feer. Not only might he soon cease to receive any further supply of money from the sorcerer, but it was probable that his punishment would not end He was more than three months there. without daring to present himself again; and he spent all that time in the most serious anxiety. He had exhausted all the pleasures which the neighbourhood could offer him. Like the goat, which, after having cropped the grass within the circle which the length of its tether allows it to traverse, crops it my revenge. Think, now, of your own and again as short as velvet, and then lies down in discontent, so Louis, satiated with his past enjoyments, lived a life of worn-out dulness.

"A fearful thought entered his mind. Then, followed by his accomplices, he proceeded, pistol in hand, to Master Guillaume's chamber, where they bound him hand and foot. 'Louis Morand,' asked the sorcerer, 'what is it that you want of me?'

"No one answered. Louis was left alone hole in the rock in which Rechteren set light with the master, to whom he said, 'Deliver

up all the treasures you possess.'
"'Louis Morand,' replied the Master, 'you have made too bad a use of the wealth I be guilty of such an act of madness as to feed your vices any longer. With what you have hitherto received, you have only turned out foolish and wicked; if you were in possession of my hidden treasure, your vices would

"Meanwhile, Louis's attendants searched the house, from the roof to the cellar. returned to say that they could not find the value of ten crowns altogether. Then they carried the old man away, and shut him up in a prison which Louis had contrived and built. It was a tall tower, lined inside throughout with plates of polished iron. Here, they told him, he should be starved

days.
"Towards the evening of the sixth day a

every means his imagination could suggest to induce the sorcerer to deliver up his treasures. Master Guillaume was inflexible. He hungered and thirsted, three days more. Louis Morand appeared at a window; the Master threatened him with the vengeance of Heaven. Louis Morand replied by an insulting smile, and urged him to give up his treasures. Master Guillaume wrapped his head in his mantle, and went to sleep. Next day, Louis Morand appeared

again.
"'In the name of Heaven,' the Master faintly cried, 'do not kill, in such a cruel way, an old man who never did you anything but good!'—' Give me, then, your treasures,' said Louis Morand. The old man bowed his head without replying. Louis disappeared. That night Master Guillaume did not sleep. He prayed, without being able to calm his spirits. He called Louis Morand.

Morand appeared.

" ' My son,' he said, ' What have I done, to be condemned to die such a horrible death ? Have pity on my white hairs! Have puty on your father's friend! Spare my life; if you refuse that, at least shorten the torments 1 suffer.'—'Give me, then, your treasures,' repeated Louis. 'Mercy! mercy!' cried the old man. But Louis constantly replied, 'Give me your treasures!'

"At last, Master Guillaume pulled a golden bell. A thick vapour rolled before Louis's eyes. With the vapour, the prison disappeared. Louis beheld the sorcerer sitting opposite to him in his velvet chair, which he had never quitted. He also found himself in precisely the same position he had occupied when the necromancer said to him, 'So be it, as you desire.' The golden bell was still vibrating within the purple drapery. The illusion, the effect of the sorcerer's art, was at an end. Zano entered.

"'Zano,' said Master Guillaume, 'put down only a single partidge to roast for supper.'"

OLD BONES.

Nor many years ago there were discovered by some labourers who were digging in the gravel in front of St. John's College, Oxford, some "giant's bones." They were carefully placed in a wheel-barrow, and trundled off to the Professor of Geology, who had the reputation in that town of giving the best price for old bones. The discoverers presently returned to their fellow workmen, with information that the doctor had decided the bones to be, not bones of giants, but of and lawful Berkshiremen. Upon subsequent elephants; and that he had given them (although there was no brag about it in his windows) two sovereigns more per pound than they could have obtained at any other

But how came an elephant to have been buried in the middle of the street?

although the doctor had as usual his own book-learned theory, the elephant was one that had died in Mr. Womowell's menagerie when it was being exhibited in Paradise

Square, long, long ago.

This was an elephant, however, that had lived before the days of Wombwell. Long before King Alfred had laid the foundation stone of University College, or the Fellows of St. John's had begun to enclose the nightingale-haunted groves of Bagley Wood, did this elephant, in company with others of his class, fearing no proctor, roam over the tract of land on which the undergraduate now lounges, looking about to see how he may spend paternal moneys. Times are changed, and we ought to be thankful for it. Great would be the annoyance suffered by the white-throated M.A., who in eighteen hundred and fifty-three should suddenly have his ideas disarranged by the apparition of that great leviathan on the top of Heddington Hill. There is no danger of that now; it is certain that those elephants are dead and gone, but at the same time it is not less certain that they died and went the way of their flesh in the neighbourhood of Oxford; and not about Oxford only, but throughout nearly the whole of England. In the streets of London the teeth and bones of elephants are frequently turned up by the pick-axes of men digging foundations and sewers. Elephants' teeth have been found under twelve feet of gravel in Gray's Inn Lane. They have been found too at a depth of thirty feet. In digging the grand sewer near Charles Street, on the east of Waterloo Place, Kingsland, near Hoxton, in eighteen hundred and six, an entire elephant's skull was discovered containing tusks of enormous length, as well as the grinding teeth. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, there are some vertebræ and a thigh-bone of an enormous elephant, which must have been at least sixteen feet high; these bones are in the most delicate state of preservation. They were found at Abingdon in Berkshire, about six miles from Oxford.

Near the same place—namely, at Lulhamduring the digging of a gravel-pit, not very long ago, there were found some "giant's bones," that were indeed human, and must have belonged to a man of considerable size. This discovery made a sensation at the time; and, to quiet the agitation and the scandal raised thereby, a coroner's inquest was held in due form over the skeleton, ending in a verdict, honestly arrived at by twelve true examination by competent authorities, the mysterious skeleton was pronounced, most decidedly, to be that of an old Roman, who had been buried with all his arms and military accoutrements near the camp to which he had probably belonged, and of which the remains are still to be seen on the two hills oldest inhabitant at once decided, that called the Dorchester Clumps. Little did his

disinterred and "sat upon." With the elephant's bones found at Abingdon were mixed fragments of the homes of several kinds of deer, together with the bones of the rhinoceros, horse, and ox; showing that those creatures co-existed with the elephant, and that they formed a happy family. There were carnivorous races also then existing. We have only to go further down the Great Western Railway from Oxford, and, We have only to go further down the getting out at the Weston-super-Mare station, ask the way to Banwell Bone Caves. may be found evidence enough of the former existence of more savage and rapacious animals than elephants or deer. The caves are situated at the western extremity of a lofty grass-covered range of hills. The hills contain ochre, calamine (carbonate of zinc), and lead. Some years ago, when sinking a shaft into them, caves were discovered, and the quantity of bones then brought to light excited as much surprise among the learned as among the unlearned.

The principal cavern is about thirty feet long, and there is a branch leading out of it thirty feet further. Of course it is quite dark, and visitors must carry candles. visitor must take heed that he keeps his candle alight; no easy matter, for the water comes down pretty freely in large heavy drops from the stalactites above. By help of the light there are to be seen bones, bones;

everywhere bones. They are piled up against the wall; they stick into the floor; they fill up recesses, in the most fantastic shapes. Here a candle is stuck in the eyeless socket of a skull: there John Smith, London, has inscribed his name in letters of hyænas' teeth. We are invited to rest halfway upon a seat composed of horns and leg bones. They may be handled by the most fastidious; having lost all traces of corruption for some ages past. Yonder deer's bone was picked, perhaps, by the teeth in this huge hyæna's skull; and as for the hyæna himself he died of a good age—that his teeth tell us. His tough body, after death, may have been dainty dinner to the bear whose monstrous skull is employed as the crown and summit of the monument of old bones raised in the cave in honour of a learned bishopthe Bishop of Bath and Wells. When the caves were first discovered, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, it was he who took every means in the most laudable manner to preserve them and their contents intact. Mr. Beard was appointed curator, and he has arranged in his own house a fine collection of

below. most hospitably welcomed. His museum dis- Berlin implies a recollection of Under the plays a very fine collection of the remains of Linden Trees; to Naples of the Strada dit. the ancient British Fauna. The bones of the Toledo; but who thinks of the Po de Mago-

comrades think when covering him up with one large bone of the form leg, which gravel, how their departed friend would be measured at the joint seven inches round; being larger than the corresponding bone in. any known species of ox or horse. It is quite evident that the inhabitants of the bone caves. lived before the times of King Edgar the wolf-destroyer,-for the museum contained wolves' bones in abundance. Fine patriarchal old wolves they must have been that ran upon. them. Many a fine old English deer, all of the olden time, they must have run down and devoured on the Mendip hills, their cry resounding through the valleys and over the dales where now the screaming whistle and the rush of the express train startles timid sheep, who live in a land where their great enemy exists only as a fossil.

Then, again, in those old days there were foxes living in a country that contained no hounds, who ground down their teeth to the stumps that are exhibited in Mr. Beard's pillboxes, and died of sheer senility. Glorious to foxes were the good old times, and the poor little mice that lived then, as we see by the contents of other boxes, had their bones crunched.

MOONRISE.

A man stood on a barren mountain peak In the night, and cried: "Oh, world of heavy gloom!

Oh, sunless world! Oh, universal tomb! Blin I, cold, mechanic sphere, wherein I seek In vain for Life and Love, till Hope grows weak And falters towards Chaos! Vast, blank Doom!

Huge darkness in a narrow prison-room! Thou art flead-dead!" Yet, ere he ceased to speak.

Across the level ocean in the East

The Moon-dawn grew; and all that mountain's side Rose, newly-born from empty dusk. Fields, trees.

And deep glen-hollows, as the light increased, Seemed vital; and, from Heaven bare and wide, The Moon's white soul looked over lands and

MOLDO-WALLACHIA.

BEYOND railways, beyond diligences, beyond post-chaises, out of the track of travellers, but full in the high road of conquest from the north to the south, lie the sister provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, which, for shortness, some are accustomed to designate as Moldo-Wallachia. Their names have become notorious of late by taking place in the vocabulary. of political writers and speakers; but it may be doubted—certain vague statistics set apart -whether in most men's minds any ideas at and the best specimens that have been found all are connected with them. When we talk of Paris we picture to ourselves the Place de To Mr. Beard I went, and by him I was la Concorde or the Boulevards; an allusion to bear claimed first attention, and especially choya at mention of Bucharest, or has any

Kimpolongo? Let us try to connect a few images, a few forms, a few colours, with these words. This is the best way to extend our

sympathies in that direction.

Moldo-Wallachia is little more than a huge farm, giving employment to some three or four millions of labourers. It is not, however, a farm laid out on the principles of Mr. Mechi, bet an eastern backwoods farm, very vast and straggling; here and there cut up by patches of original desert and extents of primitive forests, made rugged by spurs of mountains and watered by boisterous rivers, navigable for the most part only by fallen trees. These rivers flow from the Carpathian mountains which divide the country to the northward from Austria, and fall into the Danube, which divides it from Turkey. There is a kind of postern-gate to the East, ill-closed by the Pruth, a river that has often been mentioned this year. In neither of the Principalities are there many roads worthy of the name. The cities, villages, or farming stations are generally connected only by tracks and bridle-paths.

geological construction of Moldo-The -Wallachia is essentially volcanic. Its mountains contain many craters frequently in a state of eruption. Sulphur and bitumen are plentiful. In some parts little spurts of liquid metal are seen, from time to time, breaking from the schistous rocks, flowing a little way like melted lead, and then con-densing to the hardness of iron. In various places of late years, miniature volcanoes have been known to start up from the ground and flame bravely away for a few days amidst corn-fields and pasturage. The Prathôva river in certain parts of its course becomes tepid or hot, or even boiling, according as it flows or not over subterranean galleries of fire. Earthquakes are frequent. It is not long since nearly the whole of the city of Bucharest was destroyed-Pô de Mogochoya, and all. The shock was felt whilst the principal inhabitants were at the theatre listening to one of the dramas of Victor Hugo. Many persons perished, and an immense amount of property was of course lost. In the countries, however, that are subject to these epileptic fits of Nature such accidents are quickly forgotten and their consequences repaired. They serve, indeed, the purpose of revolutions or sanitary bills in more civilised lands. Bucharest, at any rate, like Paris and London, has been induced to widen its thoroughfares and improve the build of its houses.

A great part of Moldo-Wallachia, especially towards the mountains, is clothed in forest. In few countries are beheld more magnificent cake; and travellers talk of having seen thousands with trunks rising straight more than eighty feet without branches. Mingled with these splendid trees or covering the higher slopes with their dull verdure, are enormous firs that would delight the eye of make of a karoutchor. Not a single nail

associations whatever with Curt d'Argis and the ship builder. Besides these there are elms and becches of prodigious size, with wild pear trees and senna, maple, cherry, and yew trees, with many others. All these grow in a tangled mass—grow or fall together, beaten down by the tempest or uprooted by rushing inundations. "In the low country the millet has no more husk than the apple has rind in the high," says the Wallachian proverb, to picture the fertility of the country. Its vast plains, indeed, are covered in the season with splendid crops; of which those who travel to Galatz can say something: These districts are counted now, as they have always counted, among the granaries of Europe. It is worth remarking, that a young French gentleman, who has studied political economy, has lately recommended the Moldo-Wallachians to neglect the culture of the ground and take to the manufacture of cotton cloths, in order to escape from the commercial tyranny of perfidious Albion. The mysteries of supply and demand, however, the definitions of value, and the influence of tariffs do not lie in our way at present. We are not going to discuss what is a pound, but to explain what is the Wallachian substitute for a railway. Before visiting or describing a country in detail, it is good to know what means of locomotion it possesses.

If you are not particularly pressed for time, which no one ought to be in that part of the world, it is best to use the great waggon called the Kerontza, which resembles the vehicles in which the burly boors of the Cape sleep and smoke in their journey from one kloof to another. It is of solid construction, and well roofed with leather. A large family, with all their luggage and paraphernalia, even their cocks and hens, may travel in it; and perhaps there could be no more romantic way of spending six months than in jolting about in one of these lumbering chariots amidst the plains and forests of Wallachia. The people of the country generally go from place to place on foot, or mounted on horses, buffaloes, or oxen. Asses are little used; those humble quadrupeds being treated with the same unchristian contempt as in most other European countries. Asia and Africa are their paradise. Among the Boyards, however, it is fashionable to make use of what is called a Karoutchor, a kind of vehicle peculiar to the country, and which we sincerely hope may ever remain so. As a traveller has already remarked, it holds a position in the scale of conveyances, a little above a wheel-barrow and a little below a dungcart. It is, properly speaking, a trough, a box without a cover, three feet long, two feet wide, and two feet and a half high. It rests, of course without the intervention of springs, upon the axles or beams; and is poised upon four wheels made of solid wood, more or less rounded by means of a hatchet. Perhaps Boadicea's war-chariot was something of the

Conducted to

enters into its composition. as primitive as the vehicle. shaft, generally with the bark on, eight, ten, or twelve horses are fastened by means of long cords, with collars at the end through which the heads of the beasts are passed. Three surijions or postillions mount three of the horses without saddles, without stirrups, and without bridles; and these are all the preparations made to travel express in Wallachia.

If you have courage enough to undertake this mode of progression, you present yourself to the Aga or the Ispravnick of the city you inhabit, and inform him of your desperate intention, and also of the place you want to reach, the day on which you wish to set out, and your address. This information is set down upon a piece of paper, which it is neway. The chief formality, however, consists in paying the whole fare in advance—a precaution probably taken because there exist so very few chances of your arriving safely at the end of your journey, and because it would not be decorous to exact payment from a dead traveller.

When the fatal moment has arrived, and you have said adieu to your friends and made your will, the karoutchor comes dashing up to your door; and it is considered wisest, if you really intend to travel, to leap in without taking a moment to think of the consequences. The Ispravnick has given a thought to your comfort. You will find an armful of hay, not very sweet it is true, to sit upon; and whilst you are arranging it underneath you, the shape of a savage cry, as if he were about to wheels at once; for they have not yet got to turn his head. He is not there for conused to go round. They will get into the versation. He has nothing to say to you habit one by one, never fear. You feel the As to stopping, or going slower, or not necessity at once of clutching hold of the going quicker, the idea is absurd. At awkward rider seizes hold of the pointel of this saddle. The neighbours shout out a long farewell, or look commiseratingly at you, as if you were going to be hanged; ruthless boys laugh at your deplorable countenance; and the postillions yell like mad. Thus you arrive at the gates of the city, exhibit your pass-port—shame preventing you from getting out—submit probably to the last extertion you will suffer in this life; and rush into the open fare is paid.

Now the three postillions begin to show themselves in their true character. You have already had some ugly suspicions. They is true that each principality possesses nomiare not postillions. They are demons. They nally a capital, and that Bucharest and Jassy are carrying you away soul and body to contain a considerable agglomeration of intheir great master. As soon as they have habitants. Both these places, however, though the wide horizon of plain and forest around they exhibit some tendencies to civilisationthem, they begin to scream with delight, though they put on fragments of French

The harness is and to exhibit their infernal joy under a
To a single false pretence of singing. The first in rank
k on, eight, ten, sets up a discordant rhythmical howl, sometimes as gay as the psalms on a witch's sabbath, sometimes as dreary as the shricks of guosts disturbed in their midnight evolutions. Then the others join in in chorus, and you would assuredly stop your ears if your hands were not fully employed in holding on Meanwhile, these wretches accompany their screams with the most furious gesticulations, wriggling their bodies into all manner of postures, leaning now this way, now that, lashing furiously the herd of wild animals that is bounding under them; and giving, indeed, every additional proof that is necessary

of their supernatural character.

Once you have set out, you feel yourself reduced to a most miserable state of insignificance. You are utterly forgotten. surijious think of nothing but their songs and their horses. They have not even a glance to spare for the karoutchor. they go, whether there be a road or not, caring only to swallow so many miles in the least possible space of time. The tracks in the African deserts are often marked by the bones of camels that have fallen under their burdens; those in Wallachia are marked by the bones of mad men who have undertaken to travel post. But the surijion cares not for-notices not-these lugubrious mementoes of former journeys. He skips lightly over them all. Ravines, torrents, ditches, patches of brushwood, are dashed through with railroad rapidity. The horses seem to take delight in this infernal race. They too forget chief surijion will utter his "all right" in the that they have anything at their heels, and struggle desperately which shall be foremost. whirl you to the infernal regions, will crack A steeple chase is nothing to it. If you are his enormous whip, and thus give the signal a very bold man the excitement keeps you up of departure. Off you go-with a frightful for half an hour; but then alarm rushes into jerk and an ominous hop of all the four your soul. Not one of the postillions deigns edge of your abominable post-box, as an length in all probability a wheel breaks, the trough falls over, and the traveller is shot off into some deep hole, with a broken leg or collar-bone, and is thankful that he is not quite killed. Still on goes the karoutchor rendered lighter by this slight accident, and it is only on reaching the next relay, that the surijions turn round and perceive that they have lost a wheel and their passenger. Peace be to his manes-his

The distinguishing characteristic of Moldo-Wallachia being the absence of cities, travelling is not very prevalent among the people. It is true that each principality possesses nomi-

of the Danubian provinces is in the country -in the plains that stretch from the banks of the Danube towards the Krappacks and Dneister-out amidst the fields, where grew, probably, the corn which made the bread we, sitting here at breakfast in London, have this day enten-out into the forests that furnish the wood with which Constantinople is built-out into the districts where men live like moles in the earth, and where you may ride over the roofs of a village without suspecting its existence, unless your horse

stumble into a chimney hole.

If Moldo-Wallachia possessed a proper government, and were insured against the dangers of conquest, it would probably produce ten times the amount of grain it now produces. The cultivated fields, so far from succeeding one another in unbroken succession, are loosely scattered over the country, and divided by patches of forest and waste land, and sometimes by vast extent of marsh. They are allowed to lie fallow every other year from the want of a proper system of manuing. The seed time is generally in autumn; but if a short crop is feared, an inferior quality of grain is sown in other lands in the spring. Six oxen drag a heavy plough, which makes a deep furrow. Every year, as in a new country, virgin tracts are brought under cultivation to replace others, which have been wilfully abandoned, or have been ruined by violent inundations of the Danube, or its tributary torrents. These newly conquered fields are first planted with cabbages, which grow to an enormous size, and are supposed to exhaust certain salts, which would be injurious to the production of wheat, of barley, of maize, of peas, of beans, of lentils, and other grain and pulse. Maize was first introduced into these countries in the last century, and yields prodigious returns.

The Danubian provinces are familiar to the Englishman chiefly as corn-growing countries; but we must repeat, in order to leave a correct impression, that great portions of them are still clothed in primeval forest. Patriots, taking this fact to be a sign of barbarism, insist that the wood-lands are every day giving way to cultivation, and pride themselves on the fact; but a grave Italian writer, who seems to fear that some day the world will be in want of fuel, deplores this circumstance, and attributes it to what he considers an extravagant, absurd, and almost impious use of good things granted by Providence, namely, the custom of paving a few of the principal streets, or rather kennels, of Jassy and Bucharest with wood. The worthy man, however, might have spared himself the anxiety which this hideous waste appears to have created in his mind. There is no danger that Moldo-Wallachia will soon be dis-

costume as the savages put on the inex- rejoice in this fact, when they know that the pressibles of Captain Cook-are little better vast seas of foliage which form the horizon of even now than vast villages. The true life the plains and roll over the mountains are inhabited by prodigious colonies of nightingales. In no place in the world are there found so many of these delightful songsters as in Wallachia. In the months of May and June it is considered to be one of the greatest enjoyments that man can taste, to go out by. moonlight and listen to the concert of nightingales, swelling full and melodious above the rustling of the leaves, and the rattling of small water-courses. • Benighted travellers often stop their waggons by the side of some forest-lake that spreads over half a glade, on purpose to listen to this marvellous music, and then after having feasted their ears for awhile, give the order to march, upon which, amid the clacking of whips, the shouts of the drivers, and the creaking of the wheels, all those sweet sounds are stifled, and you are brought back as it were from fairy-land to the country of Boyards, serfs,

and gipsies.

Let us suppose the reader to be wending his way according to this primitive style, through one of the vast plains that stretch westward from the Dimbowitza. If it be summer there is little danger, even after midnight, from the wolves; and the bears remain up amidst the krappacks. You may, therefore, jolt along in safety, unless you happen to deviate into a morass, or upset into one of the crevices, which so frequently occur. It is pleasant to travel by night on account of the great comparative coolness of that time; but nothing can exceed the delight of moving leisurely along in the early hours of the morning, when the air is full of grey light, and the skies are covered by flights of birds on the look out for a breakfast; when bustards go rustling through the underwood, when partridges start up from the dewy grass and take semicircular flights to get out of the way of the intruders, and when awkward storks are seen perched upon boughs watching for serpents and other reptiles to take home to their young. The sunrise in those districts is wonderfully fine, clear, and Once the winter season passed the weather is balmy and agreeable, except in the afternoon, when the fierce heat shrivels the vegetation, and causes the traveller to droop. This is why the dark hours, or those which usher in the day, are preferred for travelling; and if you are out in the plains at that time, you are sure to hear the discordant creaking of wheels approaching or receding in different directions, just as in the enchanted forest to which Don Quixote was taken by the humorous (and not very amiable) hospitality of his ducal hosts.

The approach to a Wallachian village in these wild regions is remarkable. On emerging perhaps from a sombre wood, along the skirts of which hang white patches of morning mist, you dimly see signs of cultivation, fields of forested, and the sentimental, perhaps, will maize or wheat and beds of cucumbers and

eggs and peultry, and leap out of your slow; the two principalities there are about five moving waggon and push on, expecting, if thousand boroughs and villages, most of them you are quite a novice, to descry comfortable of the character we have just described. Howlooking cottages, and it may be the steeple of ever, on the mountains, the houses are above a village church. Whilst you are gazing shead ground, and are not disagreeable in appearin this vain expectation, a slight breeze wafts a strong odour of smoke around you, and looking attentively you see a few blue ringlets coming up from the ground just in front. Presently some slight elevations may be distinguished, scattered over what appears to you a patch of rough grass land, and now and then a wild-looking figure rises mysteriously, flits along a little way, and then drops into the earth. These are Moldo-Wallachians making their morning calls. You have stumbled upon a village or rather upon a human warren. The houses are mere holes dug in the ground, with a roof composed of long poles, which are covered with earth and thatched with the grass that naturally grows. This style of living was adopted by the people of these unfortunate countries for the sake of concealment from the marauders, to whose inroads they have always been subject on every

The villages are dug as far as possible from any line of route ordinarily used. They rarely contain more than a few hundred inhabitants, and are subject to a tax, the amount of which is fixed according to the supposed number of the houses. For example, a village set down as containing a hundred dwelling places, has to pay four hundred plastres. The Ispravnick, or governor of the district, receives a list of villages from the treasury, with the sum required from each affixed, and sends an agent to inform the people of their liabilities. It often happens that a village is set down as containing more or less houses than it really does. If there is a greater number, that is to up our opinion only upon them (having say, if the estimate of the treasury is under watched the growth of London Penny News the mark, the peasants collect in a public Rooms-still infant phenomena not able, it meeting to discuss in what proportion each is would seem, to run alone), we are able to to benefit by the mistake. At these meetings report of them that they are growing in they shout, quarrel, and even fight. though wounds and death sometimes occur, matter. contains fewer houses than are set down, the peasants collect and nominate a deputation entrusted with the duty of representing the . overcharge in the proper quarter. If they cannot obtain redress they often abandon their houses or holes, and separate and pass into neighbouring parishes and districts, leaving their old dwelling places entirely deserted. meet with what in other countries would be established with a view to the profit that would

cabbages. So you begin to have thoughts of called rising towns. It is calculated that in ance or uncomfortable to live in. Near most villages may be seen long granaries, if they may so be called, of peculiar construction. They are often about three hundred feet in length, six feet high, and three or four feet wide, and are made of open trellis work. In them the maize is thrown, and being dried by the wind is preserved, when necessary, for several years. It is, on this account, that the cargoes of maize from Galatz are seldom or never injured on the passage, whilst those from Egypt and other places, being shipped whilst yet half-dried, often corrupt on the

ACCOMMODATION FOR QUIDNUNCS.

Quid nunc? "What now?" or, "What's the news?" is a question that can be answered more readily by the multitude in provincial towns than in the Metropolis. About two years ago we called attention to the fact that London was in one respect left behind by Liverpool and other towns :- we had no Penny News Rooms. Attempts, more or less vigorous, to supply that want, have since been made in divers quarters of the town, and they appear to have succeeded more or less according to the greater or less degree of vigour that has been thrown into their management. The harvest gathered by each speculator seems to have been pretty well proportioned to the capital and labour spent. External signs of prosperity are, to be sure, very delusive. Yet, setting But health and strength.

The first attempt towards the supply of nothing ever transpires before the tribunals. penny news was made, in an unpretending It is a family quarrel in which no stranger way by some newsvendor, who announced interferes. When matters are settled the head in his window that the papers might be man of the village collects the various items read for a penny on his premises. Having of the tax, and carries the sum to the agent, the raw article passing through his hands who has no cill to meddle otherwise in the in the way of business, it became easy for But if, as often happens, the village him to establish a reading-room in his back parlour, if he did not believe that the practice tended to reduce the number of newspaper buyers, and so damage his trade. Very few such attempts were made. We know at this date only of two. They are impromptus differing from the reading-rooms planned with deliberation as improvisation differs from poetry. The first Penny News Room, more de-After a little time, of course, taxation pursues liberately established, is situated in Cheapside. them in their new retreat. In this way the So far as the system is concerned, it is not a fair population remains unsettled, and we never experiment, inasmuch as it probably was not

be extracted from itself alone. It is subsidiary to an eating-house and tavern. It is not on that account the worse conducted, and no one who visits it is made to feel that he is bound to supply body and mind together. The dignity and independence of the entrance penny are in no degree impaired. It admits to a porusal of all the daily morning and evening papers properly arranged on stands, and to the file of back numbers both of them and of the leading weekly journals for the last six months: The weekly papers are on stands in a second room, a story higher. There is also a very good representation of the provincial press. There are scarcely any foreign papers, and the quarterly reviews and monthly magazines may indeed be kept, but they must be asked for especially. The rooms are very well conducted, and we have always found them crowded on the first floor with readers of the day's news; respectable, determined, active world wags in the least possible time, and being a washing-room. off again about their daily business. These

can dine. fire burning in an open parlous grate, under the cover of a domestic mantel piece. The penny taker sits at a small table near the door. There is a low table in the middle of the room, and there are about a dozen, more or less, cane-bottomed chairs sprinkled The French books occupy a series of shelves on one wall; and, as a gentle hint to the news-readers that they are not to help themselves to these books, a cordon, is drawn across the room, isolating a little sanctum sanctorum, in which the philologist and his staff rule over the penny-a-volume library. The table is supplied with a number of daily newspapers, and a selection of weekly journals. There are also one or two French newspapers; of monthlies and quarterlies the supply is scanty and uncertain. About this room there are rarely so many as a dozen quiet persons quietly seated, quietly reading. They are evidently not City men. They are in

Court or Lombard Street sense. They prefer that News Room to more prosperous establishments (one of which stands nearly opposite), although it contains fewer papers, because it contains also fewer men. They simply wish to look over the day's news in peace; to read about the world in a snug nook withdrawn from all its bustle. The philologist

exactly caters for their wants.

There is another quiet, but somewhat more business-like News establishment in the Strand apparently under the auspices, of a photographer, whose frame is hung out at the door. It occupies two rooms on the first-floor and includes not only the Penny News Room, but other desirable accommodations for the public. A letter may be written there, pen and ink, paper and envelope being furnished for a penny. Letters may be addressed there and are taken and delivered to the enquirer at the charge of a halfpenny: quidnuncs, bent upon ascertaining how the for some such charge use may be made of

That the public is really disposed to support liberally established News Rooms are, in 'act, a Penny News Room when a man is found a variation upon the ordinary dining-room, in who throws his mind into its management, which a moderate supply of newspapers is has been proved, in the case of an establishprovided for the satisfaction of the diners, ment in Oxford Street, which appeared to In those you dined and had the opport be under the management of a stationer tunity of looking at the papers; in these in a small way of business; or some one who you look at the papers, and, if you please, had superadded stationery to his news trade. I entered his shop door, and found the pro-I am not quite sure whether the second prietor boxed up in a little place measuring Penny News Room was not the one established four feet by three, more or less. Out of that in Holborn or Oxford Street by a teacher of four feet by three shop a sort of wicket gate languages, who has always a class in course gives admission to the News Room—a place of being formed on very cheap terms; and scarcely equal in size to the rooms of the who has also a penny-a-volume library of photographer or the philologist: and yet who has also a penny-a-volume integrate or the philotographer of the sounds. The chamber used is the front room much paper and print could be spread open on the first floor, unusually domestic in its in such a space was a marvel. There were proportions and in furniture. It is carpeted, six morning newspapers (two copies of the and, in winter, there was always a good Times), three evening papers, thirty-two fire lumping in an even paylous orate under weekly journals and newspapers about weekly journals and newspapers, about the same number of country newspapers, twelve Irish and Scotch papers, twelve foreign newspapers, and sixteen monthly and quarterly publications. Every number of all of these was supplied on the day of publication; and there was such an embarrassment of riches that one was nearly smothered in paper. The readers sat or stood or screwed themselves up as they might; they knocked each other's heads, and trod on each other's toes, and jolted each other's clbows, from sheer want of space; and, when the gas was lighted and the room filled with evening readers, (there was always an escape of gas flavouring the air) oh, the temperature There was a degree of discipline-probably connected in some degree with that pancity of space-quite rigorous. The daily papers were framed up against the wall, the weeklies and provincials were placed on two tables, 'no hurry. They are only interested in Russia the Irish and Scotch were poked into a little and Turkey, and in the Cab Question, like corner, the pamphlets and miscellanies were ordinary news-readers, and not in the Capel placed in portfolios, while the monthlies and

literally; for each was strung to a wooden board, from which the reader was requested in no wise to remove it. Regular visitors were accustomed to observe a constant work of improvement going on in those rooms. The number of periodicals and papers increased-from French and German journals we got on to Spanish-new means of establishing order and providing a place for everything (so that any journal might at once blishment, lavatories and other accommoda-be found) were always being brought into tion for the pedestrian in London streets. play. The conductor of that room never was satisfied that he had brought it to perfection. It filled well, and attracted many foreigners. At the little wicket the Room. foreigner was courteously told in French, Italian, or German that he had to pay a

penny on entrance. Saldenly one day this well-ordered room fell into confusion. Although it had given no previous signs of decline or fall, it was manifestly suffering the throes of dissolution. Presently it died out. But it died in Oxford Street only to be resuscitated in Holborn, in a spacious and well-appointed saloon behind a tailor's shop. The shop in Oxford Street became devoted to pure stationery, and a dash of the tailoring business was thrown into the cially of Paris; and any reader who refers News Room for a change. Whether we are to to what we then said,* will find that we regard the tailor as the grand promoter of the have hitherto been by no means too bold undertaking, or the lessee of the premises who in our ventures. While we are timidly reserves a privilege of advertising himself trafting news upon philology, photography, freely among the news-readers, we do not or tailoring, in Paris the Edous de lecture-know. We are not bound to acknow-exist of the highest character. Abundance nection existing between penny news and Spanish, and American newspapers; reviews, guinea trousers. The News Rooms behind magazines, and other periodicals; globes, the tailor's shop are large, commodious, and atlases, and maps; a handsomely-bound colwell supplied. The grand step made by the old lection of classical and popular literature; News Room in the course of its resuscitation spacious windows letting in a flood of light was the introduction of the practice of filing a by day, and shaded and chastened gas-lights large number of the journals, both metropo- for use in the evening; embossed maps on litan and provincial. A certain amount of the walls and writing conveniences on the success or capital is necessary before the pro-tables; green velvet sofas and divans; large prietor of a News Room can file the journals mirrors and elegant decorations—all available he receives instead of selling them. A body at a charge of four sous or twopence per of filed papers will, however, be found in the day. As we then also stated, there are no end to form the most substantial basis of less than four hundred of these readingprofit for any establishment of this kind. It should be a place supplied with ample means no desire for the luxuries of velvet and of reference as well as of daily current information. So far, therefore, the resuscitated News Roam is improved. It is improved also in breadth of house-room. The papers, Tritish and foreign, are also, we believe, not less liberally supplied than under the old regime. With more space, however, has come less scrupulous attention to the necessity of neatness and order, and a busy visitor may by chance waste ten minutes in the endeavour to find any particular journal that he may wish to see among the confused mass of papers on the table. We are certain, however, that if the business has not changed hands, this objection will soon vanish.

In all these rooms, except perhaps the

quarterlies were boarded—not technically but smallest, there are provided Directories, Court Guides, Railway Guides, maps of London, Law Lists, and other books of common reference. In the case of such books, it is convenient for every one to know where they can at any time be seen. In most of the rooms-we have already instanced oneletters are taken in for strangers or subscribers. In all of them letters can be written. There should be also, as in the Strand estation for the pedestrian in London streets. There are half a dozen little wants, the ministering to which can very fairly be made part of the machinery of the Penny News

Penny News Rooms prosper very well in our northern towns, and there is no reason why they should not abound in London. Peele's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, Deacon's in Walbrook, and the Chapter Coffee-house, have become famous as coffee-houses for the files of papers that they keep. They have supplied admirably in their way, but still inadequately, a part of the great want which is now forcing the Penny News Rooms into existence. When we first broached the subledge any impertment suggestion of a con- of French, English, German, Italian, Dutch, rooms in Paris; and if the reader should feel mirrors, he could find abundance of establishments to which the rate of admission is two sous or one penny.

Heartily wishing prosperity to those who have established, or may hereafter establish, well-conducted Penny News Rooms, we turn now to an allied subject of still greater interest and importance. An attempt is being made in Westminster to set on foot, under the shadow of the Abbey, Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people. Penny News Rooms are frequented by all classes; but chiefly by those who are comparatively well to do. The introduction of refreshments

^{*} Household Words, Vol. iii, p. 81.

Refreshment Rooms for working people are designed to supply in the best possible way the particular wants of a class. The first room of the kind ever opened is in Edinburgh, where it was established about a year ego. There are now in that city several others. They are opened at five o'clock in the morning, and provide at that hour coffee or comfortable breakfasts for many a man who used to commence work with a glass of Thousands of working men, whisky. wanting refreshment, go to a public-house because they scarcely know what else to do. To take the case of Westminster-in which district it is proposed that the first London rooms of this kind shall be established-there are in the neighbourhood of the Abbey great numbers of work-people employed upon the new Victoria Street, many of whom come from a distance and are compelled either to bring food with them and eat it in the open air, or to retire into the public-houses. Two large public-houses have been in fact created for their use. Why not create something more desirable? Every one who is acquainted with that strange and ever widening London boundary of bricks and mortar, among which workmen are for ever stirring, and out of which houses are for ever rising, knows how the public-houses are built out in the fields at regular distances, in anticipation of the workpeople who presently will swarm about them. Why not set on foot the practice of providing in a better way for the comfort of respectable and steady workmen, who accept now unwillingly the tap-room as a necessary but most undesirable kind of accommodation?

The Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people, which it is thought desirable to found in those and other localities, are by no means intended to diffuse teeto-They should supply meals on any scale within the workman's means; he will require generally roast or boiled meat for his dinner, and he will in most cases like a glass of beer. There is no reason why, with a few obviously reasonable precautions, anything that is comfortable within the limits of moderation should be denied. There are in London some few cheap lodging-houses for the work-people, in which they can get a good dinner, including beer, for sixpence, and a woman who has kept such a house for some years allows that she makes fifty per cent. on her whole outlay. Contenting themselves with a more reasonable return for their investments the founders of Refreshment and Reading Rooms for working men could easily provide at a cost within the means of every industrious man a place in which during the intervals of labour he could wash, if he pleased, eat and drink, and obtain rational intellectual amusement.

into them would defeat their purpose and at Westminster, and of all cheap News Rooms, destroy their character. The Reading and will succeed in their good work, and stimulate will succeed in their good work, and stimulate to exertion many active imitators.

A RUSSIAN STRANGER.

An illustrious stranger made his appearance in Loudon in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one. He was not entirely unknown; the jewellers, and the lapidaries, and the dealers in articles of vertil had long appreciated him, and by them he was recognized as a valuable acquaintance; but to the world at large his very existence was scarcely known. When he made his first appearance in a polished green jacket, the inquiry ran around -who is he; what is his name; whence does he come; and how does he make his jacket? It was found that his name was Malachite; that he belonged to a Russian family and that his jacket, like that of a harlequin, was a patchwork of pieces placed edge to edge. Still there were anxious queries put forth-What is malachite? and we have reason to believe that among the millions who made their first acquaintance with this foreigner in the year named, there is a very notable per-centage who could not and cannot yet answer this question. And yet it deserves to be answered, as we may soon see.

One very strange circumstance connected with malachite is, that it is not a stone or a marble of any kind; it has neither lime, nor clay, nor flint, nor sand in its compositionnothing which can be considered as a necessary or integrant part of stone or marble or alabaster. It is a salt. A sore puzzle this will be to those (and their name is legion) who recognise salt only as a condiment to be added in little crumbles to savoury mouthfuls; but the learned chemists have a way of applying the term salt, which it is worth while to know. When an acid is combined with a metal, or the oxide of a metal, or an alkali, or an earth, the compound becomes a salt—the chemists say so, and therefore of course it must be so. Now the delicate white granular substance which we can buy for daily use at three pounds for a penny, and which we should be perfectly willing to buy at a shilling a pound if we could not obtain it for less, is a salt because it is composed of muriatic acid and the alkali soda (or more strictly chlorine and sodium); and by the same token malachite is a salt because it consists of carbonic acid and oxide of copper. We need not carry our chemistry further than this; suffice it to say that malachite is really and truly carbonate of copper. There may be, and are other forms of earbounte of copper; but malachite is believed to acquire its remarkable and beautiful appearance by being formed in drops, a sedimentary deposit analogous to stalactite and stalagmite. It is supposed by Sir Roderick Murchison that the carbonate was once a liquid, and that it gra-We trust that the promoters of the scheme dually solidified by slow dropping—just as is

the case at the petrifying dripping well near Knaresborough. Every mass of it seems to have been grouped round a centre, in more or less concentric layers; and according to the varying richness of the solution at different times, so do the concentric-layers exhibit a lighter and darker tint of green. A beautiful theory is this; for it explains not only the globular or rounded form of the masses, but also the rich play of green tints observable in all specimens of malachite.

It is a necessary consequence, or rather should exist near the localities whence malachite is obtained; for it is a solution of the carbonate of metal which produces the gen (if malachite may be called a gem, which it almost deserves to be). It is not disseminated in large masses, like a metallic ore; it seems rather to have trickled into clefts and cavities, which determine its dimensions. Rarely can a piece be obtained weighing so much as twenty pounds. It is softer than marble, very much heavier, brilliant in its lustre, and almost silky in the delicate gleam of its green streaks; yet these qualities are marred by the extreme difficulty of working it. Fragile and yet obstinate, it sorely tries the patience of the workman. A Russian, however, is accustomed to patience; and he has con-

quered in his time more obstinate things than

malachite.

Another curious circumstance connected with malachite is, the extremely limited number of spots where it has been found. Siberia and Australia are nearly the only two which can be named. In Australia the discovery has been very recent; but in Siberia malachite has long been known. Until within a few years, the largest mass obtained weighed about a hundred poods (a pood equals thirty-six English pounds); it was obtained from the copper-mine of M. Tourchaninoss, at Goumechess (oh! these Russian names), and is deposited in one of the National Museums. But this has been beaten into insignificance by a recent discovery, to which are due the magnificent specimens of malachite brought to England. The Messrs. Demidoff, of St. Petersburgh, are the owners of some copper mines in the Ural mountains; and while the miners were in search of the metallic ore, they on one fortunate day lighted upon a mass of malachite, weighing not less than three thousand poods miners were able to detach this in one block, and they then met with another thousand poods weight, filling up clefts and crevices in the surrounding rock. What a treasure this; considering that a fair specimen of malachite will bring tifteen shillings per English pound! There is supposed to be a still larger deposit of malachite near the spot whence this mass was obtained : precious nuggets (albeit green) which may by and bye put money into the pockets of the proprietors.

But like other treasures, malachite requires the other to impart the concavities or depres-

the hand of man before it becomes practically valuable. The large masses crumble in the air, generally into pieces of two to four pounds weight; and the question arises, how to work so very brittle a material. It is not altogether a new art, for museums and royal palaces, in many parts of Europe, contain speciment of inlaying or veneering with malachite. But when Messrs. Demidoff made their grand discovery, an incentive was given towards the adoption of larger mechanical appliances: They determined to establish a manufactory a necessary preliminary, that ores of copper of their own at St. Petersburgh, which they placed under the care of M. Leopold Joffriand, who left no means untried to obtain a mastery over the material, and make it applicable to ornamental purposes. How he succeeded in his task, the malachite doors at the Crystal Palace testified; and what difficulties he has had to surmount, the following details will show.

In the first place, then, it must be borne in mind that the malachite is used, not in mass, but, as a thin veneer. The pieces are cut by saws into veneers varying from a quarter to a twelfth of an inch in thickness. To effect this the block is cemented upon a carriage which has a traversing motion along a little railway; and the malachite is kept forcibly pressed against the edge of a vertical circular saw; fine sand and water are continually applied to the cut, until the slice of malachite is at length severed from the block. Thus is the block sliced away, not quite so quickly but much more carefully than the housewife's quartern loaf. Where a curved surface is to be covered with malachite, the saws for cutting the vencer are bent to a corresponding curvature; and an extremely delicate and precarious process of cutting then ensues.

The slices being cut, their junction into a uniform plane is the next point attended to. Here the most unwearied attention is called for. In every piece of malachite, the dark and light streaks of green form graceful curves, varying infinitely in appearance. Now, it would not satisfy an artistic eye, to see pieces joined together edge to edge without any reference to varying tints of the surface; there would be a mottled, confused, indefinite jumble of bits of curves and bits of tints. The workman, consequently, selects his pieces with especial reference to their streakings, and combines them edge to edge in such a way as to carry out somewhat like a principle of design-not stiff and formal, but just sufficient to satisfy the eye by a kind of intelligi-bility of arrangement. This is very difficult to accomplish, on account both of the smallness of the pieces and the variation of their shape. Every little fragment has its edges cut by means of a copper wheel. For each joint there must be two or three little copper grinding wheels employed, one to give the convexities or protuberances to one edge, and

sions to the other edge. It is in these joinings that M. Joffriand has made the most marked improvements. Before the establishment of the manufactory at St. Petersburgh, all malachite veneering had straight edges to the separate pieces, and very little attention was

The fixing of these numberless little pieces upon the ground-work which is to support them is not so difficult an art as those which precedo it; but still it requires great care and attention. This ground-work or substratum may be stone or marble; but it is generally iron or copper. The malachite is cemented down piece by piece, each in its proper position. Small interstices are left here and there, which are afterwards filled up with green breccia—plaster coloured with pow-dered malachite, and speckled with minute fragments. When the whole is filled up, the surface is ground with sand, to bring it to a proper level; and after this it is polished.

Those who remember (and few will forget) the gorgeous malachite productions in the of the difficulties entailed in their execution. Every pound of malachite becomes reduced by weight to half a pound by the time it has reached the form of veneer, and further reduced to a quarter of a pound by the waste unavoidable in adjusting and fitting. The veneered surface thus assumes a value of about three guineas a pound; and as there are at least two pounds and a half to the square foot, this gives a value of seven or eight guineas for a square foot of malachite veneer, for material alone, irrespective of the value of the labour bestowed

upon it.

Some of the churches in St. Petersburgh are said to have fluted columns of malachite, which present an exquisitely beautiful ap-pearance; but nothing ever seen out of Russia has ever equalled the wonderful productions which were sent over to us in eighteen hundred and fifty-one. There were transmissions of this remarkable material from a few other quarters. Thus, a Derbyshire firm, accustomed to works in gems and stones, prepared marble slabs with a surface of malachite; and a South Australian firm showed that the celebrated Burra Burra copper mines are capable of yielding fine malachite; and a Prussian firm exhibited a beautiful silver casket with four tablets of malachite; and some of the mining companies of Russia exhibited masses of the substance just as they had been obtained from their rocky bed. But all these sank into insigchimney-piece, and the round, and oval, and pervades the fissures of the rock in the form of

square tables, and the chairs, and the tazza, and the vases, and the pedestals, and the clock, and above all, who can forget the doors ? These doors, suitable for the foldingdoors of a grand saloon, and measuring together about fourteen feet in height, by paid to the veins or markings; but the seven in width, were made of metal, covered curved joinings now afford many facilities with malachite veneer about a quarter of an for producing elegance and symmetry in inch in thickness—much thicker than is ordinarily used. The cement with which the vencer was fastened to the metal was made with fragments of the malachite itself, so as to correspond with it in colour. It was stated by the Messrs. Demidoff that those two doors employed thirty men upwards of a year to fit, finish, and polish the malachite veneer! One feels almost inclined to ask whether, after all, they were worth so. much labour; but this is a delicate politico - economico - æsthetico - social question, which must not be hastily answered. The malachite productions altogether were valued at the large sum of eighteen thousand guineas.

Such is this illustrious Russian strangermalachite. When the name was scarcely known in England, there was another analogous substance well known to our Russian department at the Crystal Palace jewellers and wearers of jewels-turquoise, It will be able to form some faint conception is curious to trace the points of resemblance between them. Both occur in small portions mostly rounded, imbedded in other rocks. Both owe their colour to copper. Both can with care be cut, and both receive an exquisite polish. The chief difference is, that while the one presents various tints of rich green, the other has a delicate blue or greenish blue colour. As the malachite admirers have, almost to this day, been much in doubt whether malachite ought to be considered a stone; so was turquoise for many years a mystery; it being a matter for speculation not only what it is, but where it comes. Some persons thought that turquoise is a sort of fossil ivory tinged with copper; while others stoutly maintained its claim to the rank of a true mineral. There appear, indeed, to be different kinds of turquoise, owing their blue colour more or less to the presence of a little copper; and it is supposed that some of the specimens which contain phosphoric acid are bones or teeth of animals, mineralised by the effects of a turquoise solution. Be this as it may, the Turks and Persians are amazingly fond of turquoise; they wear it as a gem in diadens and bracelets; they employ it as an adornment for the hilts of swords and the. handles of knives; and they value it as an amulet or talisman. It is near Nishapore, in Persia, that the true turquoise is chiefly It is generally attached in small found. pieces to porphyritic rock, at some depth below the surface of the ground; but sometimes it seems to have bubbled out from the nificance before the gorgrous productions of rock in the form of little beads or pimples; the Messrs. Demidoff. Who can forget the while, at other times, the blue turquoise matter

veins. It thus becomes evident that turquoise has either been at one time liquefied like malachite, or has been in a molten state by heat. The mines belong to the Shah, and he farms them out to the villagers who dig for the turquoise. The produce is either sold to trivelling merchants who come to the villages, or it is sent for sale to Meshed. The lapidaries in that city cut and polish the turquoise, and bring it into the various forms fitted for ornamental use; and the gems thus made find their way, by means of the merchant caravans, to Herat, Candahar, Turkey, Bokhara, and other countries. Such at least used to be the case when Mr. Baillie Fraser travelled and wrote; but Persia is such an out-of-the-way place in these our railway days, that it is difficult to know what is doing there at present. We have Shyleck's authority that a turquoise, especially if given by Leah to a bachelor, is worth a "wilderness of monkeys;" but notwith-standing this indefinitely large valuation, turquoises are much less known in Europe than in the East. Whatever may be the analogies between the green Russian and the blue Persian, however, there is this difference -the malachite is used as a veneer, and the turquoise is not.

TRUST AND NO TRUST.

I MEET my friend Claypaw once or twice in the year, commonly in Cheapside; now and then at a friend's house. When we meet he shakes hands with me in a formal friendly way, and looks round the corner of me for the bits of shirt that ought to be apparent at my elbows. They ought to be, but are not yet apparent; and Claypaw is, I fear, disgusted at the slowness with which I proceed towards the verification of his prediction. For Claypaw is a practical man, a man who knows the world, and he has booked me for a fast coach on the road to ruin. I am all that he is not; if he, therefore, dubs himself with justice practical, I must be fantastical. Nevertheless I feed, and clothe, and house myself, take care of Mrs. Green, and lay by some provision for the future. Missing, no doubt, many a pound, I hit upon a good deal of pleasure; life is, indeed, much pleasanter to me then Claypaw finds it. Claypaw, should this meet your eye, you will know that it is the writing of your cousin Pheneas Green, whose wife and seven children ought long since to have rubbed all the nap out of his coat; Green, the unpractical man, the eorist—and here he beards you.

At the bottom of my wordly theorising lies—as you know, (laypaw—the firm belief that men and women are, in the main, good fellows; and that because I happen never in my life to have seen A. B. (one of the eight hundred million the pleasure of whose acquaintance it has been unfortunately impossible for me to make). I have no right to

set A. B. down as untrustworthy, funce about when I had communication with A. B., or expect from A. B. any injury whatever. You, Claypaw, tell me that by this theory I lay myself open to be cheated right and left, that I have been already seriously bitten once or twice, and that I shall get a bite that will be fatal presently. I am at issue with you there.

Of course I do not mean to propose that, in the present state of the world, men should let any large stake depend too lightly on the assumed credit of a stranger. Let it be granted that I should not think it theoretically proper to place the key of Mrs. Green's pantry in the hands of the aforesaid A. B., without receiving from some X. Y. Z. of known respectability assurance that A. B. also was worthy of respect. Such proper assurance could be sought in no distrustful spirit. In all smaller matters I am theoretically disposed until I see reason to the contrary to take any man's good will and leanesty at once for granted.

honesty at once for granted. Again, I should say that I approve heartily of every business arrangement or strict habit of oversight, which makes it difficult for a dishonest action to escape discovery, because in that way temptations to crime are much lessened; and though we may be in the main good folks, we are in grain also peccable. We ought not to trust one another with our eyes shut. Let us work cheerily; but let every man have sense enough to know when an undue advantage has been taken of his confidence. We need not bite and ring every coin we touch, and we may take to ourselves, now and then, a bad one unsuspiciously; but we ought, nevertheless, as a rule, to know the look of a bad shilling. Let us deal so with men in worldly inter-

Before I show you by examples, my dear cousin, how it is that I am not yet threadbare, I must lay down as an abstract principle another of my theories which you regard, I know, as a finger-post to shame. I attempt no mystifications, make no struggle to surround myself with false appearances, let every man know fairly and freely so much of my ways, means, or opinions, as it may profit him-not me-to be acquainted with, and take my chance. You tell me that, as I get no such candour in return (so, at least, you believe) I expose all my weak points to people prompt to take advantage of them, throw away my armour to fight men who come against me harnessed cap-a-pie. If you be right, Claypaw, and if I do (as I don't) live in a state of daily battle among folks who have thrown truth aside, I think the fact must be that they have cast off their armour, not I mine.

my life to have seen A. B. (one of the eight hundred million the pleasure of whose friend. I am for a path through bright light acquaintance it has been unfortunately impossible for me to make), I have no right to I would be a lark; you would be a mole. I

friend, you follow with an eye upon his molests. As a man of business you reply that the male turns up and stores up many a treasure. Just that the lark finds neither worms nor earthauts for my parsnips from the soft words of my neighbour, while it is you only who know how to get at his purse. It is for me to starve, for you to fatten. But you see, Clay-

paw, I do not starve. That brewery transaction. There, you think, you have me on the hip. Didn't I go and invest all my capital in partnership with Didn't I narrowly escape bankruptcy? Didn't I incur obligations that were for years a drag upon my after life; hadn't 1 to eat bread confidence in man? Mr. Claypaw, to all vour first questions, yes; but to your last, emphatically no. That brewery transaction is the source of half my belief in the goodness of

I had loved at all. My ill-fated heart next was not hissed. The little bark of my forlook of Maria Susannah, but before I was captains were not dead to the requirements nineteen years old I sang on account of her, of a vessel in distress. in the spirit of a poet who in those days was a favourite of mine,

"Away! away! my carly dream, Remembrance never must awake: Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream? My foolish heart, be still, or break."

Something very hard and very cold. My soul began with an S for summer, the world with a W for winter. They were opposites. It never occurred to me that the world in which I sulked was a great universe of souls.

How I despised money! The pelf for which men sold themselves, the calf they worshipped, when was not even I a much But I found reason to expect and did receive more proper calf for them to honour? That from A. B., from C. D., from E. F., and men with money comforted their parents in from a whole alphabet of strangers, a full old age, fed and instructed children; that it return for all frank trust that I was taught represented physical existence, and that the to put in them. With very few exceptions, I struggle for it was ordained in Heaven as a had only to believe men good and find them method or developing society, of widening so. Cousin Claypaw, should the Bank of

walk with may neighbour arm in arm as a strengthening the virtues that are in us, I never then so much as dreamed. I said that men kept their hearts locked up in their cash-bexes, and called the search for gold a species of slavery, compared it to forced toilin the empty sky. Also that I get no butter | ing in the mines. For then I was too young to see what some have never yet discovered, that out of the active honest struggle, even for the gold we sneer at, ought to come the health and freedom of the spirit; that the mind so labouring and putting forth all its resources and its strength, is as the body that becomes athletic by good honest toil in the free air; that the mind with few desires a stranger whom I took to be an honest man, to carry it abroad is as the body locked in but who turned out to be a scamp? Didn't | jail, or growing cumbrous and unwholesoms I get involved? Wasn't I forced to borrow? in the hermit's cell. If money be loved, not for itself, but for its uses (truly they suffer who misuse it), I have begun now to think that it lies at the root not only of all-comfor years when I was earning cake? And merce, all civilisation, but that it gives rise wasn't that enough to sicken me of putting to nine-tenths of all the strong and active virtue in the world, as truly as ever it can have been said to beget nine-tenths of all the vice.

Now, my dear cousin, I got these very theoretical opinions out of my unlucky When I was a young man and wrote poetry, brewery transaction. I had sung about the my heart was shattered three several times Hollow World, and the false tinsel that made. once by Polly Bacon, aged eleven-but up the triumplis on its stage. Thereafter I her whom once I loved the most, I soon forgot made my debut in it and broke down. But I became an abandoned urn on account 8f tunes after I had launched it was unfortu-Mary Louisa Johnson, who was too like a nately boarded by a pirate who lung out dream of Heaven to be merited by me, and false colours; I was allured, plundered, taken went to a school at Tonbridge Wells, from in tow for a short time, and cut adrift. But which she went to an aunt in Ireland for the so adrift I found that the ships on the high holidays. My breast then thrilled before the seas were not all pirate vessels, and that their

I know, my dear Claypaw, your distaste for metaphorical statements of all kinds. I beg, therefore, to inform you plainly that I had reason to feel the Hearts, with a capital H, of businessmen beating quite warmly, often under formal letters three lines long, that began with "Mr. Phineas Green, Sir," and ended with "Mr. Phineas Green, Sir, It would not be still, and it broke. Now with "obedient servants, Firm, Brothers, and while so many breakages were going on within me, I was not at all contented with Brothers, and Co. felt satisfied that Mr. the world. It was a great abstraction Phineas Green, Sir, was trying no experisonating was them. ments of tactics with them, they met truth with trust, candour with liberality and kindness. Some there were who went selfishly to work, but I found the world on the whole, though I had such bad luck in it, warm to the bone. Though nobody would do my own. work for me, and supply my purse out of his own coffers, I expected that from none. the human intellect, of testing, exercising England ever break, and should you ever

dilgently mounting with no help but your much out of joint as to create petty discompounts of course you will not sit lamenting for everywhere, and beget petty distrusts, to work your way up in proud silence. You nonsense. Nobody worth listening to will may get on faster, but, believe me, the climbing is much pleasanter when cheerful talk beguiles the way, when you are ready to let any fellow-traveller hold out a hand to help your efforts where the hill is steep, and not less ready to stand still and lend a pull yourself when it is wanted. You may get on faster with your iron pole, but it is my theory that you would get on better if you went in company with flesh, and blood, and bone. Your distrust may be very practical, my worldly doctrine may be very theoretical, but I abide by the belief that there are more hands in the world ready to help a man than fists ready to knock him down.

Now, my dear cousin, if my theory be worth a farthing, can you tell me why there should be any need for all the trouble that we take about what are called, very properly, appearances? If the appearance correspond to the reality, there will be no need to see about its manufacture. It would be waste study, indeed, to take thought of what we should do to make a globe seem to be round. If the appearance be at variance with truth, we make it to our hurt and damage; always to the damage of our comfort, often to the damage of our wordly prospects which, in such cases, can be looked after in no thoroughly straightforward way. You practical men think much about appearances, and may arms; and that the public, which is made up get profit out of them: to me, as a theo- wholly of fathers, mothers, and children, had retical man, they would be fatal. It is not no reason to be scandalized. It was not. On the lark's wish or interest to seem to be a the contrary, I found new friendships made

parrot. for appearances—as, for example, the desire my worldly theories. Paulina Matilda, our to live behind the largest possible brick last child, lies now in the arms of a nurse-frontage, though one must rob a lodger to maid, born to a house deficient in no reasonobtain the means of doing so—comes oftener able comfort.

of weakness than dishonesty. I know, also, Are you now able to understand how it that any man who is disposed to carry out is that the world, my dear Claypaw, treats my theories, will find it seen even from its me as a friend, and why it is of no use for own point of view, the most complete mistake. you to look round at my elbows? You may The world does not respect people for seeming predict my ruin as a theorist; nevertheless what they are not—it generally finds out my coat will remain whole, I think. Let us sooner or later what they are. On the constant, let, any one of my sect of theorists defy comment by showing himself undisguisedly for what he is, and the poor cowards of appearance-makers will be the first to respect him for his course. So will be the first to respect the first to him for his courage, and to wish that they could be as bold themselves. He may go about with a true seeming of poverty, but he will find it less despised than the false seeming of wealth. A man who desires friends and neighbours in their intercourse with him as a matter of courtesy to take for granted that ne is what he is not, pitches a false key, strains the voices of his companions, and converts good-nature itself into a daily system of pretences. Booksellers.

The preceding volumes of Household Words, and the volumes of the Household Narrative of Current Events, for the Years 1850, 1851, and 1852, may be had of all Booksellers.

tumble to the bottom of the hill that you are He throws his whole social position just so tell you that he regards his friends in any proportion whatever to the amount of brickwork and upholstery surrounding them. When I was first married to Matilda Jane I could have said, "My income makes it proper that I should assume a certain social status.'

> But there were the brewery debts. Very well. I made no secret of them, attempted no seemings, lived on a little, and maintained really a better and sounder social status among

the very same friends that I should have had dancing quadrilles, if I had thought that necessary, in a drawing-room. Between five and nine years ago my first three children, Matilda Maria, Phineas Ernest, and Victoria Regia, though 1 had then (but for the brewery) an ample income, went without nursemaids in their infancy. To save their mother's arms, I carried them about con-stantly myself under a fire of eyes from London neighbours. It was an honest thing to do, and so I did not mind the look of it. Now the conventional principle in my neighbours and those people whom I met caused them at first to reflect that "it looked so to see a gentleman carrying a child in long-clothes down a public street." Deeper than the conventions lay another feeling, which suggested that it was no very bad or queer thing after all to see an infant in its father's the faster, and old friendships made the firmer I know that a great deal of the struggle for all such proofs of resolute adherence to

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FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES.

WE may assume that we are not singular in entertaining a very great tenderness for the fairy literature of our childhood. What enchanted us then, and is captivating a million of young fancies now, has, at the same blessed time of life, enchanted vast hosts of men and women who have done their long day's work, and laid their grey heads down to rest. It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy that has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyrauny and brute force—many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid: It has greatly helped to keep us, in some sense, ever young, by preserving through our wordly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.

In an utilitarian age, of all other times, it is a matter of grave importance that Fairy tales should be respected. Our English red tape is too magnificently red ever to be employed in the tying up of such trifles, but every one who has considered the subject knows full well that a nation without fancy, without some romance, never did, never can, never will, hold a great place under the The theatre, having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions—and having in a most exemplary manner destroyed itself, its artists, and its audiences, in that perversion of its duty—it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their usefulness, they must be as much preserved in their simplicity, and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whoso-ever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.

indignation; our pain arises from his being violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. George Cruikshank. That incomparable artist is, of all men, the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humorously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching needle to "edit" the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But, to "editing" Ogres, and Hop-o'-my-thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics, he has altered the text of a fairy story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main. Of his likewise altering it to advertise that excellent series of plates, "The Bottle," we say nothing more than that we foresee a new and improved edition of Goody Two Shoes, edited by E. Moses and Son; of the Dervish with the box of ointment, edited by Professor Holloway; and of Jack and the Beanstalk, edited by Mary Wedlake, the popular authoress of Do you bruise your oats yet.

Now, it makes not the least difference to our objection whether we agree or disagree with our worthy friend, Mr. Cruikshank, in the opinions he interpolates upon an old fairy story. Whether good or bad in theme selves, they are, in that relation, like the famous definition of a weed; a thing growing up in a wrong place. He has no greater moral justification in altering the harmless little books than we should have in altering his best etchings. If such a precedent were followed we must soon become disgusted with the old stories into which modern personages so obtruded themselves, and the stories themselves must soon be lost. With seven Blue Beards. in the field, each coming at a gallop from his own platform mounted on a foaming hobby, a generation or two hence would not know We have lately observed, with pain, the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but left out. Imagine a Peace edition, with the

gunpowder left out, and the rum left in Imagine a Vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Infagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that 'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be "edited" out of his island in a hundred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean.

Among the other learned professions we have now the Platform profession, chiefly exercised by a new and meritorious class of commercial travellers who go about to take the sense of meetings on various articles: some, of a very superior description: some, not quite so good. Let us write the story of Cinderella, "edited" by one of these gentlemen, doing a good stroke of business, and having a rather extensive mission.

ONCE upon a time, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely daughter. She was a beautiful child, and became, at her own desire, a member of the Juvenile Bands of Hope when she was only four years of age. When this child was only nine years of age her mother died, and all the Juvenile Bands of Hope in her district—the Central district, number five hundred and twenty-seven—formed in a procession of two and two, amounting to fifteen hundred, and followed her to the grave, singing chorus Number forty-two, "O come," &c. This grave was outside the town, and under the direction of the Local Board of Health, which reported at certain stated intervals to the General Board of Health, Whitehall.

The motherless little girl was very sorrowful for the loss of her mother, and so was her father too, at first; but, after a year was over, he married again—a very cross widow lady, with two proud tyrannical daughters as cross as herself. He was aware that he could have made his marriage with this lady a civil process by simply making a declaration before a Registrar; but he was averse to this course on religious grounds, and, being a member of the Montgolfian persuasion, was married according to the ceremonies of that respectable church by the Reverend Jared Jocks, who improved the occasion.

He did not live long with his disagreeable wife. Having been shamefully accustomed to shave with warm water instead of cold, which he ought to have used (see Medical Appendix B. a. C.), his undermined constitution could not be ar up against her temper, and he soon did not be a up against her temper, and he soon did not stepshother and the two daughters, are stepshother and the dirtiest of the kitchen work; to scour the saucepans, wash the dishes, and light the fires—which did not consume their own snoke, but emitted a dark vapour prejudicial to the bronchial tubes.

The only warm place in the house where she was free from ill-treatment was the kitchen chimney-corner; and as she used to six down there, among the cinders, when her work was done, the proud fine sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

About this time, the King of the land, who never made war against anybody, and allowed everybody to make war against him—which was the reason why his subjects were the greatest manufacturers on earth, and always lived in security and peace—gave a great feast, which was to last two days. This splendid banquet was to consist entirely of artichokes and gruel; and from among those who were invited to it, and to hear the delightful speeches after dinner, the King's son was to choose a bride for himself. The proud fine sisters were invited, but nobody knew anything about poor Cinderella, and she was to stay at home.

She was so sweet-tempered, however, that she assisted the haughty creatures to dress, and bestowed her admirable taste upon them as freely as if they had been kind to her. Neither did she laugh when they broke seventeen stay-laces in dressing; for, although she wore no stays herself, being sufficiently acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure to be aware of the destructive effects of tight-lacing, she always reserved her opinions on that subject for the Regenerative Record (price three halfpence in a nest wrapper), which all good people take in, and to which she was a Contributor.

At length the wished for moment arrived, and the proud fine sisters swept away to the feast and speeches, leaving Cinderella in the chimney-corner. But, she could always occupy her mind with the general question of the Ocean Penny Postage, and she had in her pocket an unread Oration on that subject, made by the well known Orator, Nehemiah Nicks. She was lost in the fervid eloquence of that talented Apostle when she became aware of the presence of one of those female relatives which (it may not be generally known) it is not lawful for a man to marry. I allude to her grandmother.

"Why so solitary, my child?" said the old lady to Cinderella.

"Alas, grandmother," returned the poor girl, "my sisters have gone to the feast and speeches, and here sit I in the ashes, Cinderella!"

"Never," cried the old lady with animation, "shall one of the Band of Hope despair! Run into the garden, my dear, and fetch me an American Pumpkin! American, because in some parts of that independent country, there are prohibitory laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in any form. Also; because America produced (among many great pumpkins) the glory of her sex, Mrs. Colonel Bloomer. None but an American Pumpkin will do, my child."

Cinderella ran into the garden, and brought

This virtuously democratic vegetable her grandinother immediately changed into a aplendid coach. Then, she sent her for six mice from the mouse-trap, which she changed into prancing horses, free from the obnexious and oppressive post-horse duty. Then, to the rat-trap in the stable for a rat, which she changed to a state-coachman, not amenable to the iniquitous assessed taxes. Then, to look behind a watering-pot for six lizards, which she changed into six footmen, each with a petition in his hand ready to present to the Prince, signed by fifty thousand persons, in favour of the early closing movement.

"But grandmother," said Cinderella, stopping in the midst of her delight, and looking at her clothes, "how can I go to the palace

in these miserable rags?"

"Be not uneasy about that, my dear,"

returned her grandmother.

Upon which the old lady touched her with her wand, her rags disappeared, and she was beautifully dressed. Not in the present costume of the female sex, which has been proved to be at once grossly immodest and absurdly inconvenient, but in rich sky-blue satin pantaloons gathered at the ankle, a puce-colored satin pelisse sprinkled with silver flowers, and a very broad Leghorn hat. The hat was chastely ornamented with a rainbow-coloured ribbon hanging in two bell-pulls down the back; the pantaloons were ornamented with a golden stripe; and the effect of the whole was unspeakably sensible, feminine, and retiring. Lastly, the old lady put on Cinderella's feet a pair of shoes made of glass; observing that but for the abolition of the duty on that article, it never could have been devoted to such a purpose; the effect of all such taxes being to cramp invention, and embarrass the producer, to the manifest injury of the consumer. When the old lady had made these wise remarks, she dismissed Cinderella to the feast and speeches, charging her by no means to remain after twelve o'clock at night.

The arrival of Cinderella at the Monster Gathering produced a great excitement. As a delegate from the United States had just moved that the King do take the chair, and as the motion had been seconded and carried unanimously, the King himself could not go forth to receive her. But His Royal Highness the Prince (who was to move the second resolution), went to the door to hand her from her carriage. This virtuous Prince, being completely covered from head to foot with Total Abstinence Medals, shone as if he were attired in complete armour; while the inspiring strains of the Peace Brass Band in the gallery (composed of the Lambkin Family, eighteen in number, who cannot be too much encouraged) awakened additional

enthusiasm.

The King's son handed Cinderella to one of the reserved seats for pink tickets, on the them.

the largest American Pumpkin she could find. | platform, and fell in lave with her tunned. ately. His appetite deserted him; he scarcely tasted his artichokes, and morely trifled with his gruel. When the speeches began, and Cinderella, wrapped in the eloquence of the two inspired delegates who occupied the entire evening in speaking to the first Recolution, occasionally cried, "Hear, hear!" the sweetness of her voice completed her conquest of the Prince's heart. But, indeed the whole male portion of the assembly lowed her-and doubtless would have done so, even if she had been less beautiful, in consequence of the contrast which her dress presented to the bold and ridiculous garments of the other ladies.

At a quarter before twelve the second inspired delegate having drunk all the water in the decanter, and fainted away, the King put the question, "That this Meeting do now adjourn until to-morrow." Those who were of that opinion holding up their hands, and then those who were of the contrary, theirs, there appeared an immense majority in favour of the resolution, which was consequently carried. Cinderella got home in safety, and heard nothing all that night, or all next day, but the praises of the unknown lady with the sky-blue satin pantaloons.

When the time for the feast and speeches came round again, the cross stepmother and the proud fine daughters went out in good time to secure their places. As soon as they were gone, Cinderella's grandmother returned and changed her as before. Amid a blast of welcome from the Lambkin family, she was again handed to the pink seat on the platform

by His Royal Highness.

This gifted Prince was a powerful speaker, and had the evening before him. He rose at precisely ten minutes before eight, and was greeted with tumultuous cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, he proceeded to address the meeting: who were never tired of listening to speeches, as no good people ever are. He held them enthralled for four hours and a quarter. Cinderella forgot the time, and hurried away so when she heard the first stroke of twelve, that her beautiful dress changed back to her old rags at the door, and she left one of her glass shoes behind. The Prince took it up, and vowed -that is, made a declaration before a magistrate; for he objected on principle to the multiplying of oaths—that he would only. marry the charming creature to whom that shoe belonged.

He accordingly caused an advertisement to that effect to be inserted in all the newspapers; for, the advertisement duty, an impost most unjust in principle and most unfair in operation, did not exist in that country; neither was the stamp on newspapers known in that land—which had as many newspapers as the United States, and got as much good out of Innumerable ladies answered the

advertisement and pretended that the shoe was theirs; but, every one of them was unable to get her foot into it. The proud fine sisters answered it, and tried their feet with no greater success. Then, Cinderella, who had answered it too, came forward amidst their scornful joers, and the shoe slipped on in a moment. It is a remarkable tribute to the improved and sensible fashion of the dress her grandmother had given her, that if she had not worn it the Prince would probably never have seen her feet.

The marriage was solemnized with great When the honeymoon was over, rejoicing. the King retired from public life, and was succeeded by the Prince. Cinderells, being now a queen, applied herself to the government of the country on enlightened, liberal, and free principles. All the people who ate anything she did not eat, or who drank anything she did not drink, were imprisoned for life. the newspaper offices from which any doctrine proceeded that was not her doctrine, were burnt down. All the public speakers proved to demonstration that if there were any individual on the face of the earth who differed from them in anything, that individual was a designing ruffian and an abandoned monster. She also threw open the right of voting, and of being elected to public offices, and of making the laws, to the whole of her dred and sixty-four thousand five hundred sex; who thus came to be always gloriously and sixteen decisions had been given: which occupied with public life and whom nobody is an average of forty-four thousand the dared to love. And they all lived happily hundred and one judgments in each year. ever afterwards.

Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to valuable: they sift matters of a technical this, and great reason why they may. The character with a degree of accuracy which Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was no amount of legal acumen could pretend to; tired of being always wise. The world is too simply because the men composing them are much with us, early and late. precious old escape from it, alone.

TRIBUNALS OF COMMERCE.

In France, Germany, Spain, Portugal and Sweden, men of commerce have obtained, since generations past, tribunals other than of law, by which their differences are amicably and speedily adjusted. No sooner has a dispute a isen than the disputants present themselves to one of these friendly councils; which does all that a court of law could do, except delay, and a great deal which no legal tribunal could accomplish. These councils are at once special juries and judges. In Paris they are composed of a president, ten judges, sixteen assistant judges, selected from he commercial inhabitants of the district, who sit in sections so arranged that each member performs duty twice within fifteen days. Their labours are discharged gratuitously; they take cognizance not only of all commercial disputes but of bankruptcies.

The leading feature in the proceedings of to a red Indian.

these councils is despatch. So simple are the forms of procedure that a decision is, in most cases, obtained immediately. The utmost time allowed for defendant to appear in court is twenty-four hours, whilst in certain cases requiring urgent decision the president can command the appearance of those concerned within an hour, if his messengers can find them. The cases are conducted and defended by the disputants themselves, the interference of attorneys being disallowed; only a few "licenciates," well acquainted with the commercial law of the country, are permitted to assist in expediting cases through the That business in these places is wonderfully facilitated will be evident when I mention that no longer ago than eighteen hundred and forty-eight several hundred suits were disposed of in one day before the council of the Seine. Of course this could only be done by weeding out all extraneous matters, by rigorously conforming to the known usages of commerce, and by having several judges sitting at the same time.

The bankruptcy section of this commercial tribunal had been not less actively en gaged. It is on record that, between the years eighteen hundred and thirty-six and eighteen hundred and fifty-that is to say during fifteen years-not fewer than six hunis an average of forty-four thousand three

I would, however, remark that it is not only in expediting proceedings that the tribunals of commerce of the Continent are so Leave this intimately acquainted with the details and usages of every-day commercial life. The reader may possibly have some very faint idea of the singular technicalities which occasionally beset and bewilder both counsel and judges; but there are few readers who have any distinct conception of the difficulties, the blunders, the absurdities, the mischief entailed by lawyers undertaking to conduct and judges to decide upon matters pertaining strictly to trade, manufactures or science.

The rapid strides made by art-manufacture, by chemistry applied to industry, by science in relation to our most ordinary requirements, have materially increased the conflict of interests amongst the commercial part of the community, and the range of knowledge necessary to unravel the intricacies of commercial and manufacturing disputes. year the learned in mere law are bewildered, judges are perplexed, and suitors are disgusted with the necessity which compels men of law to wade through statements and arguments on topics which are as intelligible to them as one of Southey's poems would be

Imagine for a moment the position of counsel employed to defend a suit involving some delicate chemical invention, or a subtle point of science. The man of law, although a good Latinist, would nevertheless be at his wits' end to understand one single iota of the atomic theory, to fathom the mysteries of free and latent caloric, or to probe the depths of the "Pharmacopæia Londinensis," with its terrific array of Subacetates, Protocar-

bonates, and Supersulphates.

About seven years since I was interested in some valuable improvements in electric telegraphs, and applied for protection for them by Letters Patent. I was opposed by one of the great electrical Professors of the day, on the ground that my invention was neither more nor less than an infringement of his own patented discoveries. Counsel had of course to be engaged on both sides; and, inasmuch as the points in dispute were of a specially scientific character, my barrister underwent several most severe drillings, in the hope that I should enable him to argue my case. Never shall I forget the bewilderment and annoyance he suffered in his anxious endeavours to master the dis-tinctive technicalities of the electric science. How he floundered amongst negative, poles, and positive currents; how he impaled him-self upon the points of "contacting needles." He would have given a dozen new silk gowns to have mastered but one half of what I vainly endeavoured to drum into his mind and memory. Was it indeed possible that in a few short hours he could be expected to comprehend the inner difficulties of a science which had occupied my time and anxious thoughts for years?

As a scientific forforn-hope, I took my counsel to my laboratory; and set the modeltelegraph in action in his presence. I soon found, however, that I was making matters worse instead of better. The complicated apparatus, the labyrinth of wires, the maze of chemical terms, the entire novelty of the scene, completely scattered from the lawyer's brain the small conception he had previously formed of the process. It was in vain that I discoursed upon the "metallic circuit;" he shook his head and intimated that that was a circuit of which he was not a member. The mention of "battery" he connected in some way with an assault case; and, when I endeavoured to explain the nature of "lateral metallic contacts," it was clear that he imagined I was alluding insidiously to his fees. Nor was my opponent's counsel in any better plight. The judge was still more puzzled They felt no sort of hesitation in declaring with the conflicting claims, and so completely that they did so most completely blended the two opposing inventions in one The foreman then addressed the Court, blended the two opposing inventions in one hoterogeneous whole, that in the depth of his chaotic bewilderment he decided on doing that which under a wholesome state of things should have been done in the first instance; he referred the case to a practical and scientific witness, and that of the plaintiff to the

a most competent Tribunal of Commerce in the person of Professor Faraday.

It is true that in certain cases a special jury is formed, composed of men supposed to be particularly versed in the matter in hand; yet, although that very expedient demonstrates the desirableness of practical tribunals, the special jury is too often hampered and perplexed rather than aided by the laboured pleading of learned counsel; who deem it their duty to talk for a certain time very wide of the subject. In these cases, too, the matter resting virtually with the jury, the judge-who cannot and does not attempt to form any opinion apart from theirsbecomes a mere automaton.

It is not long since a circumstance occurred in connection with one of those special jury cases, which bears so strongly upon the point I am anxious to illustrate, that I cannot refrain from relating it. Like my own case, it was a contested point of patent-right; the invention being a machine of peculiar construction and application. As usual, counsel floundered dreadfully amidst cog-wheels, sockets, pinions, pistons, bearings, coupling-boxes, and cranks. The special jury had to depend entirely upon the witnesses to form the faintest judgment on the merits of the

competing machines.

When counsel had finished torturing the principal witness for the plaintiff, the foreman of the jury—a thoroughly practical and shrewd man of the world—requested him to be so good as to repeat carefully his description of the plaintiff's machine; in order that he might commit it to paper, and thus prevent any misconception. The witness prevent any misconception. complied; and on the completion of his details, he was told that as he had been a long time in the witness-box he would not just then be called upon to hear the paper read over to him, but that it should be done on his being called up for re-examination. The chief engineering witness on the other side was requested, in a similar manner, to detail most minutely the several parts of his employer's machinery; and, having done so, was in like manner desired to stand on one side for the present; the foreman taking down his words also. Further evidence was taken; and eventually the two engineers were recalled separately, when the foreman of the jury, having read over the accounts of the two distinct machines, asked each of them if they felt positive that the description therein given was a true and full explanation of their respective employers' inventions.

and begged it to observe as a means of testing the value of the evidence they had just received, that he had read the description of the defendant's machine to the plaintiff's arbitrator; thus in fact, at once constituting defendant's witness, and that they had thus

both sworn to their opponent's specification. No doubt if they had been left to tell their respective stories in their own way, without the worrying of counsel, they would not have been confused, and would have given clear and distinct evidence. The case was eventually decided upon the personal inspection of the opposing machines by the members of the Tribunals of Commerce.

I remember another circumstance which, still more forcibly illustrates the folly of flinging every dispute into a court of law when a reference to a tribunal of practical men would arrange the difference on the moment, and for the merest shadow of costs. A City merchant had purchased a number of cases of foreign goods,—I believe maccaroni. Many, on being weighed and examined were found to be no more than half full. A hole was discovered in these cases, and much of the maccaroni had been bitten to pieces, so that there could be nor doubt but that the damage had been caused by mice. But who was to bear the loss? Certainly not the purchaser, who had bargained for full cases and sound maccaroni. The importer declared that the mice must have attacked the goods while on the wharf in Thames Street; it being impossible his agents abroad should have shipped the animals along with the goods. On the other hand the wharfinger protested that there was not such a thing as a mouse to be found upon his premises; which he had

in the hands of "eminent lawyers," and there was every prospect of somebody having to pay handsomely in addition to the value destroyed by the mice. By great good luck the two disputants encountered each other one day on Change; and, happening to relate the matter with some bitterness to a third person, they were assured by him that, if they chose, they could settle the affair in ten minutes between themselves, by only taking a common-sense view of the case. He pointed out to them the certainty that the direction in which the mice-holes were gnawed would clearly indicate whether the animals had entered the boxes whilst lying on the wharf, or whether they had been imported in them; which might have occurred from the boxes having been left open at the port of chipment after packing. The intruders could not have got in during the voyage; for, except in a few coasting vessels, mice are never found, as they have insuperable objections to the mice cat their way into the boxes or did they eat their way out of them? If they were Italian mice, packed in with the maccaroni, which had eaten their way through the case far air, the holes would be gnawed and jagged Mithin, and amouth without; if they were was not coal; and, although he was not pre-English mice, with a taste for maccaroni pared to say what it really was in ordinary which deal boards could not baulk, the out impuage, he called a legion of professors of

side of the holes would bear the marks of teeth, and the inside would be smooth. The matter appeared so simple, when viewed in this light, that both parties agreed to adjust their dispute by the appearance of the holes in the cases. They did so within ten minutes of that time; and not only saved hundreds of pounds, but preserved their former friendly jury, who thus, after all, acted the part of feeling, which, had the law-suit gone on, would no doubt have been completely at an end.

A thousand similar instances could be adduced to demonstrate the soundness of the views entertained by those who are at the present moment using their best exertions to promote the formation of Tribunals of Commerce in this country. Commercial differences, and many others of a similar character, cannot be met by the common law of the land: they require something more than a mere definition of legal rights for their proper adjustment. Even were it always possible for lawyers to conduct and decide upon such cases, the delay involved is frequently much more damaging than the costliness of the proceedings: often indeed so ruinous that a commercial man will prefer submitting to any amount of injustice rather than be involved in the delay, the vexations, and the spoliation of a law-suit. A case which was heard and argued at no more remote period than this last August is well worthy of attertion; inasmuch as it does something more than support the arguments, already strong, been at great cost to have made mouse-tight. in favour of practical common sense tribunals Each party was resolute. The case was placed for practical common sense cases. It shows how completely the most eminent men of science, the most accomplished students, the deepest philosophers, may differ upon a point of practical chemistry or geology. The trial took place in Edinburgh, before the lord president and a jury, as to whether a certain mineral substance found in certain lands in Scotland was pr was not coal. It appeared that the plaintiff had leased some land to the defendant on certain terms of royalty, The for the purpose of digging for coal. latter had succeeded in turning up very large quantities of a black inflammable substance richly impregnated with hydrogenous gas, and, as such, very valuable for gas works, although not so suitable for ordinary fuel. The speculation became, in consequence, unexpectedly remunerative to the workers; and mortifying in proportion to the proprietor; who, beholding the huge mine of wealth opened by others on his land, brought the action to try whether—as the right he had leased away was solely and exclusively the exploitation of coal—the substance dug to by the lessees was, or was not, coal; for, if not coal, they had no right to it. plaintiff, therefore, by his counsel maintained that the mineral worked by the defendant

geology and mineralogy, of microscopists and miners, to declare that it was shale, clay, bituminous earth-anything in fact but coal. A geologist took his hammer, and averred on his reputation as a professor, that it had no appearance of coal. The chemist took his crucible and his blow-pipe, and he too insisted, on the word of a philosopher, that it did not burn like coal, and did not leave the ashes of coal. The microscopist applied a powerful lens, and had no sort of hesitation in avowing the absence of all traces of those cellular and vegetable tissues which existed in all coal; consequently, it could not be coal. The miner declared that he had never seen any coal similar to that worked by the defendant, and that, therefore (modest man) it was abourd to call it coal.

So much for the science of the plaintiff. The defendant had a still larger array of philosophy on his side; and a host of men, equally known in the scientific world, did declare, on their reputations as geologists, chemists, and microscopists, that the substance in dispute had all the characteristics necessary to make it coal; that in short it was

most decidedly, unequivocally, and beyond dispute coal, and nothing but coal. The array of evidence presents a curious illustration of the fallacies of science in the nineteenth century, and is quite worth quoting. Professor A. declared that it burnt precisely like coal: Professor B. pratested in plain English that it did not. Professor A. stated that he found it to contain only six per cent, of fixed carbon: Professor B, had found ten per cent. of carbon in it; while Pfolessor C. met with sixty-five per cent. of carbon. Professor A. stated that the mineral was a bituminous shale: Professor B. asserted that it contained the merest trace of bitumen. Their duel being over, Professor C. found that no degree of heat would cause it to yield bitumen. Professors A., B., C., and D., declared positively in full chorus that it possessed no signs of an organic structure. Or the other side, Professors E., F., G., and H., avowed much more positively, that it had a most unmistakeable vegetable organisation, with perfect traces of woody fibre, cellular tissue, and every other characteristic of the best Wall's End. Professor I. found that it had no fixed carbonaceous base, but its base was earthy matter: Professor K. discovered on the contrary that the base was decidedly carbonaceous, with very slight traces of earth. Professor I. could obtain nothing like coke from it, and he had tried very hard too; whilst Professor K., with scarcely an effort, had obtained forty-one per cent. of coke from it!

Now, I take it, that there is no need of an acquaintance with chemistry or geology-no necessity for fatherning the constituents of hituminous shales, carbonaceous bases, cel manuer, would undoubtedly prove a welcome lular tissues, &c., to arrive at a due apprecia boon. The suggestion of a stipendiary judge

in which science was here placed. The evidence of a Newcastle coal viewer adduced before a properly constituted Tribunal of Commerce would have settled the case in five minutes.

Setting these considerations aside, we arrive at a powerful argument for the establishment of tribunals; which, by a mere estart of common sense and common justice, will save the pockets of disputants, the time of public officials, and moreover save men of science from humiliating exhibitions. coal case was given in favour of the defendant and lessee; and, so far, justice was doubtless served, for according to a straightforward and honest interpretation of words, a black inflammable substance dug out of the earth which gives forth inflammable gas, remains coal, until a new special word be given to it; and even then it must and will always belong to the genus Coal. Had the dispute been brought before a commercial tribunal the technicalities of science would not have been called to their aid-they would have contented themselves with an examination of the true purport of the lease by which the defendant held the mines, and whether the mineral in question was or was not what is popularly and generally known amongst business men as a coal, without reference to any scientific distinctions

or legal quiddities.

The agitation in favour of "Tribunals" was commenced in the City of London about two years since. It has gone on with some degree of success; although far from sharing that countenance which it richly deserves. There are conflicting interests at work. Strong prejudices and legal opposition have hitherto stood in the way. Thanks. however, to the zeal and public spirit of one man, the tide of public opinion has begun to set in favour of the movement. The adhesion of nearly all the Chambers of Commerce throughout the provinces testify how keenly men of business feel the incubus of the law in their daily operations, and the result of strong convictions on the subject has been the adoption of petitions to both Houses of Parliament praying that a committee may be appointed for the purpose of inquiring into this most important subject with a view to legislative thereon.

Such a committee would assuredly bring to light some curious and forcible testimony in favour of what is now asked, and there is no reason why Tribunals of Commerce may not be as readily formed in this country as elsewhere. The machinery may be so simple, * the expense so trifling, that it is difficult to conceive any real objections to their formation. A council of merchants, bankers, and others accessible to the trading and manufacturing community at all times and in the speediest tion of the absurd and anomalous position with a sound legal education and transing,

instead of a purely commercial president may with vast forests of larch, pine, and oak trees. be well worth consideration. The legal ele- Beyond the city the yellow fields of maize set be well worth consideration. ment would perhaps be an essential ingredient in such a Court. Our complaint is, that it intersected by streaks of ground covered with at present overrides and swamps every other good element. Sagacity in seizing the corns of evidence and separating it in an instant from the husk; skill in combining scattered points of testimony; acuteness in detecting discrepancies, and in harmonising varieties of evidence seemingly discordant but really in unison, are only to be found in a "legal mind.

BUCHAREST.

THE name of Bucharest has of late become familiar in our mouths, and meets our eye in the corner of every newspaper. Political writers, and geographers call it a capital, and it certainly is the chief place, the seat of Government of the province of Wallachia. But it does not rise to our notions of a capital; being in reality nothing but a huge village scattered upon a plain on both sides the Dimbowitza at about thirty-seven miles of direct distance from the confluence of that river with the Danube; and two hundred and eighty miles west-north-west of Constantinople. The space it covers is chormous; and, when seen from a distance, it suggests ideas of prosperity—even of splendour. This is the case with most Oriental cities. They are certain that no travellers can go dazzle from afar; but, as you approach, their stealthily in or out. After a nap they are sure to find half-a-dozen waggons sticking and, when seen from a distance, it suggests is for the convenience of the custom-house beauty vanishes; just as, in the mirage, imaginary forests, lakes, and islands dwindle, on near inspection, into tufts of sunburnt grass.

trast, you must approach Bucharest from the grey dust, and is consequently more easy to north, and come suddenly to the edge of cross; but there is no travelling at that time the eminence where stands the principal of year. We must observe that both the church, sometimes called the Cathedral. The custom-house officers and the police, who in-whole extent of the city is visible from this variably accompany them, at Bucharest, alwhole extent of the city is visible from this vantage ground, and three hundred and sixtylive steeples, seeming architectural in the distance, shoot up and flash above the houses and gardens. Let the time be the bright beginning of spring. The ky overhead has not a speck; except that here and there may be seen, slowly soaring, some hundreds of those huge vultures which serve as the scavengers of Eastern cities. The scene is one of exquisite beauty. The houses cluster far down on the banks of the river, nowhere unaccompanied by trees, and then scatter away on either hand, seemingly without fines; for where they appear to end, and the forest to begin, there may always be dispovered other roofs and other white walls gleaming amidst the foliage. On the plain to the right several intensely green oval expanses are sharply defined. These are marshes on whitewashed, which has an unpleasant effect the edges of which the Zigans or gipsies in summer. The glare they occasion accounts fig in search of tortoises, which they bring for the fact that the people always go about to the market to sell. To the east, the with their eyes puckered up as if they had

Beyond the city the yellow fields of maize set sharply off from verdant pasturages, or are reads and patches of brushwood. Altogether the impression is produced, especially on one who has just traversed the rugged defiles of the Krappack Mountains, that this is an opulent city—a city of merchants and monks, such as one has read or dreamed of.

Enter. Its grandeur is not overwhelming. You come up to a hedge of prickly arti-chokes, which some German topographist—fresh from descriptions of Choczin—have called the lines of Bucharest; and a single great beam is, or was (for this refers to ante-Russian times) drawn up by a pulley to admit you. Beyond, you find a semicircular little place bordered by huts, with a few trees scattered here and there. A vague idea suggests itself to the European traveller that this is the spot where the maidens of the neighbourhood come out to dance when daily work is done. But he is soon undeceived; for his waggon at once sinks axle-deep into black mud, and his horses or oxen begin to splash and struggle ineffectually. What may be the social reasons why every entrance of Bucharest is stopped up by a bog we do not exactly know. Some say it extricated except by several additional beasts ass.

If you wish to have the pleasure of con- in the hot season this mud is changed into though inquisitive, are generally polite, and when they commit extortion, do it in a gentlemanly manner, that proves them to have received the influence of French civilisation.

Nothing can be more trivial than the prevailing style of architecture in Bucharest. native will tell you that it is not worth while to build fine houses, because earthquakes would probably shake them down; otherwise, he adds, London and Paris would be left far behind. There is a great deal of good humoured provincial pride in these excellent Wallachians. The houses are all, or nearly all, of one story, generally standing separate and are surrounded sometimes by gardens; sometimes by expanses of rough ground. The materials are bricks and wood roughly country is covered as far as the eye can reach just laid aside spectacles. Here and there rise

mean looking churches; something in the The older streets are still covered with long Byzantine style, each with two, three, or even beams of wood placed crosswise, under which four steeples, in which the eastern traveller water and mud collect undisturbed. They water the elegance of the minaret. The are not fastened with any pretence of care; shells are not hung in these steeples, but upon and, when a carriage passes on one side of a a cross-pole supported by two uprights in street, it sometimes weighs down the end of a front of the door, so that on church going days, which frequently occur, a couple of moustachioed ringers dressed in sheep-skin may be seen dangling from the rope, and at a distance may be supposed to be undergoing a splash of black mud covers them from a distance may be supposed to be undergoing the extreme sentence of the law. There are nearly a hundred churches, but not one contains anything worthy of description, except, perhaps, that on the eminence to the north of the town. It was founded by Saint Spiridion, bishop of Erivan, in Armenia, and like all Greek churches, has the form of a cross. At first sight it resembles a fortress, and is in fact so built that it could serve for that purpose. The interior is decorated with paintings which are no doubt admired—in to clear away the snow which rapidly de-Bucharest; and there is a balustrade around generates into mud. Instead of removing the sanctuary, richly gilt and covered with mouldings and arabesques, executed with some taste.

Of late years, especially since the great fire, there have been built a good many houses, which are called palaces. At a little dis-tance they appear not inclegant, being surrounded by colonnades or fronted with porticos; yet the pillars are nothing but lengths of pine trees covered with stuceo. Here and there attempts at a frieze with plaster-of-Paris bas-reliefs peep out. Within, there are tolerably fine apartments fitted up curiously, half in the French and half in the Eastern style, with arm-chairs and divans, tables and small carpets to sit upon, books of caricatures and long pipes. In the same room may sometimes be seen a lady dressed from the first shops in the Chausée d'Antin and her husband, a wealthy Boyard (landed pro-prietor) with a long beard, clothed in a kaftan.

Let us not yet, however, seek the shelter We have something more to say of a roof. about the streets, which are of various degrees of width; sometimes diminishing to mere alleys and sometimes spreading as broad as Portland Place. A few are paved roughly with stones placed, or rather thrown care-lessly upon the ground. It would have been better had the people of Bucharest stuck to their wooden pavements, for as it is, their best streets sometimes resemble the bed of a mountain torrent. The name for streets is ponti (bridges); which, when laid with transverse logs of wood, they really are. But now at certain seasons they are channels without bridges. At various places regularly every spring when the snow melts, the earth gives way and sinks into great holes, which the people are compelled to fill up with straw and faggots. It never seems

head to foot and changes their merriment into rage and disgust. In winter, a depth of three or four feet of snow paves the street, It is rapidly trod into a hard mass, mixed with stones and dirt. Then they appear clean and smooth and the sledges go whirling to and fro. But spring comes on and when the thaw commences, neither horse nor man can proceed. Hundreds of galley-slaves are turned out, under task-masters armed with whips, it outside the town they pile it against the walls of the houses, which are therefore in some places half concealed by heaps of dirt, consisting of the sediment which has been left after the snow has melted. The streets are converted then into so many slimy. kennels.

The bazaars of Bucharest are not interesting or well supplied. A few shops of semi-European appearance contain articles of French manufacture, but they are flanked by stalls in the native style; that is to say, recesses with great shutters that open upwards, to form a projecting roof during the day-time. As usual, in the East, each trade has a little street to itself. There is, for example, the street of the Leipsikani or traders from Leipsic; the street of the money-changers: the street of the fiddlers, and above all the street of the Kofetars or sweetmeat-dealers. In some quarters the streets are bordered by lofty wooden palings, behind which the huts are concealed. It is here that strangers go to see the dances of the Zigans in perfection.

But we must not forget the Po-de-Mogochoya. This is the principal promenade of Bucharest. It crosses the town nearly from one end to the other, with a mean breadth of thirty fect. Here in the afternoon, or rather in the evening—for the hour becomes more fashionable as it grows latermay be seen a very curious spectacle. The Boyards are out to take the air; every one. in his carriage, his droski, his sledge, or his tandem. They do not move gently along, but take that opportunity to show the mettle of their horses. It seems to be one of their objects to drive all pedestrians out of the street: as for their accommodation no foot pave-ment exists. The ground is almost always covered with mud and pools of water. About to have occurred to any one that a founda-fion was required for the paving-stones. comes dashing down. Immediately quiet

disappear. Those who are obstinate prepare to take refuge on the mounds that extend along the walls of the houses. The precaution is in vain, for the mud splashes up to the roofs on either hand, and prudent housewives shut their windows. Presently another young Boyard whirls into the street. By tacit consent a race is at once begun. A third competitor appears. Then a fourth. At length dozens, hundreds, of various kinds of vehicles join in; all moving at terrific speed, backward and forward, as if they were running desperate races for enormous stakes. Some may drop off, but others come to increase the whirl and confusion, and the hurry-skurry continues until long after the crazy lanterns are lighted. This is the best time to see the Po-de-Mogochoya in, what the tashionables of Bucharest are pleased to call its glory. From the roof of the hotel, kept by M. Louzzo, this thoroughfare resembles a vast trench, at the bottom of which lights are flashing to and fro with immense rapidity. Besides the trampling of the high stepping horses, and the rattling of the wheels, there rises on the air a continued shout; for the coachmen, getting excited in their work, urge on their horses with half-savage cries, or jeer one another; whilst their masters occasionally put their heads out of window and roar a salutation cannot speak it. In most houses there is to some passing acquaintance. Accirarely occur, which seems a miracle. Accidents about nine o'clock every one goes home to coffee and whist, and the streets are entirely deserted, save by a hand of some fifty policemen, who patrol in various directions, and by some hundreds of private watchmen, called, from the cry they use, Quine Acolo (who goes there ?).

It must be admitted that Bucharest is rapidly improving. In a few years our description will no longer apply; that is to say, if the development of civilisation be not checked by the continued presence of a foreign army, and the interference of rival despotisms. It would not be doing justice to the Wallachians if we omitted to mention, that all the classes which are accessible by position to education, have been, for some years past, animated by an extreme desire of improvement. Two distinct influences are at work: that of Russia, which is accepted by necessity; and that of France, which is chosen from taste. The Wallachian ladies, especially, import their ideas and their bonnets from Paris, and we have known some whose elegance and refinement, both of manners and of mind, could not be surpassed in Belgravia, or the Faubourg St. Germain. They have besides a certain simplicity of character that exhibits itself now and then in charming simplicities that only render them more fascinating. into which they are most liable to fall, is owners whose means and position allow affectation. of the very quality that gives the charm refinement.

people, who cannot afford a vehicle, begin to to their character, and escape into extravagance to avoid what they fear may be called rusticity.

It is not long since the people of Wallachia, nobles and peasants, were amongst the rudest and most us couth people in Europe. Nearly all their improvement dates from this century. Fifty years ago, the children of the richest Boyards were brought up in almost a wild state, in company with the servants and slaves of the house; who were for the most part Zigans, who took pleasure in teaching them their own vices. The little instruction that existed, comprised a knowledge of the Greek language, which was made fashionable by the Court of the Zanariate Hospodars. A kaloyer, procured from some convent for the purpose, became part of the family, and whilst teaching his language, contrived to infiltrate a few notions principally on theological subjects. Some stiff old Boyards resisted this Hellenic influence; but as a general rule, all the upper classes spoke Greek. In the last century the services of the church were celebrated in the Sclavonic language, which neither the clergy nor the people understood; but afterwards they were translated into Wallachian or modern Greek. At present, the French language has been very generally introduced, and it is rare to find a respectable person who a library of French literature, and it is worth observing that the Belgian piracies are looked upon with distrust and contempt: every one prides himself on having the best Paris edition. Since, indeed, the final emergence of Wallachia into the quasi independence in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four, praise-worthy efforts have been made, especially in Bucharest, to supply all classes with means of education.

We cannot say, however, that as a general rule the class of Boyards is very far advanced. To understand their real state and position, the knowledge of a few details is necessary. As in many countries of the east, the population of Wallachia is practically divided into four distinct castes, the limits of which are divided by social and political, not religious prejudices. Above the Zigans come the peasants; and then the merchants and the Boyards. This last word means a fighting man or warrior, and is now used as a title. Those who bear it are all landed proprietors, and indeed nearly the whole country is divided between them and the religious congregations. In old times, they lived scattered through the whole province on their estates like our feudal barons; but they now congregate in the capital and leave the charge of their property to stewards. When we speak of the influence of foreign civilisation on Wallachian society, we allude to this con-The fault gregation of more or less wealthy land-They are sometimes ashamed them to indulge in luxury and to cultivate

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aside the old kaltan and adopted our in-pleasant shade of the trees. wretched if not well supplied with patent leather boots and fine kid gloves. He has also an exaggerated fondness for eye-glasses and spectacles; watch-chains, rings, and everything in fact that he supposes to be the outward sign of civilisation. As in the case of the Levantines who ape European manners, the young Wallachians sometimes fall into the mistake of supposing that there cannot be too much of a good thing, so that their toilette is often overdone. In fact a great portion of their faculties are expended in bringing their appearance into agreement with some ideal pattern of elegance, that is to say, some French exquisite fresh from the Boulevards des Italiens, who has passed that way in search of emotions. The satirical say that it became the fashion in Bucha-Count, attached to the French consulate, was addicted to that habit. However, we must hasten to remind the reader that it is not necessary to go to the banks of the Dimbowitza for empty-headed dandies; and to add that there exists in Wallachia, a nucleus of intelligent, well-educated, and high-spirited young men, who will probably at some future time exercise a great and decisive influence on the fortunes of their country. Let them not be offended at our good-humoured notice of the absurdities of some amongst them-for, in common with thousands of Englishmen, we have felt for the sufferings of their country, and earnestly wish them better times.

We have already noticed the recent in-oduction of European ideas. There was troduction of European ideas. related of more eastern parallel. The princes were cruel to the Boyards, the Boyards to the peasants. In eighteen hundred and two a man's feet were cut off for irreligion; and in eighteen hundred and twenty-one unmentionable horrors were perpetrated. Frequently, up to a very recent period, the Boyards used to exercise, with arbitrary ferocity, the right of life and death over their serfs and slaves. The punishments in use, both amongst them and the agents of authority, were strange and barbarous. One of the principal was the deprivation of sleep, which is now often applied in other countries of the East, especially Egypt. The patient is forced to remain upright by blows, and sometimes by wounds, until he drops from sheer exhaustion.

These are disagreeable subjects. Let us run away from them into the country. There is a place called Baniassa, about a league from Bucharest, where ladles and gentle-

A great many Boyards have now thrown perfume of the shrubs and flowers, and the The wood is elegant costume. A Bucharest dandy is a succession of arcades, in which you some-wretched if not well supplied with patent times meet a peasant dressed in his sheepskin tunic; sometimes a pretty woman dangling her parasol in her hand and listening to the soft things which a dandy in plaid pantaloons is whispering into her ear. only objection to this otherwise charming spot is that it is too artificial. It is the Richmond or the St. Cloud of Bucharest, and contrasts curiously with the vast larch-woods beyond. There in reality can be admired the beauties of nature; and we would advise all those who are a little disappointed with the well-regulated beauties of Baniassa to push on over the semi-cultivated plain towards the confines of the hill-covered forests.

Besides, they may meet with a little adventure like that which once occurred to a gentlerest to yawn, because a certain dandy man, who was going in the country, but who learned more in one night about its manners than, if unfavoured by accident, he might have done in a month. He had proceeded about a couple of miles from Baniassa, when suddenly there came a burst of mingled screams and laughter from a grove near at hand; and, whilst he was considering what this might import, there rushed forth a crowd of youths and maidens pursued by another crowd, some armed with thongs, others with rods, both of which were used with good effect. Our traveller checked his horse and looked on in amazement, fancying himself suddenly transported back into the times of the Monades and Bacchanti. The girls had their black hair floating wildly over their shoulders, and were dressed simply in a sort of polka bordered with fur that reached only much to reform. Within this century there to their knees. They wore leather sandals, have been committed acts in that country and as they ran the strings of beads and ornawhich rival all the horrors that have been ments of metal on their necks, arms, and ankles jingled loudly. At first the spectator imagined that this was nere sport; but a maiden who passed right before his horse's head received such a lash from a vigorous pursuer that she turned round with tears in her eyes and an imprecation on her lips.

The traveller thought his path had been crossed by the inmates of a madhouse; and when the last of the group had disappeared in the distance, proceeded on his visit to the forest. A little way on he came up with a man walking briskly along; he recognised in him the servant of one of his friends, and remembered that he could speak French. He asked for an explanation of what he had

"That," said the man, " is the marriage of my cousin. They have begun the ceremony rather early, so that I miss my share."

Mr. Smith (the wayfarer) was puzzled. He had travelled in many countries, but had men go in fine weather to breathe the fresh never seen the nuptial benediction adminisair and enjoy the verdure of the fields, the tered at the end of a thong. Being of a

mythological turn of mind, he tried for an maiden, whose sufferings Mr. Smith deplored, allegorical explanation, but could make no-thing of it. He was quite convinced of one thing, however; that the girl who had received a lash under his eyes would carry the mark to her grave. Shame prevented him at first from frankly pursuing He did not like to show his inquiries. his ignorance. However, he at last mustered up courage to say, "Which was the bride?"

The man, who had no conception that marriages could be celebrated in any other manner, did not take notice of the absurdity of this question; but went on to explain the whole affair. From his eloquent description it appeared that as soon as the parents have consented to the union of their daughter with a young man who has asked for her hand, engagements are unknown. There is no legal contract, the blessing of the priest supplying the place of everything. On the morning of the eventful day four of the bride's female friends come early, and dress her out for the ceremony. A tightly-fitting jacket, or polka, is first put on, often, we are sorry to say, without any of those intermediates, known under the generic name of linen. Over this is thrown a loose woollen tunic that entirely conceals the form; whilst an impenetrable veil is wrapped round the head. The chief feature of the bridal costume, however, is a heavy crown of tall black feathers placed upon the head, resembling the plumes of a hearse. Thus accounted, the bridesmaids take the hand of the bride, and lead her slowly like a victim to the altar. On the way the procession, which is often very numerous, stops from time to time, for her to distribute alms to the poor. At the door of the church she shakes off her companions; and it is a point of etiquette that she should walk, as Mr. Smith's informant expressed it, in the attitude of a saint, to the seat prepared for her near the altar. Here the bridegroom meets her; a few prayers are read, their forefingers are hooked and joined during the pronunciation of the blessing, they kiss the back of the Papa's hand, and are told that they are man and wife.

Once escaped from the church a scene of confusion ensues. The bridegroom takes his bride by the hand, and runs back with her towards his house, pursued by her parents, and friends, who pretend to try and overtake them. Not succeeding, and not desiring to sacceed, they turn upon the relations of the bridegroom, and revenge upon them the loss they have suffered by blows and stripes. Sometimes this singular retaliation is inflicted in the evening, during the supper, by the father and mother of the new wife; but oftener it becomes a romp among the young people, who take this opportunity to revenge people, who take this opportunity to revenge Of Even and Morning, met upon one way; themselves with impunity for any indignity And, all about the watchful sky, a bloom may have suffered.

had atrociously jilted her pursuer, and deserved her punishment. Resistance, let us add, is forbidden; but immunity may be purchased by a jar of sulphured wine or a flask of arakee.

Mr. Smith arrived at the village, situated on the skirts of the forest, just as a couple of szigoms, armed with fiddles, were beginning to strike up a merry tune. Instead of proceeding at once to the country house of Prince Phkza, where he was to pass the night. he determined to alight and look on. At first, indeed, he had some intention of asking the young lady whose whipping he had witnessed to dance a quadrille with him: and it would have been amusing to see our stiff countryman, with a shirt-collar sticking halfway up to his eyes-for we Englishmen adhere to this a certain day near at hand is fixed. Long national feature in costume wherever we go as religiously as the Chinese do to their tails -bobbing up and down by the side of a lithe maiden, agile as a fawn. A tight jacket trimmed with fur served to display the symmetry of her figure. But it was not a quadrille that was danced; and Mr. Smith, being an indifferent waltzer and not comprehending the mazes of the other dances, felt quite unable to shine in that sort of exhibition.

He was told that neither among the szigoms nor the peasants is the marriage tie very much respected. The morals of the country are certainly relaxed. Better things might be expected, he thought, of the Boyards; but an hour's conversation that evening at supper enlightened him. We are sorry to confirm his testimony. Russian communication has corrupted good manners. The story of Beppo was not very long ago repeated here under peculiar circumstances. A husband went away from his young wife for a year. On his return he found her married again. She had procured by some means a legal separation during his absence. He expos-tulated, and brought the matter before the law courts. Grave judges pondered on the case, a verdict was given for the wife, and the plaintiff-husband was non-suited with costs!

STARLIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

THE Garden (by its ivied walls inclosed) Beneath the witching of the night remains All tranced and breathless; and, in dreams reposed, The white-walled house, with blinded windowpanes, Glimmers from far like one vast pearl between

The clustering of its dark and shadowy green.

A night in June; and yet 'tis scarcely night, But rather a faint dusk-a languid day, Sleeping in heaven—the interfluent light

Probably the Of silver star-flowers fills the soft blue gloom.

Silence and odorous dimness, like a ghost, Possess this ancient garden utterly: The grass-plots smile beneath the starry host; The trees look conscious of the conscious sky; The flowers, insphered in sleep, and dew, and baim, Seem holding at their hearts an infinite calm.

Even the old brick wall—that with the sun Of many years has ripened like a fruit, In streaks of softened yellow, red, and dun, With broidery of gold lichens, that strike root In arid fissures-wears a face of rest, Like one who blesses all things, and is blest.

The empty vases on the terrace-walk, The path-ways winding underneath the trees, The moon white fountains that age stir and talk, The ivy's dark and murmuring mysteries, And all the pale and quiet statues, seem Half shrouded in some bright and filmy dream.

There is a soul to-night in everything Within this garden, old, and green, and still : The Spirit of the Stars, with noiseless wing, Glides round about it,-and his ardours fill, All things with life; but most of all the flowers, Close shut, like maidens in enchanted towers.

The sweet breath of the flowers ascends the air, And perfumes all the starry palace-gates, Climbing the vaulted heavens like a prayer. The quickly answering star-light penetrates Between the close lids of the flowers, and parts Its way, and thrills against their golden hearts.

"Oh, bright sky-people!" say the flowers, "we

That we must pass and vanish like a breath Whenever the sharp winds shall bid us go; And that your being bath no shade of death, But floats upon the azure stream of years, Lucid and smooth, where never end appears.

"And yet-oh, pardon the bold thought !--we yearn In love towards your distant orbs; and we Have quivered at your touch, and sighed to burn Our lives away in a long dream of ye. Oh, let us die into your light-as hues Of sunset lapse, and faint, and interfuse !

"Out of the mystery of the formless night We woke, and trembled into life's strange dawn, And felt the air, and laughed against the light; And soon our fragile souls will be withdrawn Like sighs into the wide air's emptiness Yet sometimes of new life we dream and guess.

"Millions of blossoms like ourselves, we feel, Have flushed before austere Eternity, And twined about the year's fast-running wheel, And drooped, and faded to the quiet sky. We are as dew in noon; yet we aspire, Moth-like, towards your white, etherial fire."

And the stars answer-" There is no true death: What seems to blight the green earth like a CHIESE

Is but a shade that briefly fluttereth, God-thrown upon the luminous universe, To dusk the too great splendour. Therefore, flowers, Your souls shall incense all the endless hours.

"Within the light of our unsetting day Your withered blooms shall waken, and expand More fair than now when set in earthly clay, Fast ripening to the grave in which ye stand. The tender ghosts of hues and odours dead Are as the ground on which our nations tread."

At this, the flowers, as if in pleasure, stirr'd, And a new joy was born within the night: The wind breathed low its one primeval word,

Like some most ancient secret on its flight; And Heaven, and Earth, and all things, seemed to

Love-lost in many mingling sympathies.

THE GREAT SADDLEWORTH . EXHIBITION.

LAST week my friend, Miss Clytennestra Stanley, asked me to go with her and her sister, Miss Cordelia, to the Saddleworth Great Exhibition, and to have a day's holiday upon the Moors to gather bilberries. As I am rather proud of Miss Clytemnestra's regard, I felt flattered by her invitation, to say nothing of wishing to see the Exhibition, of which I had heard wonders. One fine day last week we started early, to have a long day before us. The railway would have taken us within half a mile of the place, but we preferred going in our own conveyance—a light butcher's cart, drawn by a mare of many virtues, but considerably more spirit than was desirable.

Clytemnestra and her two sisters are dealers in fish and game; fine high-spirited women, who live by themselves, and scorn to have the shadow of a man near them. They have lived together for years. Miss Cordelia was taught to groom the mare and stable it down when she was so little that she had to stand upon a stool to reach its neck. She is grown a fine tall young woman now, and nobody to look at her would suspect that she can not only groom her horse, but build a stable with her own hands if need be. They are three very remarkable women, but they would require an article all to themselves. How they came to be christened such magnificent names is a mystery I never was

Well, we started with many injunctions from the eldest sister to take care of ourselves. Miss Adeliza seemed to consider us as giddy young creatures who would be sure to get into mischief-and she could not go along with us, as she had to attend to the scaling of a fine cod and the boiling of a peck of shrimps—after stuffing an armful of cloaks into the cart behind us, and enquiring whether we had recollected to take money enough, she allowed us to depart, watching its all the way down the street. Clytemnestra drove. She was accustomed to it.

"The Saddleworth district," as it is called, lies on the confines of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The high road runs along the edge

like the clouds at sunset, than things of solid land. Above the high road, along a steep embankment, is the railway, and the hills rise steep on the other side of it. The railway, with the electric telegraph, the high road, the canal, and the river, all run side by side within the breadth of a hundred yards of each other. The country is very thinly populated, and except when the mills are loose, there is an oppressive sense of loncliness. At every turn the hills shut out the world more and more, until it seems a wonder how we ever got here, or how we are ever to get out. The road is not level for a yard together, and every step brings us deeper amongst the hills. It is an intensely manufacturing districts the streams from the hills making a splendid water power. Magnificent cotton mills, looking more like palaces than places of industry, with beautiful villa-like residences at short distances from them, belonging to the proprietors, are to be seen in all directions; in the most picturesque situa-tions, and often in places where it would seem impossible for a mill to stand. These mills, as well as the residences, are built of white stone, and are five or six stories high, with tall spire-like chimneys; they are all full of costly machinery. Clusters of grey stone cottages for the work-people are scattered about; but neither the mills nor the cottages seem to take up any room, nor do they break the loneliness and silence of The amount of capital inthe scene. vested within a compass of six miles round Ashton and Stayley Bridge is something wonderful.

We passed through the village of Mossley, which seems cut out of the rock, and is inhabited entirely by work-people-"hands" as they are called. One small village rejoices in comely matron—calm, kind, sensible, with the name of "Down-at-the-Bottom," another mellow beauty; she seemed to spread a is called "Hared" consisting of another mellow beauty; is called "Herod," consisting of scattered motherly peace and comfort around her. houses, above our head and below our feet. There was much bustle going on, for parties The changing shadows on the hills and the of country holiday-makers were there; but deep clear purple mist that filled the valley, did not hinder the view, but gave it a strangely pitality. She was very fond of Clytemnestra deep clear purple mist that filled the valley, did not hinder the view, but gave it a strangely solemn aspect. No human life or human and her sisters, whom she had known for bustle seemed able to assert itself-the silence of nature swallowed it up. Our plan was to go to "Lills o' Jacks," about three miles from Saddleworth, dine there, and then walk across the moor to the Exhibition.

Gradually all signs of human life disappeared, and after ascending a steep hill, overhanging a precipice without any parapet wall to keep us from falling over, we came upon a wild tract of moorland, with and huge blocks of grey rock lying about, had come from many miles round were like masses of the solidest masoury overthrown; not a habitation in sight, only the berries for sale. It was a lovely day and a hills shutting us in more closely than ever.

of a deep valley, surrounded on all sides by might take refuge to hide himself. A sharp a labyrinth of hills, the ridges forming a turn and a sudden descent brought us to a combination of perspective which seems more little wayside house of entertainment lying in a hollow under the high road, and not to be seen before. This is Bills o' Jacks, a place of great resort, in spite of its lone lines. Some years ago it was the scene of a ghastly murder. An old man and his son lived there together. It was then, as it is now, a wayside inn, and was their own property: it had been in their family for generations. The son was married, and had two children, but he did not live with his wife, as he had a romantic attachment to his father, and would not live away from him. They kept no servant. One day the son went out to buy some flour and groceries. Some acquaintance in the town asked him to stay awhile and rest. He said, "No: he had met some Irish tramps on his road, going towards their house, and he was afraid the old man might be put about with them -he must make haste home to help him." The hext day, people calling at the house found the son lying just within the doorway with his head all beaten to pieces, and the things he had brought home with him saturated with blood. He had been killed, apparently, as he entered. The old man was lying dead upon the kitchen hearth, covered with frightful wounds. The murderers have never been heard of; and now, most likely, never will be. The house still belongs to the same family.

> The first person we saw on our arrival was the widow of the son, now an old woman, but erect and alert. She was extremely kind and friendly; but I fancied that she looked as if she had seen a horror which had put a desperation between her and the rest of the world. She lives with her son and his wife; the son a handsome, sensiblelooking man, and his wife the very ideal of a vears, so that our coming was hailed with delight. The best of everything was set before us to cat, and though 1 could not suppress a shudder at finding myself on the very spot where the old man had lain, yet, as the kitchen looked bright and cheerful, and no traces of the tragedy were visible, I tried not to think of it.

After dinner, we set off over the hill-side, which was in full bloom with the heather. swarming amongst the rocks, picking billovely scene. As far as the eye could reach It looked the very spot where a murderer there was not a habitation in sight; a deep

valley lay at our feet, and across it were languishing state. The first room contained the hills rising in long ridges, the breaks in several plaster casts and busts of every them disclosing further ridges of other hills beyond, and again beyond those, forming a singular series of perspective distances, over which the deep blue shadows shifted and varied continually. It was hard to believe that such a thing as a town, or any congregation of human dwellings had there an existence, and it was certainly a most unlikely locality in which to seek for an Exhibition.

After descending the hill, at the foot of the rock called "Pots and Pans," we saw a little island of stone houses lying away before us, in the hollow of some hills, which rose in an amphitheatre above them. This was the village of Saddleworth; and, after a quarter of an hour's further walking across some rough fields, we had reached the end of our journey. Saddleworth is two straggling streets of shops and cottages; the ground so abrupt and irregular that the back door of one house will be often on a level with the top story of another. It is chiefly inhabited by the work-people of the neighbouring mills. A railway station has, within the last few years, brought it into the direct line from Manchester to Leeds.

EXHIBITION, in great letters over a door, told us we were before the object of our search. Ascending a dark, narrow, wooden staircase, we paid our shillings on the plump face to face with the wonders of the place. I felt curious to see the sort of people who would be gathered in that out-of-theworld spot. They were not "mill-hands," but quite a different class; people who, most likely, had cloth looms of their own at homefor in Yorkshire there is still very much of this domestic manufacture going on. The men buy their yarn, get it dyed for them, and weave it up in their own houses. then take the web of cloth on their shoulders, and either go with it about the country to sell it, or else take it to the Cloth Hall at Leeds or Hudderstield, and dispose of it there on market-day. There was something touching in the good-humoured stupidity with which the looked upon the objects they had never seen before, and the intelligent greeting they gave to whatever was familiar.

The Exhibition had no specific feature; but, in the care and taste with which the various objects were arranged, it gave evidence that those who had presided over its getting up had not grudged trouble. The The articles had chiefly been contributed by families connected with the district, who must have dismantled their houses and drawing-rooms of some of their most valuable adornments; and this gave a certain spirit of good intention and kind-hearted-

species of phrenological development-great men, murderers, and criminals of every degree; and there was also the cast of that unhappy youth with the enlarged head, who seems to have been sent to die of water on the brain for the especial interest of science; for his effigy is to be seen either cast or engraved in all places where the "human skull divine" is treated of. Clytemnestra was much attracted in this room by the bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and the anatomical preparation of a horse's head; but the real interest of the party was not excited until we entered a room where there were some cases of stuffed birds, not very rare ones; but such as may be seen in England. Here the little girl whom we had brought with us from Bills o' Jacks, came beaming up with the exclamation that "she found some real moor-game in a glass case, and a fox, that looked as if he was alive!" This sharp, bright little child of twelve years old—who had lived on the moors all her life, and had never been further from home than to Ashton, which to her seemed a great metropolis-took no sort of interest in the pictures, and bronzes, and statuettes, and other fine things, but greeted the objects sheknew, with a burst of enthusiasm. The only novelty she seemed to care about, was an ostrich egg, which she spoke of just as the topmost step, and found ourselves standing people in the Arabian Nights' spoke of the roc's egg. Clytemuestra—an excellent judge of game—pulled me to come and look at some lovely ptarmigans, and the most beautiful grouse she ever saw. Certainly they were excellently well preserved and stuffed; but amongst so many novelties I did not expect they would have attracted one who sees grouse professionally every day of the season: I suppose it was like recognising the face of a friend in a strange place.

One room was filled with electrical and

philosophical apparatus. A crowd of people were looking at them as if they had been implements of sorcery; whilst one, a placid, good-natured countryman was preparing to be "electrified;" his "missus" sitting by with an air that seemed to say he deserved what? ever he might be bringing on himself.

In the machinery-room there were a few beautiful models: a knitting-machine in full force, which turned out beautifully knitted grey stockings: and a sewing-machine, which was even a greater innovation than the other. This appeared to be an attractive room. There were some tolerable pictures, which the people admired when the subjects were things they understood or had seen before—whatever was absolutely new, nobody appeared to care about. A hall was fitted up with curious old furniture, carved cabinets, old armour, ness to the whole affair, which was the tapestry, &c -- all arranged in a very tasteful real charm of it. The object, I was told, is manner—whilst an organ or seraphine, which to recruit the funds of the Mechanics' Institute, which (as is no wonder) are a in very of attraction. Articles for sale were laid out

in the centre of one room, and a collection of for us, for she had begun to feel some miswhat some think curiosities, and others rubbish, was arranged along one side of the room. Amid the medley of carved, ivory boxes, Chinese mandarius, and black-letter books, one pair of curiosities elaborately labelled attracted me; the shoe and patten of a certain Mrs. Susannah Dobson, or some such name, the daughter of her father and mother, whose names were inscribed. She died—the label told us how many years ago, and also that a monument to her memory had been erected in her parish church! the old lady was doubtless a notability in her day, and we saw how people walked in pattens when they were ingenious inventions.

By this time we had gone pretty well through the Exhibition, and prepared to retrace our steps over the rocky moor. That strange wild district seems to lie apart from all the world, but in some of the scattered cottages there are histories going on, beside which the incidents in a French novel are tame. There are men and women, too, who go about looking quite rough and natural, who have had incidents in their past lives that one would have thought must inevitably have wrecked any existence for ever-but it seems that fancy goes for a great deal in these matters. The matter-of-fact prosaic manner in which I was told some of the most startling incidents one could well listen to, astonished me even more than the things themselves. When we once more reached Bills o'Jacks, we had only time to have tea; for the evenings soon begin to close in, and our road home was not made for travelling in darkness. Our return home did not seem likely to be as successful as our coming out; for the little jade of a mare-who had had nothing to do but eat corn and enjoy herself-chose to be except philologists can tell. According to excited at finding herself in a strange place, and to be startled by the sound of the falling water, and began to plunge and dance in a way that Clytennestra called playful. She made as many excuses for her as a mother might for a spoiled child; but the two facts remained—that I was a rank coward and that the road for the first two miles was down a kill that was awkward enough when we came up it in the morning. So Cordelia goodnaturedly walked with me to the bottom; although I am sure it must have tried the patience of both sisters to see me frightened at what they did every day. When we were once more fairly seated in the cart, I was told that the mare had been kept without work and on an extra allowance of corn for three or four days, "in order that she -might be quite fresh for us!" It was unteful of me, but how thankfully would have changed her for a sedate cart-horse without any imagination, and with much of the month Floréal, in the year eight, which less corn! The lights were gleaming on the means the twenty-eighth of April, eightsen hill sides as we passed along, and the dusk hundred, as follows:had long set in before we arrived home, and

givings about our capabilities of taking care of ourselves. She had a comfortable supper ready for us, and when she had heard our adventures, she declared, with an emphatic shake of her head, that the little Jezebel of a mare should go through a course of hand work before she trusted her to go anywhere without her again.

Thus we accomplished one object of our We had seen the Great Saddleexpedition. worth Exhibition; but the pranks of the mare had prevented us from bringing home

a single bilberry.

DEAD RECKONING AT THE MORGUE.

On the island of the city of Paris, stands the Palace of Justice, with its numerous courts of law and echoing Hall of the Lost Footsteps (Salle des Pas perdus); its near and necessary neighbour, the Prison of the Considergerie, once vomiting indiscriminately into the guillotine-cart crime and innocence: the Holy Chapel, that marvel of Gothic architecture; the great flower market, which, with its rival on the Place de la Madeleine, supplies all Paris with bouquets; the Prefecture of Police, where strangers must go or send, if for no other purpose than to have their passports indorsed; the great cathedral of Nôtre Dame, alone worthy of a pilgrimage; the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, always dedicated to humanity, and once called by that name, when the virtue was scarce in Paris; and, not the least curious, though, to the majority of sight-seers, perhaps the least agreeable, the Morgue, or "dead-house."

Why the Morgue is so designated, few Vaugelas, morque is an old French word signifying face; and it is still used to express a consequential look or haughty manner reflected from the countenance. In former times there used to be a small lobby just within the entrance to all the prisons which, in France, was called the morgue; because it was there that the gaolers examined the morque or face of each prisoner before he was taken to his cell, that he might be recognised in case of attempted evasion. At a later period, it was in these ante-chambers that the bodies of such as were found dead in the steets or elsewhere, were exposed, for recognition, to the gaze of the public, who peeped at them through a wicket in the prison door. In Paris, the general place of exposure was in the lower gaol or morque of the prison of the great Châtelet, and the principal regulations to be observed in giving effect to the measure were set forth in a police ordinance of the ninth

As soon as a corpse was brought to the found Adeliza looking anxiously up the street lower gaol, it was to be exposed to public

view with all the respect due to deceany and propriety, the clothes of the deceased hanging beside it, and it was thus to remain for three days. In case of the body being recognised, those who identified it were to make their declaration before the magistrate of the quarter, or the nearest commissary of police, and he having furnished the necessary paper, the prefect of police would give an order for the delivery of the remains and their interment in the usual manner. Those who ment in the usual manner. claimed the corpse were expected, if it was in their power, to pay the expenses attendant upon finding and exposing it, and were allowed to have the clothes and other effects found upon the deceased. All the reports relating to the bodies taken to the lower gaol as well as the orders of interment, were to be inscribed in a register kept for that purpose at the prefecture of police; and a similar book was to be kept at the lower gaol itself, in which, day by day, were to be inscribed the admission of dead bodies, their appearance, the presumed cause of death, and the date of their removal. When fragments of a corpse were fished out of the Seine, those who discovered them were to give intimation of the fact to the nearest commissary of police, who was to take the same steps with regard to them as if the body had been found entire.

This ordinance remained in force for four years; but it being then thought advisable to have a building expressly devoted to the exposure of the dead, the present Morgue was constructed close to the north-eastern extremity of the bridge of Saint Michel, on the Marché Neuf. No change took place in the regulations above cited, nor has any material alteration been made in them since the promulgation of the original ordinance.

The establishment of the Morgue was particularly intended to apply to that class of persons, respecting whose habits of life and place of abode it was difficult to obtain such information as would enable the authorities to register their deaths in a proper manner; and the object which the administration hoped to attain by the institution, was that of universal identification. This has never been altogether possible, but great progress has been made towards it. For instance, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, the proportion of bodies recognised was not more than four out of ten, while at present they amount to nine-tenths of the whole number exposed; with this material addition that, whereas the bodies formerly remained for the full period prescribed by law, and sometimes even exceeded it, the average time within which recognition now takes place is little more than twenty-four hours.

This information, with what will further be detailed, was communicated to me in a very business-like, and 1 had almost said, a very pleasant manner, by Monsieur Baptiste, the intelligent greffer or clerk of the Morgue.

No "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman," or lady, such as with us produces an advertisement in the Times, was the cause of my "looking in" one fine sunny morning while on my way, by the route which most people take, to Nôtre Dame. I was simply passing along the Marché Neuf when, from the open door of a wine-shop, three or four men in blouses, accompanied by a woman, suddenly rushed out, and exclaiming loudly, "Ah! it is he then!" ran hastily across the street and dashed into the Morgae. I had often glanced, with an involuntary shudder, at the coldlooking vault-like building, and had always hurried onward; but on this occasion a feeling of curiosity made me pause. I asked myself who it was that had excited the sudden emotion which I had just witnessed? and, as I put the question, I found I was proceeding to answer it by following those who I had no doubt were the relatives or friends of some one newly discovered.

Passing through a wide carriage gate, I entered a large vestibule, and, turning to the left, saw before me the Sulle d'Exposition, where so many ghastly thousands, the victims of accident or crime, had been brought for identification after death. It was separated from the vestibule by a strong barrier, which supported a range of upright bars, placed a few inches apart and reaching to the ceiling, and through the interstices everything within could be distinctly seen; this barrier ran the whole length of the chamber, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. It had need to have been strong, if the grief of all who pressed against it had equalled the passionate sorrow of the woman who now clung to the bar in her frenzied eagerness to clasp the dead. I soon learnt, from her own sobbing voice, that it was her son. The facts attending his exposure were of every-day occurrence: he had been fished out of the Seine, and there he lay, livid and swollen; but, whether he had accidentally fallen into the river, or had committed suicide, there seemed to be nothing to show. So at least it appeared to me; but the mother of the drowned man—he was under twenty, and she herself had scarcely passed middle age-thought otherwise; for every now and then she moaned forth a female name, which the friends who stood beside her endeavoured to hush, and from this I inferred that the deceased had probably acted under one of those impulses of jealousy which, when it does not seek the life of a rival, resolves to suppress its own But, come by his death how he might, the identification was complete, and defeatured us he was, his mother found the sad task no difficulty. Indeed, the manner of exposure offers every facility for recognition. clothes are hung up over the corpse in such a manner that they can be readily recognised. The body itself is placed on a dark slab, slightly inclining towards the spectator, with the head resting upon a sort of desk or

lew block covered with zinc; so that the features are clearly to be seen beneath the light, which comes in from windows high up in the wall behind the corpse. There is a tap in the wall for turning on water, which runs off by a small gutter at the foot of the slab. This is all.

It was only after extreme persuasion that the mother of the deceased suffered herself to be led away from the Morgne to her dwelling opposite. One of the party remained behind. He, too, had identified the body as that of his cousin; and, upon his declaration, the greffier proceeded to draw up the document, which was to be taken to the commissioners of police before the body could be removed from the building, although it was now withdrawn from the salle d'exposition and placed in another apartment. Perceiving that I lingered in the vestibule after the departure of the cousin, Monsieur Baptiste accosted me, and civilly conjectured that, as I was alone, perhaps it would afford me some "amusement" to see that part of the building which was not usually shown to the public. He placed himself entirely at my disposition. I accepted his courtesy with many thanks; and, having crossed the vestibule, he opened a door on the right hand, and introduced me into the office over which he presided. "Here," he said, with a slight flourish of his hand, "all the important forms attendant upon the several entries and departures were filled up by himself—a function which, he knew he need not assure me, was a highly responsible one. To discover a dead body," he added, "was a sufficiently simple process—to daguerreotype it in pen and ink was another. Even if that salle d'exposition did not exist, Monsieur, here," he exclaimed, tapping an enormous folio with brazen clasps, "could be seen, in my own handwriting, all the proofs necessary for establishing a secure identification."

I ventured to suggest, with humility-for I was a stranger in Paris—that some impediment might be offered to this mode of giving general satisfaction, in the possible fact that the relations of at least one-half of the unfor-Sunate people whose bodies were taken to the Morgue might not be able to read.

"Then," replied Monsieur Baptiste, undauntedly, "I would read my description to

those poor people."

Of course, it was not for me to doubt the skill of the worthy little greffier, but I could not help fancying—from a certain recollection of the portraiture of passports—that it was quite as well the hall of exposure and identification did exist. However, I made no comment upon Monsieur Baptiste's triumphant rejoinder, and we passed on.

Apart from a little pleasant personal vanity, I sound Monsieur Baptiste a very intelligent companion. From the office he conducted me to the salle d'autopsie (dissecting-room), in

supplied with a disinfecting apparatus. naunicating with a stove in an adjoining apartment. Beyond this was the remise (coach-house) containing the waggon-shaped hearse, which conveyed to the cemetery without show, and merely shrouded in a coarse cloth—such bodies as were either unclaimed or unrecognised. The next chamber was called the salle de lavage, or washingroom. It was flagged all over and supplied with a large stone trough, in which the clothes of the persons brought in were washed; it served also for sluicing the bodies. Similarly flagged throughout was another apartment, the salle de degagement, or private room, situated between the salle de lavage and the salle d'exposition, where temporarily depo-sited on stone tables—out of the reach of insects, from whose attacks they were protected by a covering of prepared cloth-lay the bodies of those who had been identified, such as were in too advanced a stage of decomposition to admit of recognition, and such as were destined for interment. The last apartment in the Morgue that remains to be noticed, but which I did not enter, was the combles, a sort of garret, in which that one of the two attendants slept, whose duty it is to pass the night on the premises; his sleep being very frequently disturbed by fresh arrivals.

"And how many admissions take place in the Morgue, in the course of the year?"

inquired of Monsieur Baptiste.

" Faith," replied he, shrugging his shoulders, " of one kind or other, there is scarcely a single day without something fresh. Observe, Monsieur, they do not come in regularly. Not at all. Sometimes we are quite empty for days; and then, again, we are crowded to such a degree as scarcely to be able to find room for all that arrive. In the extremes of the seasons-the height of summer and the depth of winter-the numbers are the greatest. But if Monsieur is curious to know the precise facts, I shall have great pleasure in informing him."

Thereupon Monsieur Baptiste invited me once more to enter his office; and, having accommodated me with a seat, he appealed to the brazen clasped volume to correct his statistics, and communicated to me the following

particulars.

The Morgue, he said, was supplied not only from the forty-eight quartiers into which Paris is divided; but received a considerable share from the seventy-eight communes of the burdiene, or townships within the jurisdiction of the capital; from the communes of Sevres, Saint Cloud, and Meudon; from Argentenil, Saint Germain, and from other places bordering on the river. The average number per annum amounted to three hundred and sixty-four, which Monsieur Baptiste arranged as follows: including the separate fragments of dead bodies, which he rated at eleven entries, there which were two dissecting tables, one of them were brought, he said, thirty-eightchildren pre-

maturely born, twenty-six that had reached the full term, and of adults two hundred and thirty-eight men and fifty-one women. He divided the two last into four categories. Of secret homicides, there were the bodies of three men and two women; of such as had died from sickness or very suddenly, thirtyfour men and eleven women; of the accidentally hurt where death had supervened, sixty-six men and four women; and of suicides, the large number of one hundred and thirty men and thirty-five women.

I remarked that the disproportion between the sexes was much greater than I had imagined; indeed I had rather expected that the balance would have inclined the other

"If Monsieur would permit me," said the polite Baptiste, "I would cause him to observe that men have more reasons for committing suicide than women; or, if this be disputed, that they are less tenacious of existence than the other sex, who understand that their mission is to bear. A woman's hope, Monsieur, is almost as strong as her love, often they are the same. But a man! before the face of adversity he turns pale; the pain of the present is intolerable to him; in preference to that, ne severs ties which a woman shudders to think of breaking. A woman never forgets further stated, that self-activity in procuring that her children are a part of herself; a the means of death was much greater in the man frequently considers them a more accident.

total which you have named appears to me chooses the speediest and most passive form not enormous, considering the extent of of self-destruction. Shrinking from the Paris and its dependencies, the number of its thoughts of blood, she seldom employs fire-

people."

"That just," returned Monsieur Eaptiste, "if all the stage that a woman uses the dagger. In who met with violent deaths in Paris were suffocation by the fumes of charcoal—the transported to the Morgue. But the fact is easiest death known—the women exceed the different. Those chiefly—I might almost say men, the numbers being three and two; in those only-are brought here, whose place of cases of drowning, the general proportion abode is unknown in the quarter where they holds twenty-six women and ninety-seven are found. The persons accidentally killed men selecting that mode of death. Sixteen at work, a proportion of those who are run men and two women hang themselves, four over or injured by animals, the victims of men and three women throw themselves from poison, or charcoal, or hanging, or duels, have high places, two mea end their lives by for the most part a fixed residence, and to poison; and in this way, Monsieur, the sum bring them to the Morgue for identification total is made up.' would be unnecessary. Even such as try the "I have," I sa water, and they furnish the majority of cases (this act being the least premeditated), have homes or the dwellings of friends or masters to which they are conveyed by witnesses of the deed. It is the solitary, homeless suicide, who, in the middle of the night leaps from the parapet of the bridge, and is found in the meshes of the filets des morts (the dead-nets) that comes to this establishment. That this is a fact the general returns officially declare; for the number of drowned persons who are exposed in the Morgue are only one-sixth oftener than women. In that salle d'exposi-

own liwellings; and this proportion to exceeded in most of the other tases."

I ventured to suppose that where everything was so methodically ordered, some spproximation as to the cause of the numerous suicides—the last scene of which was witnessed in the Morgue—had been arrived at in the establishment. Monsieur Baptiste told me I was right. Diligent inquiry, voluntary information, and conjecture based upon long experience, had, he believed, arrived very nearly at the truth, and these conclusions were thus set forth.

Taking one hundred and sixty-nine for the annual aggregate, the number of men who committed suicide in a state of insanity or delirium, was twenty-two; of women eight. Onaccount of domestic trouble, the numbers were eighteen and six; of drunkenness, fifteen and two; of misery, thirteen and four; of disgust of life, eleven and three; of disappointed love, ten and three; of misconduct, eight and two; of incurable maladies, eight and one; dread of judicial investigation, seven and one; embezzlement and defalcations, six and one; while on account of causes that could not be ascertained or guessed at there remained sixteen men and five women.

It appeared from what Monsieur Baptiste .

men than the women.

"A woman, Monsieur," said the greffier, "But, after all," I remarked, "the sum "when she has made up her mind to die. inhabitants, and," I added, after a short arms or a sharp instrument—these are a man's pause, "the impressionable character of the weapons; for those who shoot themselves, we have ten men and only one woman; by observation would be perfectly the knife three men alone; it is merely on

"I have," I said, "but one more question to ask now. What is the period of life at

which suicide is most frequent ?"

"A man's tendency to shorten his days," replied Monsieur Baptiste, "is principally developed between the ages of twenty and tifty; it is strongest in woman before she reaches thirty, diminishes from that age to forty, subsides still more within the next ten years, revives again for another edecade, and then becomes almost extinct. Old men become weary of life towards its close much of those whose remains are taken to their tion I have seen in one year the white mains of four men of eighty, more or less; but of aged but it is a great teacher.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I SHALL not try to relate the particulars of the great civil war between King Charles the First and the Long Parliament, which lasted nearly four years, and a full account of which would fill many large books. It was a sad thing that Englishmen should once more be fighting against Englishmen on English ground; but, it is some consolation to know that on both sides there was great humanity, forbearance, and honour. The soldiers of the Parliament were far more remarkable for these good qualities than the soldiers of the King (many of whom fought for mere pay without much caring for the cause); but those of the nobility and gentry who were on the King's side were so brave, and so faithful to him, that their conduct cannot but command our highest admiration. Among these were great numbers of Catholics, who took the roval side because the Queen was so strongly of their persuasion.

The King might have distinguished some of these gallant spirits, if he had been as generous a spirit himself, by giving them the command of his army. Instead of that, however, true to his old high notions of royalty, he entrusted it to his two nephews, PRINCE RUPERT and PRINCE MAURICE, who were of royal blood, and came over from abroad to help him. It might have been better for him if they had stayed away, since Prince Rupert was an impetuous hot-headed fellow, whose

and seasons, and lay about him.

The general-in-chief of the Parliamentary army was the Earl of Essex, a gentleman of honour and an excellent soldier. A little while before the war broke out, there had been some rioting at Westminster between certain officious law students and noisy soldiers, and the shopkeepers and their apprentices, and the general people in the streets. At that time the King's friends called the crowd, Roundheads, because the apprentices wore short hair; the crowd, in return, called their opponents Cavalier, meaning that they were a blustering set, who pretended to be very military. These two words now began to be used to distinguish the two sides in the civil war. The Royalists also called the Parliamentary men Rebels and Rogues, while the Parlia-mentary men called them Malignants, and spoke of themselves as the Godly, the Honest, and so forth.

The war broke out at Portsmouth, where that double traitor Goring had again gone over to the King and was besieged by the Parliamentary troops. Upon this, the King term of vipers—in pretending to recognize it

serving under him, traitors, and called upon women never more than two. Ah, Monsleur, his loyal subjects to meet him in arms at the Morgue is not a very gay place to live in, but it is a great teacher."

Nottingham on the twenty-fifth of August.
But his loyal subjects came about him in scanty numbers, and it was a windy gloomy day, and the Royal Standard, got blown down, and the whole affair was very melancholy. The chief engagements after this, took place in the vale of the Red Horse near Banbury, in Wiltshire, at Brentford, at Devizes, at Chalgrave Field (where Mr. Hampden was so sorely wounded while fighting at the head of his men, that he died within a week), at Tewkesbury (in which battle LORD FALK-LAND, one of the best noblemen on the King's side, was killed), at Leicester, at Naseby, at Winchester, at Marston Moor near York, at Newcastle, and in many other parts of England and Scotland. These battles were attended with various successes. time the King was victorious; at another time the Parliament. But almost all the great and busy towns were against the King; and whin it was considered necessary to fortify London, all ranks of people, from labouring men and women up to lords and ladies, worked hard together with heartiness and good-will. The most distinguished leaders on the Parliamentary side were HAMPDEN, SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, and, above all, OLIVER Cromwell, and his son-in-law Ireton.

During the whole of this war, the people, to whom it was very expensive and irksome, and to whom it was made the more distressing by almost every family being divided-some of its members attaching themselves to the one side and some to the other-were over and over again most anxious for peace. So were some of the best men in each cause. Accordingly, treaties of peace were discussed only idea was to dash into battle at all times between commissioners from the Parliament and the King; at York, at Oxford (where the King held a little Parliament of his own), and at Uxbridge. But they came to nothing. In all these negociations, and in all his difficulties, the King showed himself at his best. He was courageous, cool, self-possessed and clever; but, the old taint of his character was always in him, and he was never for one single moment to be trusted. Lord Clarendon, the historian, one of his highest admirers, supposes that he had unhappily promised the Queen never to make peace without her consent, and that this must often be taken as his excuse. He never kept his word from night He signed a cessation of hosto morning. tilities with the blood-stained Irish rebels for a sum of money, and invited the Irish regiments over, to help him against the Parliament. In the battle of Naseby, his cabinet was seized and was found to contain a correspondence with the Queen in which he expressly told her that he had deceived the Parliament-a mongrel Parliament, he called it now, as an improvement on his old proclaimed the Earl of Essex and the officers and to treat with it; and from which it

further appeared that he had been long in secret treaty with the Duke of Lorraine for a foreign army of ten thousand men. Disappointed in this, he sent a most devoted friend of his, the EARL OF GLAMORGAN, to Ireland, to conclude a secret treaty with the Catholic powers, to send him an Irish army of ten thousand men; in return for which he was to bestow great favours on the Catholic religion. And when this treaty was discovered in the carriage of a fighting Irish Archbishop, who was killed in one of the many skirmishes of those days, he basely denied and deserted his attached friend, the Earl, on his being charged with high treason; and-even worse than this-had left blanks his own kingly hand, expressly that he

might thus save himself.

At last, on the twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand six hundred and forty-six, the King found himself in the city of Oxford, so surrounded by the Parliamentary army who were closing in upon him on all sides, that he felt that if he would escape, he must delay no longer. So, that night, having altered the cut of his hair and beard, he was dressed up as a servant and put upon a horse with a cloak strapped behind him, and rode out of the town behind one of his own faithful followers, with a clergyman of that country, who knew the road well, for a guide. He rode towards London as far as Harrow, and then altered his plans, and resolved, it would seem, to go to the Scottish camp. The Scottish men had been invited over to help the Parliamentary army, and had a large force then in England. The King was so desperately intriguing in everything he did, that it is doubtful what he exactly meant by this step. He took it, any-how, and delivered himself up to the EARL OF LEVEN, the Scottish general-in-chief, who treated him as an honourable prisoner. Negotiations between the Parliament on the one the King had refused to the Parliament the concession of that old militia point for twenty years, and had refused to Scotland the recogrition of its Solemn League and Covenant, Scotland got a handsome sum for its army and its help, and the King into the bargain. He was taken by certain Parliamentary commissioners appointed to receive him, to one of his own houses, called Holmby House, near Althorpe, in Northamptonshire.

While the Civil War was still in progress, John Pym died, and was buried with great honour in Westminster Abbey—not with greater honour than he deserved, for the liberties of Englishmen owe a mighty debt to Pym and Hampden. The war was but newly over when the Earl of Essex died, of an illness

I wish it were not necessary to add state. that Archbishop Laud died upon the scaffold when the war was not yet done. His trial lasted in all nearly a year, and, it being doubtful even then whether the charges brought against him amounted to treason, the odious old contrivance of the worst kings was resorted to, and a bill of attainder was brought in against him. He was a violently prejudiced and mischievous person, had had strong earcropping and nose-slitting propensities, as you know, and had done a world of harm. But he died peaceably, and like a brave old man.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEN the Parliament had got the King in the secret instructions he gave him with into their hands, they became very anxious to get rid of their army, in which Oliver Cromwell had begun to acquire great power; not only because of his courage and lagh abilities, but because he professed to be very sincere in the Scottish sort of Puritan religion that was then exceedingly popular among the soldiers. They were as much opposed to the Bishops as to the Pope himself; and the very privates, drummers, and trumpeters, had such an inconvenient habit of starting up and preaching long-winded discourses, that I would not have belonged to that army on any account.

So, the Parliament being far from sure but that the army might begin to preach and fight against them now it had nothing else to do, proposed to disband the greater part of it, to send another part to serve in Ireland against the rebels, and to keep only a small force in England. But, the army would not consent to be broken up, except upon its own conditions; and when the Parliament showed an intention of compelling it, it acted for itself in an unexpected manner. A certain cornet, of the name of Joice, arrived at Holmby House one night, attended by four hundred horsemen, went into the King's hand and the Scottish authorities on the other, as to what should be done with him, lasted in the other, and told the King that he until the following February. Then, when had come to take him away. The King, was willing enough to go, and only stipulated that he should be publicly required to do sonext morning. Next morning, accordingly, he appeared on the top of the steps of the house, and asked Cornet Joice before his men and the guard set there by the Parliament, what authority he had for taking him away ! To this Cornet Joice replied, "the authority of the army." "Have you a written commission?" said the King. Joice, pointing to his four hundred men on horseback, replied, "that is my commission." "Well," said the King smiling, as if he were pleased, "I never before read such a commission; but it is written in fair and legible characters. This is a company of as handsome proper gentlemen as I have seen a long while." He brought on by his having overheated himself was asked where he would like to live, and in a stag hunt in Windsor Forest. He, too, he said at Newmarket. So, to Newmarket was buried in Westminster Abbey, with great he, and Cornet Joice, and the four hundred

hersemen, rode; the King remarking, in the same smiling way, that he could ride as far at a spell as Cornet Joice, or any man there.

The King quite believed, I think, that the army were his friends. He said as much to Fairfax when that general, Oliver Cromwell, and Ireton, went to persuade him to return to the custody of the Parliament. He preferred to remain as he was, and resolved to remain as he was. And when the army moved nearer and nearer London to frighten the Parliament into yielding to their demands, they took the King with them. It was a deplorable thing that England should be at the mercy of a great body of soldiers with arms in their hands, but the King certainly favoured them at this important time of his life in reference to the more lawful power that tried to control him. It must be added, however that they treated him, as yet, more respectfully and kindly than the Parliament had ever done. They allowed him to be attended by his own servants, to be splendidly entertained at various houses, and to see his children-at Cavesham House, near Reading -for two days, Whereas, the Parliament had been rather hard with him, and had only allowed him to ride out and play at bowls.

It is much to be believed that if the King could have been trusted, even at this time, he might have been saved. Even Oliver Cromwell expressly said that he did believe peace; unless the King had his rights. He was not unfriendly towards the King; he had been present when he received his children, and had been much affected by the pitiable nature of the scene; he saw the King often; he frequently walked and talked with him in the long galleries and pleasant gardens of the Palace at Hampton Court. whither he was now removed; and in all this risked something of his influence with the army. But, the King was in secret hopes of help from the Scottish people; and the moment he was encouraged to join them he began to be cool to his new friends, the army, and to tell the officers that they could not possibly do without him. At the very time, too, when he was promising to make Cromwell and Ireton noblemen, if they would help him up to his old height, he was writing to the Queen that he meant to hang them. They both afterwards declared that they had been privately informed that such a letter would be found, on a certain evening, sewn up in a saddle, which would be taken to the Blue Boar in Holborn to be sent to Dover; and that they went there, disguised as common soldiers, and sat drinking in the inn-yard until a man came with the saddle, which they ripped with their knives, and therein found the letter. I see little reason to doubt the story. It is certain that Oliver Cromwell told one of the King's most faithful followers that the King could not be trusted, and that he would

to happen to him. Still even after that he kept a promise he had made to the King, by letting him know that there was a plot with a certain portion of the army to seize him. I believe that, in fact, he sincerely wanted the King to escape abroad, and so to be get rid of without more trouble or danger. That Oliver himself had work enough with the army is pretty plain, for some of the troops were so mutinous against him, and against those who acted with him at this time, that he found it necessary to have one man shot at the head of his regiment to overawe the

The King, when he received Oliver's warning, made his escape from Hampton Court, and, after some indecision and uncertainty, went to Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. At first, he was pretty free there; but, even there, he carried on a pretended treaty with the Parliament, while he was really treating with commissioners from Scotland to send an army into England to take his part. When he broke off this treaty with the Parliament (having settled with Scotland) and was treated as a prisoner. his treatment was not changed too soon, for he had plotted to escape that very night to a ship sent by the Queen, which was lying off the island.

He was doomed to be disappointed in his hopes from Scotland. The agreement he that no man could enjoy his possessions in had made with the Scottish Commissioners was not favourable enough to the religion of that country, to please the Scottish clergy, and they preached against it. The consequence was, that the army raised in Scotland and sent over, was too small to do much; and that, although it was helped by a rising of the Royalists in England and by good soldiers from Ireland, it could make no head against the Parliamentary army under such men as Cromwell and Fairfax. The King's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, came over from Holland with nineteen ships (a part of the English fleet having gone over to him) to help his father, but nothing came of his voyage, and he was fain to return. The most remarkable event of this second civil war was the cruel execution by the Parliamentary General, of SIR CHARLES LUCAS and SIR GEORGE LISLE, two gallant Royalist generals, who had bravely defended Colchester under every disadvantage of famine and distress for nearly three months. Sir Charles Lucas was shot, Sir George Lisle kissed his body, and said to the soldiers who were to shoot him, "Come nearer, and make sure of me." "I warrant you, Sir George," said one of the soldiers, "we shall hit you." "Aye?" he returned with a smile, "but I have been nearer to you, my friends,

many a time, and you have missed me." The Parliament, after being fearfully bullied by the army, who demanded to have seven members whom they disliked given up to not be answerable if anything amiss were them, had voted that they would have nothing more to do with the King; on the conclusion, however, of this second civil war (which did not last more than six months) they prointed commissioners to treat with him. The King, then so far released again as to be allowed to live in a private house at Newport in the Isle of Wight, managed his own part of the negotiation with a sense that was admired by all who saw him, and gave up, in the end, all that was asked of him-even yielding (which he had steadily refused, so far) to the temporary abolition of the bishops and the transfer of their church land to the Crown. Still, with his old fatal vice upon him, when his best friends joined the commissioners in beseeching him to yield all those points as the only means of saving himself from the army, he was plotting to escape from the island; he was holding correspondence with his friends and the Catholics in Ireland, though declaring that he was not; and he was writing with his own hand that in what he yielded, he meant nothing but to get time to escape.

Matters were at this pass when the array, resolved to defy the Parliament, marched up to London. The Parliament, not afraid of them now, and boldly led by Hollis, voted that the King's concessions were sufficient ground for settling the peace of the kingdom. Upon that, COLONEL RICH and COLONEL Prior went down to the House of Commons with a regiment of horse soldiers and a regiment of foot; and Colonel Pride, standing in the lobby with a list of the members who were obnoxious to the army in his hand, had them pointed out to him as they came through, and took them all into custody. This proceeding was afterwards called by the the people, for a joke, PRIDE'S PURGE. Cromwell was in the North, at the head of his men, at the time, but when he came home, approved of what had been done.

What with imprisoning some members and causing others to stay away, the army had now reduced the House of Commons to some fifty or so. These soon voted that it was treason in a king to make war against his parliament and his people, and sent an ordinance up to the House of Lords for the King's being tried as a traitor. The House of Lords then sixteen in number, to a man rejected it. Thereupon, the Commons made an ordinance of their own, that they were the supreme government of the country, and would bring

the King to trial.

The King had been taken for security to a place called Hurst Castle : a lonely house on a rock in the sea, connected with the coast of Hampshire by a rough road two miles long at low water. Thence he was ordered to be removed to Windsor; thence, after being but rudely used there, and having none but soldiers to wait upon him at table, he was brought up to St. James's Palace in London, and told that his trial was appointed for next

On Saturday, the twentieth of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-nine, this me-morable trial began. The House of Commons had settled that one hundred and thirty-five persons should form the Court, and these were taken from the House itself, from among the officers of the army, and from among the lawyers and citizens. John Brademaw, ser-jeant-at-law, was appointed president. The place was Westminster Hall. At the upper end, in a red velvet chair, sat the president, with his hat (lined with plates of iron for his protection) on his head. The rest of the Court sat on side benches, also wearing their hats. The King's seat was covered with velvet, like that of the president, and was opposite to it. He was brought from St. James's to Whitehall, and from Whitehall he

came by water, to his trial.

When he came in, he looked round very steadily on the Court, and on the great number of spectators, and then sat down: presently he got up and looked round again. On the indictment "against Charles Stuart, for high treason," being read, he smiled several times, and he denied the authority of the Court, saying that there could be no parliament without a House of Lords, and that he saw no House of Lords there. Also that the King ought to be there, and that he saw no King in the King's right place. Bradshaw replied, that the Court was satisfied with its authority and that its authority was God's authority and the kingdom's. He then adjourned the Court to the following Monday. On that day, the trial was resumed, and went on all the week. When the Saturday came, as the King passed forward to his place in the Hall, some soldiers and others cried for "justice!" and execution on him. That day, too, Bradshaw, like an angry Sultan, wore a red robe, instead of the black one he had worn before. The King was sentenced to death that day. he went out, one solitary soldier said, " God bless you, Sir!" For this, his officer struck him. The King said he thought the punishment exceeded the offence. The silver head of his walking-stick had fallen off while he leaned upon it, at one time of the trial. The accident seemed to disturb him, as if he thought it ominous of the falling of his own l.ead; and he admitted as much now it was all over.

Being taken back to Whitehall he sent to the House of Commons, saying that as the time of his execution might be nigh, he wished he might be allowed to see his darling children. It was granted. On the Monday he was taken back to St. James's, and his two children then in England, the Princess Eli-ZABETH thirteen years old, and the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER nine years old, were brought to take leave of him, from Sion House, near Brentford. It was a sad and touching scene, when he kissed and fondled these poor children, and made a little present of two

tender messages to their mother, (who little deserved them, for she had a lover of her own whom she married soon afterwards) and told them that he died "for the laws and liberties of the land." I am bound to say believed so.

There were ambassadors from Holland, that day, to intercede for the unhappy King, whom you and I both wish the Parliament had spared; but they got no answer. The Scottish Commissioners interceded too; so did the Prince of Wales, by a letter in which he offered as the next heir to the throne, to accept any conditions from the Parliament; so did the Queen by letter likewise. Notwithstanding all, the warrant for the execution was this day signed. There is a story that as Oliver Cromwell went to the table with the pen in his hand to put his signature to it, he drew his pen across the face of one of the commissioners who was standing near, and marked it with the ink. Put me to pain." He told the executioner, That commissioner had not signed his own "I shall say but very short prayers, and then name yet, and the story adds, that when he thrust out my hands"—as the sign to strike. came to do it, he marked Cromwell's face with ink in the same way.

The King slept well, untroubled by the knowledge that it was his last night on earth, and rose on the thirtieth of January, two hours before day, and dressed himself carefully. He put on two shirts lest he should! tremble with the cold, and had his hair very carefully combed. The warrant had been directed to three officers of the army, COLONEL HACKER, COLONEL HUNKS, and COLONEL PHAYER. At ten o'clock, the first of these came to the door and said it was time to go to Whitehall. The King, who had always been a quick walker, walked at his usual speed through the Park, and called out to the guard, with his accustomed voice of command, "March on apace!" When he came to Whitehall, he was taken to his own bed-room, where a breakfast was set forth. As he had taken the Sacrament, he would eat nothing more, but at about the time when the church bells struck twelve at noon (for the First. With all my sorrow, for him, I he had to wait, through the scaffold not being ready) he took the advice of the good BISHOP Tuxon who was with him, and eat a little bread, and drank a glass of claret. after he had taken this refreshment, Colonel Hacker came to the chamber with the warrant in his hand, and called for Charles

And then, through the long gallery of Whitehall Palace, which he had often seen light and gay and merry and crowded, in very different times, the fallen King passed along, until he came to the centre window of the Banquetting House, through which he emerged upon the scaffold, which was hung with black. He looked at the two executioners who were dressed in black and masked; he looked at the troops of

diamond seals to the Princess, and gave them soldiers on horseback and on foot, who all looked up at him in silence; he looked at the vast array of spectators, filing up the view beyond, and turning all their faces upon him; he looked at his old Palace of St. James's; and he looked at the block. that I don't think he did, but I dare say he He seemed a little troubled to find that it was so low, and asked "if there were no place higher?" Then, to those upon the scalfold, he said "that it was the Parliament who had begun the war, and not he; but he hoped they might be guiltless too, as ill instruments had gone between them. In one respect," is said, "he suffered justly, and that was because he had permitted an unjust sentence to be executed on another." In this he referred to the Earl of Strafford,

He was not at all afraid to die; but he was anxious to die easily. When some one touched the axe while he was speaking, he broke off and called out, " Take heed of the ave! take heed of the axe!" He also said to

He put his hair up, under a white sating cap which the bishop had carried, and said, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." The bishop told him that he had but one stage more to travel in this weary world, and that though it was a turbulent and troublesome stage, it was a short and would carry him a great way—all the way from earth to Heaven. The King's last word, as he gave his cloak and the George—the decoration from his breast—to the bishop, was this, "Remember!" He then kneeled down, laid his head upon the block, spread out his hands, and was instantly killed. One universal groan broke from the crowd; and the soldiers, who had sat on their horses and stood in their ranks immovable as statues, were of a sudden all in motion, clearing tha streets.

Thus in the forty-ninth year of his age, falling at the same time of his career as Strafford had fallen in his, perished Charles cannot agree with him that he died "the Martyr of the people;" for the people had been martyrs to him and his ideas of a King's rights, long before. Indeed I am afraid that he was but a bad judge of martyrs; for he had called that infamous Duke of Buckingham "the Martyr of his Sovereign."

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THINGS THAT CANNOT BE DONE.

"Northing flagrantly wrong can be done, without adequate punishment, under the English law. What a comfortable truth that is! I have always admired the English law with all my heart, as being plain, cheap, com-prehensive, easy, unmistakable, strong to help the right doer, weak to help the wrong doer, entirely free from adherence to barbarous usages which the world has passed, and knows to be ridiculous and unjust. It is delightful never to see the law at fault, never to find it in what our American relatives call a fix, never to behold a scoundrel able to shield himself with it, always to contemplate the improving spectacle of Law in its wig and gown leading blind Justice by the hand and keeping her in the straight broad course.

I am particularly struck, at the present time, by the majesty with which the Law protects its own humble administrators. Next to the punishment of any offence by fining the offender in a sum of money—which is a practice of the Law, too enlightened and too obviously just and wise, to need any com-mendation—the penalties inflicted on an intolerable brute who maims a police officer for life, make my soul expand with a solemn joy. I constantly read in the newspapers of such an offender being committed to prison with hard labour, for one, two, or even three months. Side by side with such a case, I read the statement of a surgeon to the police force, that within such a specified short time, so many men have been under his care for similar injuries; so many of whom have recovered, after undergoing a refinement of pain expressly contemplated by their assailants in the nature of their attack; so many of whom, being permanently debilitated and incapacitated, have been dismissed the force. Then, I know that a wild beast in a man's form cannot gratify his savage hatred of those who check him in the perpetration of crime, without suffering a thousand times more than the object of his wrath, and without being made a certain and a stern example. And this is one of the occasions on which the beauty of the Law of England fills me with the solemn joy I have mentioned.

The peeans I have of late been singing

nation of the Law to prevent by severe punishment the oppression and ill-treatment of Women, have been echoed in the public journals. It is true that an ill-conditioned friend of mine, possessing the remarkably inappropriate name of Common Sense, it not fully satisfied on this head. It is true that he says to me, "Will you look at these cases of brutality, and tell me whether you consider six years of the hardest prison task-work (instead of six months) punishment enough for such enormous cruelty? Will you read. the increasing records of these violences from day to day, as more and more sufferers are gradually encouraged by a law of six months' standing to disclose their long endurance, and will you consider what a legal system that must be which only now applies. an imperfect remedy to such a giant evil? Will you think of the torments and murders of a dark perspective of past years, and ask yourself the question whether in exulting so mightily, at this time of day, over a law faintly asserting the lowest first principle of all law, you are not somewhat sarcastic on the virtuous Statutes at Large, piled up there on innumerable shelves? This true, I say, that my ill-conditioned friend does twit me, and the law I: dote on, after this manner; but it is enough for me to know, that for a man to main and kill his wife by inches-or even the woman wife or no wife, who shares his home-with. out most surely incurring a punishment, the justice of which satisfies the mind and heart, of the common level of humanity, is one of the things that cannot be done.

But, deliberately, falsely, defamingly, publicly and perseveringly, to pursue and outrage any woman is foremost among the things that cannot be done. Of course, it cannot be done. This is the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three; and Steam and Electricity, would indeed have left the limping Law behind, if it could be done in the present age.

Let me put an impossible case, to illus trate at once my admiration of the Law, and its tender care for Women. This may be an appropriate time for doing so, when most of us are complimenting the Law on its avenging gallantry.

Suppose a young lady to be left a great heiress, under circumstances which cause the within myself on the subject of the determi- general attention to be attracted to her

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name. otherwise only known for her virtues, charities, and noble actions. Suppose an abandoned sharper, so debased, so wanting in the again. He commits wilful and corrupt permanhood of a commonly vile swindler, so lost to every sense of shame and disgrace, as to conceive the original idea of hunting this young lady through life until she buys him off with money. Suppose him to adjust the speculation deliberately with himself. "I know nothing of her, I never saw her; but I am a bankrupt, with no character and no trade that brings me in any money; and I mean to make the pursuit of her, my trade. She seeks retirement; I will drag her out of it. She avoids notoriety; I will force it upon her. She is rich; she shall stand and deliver. I am poor; I will have plunder. The opinion of society. What is that to me? I know the Law, and the Law will be my friendnot hers.

It is very difficult, I know, to suppose such a set of circumstances, or to imagine such an animal not caged behind iron bars or knocked on the head. But, let us stretch clastic fancy to such an extreme point of supposition. He goes to work at the trade he has taken up, and works at it, industriously, say for fifteen, He invents the sixteen, seventeen years. most preposterous and transparent lies, which not one human being whose ears they ever reach, can possibly believe. He pretends that the lady premised to marry him-say, in a nonsensical jingle of rhymes which he produces, and which he says and swears (for what will he not say and swear, except the truth?) is the production of the lady's hand. Before incapable country justices, and dim little farthing rushlights of the law, he drags this lady at his pleasure, whenever he will. He makes the Law a screw to force the hand she has had the courage to close upon her purse from the beginning. He makes the Law a He shakes and her veneration for the dead. the letter of the Law over the heads of the puny tribunals he selects for his infamous epurpose, and frightens them into an endurance of his audacious mendacity. Because the Law is a Law of the peddling letter and not of the comprehensive spirit, this magistrate shall privately bribe him with money to condescend to overlook his omission (sanctioned by the practice of years) of some miserable form as to the exact spot in which he puts his magisterial signature upon a document; and that commissioner shall publicly impliment him upon his extraordinary acquirements, when it is manifest upon the face of the written evidence before the same learned commissioner's eyes in court, that he cannot so much as spell. But he knows the Law. And the letter of the Law is with the rascal and not with the rascal's prey.

For, we are to suppose that all through these years, ite is never punished with any first function, I mean to send you take safe

Suppose her to be modest, retiring, punishment worthy of the name, for his real offence. He is now and then held to bail. gets out of prison, and goes to his trade jury, down a byeway, and is lightly punished for that; but he takes his brazen face along the high road of his guilt, uncrushed. The blundering, babbling, botched Law, in splitting hairs with him, makes business for itself; they get on very well together-

worthy companions—shepherds both.

Now, I am willing to admit that if such a case as this, could by any possibility be; if it could go on so long and so publicly, as that the whole town should have the facts within its intimate knowledge; if it were as well known as the Queen's name; if it never presented itself afresh, in any court, without awakening an honest indignation in the breasts of all the audience not learned in the Law; and yet if this nefarious culprit were just as free to drive his trade at last as he was at first, and the object of his ingenious speculation could find absolutely no redress: then, and in that case, I say, I am willing to admit that the Law would be a false pretence and a self-convicted failure. But, happily, and as we all know, this is one of the things that cannot be done.

No. Supposing such a culprit face to face with it, the Law would address him thus. "Stand up, knave, and hear me! I am not the thing of shreds and patches you suppose. I am not the degraded creature whom any wretch may invoke to gratify his basest appetites and do his dirtiest work. Not for that, am I part and parcel of a costly system maintained with cheerfulness out of the labours of a great free people. Not for that, do I continually glorify my Bench and my Bar, and, from my high place, look complacently upon a sea of wigs. I am not a jumble and jargon of words, fellow; I am a rack on which to torture her constancy, her Principle. I was set up here, by those who affections, her consideration for the living, can pull me down-and will, if I be incapable—to punish the wrong-doer, for the sake of the body-politic in whose name I act, and from whom alone my power is derived. I know you, well, for a wrong-doer; I have it in proof before me that you are a forsworn, crafty, defiant, bullying, pestilent impostor. And if I be not an impostor too, and a worse one, my plainest duty is to set my heel upon you-which I mean to do before you go hence.

"Attend to me yet, knave. Hold your peace! You are one of those landsharks whose eyes have twinkled to see the driving of coaches and six through Acts of Parliament, and who come up with their dirty little dog's meat carts to follow through the same crooked ways. But you shall know, that I am something more than a maze of tortuous ins and outs, and that I have at least one plain road-to wit, the road by which, for the general protection, and in the exercise of my

keeping; fifty thousand Acts, and a hundred thousand Caps, and five hundred thousand

Secs, not withstanding.

"For, Beast of Prey, above the perplexed letter of all Law that has any might in it, goes the spirit. If I be, as I claim to be, the child of Justice, and not the offspring of the Artful Dodger, that spirit shall, before I gabble through one legal argument more, provide for you and all the like of you, as you deserve. If it cannot do that of itself, I will have letter to help it. But I will not remain here, a spectacle and a scandal to those who are the breath of my nostrils, with your dirty hands clinging to my robe, your brazen lungs misrepresenting me, your brazen lungs misrepresenting me, shameless face beslavering me in my prostitution."

Thus the Law clearly would address any such impossible person. For this reason, among others not dissimilar, I glory in the Law, and am ready at all times to shed my best blood to uphold it. For this reason too, I am proud, as an Englishman, to know that such a design upon a woman as I have, in a wild moment, imagined, is not to be entered upon, and is—as it ought to be—one of the

things that can never be done.

LANNA TIXEL.

Under a stiff hollybush cut like a dragon, the chief glory in the garden of her father the Burgomaster, little Lanna Tixel lay with her face to the grass, sobbing and quivering. Ten minutes ago she had passed silently out blessing. of her father's sick chamber with a white face and eyes large with terror; she had fled through the great still house into the garden, and fallen down under the dragon to give way to an agony of something more than childish grief. Poor little Lanna! Sheltered by the prickly wings of that old garden monster, she had wept many a time for the loss of a pale, blue-eyed mother, who had gone from her to be one of the stars; but that was a grief full of love and tenderness, that led to yearnings heavenward. She lay then grieving with her tearful eyes fixed on the blue sky, watching the clouds or wondering which of the first stars of evening might be the bright soul of her saint. Now she had her face pressed down into the earth—her father was on his death-bed; but there was something wilder in her agony than childish In the twilight the green dragon seemed to hang like a real fiend over the plump little child that had been thrown to it, his dead heart. and that lay cowering within reach of its jaws.

So perhaps thought the sallow-faced Hans Dank, the leanest man in the Low Countries and yet no skeleton; who, after a time, had followed the child down from the sick chamber and stood gravely by, lending his ear to her distress. He might have thought so,

by themselves, suggested such a notion. "Lanna!" said Steward Dank, as quietly as though he was but calling her to dinner. "Lanna!" She heard nothing. "Your father asks for you." She rose at once, with a fierce shudder, and Mr. Dank led her indoors by the hand.

Burgomaster Tixel was the richest and most friendless man in Amsterdam. He loved only two things, his money and his daughter, and he loved both in a wretched, comfortless and miserably jealous way. He was ignorant and superstitious, as most people were in his time—two or three centuries ago. If he could live to-day, and act as he used to act, he would be very properly confined in Bedlam.

He lay very near death in a large room. gloomy with the shadows of evening and hung with heavy tapestries. Mr. Dank led Lanna to his side. "You will conquer your fear, darling," said the Burgomaster, with a rattle in his harsh voice. "If you have loved me I prepare for you a pleasure. If you have not loved me, if my memory is never to be dear to you—be punished."
"O father!"

"You are too young to think-but twelve years old-it is my place to think for you, and. Dank will care for you when I am gone, because, dear, it is made his interest to do so. When you know the worth of your inheritance you will not speak as you have spoken. You are a child. What do you know?"
"She knows," said Mr. Dank, in a dry matter-of-fact way, "the value of a father's

"True," said the Burgomaster, glaring at the child; the signal lights of the great rock of death on which he was fast breaking to pieces, glittered in his eyes. "True, Lanna. Your obedience is the price of my last blessing."

"1 will obey you," she said, and he blessed her. Then the little girl fell in a great agony of fear over his hand crying, "O father, I should like to die with you!"

"That is well, darling," said the Burgomaster. "Those are tender words."

He made her nestle on the bed beside himand then put an arm about her: pressing her against his breast. "Now," said he, "let the priests come in!" and the last rites of the Church were colebrated over the Burgomaster, while his little daughter remained thus imprisoned. And the dead arm of the Burgomaster, when his miserly and miserable soul was fled, still pressed the little girl to

Eight years after the death in Anasterdam of Burgomaster Tixel, there was born at Blickford, in Devonshire, the first and last child of Hodge Noddison, a tiller of the soil, with a large body, a hard hand, and a heart to match it. He was not naturally a bad though he was by no means imaginative, for fellow, but he was intensely stupid (as handhe had facts in his head that could have, labourers in those days usually were) for want

of teaching; and so through sheer stupidity he was made callous, obstinate, and cruel. He beat his wife every day more or less; amused himself on holidays with brutal sports, and very much preferred strong drinks to the coarse bread then eaten by the poorer classes in this country. Noddison had been twelve years married and had only recently been blessed with a child, solely in consequence of the aid of some scrapings from the tooth of a crocodile, mixed with a little hedgehog's fat and eaten off a fig-leaf.

One May evening Hodge Noddison was rolling home by the field path from a rough drinking party at the Bull Inn near Blickford, when the fat ribs of the fattest man in Devonshire came in his way, and he was not sober enough to see reason why he should not nummel them. To work he set with such drunken exasperation, that he belaboured his victim too frantically to find out that he was driving, as fast as he was able. the life out of the tyrannical Dutchman whom he called master; the dreadful old Dank, upon whom at that time, himself, his wife, and his first-born were dependent for bread. The fat old foreigner roared and screamed and bel-·lowed with pain to such an excess, that his cries flew over the blossoms of the blackthorn hedge from the ditch in which he was lying, and reached the ears of Mrs. Noddison. Out she flew; and found Dank, although not seriously hurt, lying insensible behind the hedge. Noddison's wife had time to discover what deed had been done, and to take counsel, with herself before law and vengeance knocked at the door of their miserable shed.

They lived in a sort of grotto made by a rude heap of stones piled together on the edge of a great moor. There was a piece of muddy water close by, known to the Blickford people as Nick's Pond, in which it was the custom of the place to drown all the black kittens that were born, and through which all the black cats of the parish had gone down to perdition years ago.

Mrs. Noddison got her husband home with difficulty, and commenced maturing her plans. It was quite evident that he would not get any work again on the Dutch farm, and she did not mind that, for the estate was not in good repute among the neighbours; it was also evident that he would be required to go to jail if he could not escape the constables. How should he do that when he had his liquor to sleep off, and was already snoring at full length on the earth floor? Her good man might be ed off to safety; but she had no cart, and he as much too heavy to be carried pick-a-back. there was no chimney up which he might be thrust; there was, of course, no cupboard; for indeed there was not so much as a second room in the fine old cottage where they dwelt, all of saw from his saddle over the hedge-top how

cover him. Besides, if there had been chimneys, cupboards, or whole waggon loads of straw, how could they conceal a man who snored so mightily?

Mistress Noddison, living in a lone place, had no near neighbours to whom she might run for counsel; great was her joy, therefore, when Goody Fubs happened to come in, late as it was, with the bit of frog's bile, which she had promised and vowed as a godmother should be her present to the baby. A most precious remedy against all mundane ills.

"Do you think, Goody, it would put my husband out o' harm?" Mrs. Noddison added to her question an exceedingly long narrative. Mrs. Fubs responded with long maledictions on the Dutch; and wished to know what right foreign wenches had eating up the corn in Devonshire. Mrs. Noddison didn't so much mind the wench; she was a bit mad to be sure; but if, as folk said, the heretics were out in her own country, and the powers of evil were let loose, and there were burnings, and quarterings, and cannon roarings, perhaps she was no fool to have come to Devonshire for peace and quiet. For herself, too, she was free enough of money and pleasant enough.-" When she is not possessed," said Goody Fubs. The gossips then proceeded to discuss how far the evil one had power over Lanna Tixel, who had a queer stare betimes about the eyes and wandered about unseemly and-Holy Mary! what was that?

A white figure flitted, like a phantom, by the open door. The two women looked out together. It was she of whom they talked. It was Lanna. When the moon shone out from among the flying clouds they recognised her, hurrying along like one pursued.

They came in and shut the door, and fastened it, and shook their heads at one another. Goody Fubs presently drawing a long breath hoped the Butch witch might not be off to meeting. She looked, said Mistress Noddison, as if she had a mighty way to travel before midnight. A loud knocking at the door aroused them, and its clumsy fastenings were almost in the same instant burst open. The women overlooked Hodge altogether; justice had not. No lamentation hindering, he was at once bound wrist and ancle and dragged, grunting like a pig, to jail.

On the same evening, but somewhat earlier, before the night clouds had begun to flock into the sky, a young English soldier, captain of a regiment, had ridden from the stables of the manor house, leaving the squire, his father, comfortably coiled under his own dinner table, and had galloped down the lane, between the hedges full of May blossom, to pay a visit to his neighbours of the Grange, known commonly as the Dutch Farm. the olden time. There was the straw they slept Hodge Noddison was helping his unsteady upon; but there was not enough of that to homeward walk by steering with his cudge

Moreover, he was not sorry presently to see the portly frame of Mr. Dank, surmounted her answer, that, while she remained fixed as by his very saturnine and ugly face, mowing the statue of a listener, he must needs turn towards him, with his back turned to the from the main theme to ask her why her Grange. The soldier greeted Dutch Dank humour favoured that extremely ugly hollywith unwonted cordiality as he rode by, whispering to himself, "Launa will be alone."

The Dutch Farm answered to its title; Cuyp might have painted scenes out of it. The Grange itself had a trim, closely shaven aspect; and, on a wide smooth lawn that stretched before the windows of the house, there were yew and box trees cut into fantastic shapes of cocks and men, and even fishes: one tree, a large hollybush, was being clipped and trained into the form of a green dragon with expanded wings. There were no fragrant flower-beds or pleasant bowers; there was nothing gayer than a clump of guelder roses and laburnums near an open window.

At the window Lanna sat and saw the soldier coming. She was a girl of twenty, lovely as a girl can be who has a colourless face. She had a great wealth of brown hair, and had also large blue wondering cyes. She knew that she looked well in a white dress, and she, in some odd, boding way, expected Captain Arthur-the young soldier, in his father's neighbourhood, went by his Christian name-she was, therefore, dressed in white.

"Dear lady, you have never before looked

so pale," he said.

The captain's horse was soon tied by its bridle to the hollybush, and Lanna, hurrying out upon the lawn, expressed her regret that Mr. Dank was absent. Yet, since she loved Captain Arthur-the first man who had taken pains to win her heart-with all the ardour of a young girl who is fatherless and motherless; who lives exposed to daily check and chill; in whom a flood of repressed feeling has for years been accumulating, she could not have regretted much the absence of the watchful steward. Captain Arthur was no genius, as Lanna would have known had she been ten years older, but he was in a passion of what they call love, with Lanna. And he had persisted in it, notwithstanding much that he had heard. He did not care if it were true, as the old squire swore, indignantly, that she bewitched him with her glances. To say that of a young lady is now a very pretty album phrase. Then it conveyed coarser imputations than can decently be specified. Lanna, holy as an angel in her maiden's heart, guessed her friend's love, and wished to hear it spoken.

Captain Arthur did not disappoint her He spoke boldly out. When he would have placed the trembling girl upon a bench erected close under the clump of guelder roses, she looked at him, and said with a quivering face that would not lend itself to an attempt at smiles, "Let us sit under the dragon." So they did sit under

end of speaking and left off so confident of bush, and why she must pronounce his sentence under such a canopy. Launa broke out into a wild fit of sobbing; Captain Arthur comforted her clumsily; but suddenly she became calm.

"Here," she said, "is best; I shall talk to this dragon when you are gone. We had such a dragon that knew my secrets at home. If you would know my secrets this is a good tree for you to be under. Here is your horse close by within reach. Should the wish suddenly seize you to leave me alone and forlorn, you have but to mount and fly.'

The captain moved restlessly; did she mean to confirm the worst suspicions of the parish before answering his question? "I have no right to say what I would say to you," he began, "but there is an odd question I would if I dare "- He stopped suddenly the stars of evening were coming out, and

Lanna looked up at them.

"Help me, mother!" she cried; and Captain Arthur, running his thoughts on in the old groove, remarked that she demanded help of mother somebody, and (a suspicious fact) did not cry, "Help me, God!"
"I cannot let my heart loose, or answer

you any question that takes so much hesitation to ask," Lanna said, "until you know the terrible condition by which torment is

prepared for any man who marries me."

The captain shrank from her side, and looked up with a shudder at the wings of the green dragon under which they sat ensha-

"There is a doom upon me," Lanna murmured; "and it is I, now, who am waiting to be sentenced."

The captain had risen, and was stroking

nervously his horse's mane.

"Yet it is no great thing," Lanna continued, "that it should so much affright me. You are a man, and perhaps may laugh at it, and teach me to laugh at it with you." Still she spoke in a reckless, hopeless way, and Captain Arthur was more shocked than he had been before.

"Leave your horse but for one minute," Lanna said, "and come into the house."

The captain wavered for a little while; but there was yet love-or his sort of lovemanfully wrestling in his heart with superstition. He followed Lanna through the rambling passages of the great house, lit dimly by the twilight out of doors. With a key taken from her girdle she opened way for him into a room, over the floor of which he walked some steps and instantly turned back in affright, and meeting her on the threshhold, with uplifted hands and an imploring face, he pushed her from himewith a heavy the dragon; and there the captain made an hand, mounted his horse and galloped away.

She recied; but the blow gave no pain to her flesh. It seemed to her that but an instant passed before she heard the rapid gallop of his horse. The first impulse she obeyed was absurd; she followed him. If she had told her story more methodically it could never have affected him so much, although it would no doubt have ended in his quitting her. She must explain all, or what would he think? But Captain, Arthur galloped as though he were pursued by somebody not quite so innocent as Lanna Tixel. A few minutes of running through cool evening air, caused that first impulse to die out.

Then she sat down under the blossoms of a Maythorn hedge, picking industriously at its leaves; and so she sat in a long reverie, till the moon rose, and she heard groans of which she kad not earlier been conscious. At the same time she saw, behind the opposite hedge a face covered with blood, which she took to be a dead face. It was the living face of Mr. Dank, who had returned to sense after his thrashing. She could not go home to rest. Terrified and vexed in spirit she fled, looking like a shrouded corpse herself, towards the moor, and then it was that she interrupted

the gossips' learned conversation.

"And how does the frog's bile act?" asked Mrs. Noddison. "That," said Goody Fubs, "I quite forgot to ask, I had it from a gossip who is dead. No doubt it must be eaten. Mrs. Noddison was not at all comfortless over the departure of her husband. Free he would earn nothing, after his last evening's work. He might as well therefore be fed in jail. Her skin too would be the sounder for a rest. The baby was just one of those puny squalid things that used to perish by thousands in the wretched huts of a fine old English peasantry, all of the olden time. Mrs. Noddison was full of mother's care about it. Goody Fubs was full of neighbourly advice, and very eloquent upon the subject of her nostrum, a black fetid mess containing nobody knows what.

While the two gossips talked, the flying clouds let fall a flying shower. Lanna was still on the moor, and the sudden rain recalled her to a sense of her position. She was out, she recollected, at a strange hour. It must be at the earliest ten o'clock, an hour later than bed-time. Lanna turned homewards, though there was no place so terrible

to her as home.

"Well then, if you will hold the child," said Goody Fubs to Mistress Noddison, "1'il give it the remedy, and then it never shall know harm again in this world." "Amen, Goody, and thank you." When the child felt the frog's bile in its throat it began to scream mightily and choke, but the stuff nevertheless was swallowed. At that instant, as Goody stated afterwards, the rain suddenly ceased to patter on the shingles. The child screamed more and more. It went into convulsions. The hut door had been left open, and indeed piaching her or pulling at the rich locks of

almost broken to pieces by the constation. A white figure glided by. "Ave Mark!" grosued old Goody Fubs, not to be heard through the screaming of the child, "there's Lama Tixel'." The child's face was black. The fierceness of the screaming caused Lanna to turn back, and stand irresolutely in the doorway, ready to enter and bring help if she were able. Goody Fubs made a great cross with her fingers over her own wrinkled forehead, and then flew at the delicate cheeks of Lanna with her nails. Lanna fled again, followed by loud shrieks from Mrs. Noddison; the child's voice was gone, at lay dumb in a death struggle.

"O, the bile!" moaned Mrs. Noddison. "The witch!" grouned Goody Fubs.

The two or three domestics living in the Grange were in attendance on the barber. surgeon, busy, Lanna found, with Mr. Dank, who had been waylaid and beaten, as she understood. She knew then that it was no ghost she had seen, and, pitying his condition, though he was no friend to her, she tended by the steward's bedside half the night through, after she had mid a visit to her secret chamber. His bruises were not serious, the cut upon his head had been bound up, he had been comfortably shaved, had been bled in the arm, and had received an emetic. His case therefore promised well, and towards morning the surgeon left him quietly asleep, and recommended Lanna to retire, at the same time suggesting that she should bathe her swollen nose with vinegar, and take a powder, for she seemed to have had a very ugly fall.

Lama slept heavily for a great many hours, and in the morning found that Mr. Dank, though very much weakened, was not confined to his bed: he was up and out, gone to encounter Noddison in a formal and judicial way before the Squire and his brother justices. Lanna, with aching heart and throbbing nose, and a wide border of black round one of her blue eyes, endeavoured to go through her usual routine of duties. In the course of the

day they took her into Blickford.

Two little boys at play in a ditch about a quarter of a mile out of the village, leapt up when they saw her coming, and scampered on before as fast as they were able, shouting her name aloud. They had been put there as scouts or look-out men, and had beguiled their time while on their post with pitch and toss. Lanna understood nothing of that, and could not at all tell what it meant, when a turn in the road brought her in sight of the first houses in Blickford, and she saw the whole village turning out with brooms to meet her. Goody Fubs advancing as the village champion, struck the poor orphan with her broom, and then throwing away the weapon, grappled with her. Men threw stones at her, women pressed round, grappled together and fought for the privilege of brown hair that Goody their leader had set floating.

"Nick's Pond!" was the cry. The young foreign witch must be tried by water-innocent if she drowned, and guilty if she swam. In a wild and terrible procession of the whole population of the village, with the children screaming and dancing joyously about in the excitement of a witch-ducking, Lanna was dragged to the moor, where Mistress Noddison flew from her cottage as a tigress from her lair, and tore the flesh and garments of the witch, and showed her the dead child. Mounted constables were hurrying in the direction of the riot, but they only came in time to drag the wretched girl out of the pond into which she was thrust, and they came not to protect but to arrest her. There was fresh evidence, some of the men hinted to the villagers, and a most aggravated case against her. She was therefore carried to the round-house, and spent the next thirty hours, half suffocated, and locked up with very filthy people.

Then she was brought out on one of the last and finest days of the merry month of May, and taken into the presence of the justices, with Squire Caufe at their head, who had long been of opinion that she had bewitched his son by wicked arts, and now was sure of it. The case was then gone into.

It was shown that on a certain evening Hodge Noddison maltreated the companion of the accused, a foreigner named Dank, who it was now ascertained had secretly made his escape out of the neighbourhood, and had gone no one could find out whither. It was presumed that she received instant information from some imp of the deed that Noddison had done, for she was out in the direction of Noddison's house before any human tidings could have reached her. It was proved that Noddison was cast into a deadly lethargy, during which the witch was seen flitting about upon the moor before his door, and that immediately after she had vanished Noddison was taken by the constables. It was proved that in further punishment of Noddison, the accused Lanna Tixel did by her arts throw his only child into violent convulsions, during which she again appeared at the door and gazed in upon the child with her large blue eyes, immediately after the infliction of which gaze it died. was shown, also, that the rain ceased when she appeared, and that Goody Fubs lost a young porker, and suffered more than usually from her rheumatism on the day that she assisted at the ducking of the wicked woman.

These revelations were not necessary to induce Captain Arthur to appear against the siren who had practised on him with her arts. He proved that when he had been drawn by her devices—especially, he thought, by her large eyes—to declare love towards her, she, believing thatshe had him in her toils, confessed to him in plain words that she had a familiar in the shape of a dragon or a hollybush with

which she often talked, and that it was acquainted with her secrets. The dragon on the lawn was, therefore, part of her enchantment, and it was natural to consider that the strange figures of cocks and fishes to be seen on the Dutch farm, though they looked like box, and yew, and holly trees, must be really and truly demons. The captain further proved, that being in some trouble, and sobbing, the witch called for help upon a certain Mother Somebody, he did not catch the name, because she, the said witch, sobbed while she was speaking.

In answer to a question from the bendh he said that it was not "Mother of God." "She further," he said, "ventured so far as to tell me that I was to marry upon the condition of suffering eternal torment." (Here a thrill ran through the whole argembly). "She told me that she herself was doomed, but that it was a light matter, and that we might laugh at it together."

During this revelation Lanna fainted. She showed no trace of her former beauty, for no change of dress or means of cleanliness had been provided for her since she was taken from the filthy pond, and she appeared to have caught some kind of fever in the roundhouse. When she recovered she was compelled to stand up that her face might be seen during the rest of the examination. Her house had been searched. A white object was brought through a lane made in the shuddering crowd, and suddenly presented before Lanna. She was seized with violent hysterics. It was the waxen image of a corpse robed in its graveclothes: an exact effigy of the dead body of her father.

efligy of the dead body of her father.

"She took me to a room," said Captain Arthur, "in which lay this image. I thought it had been taken from the grave, and felt at once that she was one of the worst kind of witches. I see now that it is made or wax."

While Lanna remained still insensible a learned priest stood forward, and gave evidence that the use of these waxen images by witches was well known. They were the figures or men to whom they wished evil. The witches moulded them and caused them to wasteslowly, and as the wax wasted, so wasted the victim's flesh. They also pricked and stabbed them, and when they did so the true flesh felt every hurt that was inflicted. This was undoubtedly the image of some person whom the witch Tixel had killed by her enchantments.

The learned justices then waited until Lanna was so far recovered that she could be made to speak; pains being taken to expedite her recollection of herself by means not altogether free from cruelty. She said, however, very little. There was no escape for her, she said, and she desired none. She had lived too long. But she wished Captain Arthur to reflect upon the words she had used, and hear now, if he would, the story she designed to tell him.

She was ordered to address the court, and

gone, and never will come back again. And so, nothing is left for us to do but to regret their memory, we puny men, we miserable: shams.

AIR MAPS.

In a former number of this work we gave a short account of the new science of Submarine Geography, by means of which it has been shown that the great undulatory beds of the oceans may be as accurately mapped forall practical purposes of navigation, as are the mountains and valleys of our own dry earth. In that paper we dwelt upon the deep-sea soundings which had been carried on by the Government of the United States, and of some of the more immediate results of the knowledge thus acquired.

Current-charts and maps of the hills and valleys of Old Ocean formed but one portion of the labours of our persevering brethren across the Atlantic. A most important feature in their scientific proceedings was so to track the winds met with in the navigation of the highways of the seas, as to be able to lay down with tolerable accuracy a complete chart of the various currents of the atmosphere in every part of the world, at all times of the year-in short, to construct a huge

Air Map.

The proceedings of the American Government since that paper was printed may be learned by what transpired at a public meeting convened, a short time ago, in the Merchants' Room at Lloyd's, for the purpose of receiving a communication from Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy, in reference to the co-operation of British commanders with those of America in carrying on a series of atmospheric observations.

Already a knowledge of the hitherto unyour tale, by which you artfully endeavour to noticed variable winds have enabled navigators to shorten their voyages to some parts of the world by fully one-third of the usual time, and in a few instances to one-half. In speaking of the growing importance of our intercourse with the Australian Colonies, Lieutenant Maury expressed his belief that in a very few years the run to and from Australia from this country would be accomplished by ordinarily good sailing vessels in one hundred and forty days, instead of, as at present, one hundred and eighty to two hundred days. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that shipowners, merchants, and mariners should take a deep interest in them. Time has ever been considered as money, and surely this was never more truly the case than at the present moment, when electric tele-graphs, high-pressure locomotives, and im-proved screws are doing all that electricity, steam, and iron can do to annihilate mothers' arms crow out, and clap their hands space, and bring distant places together. In with plensure.

A brilliants ending to this very pleasant story of the good old times! They are quite globe no new and costly mechanical appliances

did so, Captain Arthur being present. "That image was the doom I spoke of. It is the image of my father as he lay dead when, if I might, I would have died with him. He was superstitious, as you all are who accuse me here to-day of witchcraft. He was jealous of my love, and wished to be remembered by me daily when I had his wealth. I would have rejected that, for his desire was horrible to me. But next, on the peril of losing his blessing, I was made to promise that, whereever I lived, I would preserve the effigy of my dead father, every day eat my dinner in its presence, and every night kiss it before I went to rest. I was a child then, and a terror seized me which I never have been able to shake off. I have not dared to disobey. Hans Dank was my father's steward, who was privy to it all, and who was made by will my guardian and inquisitor. Let him prove that I speak truth in this. There is one thing more which concerns me little now. My father thought that while the image of his body lasted, the body itself would remain whole in the tomb, awaiting mine that was to be placed beside it. Then our dust was to mingle. He was a superstitious man, as you are superstitious men. I shall be burnt; you will defeat his wishes. That is the truth which I wish Captain Arthur now to hear. My mother died when I was four years old. I am friendless; and there is no one but the man who offered me his love for whose sake I care whether or not I die disgraced.

The squire was very wroth at these allusions to his son, and said, when she had made an end of speaking, "Witch, you know truly what will be your end. If your accomplice were indeed here, he could not save you, but you can have no support from him, because, knowing his guilt, he fled when he first heard that these proceedings would be taken. For mislead my son, it cannot serve you. It touches in nothing what has been proved against you in the case of the Noddisons, your victims. With what mysterious designs you caused this dreadful image to be made, and kept it secretly within your house, we cannot tell, nor does it concern us very much to know. The meaning of the image we know well, and we know also," said the squire, with a malicious grin, "to what good use it can be puts Truly it will be a fine, thing to save faggots in the burning of a witch so

worthless.

And the law took its course, and solemn trial led in due time to solemn sentence, and Langa Tixel, with the fatal waxen effigy sound in her arms, was made the core of a great holiday bonfire, which enlivened the inhabitants of Blickford. When the wax When the wax canght, the blaze made even babies in their

are needed, no novel motive power is thought of, not a new rope is required, not an extra square yard of canvas is asked for—all that is needed is a thorough knowledge of the winds at sea, so that the navigator may, by avoiding such of them as are adverse to him, make use only of those which are in his favour.

In so far as this practical, matter-of-fact end is arrived at, the man of the world will of course feel warmly interested in the inquiry. But the sympathies of the student of science are not less enlisted on the same side, for he will by such means gather together many new and beautiful facts serving to illustrate the economy of Nature in some of her grandest operations. Without a doubt it will be through a knowledge of the world of winds that we shall arrive at an understanding of many phenomena at present but guessed at. The course and duration of the air-currents will explain the fertility or sterility of many large tracts of country. The direction of the winds will go far to account for the luxuliant growth of particular plants in particular localities. The winds will be found to be the great ministers of good throughout the surface of this globe, carrying on their invisible wings precious gifts yielded up by Ocean to fertilize and beautify the earth in far distant places, and by a still wider and higher influence so to equalise the ever-recurring disturbances of temperature, moisture, electricity, as to fit the world for the life and health of the many species-animal and vegetable-which exist upon its varied face.

"Fickle as the wind" is not an inapt adage, when applied to the local character of the winds. But looking at the general course of the air-currents over the ocean, if we follow the many wind-roads which stretch across the deep, we shall see that, so far from possessing any features of instability, the circulation of the atmosphere about us is fully as regular and well-defined as are the motions of the earth itself and the other great bodies of our system. In fact, the winds are a part of that wondrous and beautiful whole which was called forth when "He measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in the balance." Long before modern science had told us anything concerning atmospheric phenomena, an inspired writer promulgated the whole system—
"The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north: it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." This passage really indicates what has been passing in the world of winds since earth was created. The aberrations of air currents upon land are but the eddies and offsets of the great atmospheric tides caused by geological irregularities, just as we find dead water and whirlpools amidst the largest rivers.

The winds must no longer be regarded as types of instability, but rather as ancient and faithful chroniclers; we have but to consult them intelligently to gather from them great natural truths.

In order to learn the course of ocean currents, investigators have long been in the habit of casting into the sea, bottles, labelled and marked, so that on these being found cast ashore at remote places their course might be made known to the world. What man does with the waters Nature accomplishes unasked with the air: she strangely places tallies and marks upon the wings of the wind in certain parts of the globe, by which the philosophers in a distant country may recognise the same wind, and so trace it in its path over ocean and over land.

The sirocco, or African dust, which in spring and autumn has long been observed-falling in the vicinity of the Cape do Verdes. Malia, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol, was believed to have been brought from the great sandy deserts of Africa by the prevailing winds coming from that quarter, and the theory appeared plausible enough. Men of science were, however, not content to take this supposition as it stood, and thanks to recent improvements in the construction of. microscopes, one persevering philosopher, Ehrenberg, has been enabled to ascertain the precise nature and consequently the original source of this supposed African dust. His examinations have demonstrated that this rain-dust does not belong to the mineral, but to the vegetable kingdom; that it consists not of earthy particles finely divided, but of minute infusoria and organisms whose habitat is not Africa, but South America, and that too in the region of the south-west trade winds. The professor was not content with examining one specimen; he compared the "rain-dust" gathered at the Cape de Verdes with that collected at Genoa, Lyons and Malta, and so closely did they all resemble each other that they might have been pronounced as taken from one spot. Nay, more than this, one species of infusoria, the eunotia amphyoxis, has often been found in this dust with its green ovaries, and therefore capable of life. this dust could not have come from Africa is evident from its hue, which is red or cinnamon colour, whereas the sands from the great African deserts are all white or greylsh.

Carrying this inquiry still further we shall by its means arrive at a key to the entire system of atmospheric currents. We have said that the rain-dust falls in the spring and autumn: the actual time has been it periods of thirty or forty days after the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. It requires no argument to demonstrate that these minute particles of organic matter must have been lifted from the surface of the earth, not during a rainy season, but at a period when

everything in the vegetable kingdom was parched and dry, and consequently in a fit condition for being carried aloft and whirled through the upper realms of air on the wings of the wind.

If we examine the seasons of the various parts of the great South American continent, we shall find that the tract of country which suffers most severely from the tropical drought at the period of the vernal equinox is the valley of the lower Oronoco; which is then parched and burnt with intense heat. Its pools are dry, its marshes and plains arid; all vegetation has ceased; the great reptiles have buried themselves deep in the sands; the hum of insect life is hushed, and the stillness of death reigns through the valley.

In the autumnal equinox we find a similar state of things in the upper Oronoco and the course is followed by the wind coming from great Amazonian basin. It is precisely at the south pole towards the equator. Now condition for being lifted up and carried for us to assume that the air which they away, and it is precisely at such periods of keep in motion must return by some channels terrific gales, whirlwinds, and tornadoes; wise these winds would soon exhaust the which, sweeping over their lifeless, death-like polar regions of their atmosphere, and plains and basus, raise up vast clouds of piling it up, so to speak, about the equator, raicroscopic organisms and bear them away would cease to blow for the want of a fresh with lightning speed to be rained down in supply of air. remote countries, chroniclers of the great wind-roads of the world.

stated, that for these "organisms" to be other and counter currents of air returning carried from south-west to north-east, imme- to the poles as rapidly as they are flying from diately opposite to the course of the pre- it. In short that above the south-east trade vailing surface winds of those regions, there there is a north-west wind, and above the must be other upper currents performing north-east trade a south-west wind perpetuthis work. This is the case, and in stating ally blowing. We have already told how it to be so, we arrive at a solution of the Nature has so wonderfully and beautifully whole secret mechanism of the atmosphere; placed tallies on the wings of the latter, by we learn how it is that "the wind goeth means of the microscopic infusoria raised from towards the south, and turneth about unto the Oronoco and Amazon valleys, and doubtthe north."

We on shore find the wind frequently veering about from point to point of the of the world by certain indications of the compass, often blowing in opposite directions true course of the upper strata of air returnduring a few hours. Not unfrequently we ing towards the south pole. are visited with strong gales of wind, lacting for a day or more, and then followed by heavy falls of rain and calms. Yet such winds, in comparison with the general system of atmospheric circulation, are but eddies of the main current. They have no more effect in deranging or disturbing that system than the showers which they bring with them have in altering the course of the Guli stream or ther ocean currents.

Let us see, then, what this general atmospheric system is. On either side of the equator, commencing at a distance of some few degrees from it, we find a zone of perpetual winds extending to about thirty degrees north and south. These blow constantly in similar Here we meet with a similar supposed directions as steadily and perpetually as the particle, travelling also in the upper atmotides of the Thames flow and ebb, and are sphere the return journey towards the pole.

called from the directions whence they come the north-east and south-east trades. These winds are constantly travelling from the poles, north and south, to the equator. Their spiral or curved motion is accounted for by the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east. If, using the language of Lieutenant Maury, we imagine a particle of atmosphere at the north pole, where it is at rest, to be put in motion in a straight line towards the equator, we can easily see how this particle of air coming from the pole, where it did not partake of the diurnal motion of the earth, would, in consequence of its vis inertia, find, as it travels south, the earth slipping under it, as it were, from west to cast, and thus it would appear to be coming from the north-east, and going towards the south-west: in other words, it would be a north-east wind. A similar these times that all vegetable matter is in as these two winds are known to be perpethe fittest, impulpable, and feather-light tually flowing from the poles, it is quite safe the year that these regions are visited by to their former places at the poles, other-

Looking at it in this light it has been assumed, and proved almost to a certainty, It is quite evident from what has been here that there exist far above these trade-winds less this first outlining of the new Air Map will, in due course, be filled up in other parts

> Believing that these phenomena are those actually in operation, we will endeavour to show more in detail the course of the "wind roads" of the world, and to do so by again making use of Licutenant Maury's illustration of a single particle or atom of air, as representing the entire volume.

> We will start from the north pole, in company with our fellow atom, and here we find by some agency not yet understood that we are travelling southwards in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and not along the surface of the world, until we reach about the parallel of thirty north latitude, in the vicinity of the Canary Islands.

The two adverse particles press against each pany, taking an upper course, until, herived other with their entire force, and being of at the zone of Capricorn, between twenty equal power, produce an equilibrium or accu- and thirty degrees of south satitude, it enmulation of dead air. This is the calm belt counters the southerly breezes, and this time of Cancer.

From under this belt or bank of calms, two surface currents of wind are ejected; one towards the equator and, from the cause already assigned, taking a south-westerly course as the north-east trade wind; the other towards the pole, as the south-west passage wind. These winds, coming out as they do at the lower surface of this calm region, must come from above by means of downward currents, just as we may suppose a vessel of water filled from the top by two streams flowing in from opposite directions and flowing out from two openings below in contrary channels. In support of this downward theory of the air, we find the testimony of Humboldt who tells us (as others do) that in this calm region, the barometer stands higher than it does to the north or south of it.

Not the least interesting feature of this journey of the winds, is the fact that the currents of air thus forced out from the lower surface of this calm belt, are not those which were previously travelling in the contrary direction: the wind from the pole does not sink down and return northwards as a surface wind; it has yet a long journey before it, a journey given to it to perform, by infinite wisdom, for wise and beneficent purposes: it has yet to go towards the south before it turneth about unto the north. The particle of air in company with which we have travelled thus far, makes its way by some mysterious agency-believed to be electrical, and indeed all but proved to be so by Faraday's recent discoveries-across this calm zone, but at the same time downwards, and appears on the surface going southerly as the north-cast trade wind: it cannot pass along in the upper air, for there is another similar particle wending its way back to the pole, having performed the allotted circuit which this one fresh from the north is about to make.

As the north-east trade, our particle journeys until near the equator, where it en-counters a similar particle as the south-east trade. Here, at this place of the equatorial meeting, there is another conflict and another calm region, as all those who have made a voyage to the south know full well. The consequence of this encounter of the two typical particles is similar to that which took place at the calm belt of Cancer, but is brought about in a different manner.

The great heat of the sun near the equator, added to the presence of the two conflicting winds one against the other, causes them to be found to speak in favour of the theory ascend, and once more crossing the belt of previously advanced as to the wind-roads. calms, they make their way still in their The all but riverless countries of Southern calms, they make their way still in their onward course; the northern particle, with

descending comes out at the lower surface on the opposite side of the calm region, and makes its way to the south pole as a surface wind. Entering the polar regions obliquely, it is pressed against by similar particles coming from every meridian, and as it approaches the higher latitudes, having less space to move in, it flies along more rapidly and more obliquely, until it, with all the rest, is whirled about the pole in a continued circular gale: at last, reaching the great polar vortex, pressed up on every side, it is carried upwards to the regions of atmosphere above, whence it commences again its circuit, and journeys back to the north as an. upper current, thus fulfilling its allotted task of turning about unto the north. It now passes back over the same space, but this time its path is altered; where it was before an upper current it is now a surface wind, and vice wred.

Having thus pictured the wind-roads across our Air Map, we will proceed to point out the reasons for believing them to be the actual paths travelled on day by day, from year to year, in the great world

It will be necessary to bear in mind the following facts, since they form the groundwork on which our structure of reasoning will be built. In the northern half of the globe land greatly predominates over water; the southern half of the world being chiefly occupied by the ocean. Nearly all the great rivers of the world are to be found north of the equator; whilst south of the line there is but one large stream, the Plata, the Amazon being in the equatorial region and receiving half its supply from the north and half from the south. In South Africa there is no river of any moment, and the rivers of Australia are insignificant.

The main source of supply for the waters of these rivers is of course to be found in the clouds, which furnish it in the shape of rain. The clouds derive their supply from the ocean, whence vapour is raised by evaporation. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence they came thither they return again." This is precisely what is taking place daily. If the winds did not take up from the sea large quantities of vapour, and store it in the clouds for distribution when wanted, the sea would "be full," with all these gigantic streams passing into it; yet it is never full.

The facts here given appear at first sight anomalous, but on examination they will onward course; the northern particle, with America, South Africa and Australia are which we will suppose ourselves still in com- situated in the midst of the largest expanse of cocan, with surface winds blowing over to water these vast regions of dry earth, athem that have swept the face of the waters for many thousands of miles, and which must at their temperature be heavily loaded with vapour. Yet these winds furnish clear, therefore, that no other system than that no supplies of rain sufficient to form any rivers of magnitude. Those lands are almost riverless.

On the other hand the winds which blow over the gigantic rivers of the northern hemisphere—the mighty streams of America, Russia, India and China-have all traversed but little of ocean, their way from the equator has chiefly been over dry land, whence they could raise up little if any moisture. Whence then is it that countries with comparatively so little water about them should receive so copiously of rain, whilst those in the very heart of the seas are devoid of any such supply?

To take up surface water and hold it in suspense the air must be at a high temperature; to part with it again in the shape of rain its temperature must be considerably lowered. The only winds which, by reason of the temperature, can perform this lifting process, are the Trades on either side of the equatorial region. In their course over the wast body of waters, they become highly charged with vapour. On their meeting at the zone of equatorial calms they rise, reach a cooler atmosphere, and consequently become expanded and part with some of their moisture; and hence we hear of such extraordinary falls of rain in these regions as that sailors have actually taken up buckets of fresh water from the surface of the ocean during one of these down-pourings. But the winds only part with a portion of their load; the southeast trade lifts itself and its load of aqueous wapour high above the surface, and coursing on towards the north in the contrary direction of the north-east-trade below, becomes gradually cooled on its way, and as it cools There is a remarkable circumstance conparts as gradually with its vapours in the nected with whirlwinds at sea, or cyclones shape of rain.

In like manner the north-east trade that rose as an upper current at the equator to take its way to the south, performed also its task of evaporation, but to a far less degree. Coming from the regions of the north, it is a cold wind, and therefore not in a condition to raise up vapour until it be near the equator, consequently it has but little to precipitate in the shape of rain, and hence we find the lands of the south so devoid of rivers. Were it to be otherwise than thus, were the south-east wapour-loaded winds to traverse the surface of the earth in their northerly career, they would not part with their moisture where most needed by reason of their high tem-perature, but would deposit the whole when arrived in the trigid zone, where least needed.

of passing overeto the northern hemisphere so that, in the course of time, by the united

pursued a southerly career, its stores of rain would be spent over very small tracts of earth and over immense regions of water. It is which it is how believed is the course of the winds could be productive of the great benefits which we receive from them. The southern hemisphere may be likened to an enormous boiler, the northern to a huge condenser, by means of which all the moisture in the world is dealt with for distribution.

The one exception of the Rio de la Plate to the absence of large rivers in the south. serves equally to prove the theory. If the reader will refer to a map of the world, he will perceive that the north-east tradewind which is lifted at the equator, passes as an upper current of precipitation over the sources of the Plata, must have crossed the equatorial region in about one hundred degives west longitude, and, therefore, having come" from the north-east, must have tra-versed some thousands of miles across the Atlantic, and then meeting in its southerly career with the lofty Andes, become forced up by them into still higher regions of cold, draining in its ascent the last drop of moisture from those mountains to supply the solitary river of the south.

In like manner, a reference to the map will slfow that the north-east wind which traverses the Great Sahara of central Africa, is flung up at the equator, and thence passes over South Africa in a south-westerly direction, leaving no rain in that riverless country. Again, the same trade which sweeps the sterile, rainless steppes of Chinese Tartary, crosses the line to the southward of Ceylon, and thence takes its vapourless wav over the great Australian continent, where also there are no rivers of any size.

as they are termed, which goes far to confirm this theory of our Air Map. In the northern hemisphere, all these circular storms revolve from right to left; in the south they revolve from left to right; and these are precisely the courses indicated by the present theory, which the various currents of atmosphere take at the two poles in their return circuits.

We have thus given the main features of the great wind-roads of this earth, as laid down by Lieutenant Maury. There are. however, many lesser tracts-small footways, as it were—diverging from the main trunk roads of the atmosphere, which taking their course and strength from the varied surface of the land follow irregular, and, as yet, but little known directions. It is to these, and to the confirmation of what is already be-Again, if this south-east wind when it rose lieved to be the case, that the attention of up was turned back in its course, and instead nautical observers is wished to be directed, i^{2}

efforts of British and American navigators, we may be enabled to fill up the many blank and uncertain spaces in our great Air Map.

GONE!

I HAVE the letter yet, Minnie, You sent the very day That gave your first-born to your arms. And I was far away. I saw through every trembling line How precious was the boy, How pleasure shook the weakened hand That wrote to wish me joy.

Of all thy mother's little ones, The plaything and the pet, Poor children, lovingly they come To rock the cradle yet; And, knowing not how sound his sleep, All arts to wake him try. Alas! from so much love, Minnie, To think that he should die !

Look at the small pure hand, Minnie, So motionless in mine, I used to let it, soft and warm, About my finger twine. And as it fastened in my heart That slight uncertain hold, Its touch will linger on my hand Till my hand too is cold.

Our bridal day; that summer day! Dost thou remember now? Joy's blossoms were unsulfied then As those about thy brow. Thank God! I have my fair bride still, And, by thy loving eye, Thou wouldst not give me up, Minnie, E'en that he might not die.

A Heaven of safety and repose; Ah! should we wish him back From its clear lights and thornless flowers To tread life's dusty tracks Think what a radiant little on Shall meet us by-and-bye. And yet that he should die, Minnie-Alas, that he should die!

BAD LUCK AT BENDIGO.

ARRIVED at Melbourne on the nineteenth of September, I took an early opportunity of distributing my pile of letters of intro-Found, that although addressed by influential people to influential people, they were altogether valueless. Influential friends in England were at that time showing no mercy to the Melbourne people, who received a great many more drafts upon their courtesy than it was possible for them to

I agreed then to join a party of my fellow passengers, and try fortune's temper with them at the diggings. All the tools and im-

from London being buried at the bottom of the ship's hold, we were told that some days must elapse before they could be disinterred. As for myself, I had taken out only a knapsack and a sea chest. If I ever were to make the trip again I should take only a knapsack. Not meaning to be detained for an indefinite time we resolved, bold Lavards that we were, to institute some excavations on our own account. We set to work therefore at once, and had no lack of curious discoveries. Barrels of flour, casks of stout, bags of sugar, bales of slops, butts of water, bundles of spades, we dragged and hauled about, meeting with a little of everything except the things we wanted. After lighting, an unlawful lantern, and exploring all the crannies, we at last saw, at the bottom of a well dug through the other merchandize, a cart. We hoped it was our own, and after several hours' labour, during which we moved, among other articles, a grand piano in a case, we came down eleverly upon it. "Just you let that air cart alone, will you ?" Truly we had no right to touch it, for it was not ours. More hours' labour, and at last we got our property-together; ours, because I had bought my share in it. The cart had been brought out, in the innocent belief that. horses were to be bought at about fifteen pounds each. The price of a horse we found was about seventy pounds. One we learnt also would not be enough; two would be required, and they would very likely be both stolen before the week was out. Tools of all kinds which we had brought from the other end of the world were to be bought at the diggings, from men leaving, at a trifle less than the common London price. Nobody carried picks and shovels out from Melbourne with him. The best thing we could do we did; put everything into a sale, and so got rid of all encumbrance. •

The only thing we did not sell, of all our London importations, was a tent, which we proposed sending to the diggings by a carrier. After a search through the town which cost us a whole day, we at last found a carrier starting to Bendigo-our destination-who for the moderate sum of eight guineas, engaged to take charge of our gold-diggers'

home.

The next morning we were up betimes, had an early breakfast, and equipped our-selves in marching order. Each of us strapped on a belt, containing a revolver, an axe, and a knife; each carried on his shoulders a knapsack and blanket, and slung by his side a havresack, with bread, meat, and a can for water. So furnished, off we started. The transition from town to bush is very abrupt, and in a few minutes we seemed to have passed all traces of civilisation. We halted at midday, and dined. After an hour's rest, strapped on our "swag" again and went our way. At sunset we found ourselves in plements which my new friends had brought a rough-looking country, abounding with

volcanic boulders, and very scant of trees. There was a clump of them to be seen on our right, and as a supply of wood is very necessary for judicious camping, we selected the clump as our lodging for the night. Ou reaching it we found it to be located upon very same for several days. Our route lay through a wampy land, and promising a bed infested a picturesque country, with many signs of volcanic origin. On the evening of the fourth by tens of thousands.

•We had not yet been broken in to all that sort of thing; we minded frogs, and therefore I suggested that we should be careful to pick out the highest and the dryest spot. did so, and then having thrown the knapsacks from our aching shoulders, cut down low conversation between two of my com-wood with our axes and kindled a bonfire, panions. They were uncomfortable. Very wood with our axes and kindled a bonfire, panions. They were uncomfortable. Very which we set to roar against the trunk of a much so. They did not like it. Our meat fine tree. Thereupon we made ourselves was all gone, and nothing remained but a some tea in our tin pots, and sat down upon few biscuits. When they also were gone we our knapsacks to a hearty supper. munching we were accosted by three horse-men, stock farmers, on their way home. Spiring how they would return to Melbourne. They cheered us with the information that Day broke; and, during breakfast (which if we were bound for Bendigo we were not on the right track, at the same time pointing me their plot. I asked them, Did they want out Mount Macedon in the distance (a hint to go back for umbrellas? As for provisions, afterwards important to us), by which they said the road wound: then wishing us luck some flocks of sheep, when we could buy one they rode off.

mous babies was no great luck, but it consoled in our camp while they tried about for us that we could be savage; London savages. matton; but if they did not, by the end We took to forest life, as boys to cricket, of that time, return to me, I should go on First, we cut down about a cart-load of wood alone. I had—each of us had—three bis-and built it into a heap near the fire, for use cuits; I would put myself upon a biscuit a of hedge to keep the wind off. Within our catable. enclosure we arranged that each should watch in turn for two hours during the went. night; that is to say, from eight o'clock till I climbed on to the highest boulder for a daybreak. I lay down on the ground, head parting look after my comrades, and fancied on knapsack, hand to pistol, feet to fire, and that I saw them in the distance; fired my in three minutes was sound asleep. At two pistol, and was answered by another. I then o'clock I was roused to take my watch, and found the stock of wood exhausted and the fire low; so I took my axe, and kept myself awake by hacking away at the trees in the dark-a good savage amusement-splashing about, ancle deep in water, because I could not see to pick my steps. There is a wild charm after all about a night bivouac, of which a man must be a dullard if he is not sensible. legrew to like it. But for the scandal I should now be glad to quit my house in Camberwell of nights, and go to bed by a bontire set alight under the lampare the marks left by the carts going to the post. I used never to tire of watching the diggings. These tracts often wind very fitful flame that embraced the tree, against which it was always kindled, killing it with reason why, guided by a pocket compass and med our chamber wall, and against which tung our havresacks; of the wild firelit igures of the sleepers, with their arms in readiness; and, of the silence, broken only I calculated that if I crossed the chain of

So we enjoyed our first night in the buch. At daybreak I aroused our party; and, after a refreshing wash in the next puddle, we had

the side of a pleasant running stream among enormous fragments of volcanic stone. Towards the middle of the night it rained heavily. The rain awoke me; but, as it could not be turned off by any tap I knew of, I lay still. After a short time I heard a While might be starved to death. Goaded by consisted of a biscuit each) they broached to it was certain that we must soon come upon and eat it. Finally, I declared that I meant To have gone astray in the wood like the fa- to go on, that I was willing to wait two hours as fuel. Then, with the bushy ends of the day; and there was no fear but that within branches, we formed about ourselves a sort three days I should meet with something

They consented to this plan, and off they ent. When the two hours were fully up, parting look after my comrades, and fancied waited. They came back unsuccessful, very sulky; moreover, they had been scurvily used. Seeing a man at a distance they had gone up to him to ask for food, when he savagely presented a pistol, threatening to shoot them if they did not keep their distance. The stranger had no food to spare for them, and did not know where they could get any. Now, it happened that during the absence of my friends I had been thinking, and had come to the resolve, that if compelled to travel by myself, I would abandon the tracks, which circuitously to avoid the hills; and I saw no kines; of the dunly defined trunks that an excellent map of the colony that I had with me, I should not try for a straight cut across the country. Mount Macedon, a across the country. Mount Macedon, a known point, was visible in the distance, and by the wind that mounted in the dim forest, mountains, of which Macedon forms part, in

of journey. All this I stated to my comrades; and, after much discussion, it was agreed that

the pathless country.

So we did; and, after crossing solitary plains, arrived by night at hills covered with dense wood. We supped upon half a biscuit each, and in the morning breakfasted upon the other half. Then, with angry stomachs, we resumed our march. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the intense labour and fatigue we next experienced. For miles after miles our course lay across mountains heavily timbered, overwoven with thick tangled underwood. Of level open ground there underwood. was literally not an acre; the base of one mountain joined to the base of the next, with a quagmire always at the point of junction. At the top of each mountain, as well as at the bottom, the compass was referred to, and there were bearings taken. Mountain after mountain we had scaled, frequently obliged to cling with both our hands, and passe to pant for breath at every few steps. How often, on arriving at the summit of ome height we looked eagerly forward, hoping to see an expanse of clear, level, ground! But no, there was ever another mighty barricade emigrants on the way to the diggings. They to climb over, and our limbs ached and our stomachs hungered at the sight.

Once through an opening in the forest, I caught sight of Mount Macedon, and calling my companions pointed it out to them. On examining the compass we found that our course was exactly true. By that discovery

they got a little confidence.

We had been, for a long time, forcing our way through the tangled underwood to the top of one particular mountain which, from the bleached skeleton of a sheep that we found on the top, I claimed my right, as a pioneer, to call Mount Skeleton. When we did reach the top of that mount we were utterly exhausted, and for some time totally unable to go any farther. Flinging ourselves on our backs, panting for breath, and all of us black as sweeps (from contact with the trunks of the trees, blackened by bush fires) we were too tired to speak or stir, and lay stretched out as motionless as though we ourselves had been, or were about to become skelctons. Flocks of brightly coloured birds danced in the air about us, screaming, perhaps a wake; and the laughing jaguar (commonly called jackass) with his loud Ha, ha, ha! seemed to consider our predicament the happiest of jokes.

Suddenly a report was heard, quickly followed by another, and another. Something mortal that way came. Forgetful of fatigue up we started, and made off in the direction of the sound. Down the side of the

a N.N.W. direction, I should save many miles other necessaries, at a station a few miles of journey. All this I stated to my comrades; further on; that we were right for Bendigo, and had saved twenty miles by our short cut. we would try the adventure of a dash into So, bidding him good day, we pushed on for the station. There we told the owner what we wanted, and he led us into a large, rough, wooden building like an English barn; but, instead of corn in it, there were commodities of all kinds; the place was a general store. The farmers in the interior, when they sell their wool, lav in at such places a sufficient stock of everything they are likely to want for a year. We each bought flour and a quarter of mutton. That is the smallest quantity sold; and, during the heat of the Australian summer, it is generally half thrown away, for it becomes covered with maggots a few hours after it is killed. Ours was a hot summer experience, and I may state generally that we were obliged to eat our meat either before the warmth of life was out of it, or else with more life in it than might be palatable to anybody nice about his dinner.

> Next day we resumed our journey, which still lay through forest. In a few hours we came upon an extensive encampment, and found that it was composed of some sixty complained sadly of the difficulty they had in finding enough food for so many; had no compass among them, and had lost their way repeatedly since they first came into the wood. It was the famous Black Forest in which, as we journeyed on, we passed several other parties going up to Bendigo. It was wretched work for horses there, and bullocks; numbers of them lay like camels in the desert, dead by the roadside. The tracks were ploughed up to the very axles. Frequently a dray would be bogged, and it would be the work of sixteen oxen fastened on to extricate it. At other times the road on a hill side was so shelving, that there were ropes fastened to one side of the dray, and held by men, to prevent an over-

turn.

We had been eleven days in the Black Forest, and were growing tired of its scorched trunks. It is a notorious place for bushrangers, who come and go with a strange suddenness. Of this we had an instance. We had halted at mid-day, and were deep in the mysteries of cooking, when a horse's head was laid affectionately on my shoulder. I felt for my pistol, and turning round, faced a bold horseman, quite of the Claude du Val school. He was mounted on a blood mare, were long riding boots of polished enamelled leather, had a Colt's revolver in his belt, another pair in his holsters, and a green veil hanging from his broad straw hat. The long lash of a handsomely mounted stock whip was mountain we went, plunging through the coiled elegantly in his hand. Probably he underwood, heedless of pain, and came at last came to reconnoitre; but as he found us upon a stockman driving a team of bullocks. too well armed for his purpose, he simply He told us that we could get meat, flour, and asked the usual question, "Had we seen any

bullocks?" to which we replied No, and asked camp, before entering Bendigo, I felt a desire in return where we could buy meat. He directed us to a station and rode off. Not one of our party'nad seen his approach until he was close upon us. Had we not been well armed (we took care to let him satisfy his mind on that point), we should certainly have been attacked.

Then we had an odd parody upon shopping in the bush. We saw by public advertise-ment upon a paper, nailed against a tree, like the boots of Bombastes, that meat and flour were to be sold hard by. The place indicated was a station, situated on a gently rising ground, around which ran a clear stream. As there was no bridge to be seen, hewn planks, clumsily nailed together, having crevices between them wide enough to let the hand through; the floor was of beaten clay. There were no flowers planted there, and no attempt whatever had been made to give an air of comfort to the place. "Yet I learned that the owner and his family had been residing in that shed for sixteen years. I went with the dairy-woman to an outhouse for provisions. She was very independent, and on my politely expressing a preference for another joint instead of the one she wished to sell, I was told that there was my beef, and that I might take it, or leave it, she did not care which. A coarse joint being better than no meat, I decided of course to take it, and also bought some flour, paying sixpence for the pound of each. I asked whether there was not a bridge by which I could return; she said there was a small one on the other side for their own use, but that it would not suit them to build bridges for strangers. I was glad to leave the scornful lady and return to my companions; but they, during my absence, had been walking on by the side of the stream. I shouted to them and they stopped; but when I came up loaded with my meat and flour, I found the stream between us rather more than could be taken at a leap; the only way of crossing for a stranger was to wade through it. So I put down the flour upon the grass, and walked into the little river, meat in hand. The water rose to my chest, but I soon crossed, and handing up the meat went back to fetch the flour, which also was brought over safely. Now, I think a little competition would have rubbed the rust off those uncivil shopkeepers. And who knows that there may not be a very Oxford Street of shops fifty years hence, agross that hill; for we were there getting had built a but of boughs to shield us from to the verge of the Black Forest, and soon the mid-day sun; the days were very hot, after quitting it, the country became more open, and we met more travellers. Tents, for the sale of provisions, were set up at short which lasted until morning. The boughs, of intervals, and all fears upon the score of course, afforded no protection; we and our provender were at rest. On the last night's blankets were soon dripping wet; the camp

to wash the linen frock and trowsers which I had worn during the journey, for I had noticed what appeared to be a nice pool of water close at hand. I took, therefore, my piece of soap; put on my other suit of clothes out of my knapsack, and set off. Down went "my wash" beneath the crystal surface; but oh! woe was me when it came up again, converted into a thick lump of green slime. Rinse it off I could not, for the whole pool was a fraud, a trick of Nature played on the unwary traveller. The top of the water was indeed clear, but underneath it was a museum of aquatic botany. Naturally disconcerted, I set to work with my knife to I volunteered to leap across the water, and bring back supplies for all our party. So I thus collected, and next morning had to did. The building, when I reached it, proved to be of the rudest kind. The walls were of smeary, and damp, a lump of linen most ridiculous and lamentable.

After we had been fourteen days on the journey through the wood as aforesaid, we reached Bendigo. Pits, tents, and people gradually became numerous. On each side of the dusty path the earth was turned up, and there were miners at work; stores of goods were exposed for sale. We inquired our way to the Commissioner's camp, in order that we might be ready to get our licences in the morning, for we had no mind to lose time, and having taken up a satisfactory position, flung off our loads like pilgrims, with our progress ended, and so camped at last within our golden city.

In the morning our first care was to seek the tent of which the carrier had taken charge. We could not find it; we never did find it. The carrier had taken our eight guineas, and remained charged with the tent into the bargain. He would not burden us again with it, good man. We also looked about for second-hand tools, and of these we found that there were plenty to be had, at reasonable prices. Having made our purchases, and taken out our licences, we went back to our location, voting ourselves worthy of a holiday for the remainder of the day. That over we set to work, and dug four holes. After delving down to a depth of about six feet, the water came into our holes, and we came out of them. We found this to be a common accident, numbers of pits being rendered useless by the underground springs. Shifting our operations we sunk four holes more, and were busy in them for some days. The ground was obstinately hard, being a burnt clay, and every shovel full of earth that we threw out could be thrown out only after it had been loosened by the pickaxe. but the nights dreadfully cold. One night while we were asleep a heavy rain set in

unfortunately left in London. It occurred to wanted an Italian boy to put us on a board, me that our best course was to build a hut | and sell us like Greek slaves. which should be quite as sound as an umbrella. This was proposed and agreed to; we arranged to work at the pits and the hut alternately. We had by that time come to the bottom of one pit about twenty feet deep, without getting anything more satisfactory out of it, than if we had gone out to dig on Putney Common. Therefore we set to work again on fresh holes.

After a time we wanted flour, and one evening, after our day's work was finished, I, and another of our party went to purchase it. Knowing how quickly darkness succeeds sunset there, we walked as fast as we could to the store, which was about two miles dis-Having made our purchases, we returned, but were soon unable to see the path. The light had faded into darkness, and winding among the excavations, puzzled us completely. To make matters worse, we did not know how to describe the position of our camp. The nearest known point was the Commissioner's station, and our hut was a mile distant from it. We certainly could lie down where we were, and wait until morning, but as we could not camp down properly, for want of blankets, axe and matches, we did selves over with it.

not like the option. After spending some time over experimental trips, we spied a camp fire, and went up to it to ask of the inmates, at any rate, could they be so kind as to tell us the way to the Commissioner's? On our approach two bull-dogs, chained to a stake, sprang forward and almost choked themselves in their attempt to get at us. They were Bendigo watchmen. I knew an unfortunate man out late at night, who, passing on his way between two tents, was seized by the dogs belonging to them, and had his flesh nearly torn from his bones before he was rescued. Well, when we had told our story, a nan very kindly said that he would go with us himself, and show us the way on: just as he might have done in London. Setting out again at a sharp pace, he led us along a path, still winding between deep pits that were dug on either side. I was congratulating myself on our escape from a great risk of being lost among them, when, stepping on what appeared to be dry level ground, I sank down, in an instant, to my chest. As I was altogether vanishing I shouted out, and our conductor, turning round, had time to catch my hand. There was no time lost, and I was just struggling out, as my companion, who followed closely at my heels, went in behind me. We pulled him also out, and refused it, nor could we prevail upon him to

fire was extinguished, and the ground around clay, hearly up to our necks; for we had sunk us a complete lake district. If there was anything that my companions particularly hated it was rain, for their umbrellas were had become a pair of plaster images, and only infortunately left in London. It converted to wanted on the converted to wanted to wanted

In a few minutes more we came to the Commissioner's, and our guide repeating his regret for our misfortune took his leave. Left to ourselves, we again tried to find the way to our hut, crossing and recrossing in different. directions. At last, when it was nearly midnight, we gave up our search as hopeless. But what could we do? We could not lie down in night-dresses of wet clay, and we could light no fire. I proposed that we should go to the police camp at the Commissioner's, and ask leave to lie down by the fire there until morning. The suggestion was approved, and, ascending the hill on which their watch fres blazed, we considerably surprised the police force by the extraordinary appearance of two plaster casts in search of a bed. Leave to rest was of course readily granted, but there the intricacy of so many paths as there were was no spare blanket or horsecloth with which we poor images might cover ourselves. We lay down by the fires, cold to the bones, or the wires, if we were really casts. Then one of the sentinels (a good fellow), with ar oath declaring that he could not see men in such a state, took off his great-coat and placed it at our disposal. We thanked him heartily. stripped off our wet clothes, and covered our-

In spite of my fatigue I could not sleep: sometimes the wind would come rushing and eddying, now driving the flame almost over us, and the next minute taking all the warmth out of our marrow. The scene around, too, was very novel and exciting to the fancy. Out of the wall of gloom, beyond the glare of the fire, tall military figures, well-armed, came and went, frequently stopping to examine us -as if they thought of buying us—with some degree of curiosity. At half-hour intervals, a sentinel close to our cars called out in a loud voice, "Number one—all's well!" which was immediately answered from a distant spot; by "Number two-all's well!" Then Number three, and, lastly, Number four vouched for the well-being of their respective posts. And so that long night passed. At the first dawn of morning I jumped up, and as the plaster on my clothes had set quite hard, I began banging them upon a log close by. This knocked it off, and knocked up my companion, who soon followed my example. A fine cloud we raised together, in which we were both concealed, as though we had been really heathen gods, Cupids or Apollos made of other stuff than plaster. Before leaving, we each offered to the good-natured sentinel some money as a return for his kindness, but he positively although it was but a dirty joke, we could accept anything more than a hearty shake of not help laughing at our own condition. We the hand, as we hade him a cordial goodwere both encased in a thick coating of wet bye. With the light came arelease from our

Our hut then occupied the whole of our spare time. The framework was composed of the trunks of trees, which we felled, and lopped, and fixed in the earth, fitted with ridge poles and rafters, and across which we stretched a tarpaulin. The sides were filled in with turf sods, set in wet clay. only remained the two ends to complete. this stage of our career my companious be-came disheartened. There was no success in digging. The work was very severe, the discomfort was excessive, and we had to support ourselves entirely with the money we had brought out with us: the prices of all kinds of food (and that none of the choicest) being enormous. At last one of our men declared his intention of abandoning the diggings altogether. He should go back to Melbourne. Off he went. A few days more of hard work, and no pay, ate up the patience of the other two, and they also departed, urging me very much to go with them. I steadily refused because I had determined to give to my undertaking a fair three months' trial.

Left alone with my own thoughts at the other side of the world, I was amused, and perhaps now and then touched by the aspect of shiftlessness and incompleteness that belongs to a community, consisting almost wholly of men. I was standing one day in the forest talking to some men, whose beards of many months' growth, bronzed complexions, and rough dress, gave them a savage appearance, when, suddenly, a lady on horse-back (probably the wife of the Commissioner), followed by a servant, appeared. All conversation instantly ceased, and we followed her with our eyes until the last flutter of her riding habit was lost amongst the trees. her disappearance one of the men, with a deep gasp, as if he had not breathed for the last few minutes, exclaimed, "Ah, a sight like

that does a man good!"

I was left quite alone, but even that did not discourage me, as I considered that if the toil was greater, so also might be the reward. I continued at work as before; but, although I found gold, it was in such small quantities, that, as an Irishman said, it would take a ten of it to weigh a pound. One evening, soon after my companions had left, I went to the store to buy a camp oven, which I brought home with me. It was very rusty, but I thought it would bake none the worse for that. After washing myself I went to bed. An about an hour the palm of my left hand (which was covered with broken blisters, from the constant use of the axe) began to achervery much; the pain increased fast, are in the morning my hand was very much then. From bad, it rapidly increased to brae, and at the end of the week my hand ind arm had run together into one unsightly mass. The rust had acted on my blistered Sugers. The pain was agonising, it allowed

difficulties, and in a quarter of an hour we me no rest day or night. Not only was I mable to work, but I could scarcely dress Our hut then occupied the whole of our myself, or cook. The slightest movement The slightest movement gave me increased pain. At the end of a fortuight the inflammation came to a head, and no less than five openings formed; four in my arm, one in the palm of my hand. Those who have never been in Australia can form no idea how rapidly under its hot sun inflammation advances. Since I had no one to bring me the least help, the fever became aggravated. Sometimes I was nervously at work for three quarters of an hour trying to get a fire, sitting on a log and blowing it with one hand, whilst the pain in the other was distracting me. Then perhaps, just as I thought that I had coaxed a few sparks into action, a great gust of wind rushed in from the unfinished end of my hut, killed them entirely, and dispersed their ashes. I know what utter desolation is, since I have tasted illness thus alone in the backwoods. Scarcely able to dress myself (indeed I was obliged for several nights to lie down in my clothes, being unable to get them off), and quite deprived of power to use my axe, I could but make a fire with the small sticks blown down from the trees, which I gleaned from the groupd, wandering about like an old woman for the purpose. Through the open ends of my hut, clouds of dust came whirling. The commonest necessary I had to fetch for myself, however high the fever, from a distance; and the water, which it cost me much trouble to procure, was of the colour of pea-soup. I was obliged to drink it, and also to use it with my tea. All that I could do for myself. as a physician, was to apply bread poultices (requiring for the purpose one half-quartern loaf three times a day, at a daily expense for the three loaves of seven-and-sixpence), together with warm fomentations. night I lay down as usual, having bathed niy wounds applied fresh poultices, clean bandages, and finally wrapped a clean ker-chief over all. Next morning at daybreak I took off the bandages, and who cannot understand my horror on perceiving that the wound in my palm was alive with maggets. Some one of the blowflies, of which there were millions about, had during the night crept in through the linen folds and done the mischief. I remained for a few moments stupified at the sight-almost cast down into complete despair. Oh for a familiar hand or voice at that moment! However, the necessity for exertion soon made itself felt, and hastening my fire to boil the water, I sat down on a log, penknife in hand, and cut the maggots out; then I fomented the whole wound with boiling water. Happily I succeeded in the work of extirpation. I was afraid lest the corruption might have penetrated to the bone, in which case I should have attempted the amputation of my hand, for travelling to Melbourne in any such condition was impossible.

have tried Robinson Crusoe; confined to my hut, except when I was obliged to go out to purchase necessaries, counting the flight of time by the course of the sun by day, and of the moon by night. I dared not leave to go down to Melbourne, as my wounds required incessant care, and water was not always to be had upon the journey. I dreaded mortification, but at last the wounds closed. resumed the spade, but found my hand unable to sustain the shock of digging. I then determined to quit Bendigo. Disposing of all my tools for half the amount they cost me, I packed up my knapsack, sewed my money under my arms, filled my havresack with bread and meat, and so bade farewell to the

golden soil.

It was most necessary that no time should be lost on the journey, as if I had any relapse upon the road I should be worse off than ever. I was of course very much weakened and reduced. My face, which two months before had become copper-coloured from the exposure to the sun and air, was almost white. Loaded with the impediments essential to bush travel, I started on Tuesday at noon, and camped outside Melbourne on Friday night, having walked in three days and a half one hundred and thirty miles, of which the greatest part lay through hilly and forest country. I completely wore down both my shoes and stockings to the ground. Several times I was obliged to stop, when I found a stream, and wash my feet, which were very painful, and became encased with dirt and blood. A pair of socks, that I bought at a store in the way, were cut to pieces by the end of the day because my shoes afforded them no shelter. At one time during my journey I had to rub on for twenty-four hours without tasting food. had taken the wrong track in the Black Forest, and so missed the bush inn where I had hoped to replenish; and having finished my last biscuit on Thursday morning, it was not until two o'clock on Friday that I ate anything more.

After getting into Melbourne, I spent nearly a whole day in hunting through the town to get a lodging. What I at last did get was a room containing nothing but a bare mattress, a cane chair, and an empty box for table. For the use of all this, and food, I was to pay two pounds a-week. Money would scarcely purchase vegetables or fruit, of which I was in great need. My landlady sent all over the town to get me a cabbage for my dinner, but not one could be procured for any price. The governors of the hospital at that time were indeed advertising for some one to contribute a few cabbages for the poor patients. The diggers' diet prevailed very damper and tea. The miserable accommoin Melbourne: mutton.

For six weeks I led this life, which would the foom for himself, so I then camped in Canvas Town until I finally returned to England.

THE GIPSY SLAVES OF WALLACHIA

ALL travellers who have journeved from Zemlitza on the Danube to Bucharest, agree in painting the country they are obliged to traverse in the most sombre colours. Ouce out of sight of the lines of trees that border the Danube, you enter upon an interminable dismal plain, with a level horizon that surrounds you like a circle, of which you are ever the centre. There are no objects behind. to mark your progress by their gradual disappearance; there is nothing ahead, to encourage you on; no mountains of blue rising higher and higher, becoming substantial as you advance, breaking up their long-line into peaks and valleys bristling with crags or clothed in forest. If you would know that you are in motion, you must look upon the ground beneath your feet and see the pebbles and plants pass slowly backwards as your waggon moves sleepily on, or whirl dimly by as the karoutchor pursues its mad career. In winter time, an additional dreariness is given to this desert by the absence of the sun, which is hidden from view by one vast cloud stretching from horizon to horizon, low down, so as almost to resemble a mist just risen from the earth. Here and there, a few slight elevations a foot or two high, indicate the presence of an underground village. At various distances, tall poles rise into the air, marking the positions of wells, around which the sky is speckled by flights or crows and vultures. Now and then you meet parties of peasants clothed in sheepskin. and wearing prodigious moustachios, wandering across the level. At night the only sound is the wind whistling through the low bushes, occasionally bringing to the ear the reports of a volley of musketry fired by some party of travellers who amuse themselves in this martial way.

It is not uncommon in crossing these sad plains to come upon groups of wild-looking individuals, black as Ethiopians, scantily covered by old rags, stepping jauntily out, waving their arms, nodding their heads, rattling fragments of sougs, and clattering together as they go the blacksmith's tools which they bear upon their backs. Further on, perhaps, when night has fallen, an hour or two after these odd-looking people have gone ahead of your waggon (they take two strides for one of your oxen) the ground a-head will probably become spanged as with glow-worms; and presently a sort of whirlwind of strange sounds, half song, half shout will be borne by the night breeze, to mingle with the buzz of your own caravan, and the creaking of the wheels. You have come upon distion I have just described was in a few a village, an encampment, a burrow of gipsy days taken from me, the owner wanting troglodytes (dwellers in caves), who are either

stiting around the remains of the fires they the Boyards of the present day there are have lighted to cook their evening meal, or, with open doors or traps, by the light of a candle stuck in the ground, are engaged in smoking red clay or cherry-wood pipes, and drinking the harsh wine of the country

These people are of the most humble and most unfortunate section of the Wallachian people, the Zigans, who of old formed a flourishing little state, paying tribute to the Greek empire, but who are now reduced to a condi-tion of abject slavery. Their history is most obscure, and it is not with certainty known whence they came or by what steps they descended to their present level. It seems certain, however, that they belong to the same family of wanderers who are known in Egypt as. Gayaras, in Hungary as Zingari, in Germany as Zigeuner, in Spain as Gitanos, in France as Bohemians, and in England as Gipsies. Their own traditions derive them from Syria, whence they were transported in the eighth century, by one of the Greek emperors, to Thrace. On account of some peculiarities in their manners, perhaps of some strange forms of doctrine, they seem to have become detested and despised by neighbouring nations, and especially by the Mohammedans. When the Turks penetrated into their territory, instead of merely requiring tribute from them, they attacked them with fury dispersed them, hunted them down like wild beasts, and condemned those to perpetual servitude whose lives they spared. In this persecution they were encouraged by the Christians: who shared, indeed, the greater part of the newly made seris among themselves. It is estimated that at present there are more than twenty-three thousand Zigan families in Moldo-Wallachia, comprising about a hundred and fifty thousand souls. A certain number of these belong to the State, which employs them in mines and public works; whilst the others are divided among the monasteries and the Boyards. Some of these latter possess as many as five or six thousand, engaged in part in the most laborious works connected with their estates, in part let out upon hire. They sell or exchange them at certain fixed periods of the year, bringing them like cattle to market; until lately, they treated them with such severity that they not unfre-Many Boyquently drove them to suicide. ards of huntane character now grant a semi-liberty to their Zigans, allowing them for so much year to go about as they please, seeking for work, and retaining the produce of it. Once every spring, the half-enfranchised slave must make his appearance and pay his etribute. Sometimes, also, he brings an instal-ment of his own price, and thus manages by degrees to free himself. An industrious man may earn his liberty in ten years; but this unfortunate race has been so brutalised by long suffering, and is so addicted to every kind of debauchery, that very few succeed in

a good many whose copper complexion, white teeth, and general cast of countenance, evidently prove them to be descended from

Zigans.
The physical constitution of this unhappy marked. The men are generally of lofty stature, robust and sinewy. Their skin is black or copper-coloured; their hair, thick and woolly; their lips are of negro heaviness, and their teeth as white as pearls; the nose is considerably flattened, and the whole countenance is illumined, as it were, by lively rolling eyes. All, without exception, wear beards. Their dress consists commonly of a piece of tattered cloth thrown carelessly around them: perhaps an old bed-curtain given by some master, or a blanket that has gone through every degree of fortune, until it has been rejected

by the scullion. As is the case in many savage tribes, the women are either extremely ugly or extremely handsome. Most of the Zigana are beautiful up to the age of twenty; but, after that time, they suddenly shrink and shrivel, change colour, hend, and lose the lightness of their step, as if an enchanter's wand had changed them from youth, admired and wooed, to dishonoured old age. The dress of these women is , peculiar, consisting generally of nothing but a tight tunic or boddice made of sheepskin, and scarcely reaching to the knees. It leaves their legs, their arms, and their necks bare. Over their heads the most coquettish throw a white veil, and some few indulge in leather sandals. As ornaments they wear earrings of brass filigree, necklaces of paras strung upon a slender thong, and a variety of metal bracelets. The children go naked up to the age of ten or twelve, and whole swarms of girls and boys may sometimes be seen rolling about together in the dust or mud in summer, in the water or snowsin winter-like so many black worms. As you pass by, a dozen heads of matted hair and a dozen pairs of sharp eyes are raised towards you, and you are greeted with a mocking shout, which alone tells you that the hideous things are your fellowcreatures.

In fine weather the Zigan is a very independent being. He sleeps in the open air, in the forests, in the fields, in the streets of the towns-anywhere, in fact, where he can find a place to lay his head. However, it is their custom, for the summer season, to erect little sheds of canvas, of straw, of branches or of mud; whilst in winter they scratch deep holes in the earth, which they roof with reeds and turf. Their furniture is surprisingly simple, consisting of an old kettle, a few two-pronged forks, and perhaps, a pair of scissors, a poignard, and a gourd to hold brandy, or arakee—to the use of which this race is When they have particularly addicted. stowed these articles in their holes, rescuing themselves from bondage. Amongst under a shed, they call the place their home.

upon heaps of filth, and begin smoking their pipes, while the women set before them the mentioned old kettle, swung upon three sticks is the beginning of one of them: over a fire of wood brought in by the children, mixed with a kind of peat. Sometimes a piece of turned meat, which all Christian cooks have rejected in the butchers' shops, or a portion of some animal that has come by an untimely death and has been distributed by a generous Boyard, is added to the porridge of beans or maize on which the Zigans generally support their strength. They use no plates or spoons, but dip their hardened fingers into the steaming kettle, and bring up a ball of porridge or a fragment of meat, which they cool by throwing from one palm to the other until they can venture to cast it down their throats. The women and children eat after the men, who, as soon as they have wiped their hands in their hair, take again to their pipes, and—if they can afford it—to drinking. They make themselves merry for an hour or two, until fatigue comes over them, and then go pell-mell to their huts, or stretch out by the embers of their fires. Nothing can be more abouinably filthy than the habits of this degraded tribe. They are often obliged to abandon their villages on account of the dreadful state to which they have been brought by their carelessness. This abandonment costs them nothing in feeling or in money: they are essentially wanderers. When the air is too pestiferous to breathe, they shoulder their working utensils and their furniture, and remove a mile or two away. If it be summer, they set up their sheds again in a few hours; if it be winter, and the frost has not yet come on, they form subterranean dwellings in the course of half a night.

As we have said, a good many of the Zigans are employed in the rough labours of agriculture. The greater number, however, are artisans, and are celebrated for their ingenuity. Their favourite trade is that of the blacksmith, but they can turn their hands to anything; and the bazaars of Bucharest are filled with a vast variety of toys and fancywork, which would do credit to our cleverest workmen. But the vagabond tendencies of the Zigan-perhaps, also, the contempt with which he is regarded—prevent him, except in the rare instances we have mentioned, from rising, by means of his industry, in the social scale. It is difficult to learn anything of his religious or other opinions. From his talk one would sometimes fancy him to be half Christian, half Mohammedan; at other times to be a fire-worshipper, an infidel, a believer in fetishes, or what you will. He is a man of many colours, like his language, which contains traces of an original character, but which is encrusted, as it were, with words borrowed (it might, perhaps be more appropriate to say, stolen-for the Zigan, like his

and go back to it every night. They squat pensities) from a dozen different dialects, upon heaps of filth, and begin smoking their The sound is not at all unmusical; and some of the songs which have been taken down supper which has been cooked in the before- are curiously characteristic. The following

> " Through the pathway of the sky Quail with sharpen'd beak doth fiv. Christos praising with sharp beak. What, oh dun quail, dost thou seek? To the grog-shop come with me, And treat me to some arakee !"

It will be seen from these lines that the ideas of the Zigans on various points are somewhat confused, or, at any rate, it seems rather odd to interrupt a pious quail in its doxologies by an invitation to tipple. Perhaps, as is the case in many eastern songs, the words are arbitrarily thrown together for the sake of harmony—an observation that might apply sometimes to the verse-making in our civi-

lised regions.

The Zigans are not only poets and singers, but they are musicians also, and their favourité instrument is the fiddle. They often ask permission of their masters the Boyards to form what are called Witzoulin, or storms of music, consisting of ten or twelve members, who go about the country to the towns, and castles of the rich, and let themselves out at so much No ball is considered complete without one of the musical storms, who ask very little for their services, pretending that they are paid by their pleasure; but who, unless they be grievously wronged, generally contrive to leave a deficit behind them somewhere, either in the larder or the hen-roost. They often lead a few bears about with them: and when there are no balls toward, dance a strange dance among themselves for the amusement of the public. Forming into a circle, men and women, they begin by uttering frightful cries, and then, as the fiddle strikes up, whirl, jump, stoop, roll, crawl, crowd together, separate, throw their arms and legs into the air, wag their heads, shake their bracelets, and work themselves up into a kind of fury. The dance, in fact, is a kind of compendium of the bolero, the saltarella, and the fandango. Sometimes, a single performer goes through a ferocious jig, which may be called the jig of murder and suicide, for these two pleasant things are the basis of his representations. The acting is often so clever, that the unaccustomed spectators shrick, and rush away to save themselves. The ragged and breathless artist, fancying they want to escape payment, pursues them with his greasy cap held out, shouting for a piastre.

Little is really known of the relations of the Zigans among themselves. Marriage can only take place within the limits of the tribe, and generally within the limits of the property of one master, whose permission, also, is required before the ceremony can take place. There is no ceremony of betrothal, brethren we know of, has great pilfering pro- no intervention of match-makers or friends;

the youth goes to the father of the girl he has chosen, and, after some attempts at moliteness—as offering a pipe, or praising the size of the old gentleman's beard-comes straight to the point, and proposes himself as a son-in-law. Few questions are asked, few conditions made. Unless there be some important objection, the young lover re-ceives permission to call his comrades together, and build a hut during the course of the night to receive his bride. The very next day he requests his mother to prepare a full pet of porridge, and then repairs to the dwelling — a hole six feet square, or perhaps a tent of branches-where the maiden of his choice, dressed in her sheepskin tunic, with a veil borrowed from a neighbour, is modestly erouching in a corner. He takes her by the hand and leads her to where his family is collected. The oldest man of the tribe is there by appointment, encouraged by a fee of by one rap, meaning No. a few handfuls of porridge, and hastily mutters a few words by way of blessing. This is the whole ceremony, if, indeed, the great feed that follows be not more worthy of that name; and thus the Zigans continue from generation to generation. We are sorry to be obliged to add that both women and men are, as a rule, exceedingly debauched.

MR. GULLIVER'S ENTERTAINMENT

JAMES GULLIVER respectfully submits to the attention of a discerning public the was false, and that it was meant as a caricafollowing detail of facts, upon which he pro- ture of the ridiculous tales palmed upon the poses to found, during the approaching winter season, a new public entertainment. James Gulliver's firm determination not to of the wonders of the ocean; do you mean gull the public, and he therefore frankly now to affirm that it was not invented ?states that in obtaining from the conductor of Household Words an introduction into the majestic presence of the English people, it is his hope that he may not only save himself a large outlay in posters, but receive money instead of paying it for the insertion, in that widely circulated journal, of the following advertisement.

For many years James Gulliver has watched the growth of popular intelligence and taste in England and America, and has endeavoured to keep pace with it. York and London are no longer to be amused with the inexhaustible bottles and mysterious cards of the professed conjuror. Mystery must be real to satisfy the age. To fetch a guinea, the exhibitor must raise a ghost. To fetch a crown, it is requisite at least that J.G. should in soher seriousness produce evidence of having discovered as much as his distinguided forefather, Lemuel. The ground, between, being already occupied, so far as concerns the discovery of a new people entitled Lilliputians, two of which are now being exhibited in London, and there being rapping became popular, it was affirmed as a not much hope for a rival show of Brobdig- result of certain reasoning that the souls of nagians. James, Gulliver has sought in new men lie in the gases which escape from their

directions, and has happily succeeded in obtaining the distinguished aid of the late Mr. Lucian, of Samosata, near the Euphrates, in the production of an exhibition which he flatters himself will be more surprisingly agreeable than anything yet seen in London.

Yery recently a young man of business having had occasion to consult the spirit of a deceased partner on the subject of an error made by him while living, in the transfer of some entries from the waste book, was surprised by the statement of Miss Fraude, the medium, that an old school-friend desired to speak with him. It proved to be the Greek satirist Lucian, who spoke by raps as follows: "Get a room for me. My time is come again, I also have travelled." My friend asked, also have travelled." My friend asked, "What do you mean?"—Answer: "Aztec Lilliputians."

Question. Did you ever see them ?-Answer

Q. What do you mean, then ?—A. I have seen stranger things.

Q. You refer to your History of your Wonderful Travels ?—A. Yes.

Q. They have been often imitated, are you envious of any imitator ?- A. Yes.

Q. Of whom, of Munchausen ?-A. No.

Q. Of Lemuel Gulliver !- A. No.

Q: Of Velasquez?—A. Yes. Get a room for me.

Q. You want to exhibit and to tell your story ?—A. Yes.

Q. But you said when living that your tale world by Fesias, I think, in his History of It is the Indies, and by Sambulus in his account A. It is true enough, I promise you. Get a

room for me. Q. But can you produce anything for us to stare at in corroboration of your story ?-A. Get a room for me.

The young man of business, looking at the matter very properly in a business point of view, had a short conversation with Miss Fraude, and then applied to the above-named James Gulliver, who has since, in association with the expert medium, had various communicatious with the said spirit of Lucian, under whose direction he has organised the following programme of an entertainment, which will include not only a constant series of the sounds, but also of the smells proceeding from spirits, together with a phantom panorama, and the production of a great number of amazing things.

The introduction of smells into the entertainment has been suggested by Lucian himself, to whom at a recent seance it was pointed out that, in a book published by the Chancellor of Killaloe a year or two before spirit-

bodies, and which no clod or coffin can confine; that the spirit of humanity consists, accordingly, of carbonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, and the like. Lucian was asked whether this was true, and replied, Yes, that it was quite correct. Moreover, that although such gases could and did without difficulty make themselves heard, yet it was more inevitable that they should be smelt, and that they were really often smelt when no one heard them. Upon reflection the querist agreed that this was true, and asked whether, in communicating with the public as a lecturer-which Lucian proposed to do-he could not facilitate communication and hasten the work of the interpreter, not only by having recourse to sights and sounds, but to smells also. He said that he could and would. It was agreed, therefore, that at the proposed entertainment, he, the spirit of Lucian, should deliver his own narrative in a continuous series of sounds aided by smells, which should be interpreted as they were made by James Gulliver and Araminta Fraude. That, & he would be disposed to make his lecture entertaining by much personal allusion, it would be convenient to represent to the nose certain ideas frequently recurring, such as names of things or persons; that in especial he would represent Miss Fraude by a smell of aminteresting creatures, stuffed, will be exmonia, himself by a smell of sulphuretted hibited. hydrogen, or rotten eggs, James Gulliver by an odour as of strong garlic, and the public present at the entertainment by a smell of proved to be no other than Endymion. His greens.

The travels of Lucian, as he will deliver them, have been for many centuries before the world in Greek, but as they are almost unknown in English, and are peculiarly calculated to obtain credit in the present day, the following brief sketch of a portion of them is appended, together with an indication of the mode of illustration by which it is hoped to make them popular in London. The lectures will probably be delivered in the Moorish

Palace, Leicester Square.

Lucian stated, and will repeat the statement, that he embarked with fifty men in a well-rigged ship, and went out from between the Pillar's of Hercules into the Atlantic There they were storm-tost for seventy-nine days. At this part of the narrative, the room will become filled with a dense smoke, through the cloud of which the vessel will be seen tossing, until it is castas Lucian will explain that he was cast-upon a mighty island, where they at first saw nobody and nothing but two footprints on the rock, those of Bacchus and Hercules, that of Hercules being about an acre larger than the other. Having worshipped Bacchus in the hole made by his shoe, they travelled inland and came to a river running Chian tribute of ten thousand vessels of dew yearly, wine, and at the spring of it they found he agreed to terms of peace, which were envines laden with large grapes, from which graved upon a plate of amber, placed upon the whole stream of that river was distilled, the boundary line between the realms of The river swarmed with fish which rad night and day.

the taste of wine, and which being opened were found full of lees. Several carp swimming in port wine will at this period of the entertainment be sent round to be tasted by

the company.

Lucian was, however, dreadfully alarmed, and lost two of his companions among the tendrils of a vineyard, whereof the vines were lovely women that had green stocks for their bodies, and a head-gear of tendrils interwoven with grape clusters, and ripe grapes growing at their fingers' ends. Escaped from the clinging tendrils of these vines, Lucian and his party—who will be represented flying from the magic vineyard over the surface of a large transparency-set sail again, and through ill luck were overtaken by a whirlwind which lifted their ship out of the water to the altitude of three hundred thousand fathoms, and so altered its course that it continued sailing through the air, until on the eighth night it touched on a round shining island. . When they had advanced a little way into that country they were taken by the native Hippogypians, who are men mounted upon vultures that have three heads. The wings of these birds are

The captives were carried before the king of that island called the Lunar Globe, who portrait was sketched by an artist of the party and will be found among the drawings illustrative of the lecture. Endymion, who knew the prisoners by their dress to be honest men and Greeks, promised them good cheer, provided he got well off in his war with the Heliots or sun-men, whose king, Phaeton, contested with Endymion for the right of sending a colony to the morning star, which is a desert island. Lucian, astride upon a vulture, took part in the great battle, which he has described and will describe again in a spirited way. The battle was so dreadful that the blood soaked through the clouds and dyed them as they are seen sometimes to be dyed at sunset. The Lunatics being victorious, piled up among the clouds a lofty trophy, but while they were dispersed in triumph, they were fallen upon by a reserve guard of wind-monsters, who swept all the trophies down and chased Endymion's army home, whither he was followed also by Phaeton and, all his rallied host. Lucian was among others taken prisoner and carried to the sun. A wall of circumvallation, built of clouds, was raised about the moon, so that it received no more light; but in the end Phaeton abated his displeasure, and, for a tribute of ten thousand vessels of dew yearly,

letters of naturalisation as a Lunatic, which he declined, but of which a copy was taken; and a copy of the said letters of naturalisation will be presented to every gentleman or lady who shall have paid ten shillings for admission to the front seats at the proposed entertainment.

Quitting the Lunar Island, Lucian and his friends sailed for a long way, touching only at the morning star to take in water. At a city in the clouds, and after four days descended again gently to the sea, which Unluckily, however, they they found calm. soon got among big fishes, whereof one had tenth like steeples and was fifteen hundred leagues in length of body. Into the mouth of that whale the ship rushed as into a whirlpool, and was carried safely down the creature's throat. At first it was all dark inside, but when the whale came to gape and let the light in there was visible a world of other fish, with carcases of men and bales of merchandise, anchors and masts of ships. Towards the middle also there was earth with mountains, made probably by the quantity of mud which the great monster had thirty miles in compass, among the trees of which herons and halcyons were flying.

After some days, Lucian and six of the crew
went inland and discovered a small temple built to Neptune, heard also the barking of a dog, and saw smoke at a distance. So they were led to an old man and his son, who said that they had lived there miserably for sevenand-twenty years. There was no lack of food, but there was great trouble with the natives, more especially the pickled-men, who have the face of a lobster and the body of an eel. One of these pickled-men will be included among the curiosities belonging to the entertainment. As the natives of all kinds, although numerous, had no arms but fishbones, it was determined by Lucian and his fellow sailors to make war upon them; and so Lucian was engaged in his second war, of which also a graphic account will be given, illustrated by a heavy rain of fish-bones, which will fly like hail across the room, to represent the arrows of the pickled-mon, the carcinochiers, the crab-tritons, and other wild monsters against whom that war was

Lucian and his companions having lived in the way for more than a year and a half, it appened, on the fifth day of the ninth month, at about the second gaping of the monsterwho gaped once every hour, and so enabled them to reckon time—that they heard a vast noise without, and creeping up to those parts of the fish which, lying near its mouth, were for the Years 1850, 1851, and 1852, may be had of all Booksellers

Endymion after this offered to Lucian constant overflow of water, they saw the outer sky and water, and a great combat of giants about the stealing by one part of a herd of dolphine. They were the thelves, however, unable to escape, and though they afterwards dug a tunnel six hundred paces long through the creature's side, yet they could find no outlet. Then it occurred to them to fire the forest on the island; and so cause his death. It burnt for seven days Lamps, where they stopped for a night, having lamps lighted everywhere about them: On the next day they came down by a city in the clouds, and after four day. mouth with long beams, that they might not be shut in and lost entirely. Then after the three days' labour they launched their ship

safely again into the open sea.

So sailing on they found nothing unusual until they got into a sea of milk—cups of the milk will be handed round-whereon the Princess Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, governed an Island of Cheese. Plates of the cheese will be distributed. Continuing their way over the Atlantic, they arrived finally at the Isle of the Blessed, governed by Rhadamanthus. There the corn grows in little loaves, needing neither to be ground, kneaded nor' baked; the inhabitants sit outside their city upon beds of flowers in the Elysian fields, swallowed. On the land there was a forest, and have meat blown to them by the winds, while crystal trees droop over them, producing for fruit glasses of all sorts, which are no sooner plucked than they are full of winc. A tankard plucked from one of these trees, full of spiced sack, will be sent round among the visitors as a loving cup, and it will at the same time be made to rain over the whole room slices of meat and drops of gravy. While the company assembled are enjoying this, a grand tableau of the Elysian fields will be displayed in a blaze of green light, and so the entertainment will be brought triumphantly to a conclusion.

James Gulliver respectfully submits that the above programme promises an amount of novelty and excitement that has never yet been provided, either in Londor or New York, to the lovers of the marvellous. He begs, therefore, to entreat that the same favour may be shown to him that has been already so liberally bestowed on other exhi-

bitions similar in their design.

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AFRICAN ZEPHYRS.

You think this article is to be sentimental -a pastoral, or a fairy tale—because it treats of the Zephyrs of the South? You never made a greater mistake in your life. My Zephyr has no relationship with either Eurus or Boreas. Though he possibly is not wise enough in his generation to be able to say that he knows his own father, he still does not in the least pretend to be one of the son of Æolus. Like Figaro, he is perfectly indifferent whether you take him for the offspring of a god or a demigod-of an emperor, a duke, a pope, or a cabman. It is sufficient for him to be a Zephyr. His native place, of course, is Paris; or, if not born in the metropolis of France, a sojourn there has long since naturalised him. He is quite as much at home in the army, with drums and trumpets, corporals and serjeants, bayonets fixed, and cap cocked These Zephyrs, therefore, are on one side. not in the least afraid of balls and yatagans, want and hardship, long marches, heat, hunger, and bad quarters. It was they who supplied the heroes of Mazagran. They are beings whom you can neither hate nor praise; creatures for whom you reserve in the corner of your conscience a grain of indulgence and haif-a-dozen excuses.

To write in intelligible language, Zephyrs is a nickname given in Algeria to a corps which is recruited from the entire body of the French army. These select and admired individuals are all gay fellows, endowed with that free and independent spirit which does not square with vulgar ideas of discipline. Artists and geniuses of original talent scorn drill. High-flyers, they soar above routine. Voler is a verb in the French language, meaning both to fly and to steal. Grammatically speaking, therefore, theft comes as naturally to Zephyrs as flight. Many of these ingenious gentlemen can count on their fingers as many days of punishment as of actual service. And punishment, be it long increased by soldiers who are drafted from a style.

less pure source than a regimental place or arrest. With this miscellaneous and doubtful class, battalions have been formed, officially known as the light battalions of Africa. But the nick-name of the canteen and the battlefield has prevailed, and has spread the favourable reputation of those whom every one now calls Zephyrs. The nickname, however, for those who bear it, is, in fact, no nickname, however, the state of t name. It is a title of which the light gentry are exceedingly proud, and which they take every pains to merit. It is not a little that will daunt a fellow who wishes to be thought a genuine Zephyr.

Descriptions in natural history are easy, because a duck is a duck, and a pig is a pig; but Zephyrs are not to be driven up in a corner, and dushed off in half-a-dozen strokes. They all bear a general resemblance; and yet there are not two of them alike. Their uniform is at first the same as that of other soldiers, except that a little huntinghorn on their white buttons replaces the number of their regiment, which they are now thought unworthy to bear; but they disguise their dress with remarkable success. Look closely, and you will soon see something to remind you of the rooted animosity which the Zephyr cherishes against discipline and regimentals. Observe that cap more rumpled than worn with having been so often dashed passionately on the ground. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that some extra-regulation repairs have been made by its proprietor, and have given it a more coquettish and comfortable shape. Sometimes the peak, by means of a clever cut, slopes downwards towards the eyes to shade them from the sunbeams. Sometimes it stands up in pert defiance, that the wearer-may confront the skies. In France the military stock is commonly called "the pillory." It is not so in Algeria; for the Zephyr, when he has not lost it, generally carries it in his knapsack. The Zephyr has the art of wearing with grace even those ugly and vast or short—be it an hour's imprisonment or ten years at the galleys—does not reckon in made them, he took measure of the sentry-the term of military duty which the State requires from every conscript. Penitence ended, the old standing debt has still to be paid. The ranks of the Zephyrs are also garment; it is a dressing-gown of the newest terms and the additional standing debt has still to be paid. The ranks of the Zephyrs are also The Zephyr's trowsers' fashion has

In them he has also its peculiar stamp. the skill to combine a madder-red cloth uniform with an article of clothing more in harmony with the exigencies of a tropical climate. The hybrid pantaloons consist of cloth, as high up as the skirts of the coat; but, after this externally visible zone, there commences a much more extensive region of linen, borrowed from army sacks, or from the remnants of some old worn-out tent. When the coat is buttoned up nothing unusual is even suspected. But, to see the Zephyr battalion in action storming a breach, they look like wiry, energetic beings, disguised in tatters that never belonged to them.

However fallen the Zephyr may be, you will always find in him one unfailing motive impelling him towards good and towards Vanity, pride, the love of glory, if you will (there being many different sorts of ten times over, to steal a fowl from a native are quite at home." hut. He is greatly influenced by surrounding hilarity. such troops; if the lash had not so often to street. The gentle Zephyrs, having spent the be used. Beware, even, of too much of it, twenty francs, were returning home under In action a Zephyr has been known to put a arrest. bullet into the back of his commander's head, want ;—a valet-de-chambre for yourself, a firstrate head-dresser to curl your wife's hair, a watchmaker, a farce-writer, a painter, a nursemaid, and, thanks to the suck-bottle, even there exist a cocoa-nut which a Zephyr cannot transform into a trinket?—a wisp of straw which will not, in his hands, become a useful piece of furniture ?- a scrap of white and pink paper which is not soon converted into a hand server, a spocked hat, or a pin basket? and you, celebrated iron wire, what is it that a Zephyr cannot make with your metallic threads, from a gun-pick to a suspension bridge?

The Zephyrs were the gentlemen who sold

of Bougie, a few of these happy rogues, in consequence of some extempore fantasia, had been imprisoned in a native house recently abendoned by its Arab owner. For want of better gymnastic exercise they mounted to a garret window, to enjoy the pure and intellectual pleasure which the mere sense of sight' affords. They soon perceived an honest compatriot who had followed in the train of the expedition, looking out for a place wherein to exercise the trade which flourishes wherever the European plants his foot—the profession St. Crispin delights to patronise. To question him about his plans, and to tell him to use a little strength against the outside of the door while they lent a helping hand within, was the work of a very few seconds. "You want to hire a shop, my friend? Take our advice at once, and buy one. That is the only certain method of contriving to get off without paying glory) is his mainspring of action, and his rent. Never fear; your countenance pleases guiding-star. The Zephyr, unequal to a con-us. We are the conquerors and masters here. sistent line of life, is still susceptible of the Come, we won't be too hard upon you. You most generous transports, and capable of the shall have all this freehold property for a most heroic and brilliant actions. He would willingly sacrifice his life to obtain a trophy trouble you will put us to is to move a little from the enemy. He would risk his neck, further up the street. Here, you know, we

Two hours afterwards an officer, going his circumstances. Danger elevates the most rounds, found the innocent purchaser in-degraded soul. But the bright side of our stalled, and cobbling away with an easy aerial heroes, on which they shine with un-conscience. The Zephyrs had made use of disputed splendour, is their joyousness and their wings and were flown. But at that very hilarity. Their spirits flow on with inex-moment the sound of wine-impeded voices haustible wit, passion, and sometimes even tell upon his ear. A group of men with torn madness. Their industrial talents know no uniforms, and eyes veiled by bruised eyelids, bounds. Happy, ye officers, who command made their appearance at the corner of the

Not long after, a horrible sirocco was blowcoolly remarking to his next-door neighbour, ing at the same place. Who on earth could "He made a little too free with me; it's my help being thirsty? At noon eight of the most turn now to make free with him. When he knowing sylphs presented themselves to a feels the lead he'll merely say, 'Those con-Bougie meychant. Their serious, almost milifounded Arabs have done for me!'" But tary attitude, their ropes and wooden shoulderuse your Zephyrs decently, and they will yokes which are used for carrying various furnish you with every assistance you can burdens, all seemed to intimate that an actual order had been given. One of them addressing the master of the house, said that the superior commandant requested a cask of wine, the same as the last which he had a nurse. These various talents are displayed received. The party took charge of their either in so many separate volumes, or precious load, and departed in the same deli-all are bound up in one single copy. Does berate style. A few days afterwards the berate style. A few days afterwards the wine-merchant asked the commandant how he liked the last wine he had sent for.

"Wine! what wine?"

"The wine I gave the men of your battalion, who said they were sent to fetch it for you.'

"You delivered a cask of wine to those fellows? Then you furnish me with the solution of an enigma, which I have in vain been endeavouring to comprehend. has happened that for two days past every the police-station. Shortly after the capture man who goes up to the fountain just outside

the walls of the town, either stops there entirely or comes back drunk. I could not in the least make out how the Gonraya water had acquired such an unusual property. Follow me, we may perhaps be in time to save a remnant of your property." The two speakers, guided by a line of reeling Zephyrs, passed through the gates of Bougie, and reached the neighbourhood of the three fountains. Several drunken snorers, stretched at length on the battle-field, like Curiatii whom wounds had betrayed to the vengeance of the conqueror, indicated the path to a thicket of pomegranates and aloes interwoven with clematis. In the midst In the midst stood the enormous wine-barrel upright, and with its head staved in. Four men lying close by, in attitudes that were more than picturesque, kept sleeping guard round the empty tomb, in which, however, they had buried their senses.

A couple of Zephyrs, in a forward state, were strolling arm-in-arm through the low quarters of Algiers, thinking more about the privileges of beauty than of those of rank a d epaulettes. In fact, they had completely forgotten the latter. A superior officer happened to pass. The youths were so intently occupied in staring at a brown and brighteyed face, which peeped through a little square upper window, that they each forgot to touch his cap. The officer stopped, and asked the Arcadian nearest to him, in a tone which sounded roughly interrogative, "Don't you know politeness, sir?"

The questioned Zephyr, without the least embarrassment, gravely turned to his companion, and said, "Gauthier, do you know

Politeness?"

"No," replied Gauthier innocently. Then turning again to the officer, he formally clapped his heels together, stretched his left arm along the seam of his trousers, and deliberately declared, with his open right hand to the peak of his cap, "Not known in the battalion, Commandant!"

The Zephyr sometimes enters the service of science, and turns science to his own private prout. For instance, the Oran Zephyr will procure you fossil tish which he finds in the marl by industriously searching and perties, were produced by m splitting the strata. But, if his labour prove stopped the ardent Zephyr, unfruitful or the order given be too heavy to humble office of prompter. fulfil, he will nevertheless furnish you with all the species by means of sardines, red herring skin, and a little strong glue. It is said that a Zephyr was the only person who could supply an erudite and zealous naturalist with the ratel of the Atlas, mentioned by Sallust and by the learned Doctor Shaw. This Atlas ratel bore a great resemblance to the common rat, except that his nose terminated in a little proboscis, and his tail was nearly a quarter of an inch shorter than it should have been. This excessively rare specimen of a race now almost extinct was at once the joy of the purchaser and the finder, who had

simply deprived one of his prison companions of a morsel that could well be spared, to graft the superabundant part, by means of a little incision, on the root of his nose.

Another scientific Zephyr, to avoid coming to a nonplus in a difficult moment, contrived to take advantage of the mania which urges so many people in Algeria to form large collections of insects. An officer at bivouack, perceiving, at the twilight hour, a hand which, after discreetly raising the curtain of the tent, was inquisitively taking a turn under the cloak that served him for a pillow, jumped up, and caught a Zephyr in the fact of a search which was somewhat more than suspicious. "What are you doing there, you villain?" he shouted, beside himself with

I, captain ! I was feeling for coleoptera." An extremely probable time and place for

beetle-hunting!

If you have the slightest taste for eccentric dishes, a Zephyr is the purveyor to stock your larder with an ever-varied supply of game. To-day you have a fillet of gazelle, to-morrow a quarter of porcupine. Hedgehog, hywna, jackal, tortoise, and lion, will all be sure to figure on your bill of fare. There is no occasion to trouble yourself about cats, and dogs, and trunkless ratels. You will get all those by hundreds. In a town where the Zephyrs had lately arrived the public treasury was exhausted by the payment of a trifling bounty intended to encourage the disappearance of rats. Their skill was too much even for the rats of Algeria, the most knowing rodents in the world.

In more than one town, and in more than one camp, the Zephyrs have managed to organise theatres, which were in no respect inferior to those of the mother-country. The inferior to those of the mother-country. most remarkable fact is that the best supported parts were those of interesting heroines and dashing coquettes, kindly undertaken by beardless members of the corps! It is inconceivable what industry and talent have been displayed on these exciting histrionic occasions. The Zephyrs devoted themselves, body and soul, to the accomplishment of the. mighty work. Scenery, costumes, and properties, were produced by magic. Nothing stopped the ardent Zephyr, not even the One day, at Orleansville, a lieutenant-general arrived to inspect the division. The fountains were to spout their best in honour of his presence, and the theatrical performance had not been forgotten. Nevertheless, previous to the hour of amusement, the inspection of the troops demanded some attention. The roll-call was first strictly read; but, to the astonishment of the lieutenant-general inspecting, only a single private of an entire Zephyr regiment mustered, and he had to answer for all the rest. "Gauthier?" shouted the orderly

" Here." "Jobinel?"

- "Not here. Hairdresser at the theatre."
- " Falempin ?"
- "Walking gentleman in the comedy."
- " Grimplin ?"
- "Heroine in the tragedy."
 "Sausbarbe?"
- "Grisette in the farce."
- "Potauver?"
- "Scene-painter."
- "Then is your theatre the Grand Opera?" asked the general.
 - "Very nearly, General."
 - "And you mean to show me that?"
- "Certainly, General, the theatre is a part of the army which you have to inspect."

In the evening, by the light of a brilliant chandelier, the inspector applauded the graces of the Zephyrs, who, elegantly perfumed, curled, and gloved, in the guise of charming Parisiennes, played out their plays to the great entertainment of the divisional general inspecting.

But after the vaudeville, comes the tragedy; the great piece treads on the heels of the little one. The farce will then follow, to make us forget Melpomene's dagger and poison bowl.

The scene is changed; the theatre is forotten. The merry chorus is heard no more. We have passed beneath the cold and humid vaults of one of the ancient Spanish buildings. There are no external apertures; no daylight enters that sombre mass of stone. ceilings sweat an icy water, which falls drop by drop, like tears from the eye whose briny source is being exhausted by sorrow and some doors of incredible weight and thickness which swing heavily on their rusty the various human rounds of the ladder. It hinges, we enter a narrow dungeon excavated is wonderful that such an amount of hardship in a damp and chilly soil; although beneath and trial does not suggest to them Franklin's a glorious sky, which is ever tinged with idea; to turn honest and respectable men, as blue or gold. Through the veil of a grey and the most successful piece of roguery they can gloomy twilight which is never pierced by a ray of sunshine, we perceive two men crouching opposite to each other on the ground, and holding in their hands cards.
What are they saying ?—"Hearts! clubs!"
"Trumps! The game is mine!"
"I have lost again!" the other replies.

Then, stretching towards his adversary one of his three remaining fingers, "There, cut and virgin surface they can exercise their away!" he shouts. The door unexpectedly decorative talent. In order that every cusopens.

We were then in the fort of Mers-cl-Kebir. whither insubordination and crime had conducted a pair of Zephyrs. Isolation and the stings of conscience, soon became insupportable to such excited spirits. The worst of the two had pocketed a pack of cards, his only missal. They first tried hard to find amusement in contests which soon were found insipid. What could they play for, who possessed nothing?—nothing which could give value to the victory? They had nothing there, except their own persons. But one's person is a sort of property; and it is possible, too, to ven- taking a spite against the number which

turn it. The craving for excitement, and the dread of vacant hours, made them mutually chance the loss of a finger, to be cut off by the winner at five points of evarté. The loser was about to suffer mutilation, when the door opened to admit the serjeant who acted as the turnkey of the prison. Shocked at such an atrocious bargain, he forbade the performance of the sacrifice. But, as soon as the serjeant's back was turned, the gamesters chose another stake. The loser was to murder the interloper who had prevented the payment of a debt of honour. The loser kept his word, and they were both executed for the murder of the serjeant.

We will now have a peep at more cheerful scenes; for many a Zephyr has the art of employing, in merry mood, the hours which he is obliged to spend in a dungeon, or at the bottom of the siles. Siles are dull places of They are a sort of enormous retirement. cisterns in which the Arabs store their grain. When, during oppressive heats, the first culprit descends to the bottom of the vast amphora, a sensation of coolness refreshes him for a moment. The change is rather agreeable than otherwise, and the arrival of a companion in misfortune gives him an equal additional pleasure. But soon three, four, and five new prisoners are added; and, before long, air, which can only enter at the upper orifice, legins to run short. Mutual assistance is The necessary to mount each other's shoulders, and they have to transform themselves into a living ladder to enable each to take in a stockof air at the hole, to last until his turn to long-continued want. Having passed through breathe comes round again. Meanwhile continued jokes and laughter burst forth from play.

Tattooing is a grand pastime during captivity. The battalion has its regular professors of engraving upon human skin, who never stir without their instruments about them, carefully treasured in proper cases. What delight is theirs to find a new recruit, a blank page of white paper, upon whose fair tomer may be suited to his taste with an emblem to fix upon his chest or his arm, they convert themselves into vast pattern books, entirely covered with specimens. Many an admiring amateur, excited by the beauty of these pictures on living vellum, has allowed subjects to be punctured on his skin, which he would afterwards thankfully get erased, even by means of a red-hot iron. We were once acquainted with a Zephyr-lad, whom we never knew by any other name than the one he had punctured upon his forehead. This unfortunate boy commenced his career by

was drawn when, at twenty years of age, the decide whether he was to go for a soldier or not. Fatal number One replied in the affirmative. The slight success he met with in his new career, his punishments, his transit to the Battalion of Zephyrs, were all actributed to the malign influence of that hated and cursed unit. So, during a melancholy fit, believing it useless to struggle against fate, he turned the evils that awaited him into a subject of pride and boasting.

As a final mode of defying destiny, he had tattooed, from temple to temple, "Unlucky Number One." The ice once broken he did not stop; and his whole body soon swarmed with choice engravings, like Punch and the Illustrated London News combined. It is impossible to describe the contents of this truly curious museum; for at least half the subjects are unmentionable. From the hands, covered with red and blue rings, you passed to the wrists, decorated with can cos. On his arms were daggers threatening hearts that burnt with an ever-equal flame, and were encircled by the motto, "Death to faithless woman!" Then came mames entwined, and full-length portraits. On the shoulders were a pair of spinach-seed (officer's) epaulettes, with the three stars of lieutenantgeneral; a cross of the Legion of Honour on the heart; an enormous crucifix on the middle of the chest; and, lastly, the Order of the Garter, tattooed at exactly the spot which it ought to occupy on a knight's leg. Meanwhile the day arrived when Unlucky Number One ceased to be a Zephyr. He was snatched away to the altar. It would be curious to know what soft-hearted woman took pity on this miscellaneous gallery. Perhaps she afforded another instance of severely punished female curiosity.

The Zephyrs have contrived to raise auxiliaries among quite a novel kind of recruits. At Bougie, the service of the place compelled that the ground should be reconnoitred every day, up to the edge of a certain ditch; which ditch had been hollowed out to prevent caralry from advancing too near, and from retreating too abruptly after a surprise. This reconnoitring duty was seldom performed without several Arab shots being fired from the opposite thicket, to the disturbance of the morning walk, and sometimes the sudden death of the walker. The Zephyrs determined to train some dogs to take part in the sport; since it proved so dangerous to the sportsmen themselves. They, therefore, reared some fierce Arab puppies, of a species nearly related to the wolf and the jackal, with whose merits they became acquainted in the course of their adventures. As the little Mussulman dogs grew up they were fed and caressed by the red-legged the blockaus, and was going to desert to the Zephyrs. They imbibed a strong affection for their masters, who taught them, by a very I had a devilish hard chase after him, simple method, to entertain a profound though!" These words, uttered with charming

aversion for the costume of the indigenous population. As the pupils dinner hour approached, a Zephyr clad in a burnous, or Arab cloak, treated them ill with a hearty good beating; after which his comrades, in their ordinary costume, overwhelmed them with kindness and fed them liberally. Such a mode of education produced its fruit. The full-grown dogs entertained such an aversion to the Arabs, that any who ventured within their reach would instantly have been torn to pieces. These dogs were afterwards perfect wonders; heating the woods and hunting the thickets, marching fifty paces in front of the column; and, not content with indi-cating the presence of danger by pointing at any hidden enemy, furiously joined in the attack whenever a skirmish or engagement took place. At a later period, the organisation of these brute allies was officially recunised. Every blockaus (outpost) had three or four dogs, who were included in the effective forces of the garrison, and who were supplied with regular daily rations. One of them, whose thigh had been amputated in consequence of a gunshot wound, enjoyed for several years the honours of superannuation. Her position, nevertheless, was not purely honorary; for she still, in spite of her infirmity, continued to supply the state with valiant defenders,

In the midst of the varied excitements of African life, the Zephyr's thoughts will occasionally recur to the day when he is to return once more to the land of France. That day is not merely the moment of liberation; it is the concentration of liberty itself. For a long time past, he has lived in complete ignorance of furloughs, Sundays, and holidays. His dream, against the day of departure, is to purchase a uniform of his original corps, from which his pranks have banished him; to exchange the hated bugle button for the button displaying the number of his original corps. If he belonged to the cavalry the expense would be beyond his hopes; but for infantry the thing is possible. There is nothing, therefore, that he will not do to amass the trifling sum which will enable him at least to change his buttons. For he would not like to return home with the marks of disgrace upon his coat. At this last epoch, at the approach of the metamorphosis, the most wasteful spendthrifts are suddenly seized with the love of economy and of gain.

A monkey, the property of a friend of mine, once procured us the acquaintance of a Zephyr. The introduction took place thus:-One day, • the Zephyr, melting with perspiration, and apparently quite out of breath, rushed into the middle of a cafe, holding my messmate's monkey in his arms. Lieutenant," he gasped, "I've caught your monkey, who had got loose. He had already reached

the other, could not fail to draw forth a thankful reply, partly expressed in words,

partly in silver.

Three days afterwards, Mustapha broke out of bounds again. The same recompense was given for his recovery, but not without some feeling of suspicion. But, when the fugitive's ransom was a third time claimed, and Zephyr after Zephyr took his turn in the monkey-hunt, my friend declared from the balcony of his window, that he would do nothing for the future in behalf of so expensive an animal, and begged the battalion to be informed that he would no longer consider himself answerable for any debts which Mustapha might henceforth contract. Mustapha's rope was broken no more. The caning mine was countermined.

The first author of this clever trick (which would have been perfect if plagiarists had dangers of the late assault of Constantine; and he did not forget the horrors of the Barrière de la Villette, and of the Gate of St. Denis. He thought, above all, about his lancer's uniform, which he anxiously desired to sport once more. He commenced a search then, if not with the hope of finding the special articles of brilliant costume, at least of picking up the money to buy them with. After a two hours' absence, he returned to his captain. "Captain, will you have the kindness to take core of some money till I leave, for fear I should spend it at the canteen ?"

"What is all this? Whence have you stolen it?" said the captain, surprised at the

"I have not stolen it at all, Captain. It belongs to me honestly. And I have earned

"In what way?"

"I am going to tell you. You know that, on the other side of the breach, the rocks are precipitous. Some men and women tried to escape from the siège that way, by means of a cord. The cord broke, and the fugitives were killed upon a jutting point. Said I to myself: People who try to make their escape generally take moncy with them; so I fastened a rope round my waist, and persuaded my comrades to let me down. I hunted right and left in the pockets of the wretches, and found the money you see here." It was enough to make one giddy, only to look up from below to the face of the rock down which the Zephyr had to slide.

Meanwhile, the certainty of having a uniform did not cool his ardour for treasurehunting. Believing that the house of the captain, whose servant he was, contained hidden valuables, he spent the whole day in Eveline entered the room. taking off the locks of the uninhabited chambers. They consequently found their way to her mother, with the lace pocket-handkerchief

simplicity, while the orator, cap in one a J(w, who purchased the produce of the hand, was wiping his dripping forehead with locksmith's labours. A few days after finishing the bolts and bars, he sold to the same Israelite a heap of wheat, which ought by right to have gone to the State. For every sackful he carried by night he received from his friend a five-franc piece. "The State," he interpreted, meant "himself." It is easy, from this to comprehend that in a town taken by storm, the Zephyr is not scrupulous on whose property he lays his hands.

At last the Zephyr, in his much-coveted uniform, finds himself on the way to France. He bestows a passing smile of gratitude on the café chantans at Marseille; but his heart is fixed no longer there. If Mazagran, luckily, was included in his career, he will proudly wear the decoration of honour; and this star of glory, while absolving him from the past, will probably guarantee his future prospects.

Otherwise, he may perhaps turn out the most turbulent blackgnard to be found in his not vulgarised it), was thinking about his quarter, or the most thorough rogue that return to France. He had escaped from the infests his village. However, he will have his campaigns to relate, and three or four handsome scars to show. A pair of dark and expressive eyes, moved by his narrative, may perhaps subdue his untameable character. Will Hercules spin at the feet of Omphale? The case is just as likely as not. Hymen will fluish the qonquest. Our Zephyr, while dutifully rocking the cradle, will thank Heaven that all has

ended so well, and pray that his babes may be like-their mamma.

A SPLENDID MATCH.

Mrs. Chesterton won the day. She was a good manager and a careful mother, and understood the tactics of society to a nicety. The Crawfords and the Macclesfields, the Thorntons and the Parkinsons were utterly beaten, and their colours lowered. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Ormsby Green, had proposed; and Mrs. Chesterton shed tears as she consented that he should marry her dowerless Eveline

to his ten thousand a year.

"For you know, Mr. Fitzgeralda-you must know by your own love-that I am making a most painful sacrifice for my darling's happiness. If it were not that she loves you so much—the fond, foolish child!—I do not think that I could part with her. But she has fixed her whole heart on you. can I do but make the sacrifice of all that I have left me now on this earth to love,"-(a retrospective sob for General Chesterton, who departed this life fifteen long years ago)-"and ensure her happiness at the expense of my own? No, Mr. Fitzgerald! I am not a selfish mother. Take her, since you love her and she loves you, and God bless you both!"

Mrs. Chesterton wept afresh. As she sobbed, Eveline entered the room. Her round, dimpled, waxen cheeks were flushed. She saw ing her eyes suddenly when they saw that his were fixed broad and wide upon her.

"Poor, dear child!" said Mrs. Chesterton, smoothing her hair, with a glance and a gesture that demanded Mr. Fitzgerald's admiration. It was very pretty hair, glossy bright and golden, and worthy of the time, labour and expense bestowed on it; for Eveline's hair cost her almost as much as her

"Ah, Mr. Fitzgerald!" continued the other, sighing, "what a treasure I am mother, sighing, "what a treasure I am giving into your hands! May you value it as you ought, and guard it as carefully as her

mother has done."

"What is the matter, mamma? What do you mean?" demanded Miss Eveline in an agitated voice. She raised her eyebrows and opened her large blue eyes with a look of

wonder that was perfect.

"Dear innocent creature! She at le-st has never speculated on this moment! Oh Mr. Fitzgerald—Charles, if I may call you so," added the lady, with a sudden expansiveness of manner, such as people have on the stage when, apropos of nothing, they seize each other's hands and look into each other's faces sideways, "what have you not escaped in those Crawford and Macclestield girls; and what have you gained in my sweet Eveline! Do you think they would have been as

innocent as this dear guileless child?"

"Agnes Crawford is a very good girl," Charles said, in a voice that was a strange mixture of timidity and boldness. "I don't think she was either a flirt or a schemer.'

"Perhaps not," the lady replied hastily; "Agues may be an exception to her family. "But what does all this mean, mamma?" again inquired Eveline; seeing an angry spot beginning to burn on her lover's cheek, which

she was half afraid might burn through the

marriage contract.

"It means, my love," answered Mrs. Chesterton, calling up her broad bland smile in a moment, "that I have interpreted your wishes and spoken from your heart. I have promised your hand where you have given your love, naughty child!"—tapping her cheek-" to our dear Charles Fitzgeraldyour future husband, and my beloved son,'

" Charles-Mr. Fitzgerald!" said Eveline. "O, mamma!" she added, hiding her face.

Charles was intoxicated with joy; and, encouraged by a sign from Mrs. Chesterton, took the little hand which lay buried beneath the ringlets poured out on the mother's lap. He pressed it nervously. With a strong grasp, it must be confessed, and awkwardly.

"O! how he hurts me—the clumsy man!" muttered Eveline, disongaging the mangled

to her face, and she rushed to her, throwing hereif on her knees beside the chair; and, a broad red mark on her tender little fingers, caressing her gently glanced all the time, as if by stealth, at Mr. Fitzgerald: then, lower-suffered a great deal. However, she gave her an expressive admonition with her knee, which said plainly, "Don't mind a little pain—it is well bought." And Eveline abandoned her small fair hand again to her maladroit lover, who squeezed it even more unmercifully while pouring forth a flood of love and happiness, and childlike security in the bright promises of the future that made Eveline yawn behind her handkerchief; driving her at last to count verses on her fingers.

"If this is love," she thought, "love is a horrid bore. O, when will he have done! How tired I am! How I wish that Horace Graham would come in. This little man would be obliged to be quiet, then, and go away."

Charles all the time was in the seve. heaven; believing he had carried up his fiancée with him, seated on the same golden garment of love with himself. As he did not suspect, he understood nothing of the ennui of sated ambition, which a keener vision would have read in every word and gesture of the girl, and tortured the heart which, he believed, he was enrapturing by the passionate babble of his unanswered love. It was very late before he gave the first threat of going away, and much later before he had gained sufficient moral courage to fulfil it. And even then he lingered till the girl was in despair; telling her in a very doleful voice-half-sobbing himself-" Not to weep; he would come very early to-morrow!"

Eveline did almost cry from weariness. And, when Mrs. Chesterton said, in dressinggown and curl-papers, with the air of a workman at supper or a cabinet minister after dinner, with the peculiar satisfaction inspired by repose after labour—"I give you joy, my dear! Ten thousand a year, and only a mother with a mere jointure, charged on the estate. And I have heard that old Mrs. Fitzgerald has a heart-disease." Eveline's only answer was, "Ten thousand a year dearly paid for too, mamma. As you would say yourself if you were going to be married to half an idiot!" Then, tearful and pouting she went to bed to dream of waltzes and polkas with Horace Graham, and to act imaginary scenes of tempest and storm with

Charles. Charles Fitzgerald, good and amiable as he was, did in truth almost justify Eveline's harsh expression from his excessive weakness. of character and tenuity of intellect. He was

one of those credulous, generous, kind-hearted beings who are the chartered dupes of the world. A man who thought oit a sin to believe any kind of evil, no matter of whom or what; who denied the plainest evidence it condemnatory, and who interpreted the most

potent fact of guilt into so much conclusive member, as if from bashfulness, and plunging proof of innocence: a man who could not it among her mother's interlaced fingers. receive truth, and who did not require it; but who was contented to slumber away his days on optimist fallacies and rose-water possibilities: a man without nerve or muscle, weak, amiable, and womanly. His temperament was nervous; his habits shy; his manners reserved. He had a dislike that was almost abhorrence for society, and a desire that was almost a mania for solitude and a rural life of love.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was at breakfast at Ormsby Green, when she received a letter from her son, announcing his intended marriage with Miss Chesterton, "the only child of a deceased General Officer; a Lady as remarkable for her Beauty as for her Virtue," he said, with a nervous flourish among the capitals. The letter was written very affectionately and respectfully; but gave not the most distant hint of compliance with mother's views, should they be opposed to the marriage. On the contrary, the energetic determination expressed under different forms throughout three pages and a half "of making his adored Eveline his own at the earliest possible opportunity," showed no present intention of reference to Mrs. Fitzgerald in any way. He neither asked her advice nor waited her concurrence; but in every line that passionate doggedness of a weak mind which admits no second opinion and requires no aiding counsel. Mrs. Fitzgerald's heart sank within her. She had heard of the Chestertons, and dreaded them.

However, as Charles had asked her to the wedding, and as Eveline had enclosed a short note also-written on pink paper with violetcoloured ink-Mrs. Fitzgerald determined on seeing the bride herself before she allowed presentiments to degenerate into prejudices.

"But Charles is so very very weak!" she thought, "I have always dreaded his falling into the snares of a family of schemers; and few, none indeed, except some rare nature like that of Agnes Crawford, which could defects, would marry him except for his don't think you know her wen enough you money. But such women," she further thought, judge by anything but externals. You have not probed her mind very deeply." see and love his goodness in spite of his mental coink paper scented with patchouli; and they do not write such a hand as this."

Mrs. Fitzgerald determined to go to London, where the Chestertons lived in a pretty little cottage at Brompton, to judge for herself, by knowledge rather than by fear; anxious and willing to prove herself in the wrong, and hoping to be self-convicted of injustice. When she arrived, she was obliged to confess that everything in the house was arranged with consummate taste, and that Mrs. Chesterton was a well-bred woman, of the gay, worldly, party-giving kind; of the well-fitting sick gown and family lace cap kind; of the kind that delights in veils; and revels in flounces, and wears numerous ends of ribbon floating in all directions; of a fashionable, talkative, and than other people; and as for being irritable, clear-headed kind; a very different va- nothing could be more amiable than he was

riety of English gentlewoman to the grave matron who came from her country seat lile some old chatclaine of romance, and who looked on the modern world with her deeply set grey eyes—grave with the wisdom of nature—as a sage might watch a child's game beneath the trees. She was She was auty. Yet struck with Eveline's extreme beauty. the shallow nature, vain, artificial, and unloving, was evident as well. shadow spread out before her when she saw standing before her eyes the future wife of her beloved son. Long times of pain and disappointment were woven in with every breath and gesture of the girl. A small, light, childish thing, with large blue eyes, and long bright hair; a figure perfect in its proportions and a complexion dazzling in its waxen bloom; a damsel with false, fair words, and with caressing ways. She knew what the future must bring; she saw the wreck beating against the treacherous sands, and watched the precious freight of love and trust scattered to the waves of despair. She knew that Eveline would bring only anguish to her home, and she set herself to endcavour to avert it.

But remonstrances were useless. Charles was bewitched, and his mother's warnings only irritated him. He asked her coldly, "What fault she found with Miss Chesterton, that she should thus endeavour to make him forfeit his plighted honour?"

"A want of stability of character," began Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"Ifow proved, Mother?"

"Too evident to require any proof. It is

proved by every word and look.

"You find it perhaps in her beauty?" continued Charles. "Does this evident instability of character, which you have seen at a glance in your first short interview, lie in her eyes, because they are blue and bright; or in her hair, because it is fine and glossy? Is it in her small hands or in her tiny feet ? for I

The young man's tone was hard and dry. His manner defiant, and his eyes angry and fixed. Mrs. Fitzgerald had never heard such an accent from her son before. She was shocked and wounded; but her tears fell on

desert sand.

She applied herself to Eveline. She spoke of her son's virtues, but she spoke also ot his weakness; and asked the girl "if she had weighed well the consequences of her choice -if she had reflected on her life with a nervous and irritable man; self-willed and unable to accept argument or persuasion?" Eveline tossed her head and said, it was "very odd, that Mrs. Fitzgerald, his mother, should be the only one to speak ill of dear Charles; that, indeed, he was not weaker to her. She thought that if people only knew singing to Eveline's playing, and Charles aphow to manage him, and cared to give vay plauding in the middle of bars, and saying, to his little peculiarities—and we all live "but the next verse?" when all was finished. peculiarities—he would be quite a lamb to live with!" She added also, "that she saw through the motive of Mrs. Fitzgerald's advice, which was to get a rich wife for her son.'s

The attempt was hopeless. Between folly and knavery the sterling worth and honesty of the mother fell dead, and all that she had done was simply to embroil herself with both her son and her daughter. Things went on without her consent pretty much as they would have done with it, and of all the party The she was the only one who suffered. wedding-day came amidst smiles and laughter from all but her. Even Eveline merged her personal distaste for Charles in her gratified ambition, and Mrs. Chesterton was more pseudo-French, and dressy than ever. Eveline looked undeniably lovely. The church was crowded with the Chestertons' friends, all saying among themselves, "How beautiful she is!" a few, such as Horace Graham of the Guards, adding, "and what a fool she is marrying;" or, "by Jove, what a life she will lead that muff!"

After the honeymoon—that prescribed season of legal bliss—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fitzgerald came back to London. She, radiant with smiles and happiness, at escaping from the tedium of her country life; where she had been bored to death; where she had yawned all day, and where she had slept when she was not yawning. He, saddened to think that his green lanes must be abandoued, his evening walks in the moonlight in the wood foregone, and his young dream of quiet happiness exchanged for the turnoil called pleasure. Yet, when in town, he found another pleasure in the happiness of Eveline. had been obliged to confess to himself that she was often sad and melancholy in the country; and now it was such a pleasure to see her dimpling smiles and hear her merry laugh again. He said she had got tired of Ormsby Green, because she was away from her mother -she wanted to see her mother; dear child! she had never left her before; and it was a very sweet and natural feeling in her, and he loved her all the more for it.

When they arrived home-Mrs. Chesterton's cottage answering that purpose for the present—the first person they met was Horace Graham, looking more handsome and impudent than ever. He had called in by chance, he said; and, hearing that "Mrs. Charles" was expected, he had stayed just to shake hands with his old friend. Eveline thanked him very prettily, and then asked him to spend the evening with them so engagingly that Charles was fain to second the invitation, which he did with an awkward attempt at cordiality that did his powers of dissimulation no credit. But Horace accented the invitation in his off-handed way, and the evening passed merrily enough; he

plauding in the middle of bars, and saying, "but the next verse?" when all was finished.

A house was bought in Belgravia. It was furnished with extreme elegance, and did honour to the decorative taste of Mrs. Chesterton, she having been extraordinarily active among the upholsterers and With their new house began the decorators. young couple's new life. Charles bore his part in the whirlpool that it became bravely; and, for the first three months, was all that the most dissipated woman of the world could require in the most complaisant of husbands. A strange kind of peace rested between the married pair. Strange, because unnatural-the violent binding together of two opposing natures: the lurid stillness that glides on before a storm: a peace that was not the peace of love, nor of sympathy, nor of respect; that was the peace of indecision. The peace of ignorance, the peace of fear, and. worst of all, the peace of slavery.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was in the country, brooding mournfully over the angry silence of her son; for he had not yet forgiven her interference in his marriage. But she would not understand it thus, and wrote often to him and to Eveline grave, kind, carnest letters; speak; ing much to her of her son's goodness, and susceptibility of nature, and feeling sure that Eveline was all that a fond mother could wish in the wife of her son. At last Eveline no longer read the fetters; she threw them aside, crying, "The tiresome old woman! as if I did not know every word of her sermon before-hand!" And saying this before her husband too, from whom she did not care to hide her open contempt of his mother. Indeed, emboldened by his timid compliance with all her wishes, and his weak approval of all her actions, she cared to hide very little that was disagreeable; and more than once startled him with exhibitions of temper and or coldness. Charles was fretted at his wife's indifference, fretted at Horace Graham's constant presence, and at the undisguised good understanding that existed between him. and Eveline; fretted at Mrs. Chesterton's contemptuous manner of interfering in his household arrangements, and at her assertion of motherly rights superior and opposed to his own, over his wife; fretted at the constant round of dissipation in which they lived and at the breaking up of all his fairy castles of bliss and quiet; fretted at this, and at that, and at everything, and in the fair way of falling seriously ill with some brain or pervous affection.

"You will not go to the ball to-night, Evy ?" he said one day, in a timid but querulous voice, flinging himself wearily on a sofa. They had been married about four months, and were very unbappy in secret; although no-thing had been said or done openly.

"Why not, Charles?" asked his wife, coldly.

go with you," he answered, "and I thought his fearful temper. On the other hand, it that perhaps you would stay at home with spoke of his evident unhappiness, and of the me, and read. Will you, Evy?" He took contempt showered on him by his wife and

her hand—still the same timid manner.

"O dear me, no! stay at home? O, no!
You had better go to bed if you are ill," in his. "That will be much wiser than sitting up half the night reading stupid poetry that only makes one yawn and go to sleep. I will tell Justine to give you anything you

ming a tune and arranging her bouquet. "My mother—" she said. "And Horace Graham," A look that defied suspicion, and was beforehand with objection. A look that conquered, because it wounded, Charles, and made him humble and submissive.

He rose from the sofa slowly, and passed know her, but trying with all his might to into the library, there to fret like a sorrowing recognise her. She came forward, speaking child; scarcely knowing what he thought or cheerily and kindly. what he ought not to think; feeling only that his happiness was slipping from his by surprise!" she said. But her voice failed; grasp, and that he was being left alone on a he was so wild and altered. He kept his desolate shore without hope and without

first confessed declaration of indifference—a declaration repeated subsequently every day and every hour. Eveline was never at home. Morning and evening alike saw her drowned in the world's great sea of pleasures; every iron was broken, the stifled heart cried out home affection cast aside, and every wifely aloud, and the love that had been thrust duty unfulfilled. Gaiety was her life; and, without this gaiety, she would die, she would say. Charles grew, ill, and certainly excessively strange and disagreeable in his beha-For hours together he would sit without speaking, his lips pressed against count now on one heart at least, and believe each other, and his dull eyes fixed on the that it loved him. He poured out his grievground. Then came fits of passion, which were like the throes of madness-fits that terrified Eveline, and made her fear for herself. To these a violent reaction succeeded; glaring wickedness, no patent actions. a period, generally very brief, of frantic she understood, and sympathised with his gaiety and restless pleasure-seeking, such as sufferings; impalpable as they were. She incommoded Eveline greatly, binding him to soothed and comforted him, calming his her side without release; and, under the appearance of complaisance, giving her a gabler and a spy. Often at such times, struck to the heart with something he had seen, chilled by something he had heard, Fitzgerald would fall back again into his mournful stupor, and drag out his weary life with the listless, hopeless expression in his face and in his

talked also of Charles Fitzgerald's jealousy numbered airs, and was very ill-used, and said

"I am too nervous, too ill and unstrung to and strange irritability; of his violence and his adopted family: it darkly adumbrated a lunacy commission on one side, and Doctors' Commons on the other. At last the whisper Eveline said, leaving her hand cold and dead grew so long and loud, that it spread down to Ormsby Green, and penetrated to Mrs. Fitzgerald. The echo of this dread whisper had sounded long ago in her own heart; she had looked for its coming; and, when it found want when I am away; but really you had her, she started without an hour's delay for better go to bed at once."

London; and, not carring for the cold reception Charles let her hand fall. "Who is going she would probably meet with, she presented with you, then, as I cannot?" he said. herself at once at the house of her son. Eveline walked away to the mirror, hum- Eveline was from home. She was riding in the park with Horace, to try a horse he had that day bought for her. Charles was in she added, turning suddenly round, fixing her the library, sitting in one of those dumb, dull sorrows that are far more painful to witness than the most turbulent passion.

He looked up with his glazed fiery eyes as his mother entered; and started and stared wildly, rising and retreating as if he did not

"Well, Charles, my love, I have taken you eyes upon her for some time, and then with a cry that came straight from the sad heart, This was the first raising of the mask—the almost breaking it, with sols wild and fast, at confessed declaration of indifference—a and tears which fell like blighting rain, Fitzgerald exclaimed, "Mother, mother, you have

come to see me die!"

The line of ice was thawed, the band of back into the darkness came forth again. He was no longer alone, with nothing but indifference or enmity to bear him company. He had now his own best friend, the guardian of his youth his friend and guide: he might ances to her. They were all very vague and indefinite; simply wounded feelings, or affections misunderstood; no startling facts, no soothed and comforted him, calming his irritated nerves and weaving bright dreams of hope for the future. Dreams, in which she believed nothing herself, and which smote her conscience as falsehoods when she told them.

Next morning she spoke to Eveline, in her grave, bland, gracious manner, and gave her serious counsel, sweetening her consure whole manner of a condenaned criminal.

The world began to talk. It talked, salthough gently, of Eveline's open flirtation with Horace Graham; gently, because it heedless!" But Eveline gave herself un heedless! "But Eveline gave herself un heedless!" But Eveline gave herself un heedless! "that indeed she was a better wife than i ost girls would have been to any one so cross and disagreeable as Charles; and that Mrs. Fitzgerald had better speak to him about his

temper than to her about hers." •

. However, Mrs. Fitzgerald's mere presence was a comfort to her son; and he got callner and milder now that he could speak of his sufferings, and that some one cared to soothe them away. At first Eveline, being awed in spite of herself by Mrs. Fitzgerald, behaved with some small attention to appearances, so that the young household sat in the sunshine again. Horace Graham, too, happened to go away just at this moment; consequently a conjunction of favourable stars secmed to shed rays of domestic happiness over the gaudy, meretricious household.

But Horace came back one Thursday afternoon, and Eveline invited him to dinner. She pressed him to come when, as usual, he refused for the childish pleasure of being entreated. Charles had a nervous at ack when he heard this, and then gave way to so terrible a fit of passion in Eveline's dressingroom, that he showed at last how obnoxious the young guardsman was do him. Eveline every now and then looked at him with flashes of scorn and contempt which may be called deadly. At last turning from him with a spurning action, she said, "Charles, if I had "beloved Eveline," were often mingled with known you as I do now, not twice ten their talk. They gat, like two silly children, thousand a-year would have tempted me to hand in hand. marry you: you are not like a man. You are worse than a child or a woman!" Then

managed to appear at dinner with some show of calmness. Eveline was so extremely gay that she became quite overpowering. She armed herself with all the little graceful coquetries she knew so well how to employ, oach in their right time and place, and heightened them in revenge for her late enforced cessation from all excitement while grudgingly going through the dull task of pleasing a sick husband and a rigid matron. Even Mrs. Fitzgerald, who had expected much, was surprised at the open manner in which her flirtation with Graham went on; and, although believing it to be nothing more real than the folly of a vain girl, yet she could not deny its grave appearance, nor the compromise that it made of her son's honour. She determined to speak to Eveline seriously, and to endeavour—by arguments, if affection were of no use; by threats if arguments fell dead -to open her eyes to the true knowledge of herself and her conduct, and to force her to abandon a farce that might end in tragedy. Eveline seemed to foresee this lecture; for mother was no longer a soothing or a restrainnothing would induce her to meet Mrs. Fitzing influence; but, capricious, violent, irritable

betrayed as much fear of the future as indifference of the present.

In the evening they strolled out into the little garden; for they boasted a plot of blackened ground, dignified by that sweet name of fruits and flowers—Eveline and Horace wandering away together, and Charle and his mother returning soon to the hou Speaking to his mother of Eveline, a flash of his old tenderness returned, and with it be old hatred to believe in evil. After all Eveline was young and giddy. She meant no harm, and did not know the full significance of what she did. She was his wife too -she must be gently dealt with. He could not bear to hear her condemned. When his mother replied to him, he shrank ner-vously from every subject which threatened to lead to a discussion on her conduct. Mrs. Fitzgerald read his heart, and kept silent But while he was thus careful, he was also haunted, restless and tormented; and at last, unable to contain himself, he went into the garden, where the shadows had deepened into darkness, walking slowly and silently towards the quiet trees planted to hide the upper wall. Horace and Eveline were there, seated on a bench together. They were talking low, but talking love-if such frothy vanity could be called love—and "dearest Horace,"

Charles stole back to the house, and entered -a creature from whom life and soul had she went on arranging the most becoming departed. Eveline had seen him; and he toilette her busy fancy could devise. knew that she had seen him. There was Charles comquered himself at last, and no more disguise; and, as she said, "discovery had at least spared her the necessity of deception." She threw off the flimsy voil she had hitherto worn, and boasted openly of her love for Horace; still coupling it with perfect innocency. Which was true. For indeed she was too shallow and too intrinsically selfish to commit herself, even

where she loved.

After this discovery, and the distressing scene between the husband and wife which followed it, Eveline went out more than ever, and was with Horace more than ever also; many pitying her for being married to a jealous irritable fool, and lamenting that such a lovely young creature should have been so sacrificed by an ambitious mother, against her own expressed inclinations; many more deploring her wayward, systematic neglect of her husband.

Charles Fitzgerald's eccentricities of temper -his bursts of passion and of violence, mingled with fits of silence and of gloom-became every day more marked. Even his gerald's eyes. She shrank from her words and uncertain, he made his home a Hades for and drowned them in thick showers of banter others, as his wife had made his life a torment with Horace; in her behaviour to whom there for him. At last his language became, ocwas a kind of defiance and bravado, that casionally, so bitter and infuriated; and

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more than once, his arm had been raised to strike, and more than once his hand, twisted in the meshes of her hair, had threatened her with death-that Eveline was justified in demanding a legal separation. She was advised that the law could not grant it, unless both parties consented; and Charles vehemently refused. But what the law denied, Nature gave. A thousand airy nothings of speech and conduct, each innocent apart, all maddening together, had worked on the husband's weak brain until they produced an unsettlement of intellect, which a few days of wifely tenderness might have prevented. The world only said that Eveline was right in consenting that her husband should be placed in restraint-poor, young, beautiful thing, married to such a terrible person! Charles was placed in proper hands. The blow was struck beneath the applaudings of Eveline's wide circle of admiring acquaintances. She took refuge samong her crowd of simporing sympathisers, and was received with all honour and pity, like some martyred saint. There were some, however, who made her feel the just meed of her bad, selfish career, and would not notice her.

After a time Charles gradually grew better, and he and his mother wandered away to Brussels; but there his "eccentricities of temper" became more and more violent; so that at last even his mother was forced to arm herself with legal power to protect him from himself. For at length he became mad—mad for life; mad with a lingering madness, that left no hope and that gave no rest; wan, wild, raving—haunted ever by a false fair face, that glided from his clasping hands, and denied his fevered lips.

Eveline's pensive air, and eyes veiled beneath their drooping lids (which she knew to be extremely effective in society), gained more sympathy than the madman's ravings and the madman's sorrows. People only shook their heads, and said, "What that young creature must have suffered in her married life!—and how heroically she concealed it from the world!" and "Let us be kind to the pretty little woman, for her lot has been a sad one, and her anguish meekly borne!"

A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER.

MOAN, oh ye Autumn Winds! Summer has fled,

The flowers have closed their tender leaves and die;
The Lily's gracious head
Aff low must lie,

Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Grieve, oh ye Autumn Winds!

The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed;
For she that loved her so,
Alas, is dead;

And one by one her loving children go.

Wall, oh ya Authem Winds!
She lives no more,

The gentle Summer, with her balmy breath, Still eweeter than before

When nearer death,

And brighter every day the smile she wore?

Mourn, mourn, oh Autumn Winds, Lament and mourn;

How many half blown buds must close and die; Hopes with the Summer born All faded lie.

And leave us desolate and Earth forlorn !

MORE PLACES WANTED.

AS LADY'S-MAID, a young person who has lived in the first families, and can have four years' good character. Fully understands dressmaking, hair-dressing, and getting up fine linen. Address Miss T., Bunty's Library, Crest Terrace, Pimlico.

Miss Fanny Tarlatan, the young lady in quest of a situation, does not reside at Bunty's library. Mr. Bunty and Mr. Bunty's wife are only friends of hers. Mr. Bunty is tall and stout, with a white neckcloth, and is very like a clergyman, with a dash of the schoolmaster and a smack of the butler. Mrs. Bunty is an acrid lady in ribbons, with a perpetual smile for lady customers; which would be a little more agreeable if it did not twist her neck, and screw her mouth up, and tortuate her body over the counter. At Bunty's library are three-volume novels bound in dashing cloth; and Bunty's library is carpeted; and in the centre thereof is a great round table groaning beneath the weight of ladies' albums, and works of genteel piety, and treatises written with a view to induce a state of contentment among the rural popula-tion (hot-pressed and with gilt edges,) together with neatly stitched pamphlets upon genteelly religious and political subjects, and handsomely clasped church services, with great eed crosses on their backs and

No; Miss Tarlatan does not live at Bunty's; but she is an old colleague of Mrs. Bunty's (once Miss Thorneytwig, my Lady Crocus's waiting woman,) and calls her Matilda, and is by her called "Fanny, and a dear girl;" and therefore she gives Bunty's library as an address; it being considered more aristocratic than Tidlers' Gardens; where, in the house of Mrs. Silkey, that respectable milliner and dressmaker, Miss Tarlatan is at present

staying.
She can dress hair, make dresses, and perfectly understands getting up fine linen. The French coiffeur is still a great personage; but his services are now-a-days often supplied by the lady's-maid; and there are many fair and noble ladies who are not too superb to employ Miss Tarlatan, and go, resplendent from her skill, into the presence of their sovereign, or into the melodious vicinity of the singers of the Italian opera. Also to

wear ball and court dresses made, not by the pallid workwomen and "first hands" of the great millinery establishments of the Vest-End, but by the nimble fingers of Fanny Tarlatan. Also to confide to her sundry priceless treasures of Malines and Brussels, Honiton and old point, or "Beggar's lace," sprigged shawls and veils, and such marvels of fine things, to be by her got up. All of which proceedings are characterised by the great millinery establishments, by the fashionable blanchisseuses de fin, and by M. Anatole, coiffeur, of Regent Street, as atrocious, mean, stingy, avaricious, and unjustifiable on the part of miladi; but which, if they suit her to order and Miss Tarlatan to undertake, are in my mind, on the broad-gauge of free trade. perfectly reasonable and justifiable. Some ladies make a merit of their Tarlatanism, Some stating, with pride, that their maids "do everything for them;" others endeavour uneasily to defend their economy by reference to the hardness of the times, to their large families, to the failure of revenue from my lord's Irish estates, to the extravagance of such and such a son or heir, or to Sir John having lost enormously in railways or by electioneering. One lady I have heard of who palliated all domestic retrenchments on the ground of having to pay so much income-tax. Unhappy woman!

Hairdresser, dressmaker, getter-up of fine linen; skilled in cosmetics and perfumes; tasteful arranger of bouquets; dexterous cleaner of gloves (for my lady must have two pairs of clean gloves a-day and, bountiful as may be her pin-money, you will rarely find her spending one thousand and thirty times three shillings per annum in gloves); artful trimmer of bonnets; clever linguist; of great conversational powers in her own language; of untiring industry, cheerfulness, and good temper-all these is Fanny Tarlatan, aged twenty-eight. I have a great respect for Fanny Tarlatan, and for the lady's-maid, generically, and wish to vindicate her from the slur of being a gossiping, tawdry, intriguing, venal waiting-maid, as which she is generally represented in novels and plays, and

similar performances.

Fanny is not without personal charms. She has ringlets that her lady might envy, and the comely good-humoured look which eightand-twenty is often gilded with. She has been resolute enough to steel her heart against the advances of many a dashing courier, of many an accomplished valet, of many a staid and portly butler. She does not look for matrimony in the World of Service. Mr. Whatnext, at the Great Haberdashery Palace, Froppery House, head man there, indeed (though Mr. Biggs, my lord's gentleman, has sneeringly alluded to him as a "low counterjumper.), has spoken her fair. Jellytin, the a host of non-resident foreign artists and rising pastrycook at Gunter's, has openly professors gathered from almost every nation arowed his maddening passion, and showed under the sun. It is, therefore, but reasonavowed his maddening passion, and showed under the sun. It is, therefore, but reason-her his savings' bank book. But that did able that her grace the duchess should

not dazzle her; for she too has a little bit of money of her own." Her revenues chiefly lie, not in her wages-they are not too ample -but in her perquisites. Lawyers would starve (figuratively, of course, for 'tis. impossible for a lawyer to starve under any circumstances) on the bare six and eightpences -it is the extra costs that fatten. Percuisites are Fanny Tarlatan's costs. To her fall all my lady's cast-off clothes. Their amount and value depend upon my lady's constitutional liberality or parsimony. A dress may be worn once, a week, a month, or a year before it reverts to the lady's-maid. So with gloves, shoes, ribbons, and all the other weapons in the female armoury, of which I know no more than Saint Anthony did of the sex-or that Levantine monk Mr. Carzon made us acquainted with, who had never seen a woman. Old Lady McAthelyre, with whom Fanny lived before she went to the Countess of Courdesart's (Lady McA. was a terrible old lady, not unsuspected of a penchant for shoplifting and drinking eau de cologne grog), used to cut up all her old dresses for aprons, and the fingers off her gloves for mittens, and was the sort of old lady altogether who might reasonably be expected to skin a flea for the hide and tallow thereof. Mrs. Colonel Scraw, Fanny's mistress after Lady Cœurdesart, made her old clothes her own peculiar perquisites, and sold them herself. But such exceptions are rare, and Fanny has had, on the whole, no great reason to complain. Perhaps you will, thereforc, at some future time, meet with her under the name of Whatnext, or Jellytin, or Figgles, or Seakale, in a snug, well-to-do West-End business, grown into a portly matron (with ringlets yet; for they are vital to the lady's-maid through life), with two little girls tripping home from Miss Weazel's dancing academy. I hope so, with all my heart.

There is a custom common among the English nobility, and yet peculiar to that privileged class, to get the best of everything. Consequently, whenever they find foreign cooks and foreign musicians more skilful than native talent, it is matter of noble usance to refect upon foreign dishes; to prefer the performances of foreign minstrels and players; to cover the head, or hands, or feet, with coverings made by foreign hands; and, even in the ordinary conversation of life, to pepper its discourse with foreign words, as you would a sheep's kidney with cayenne. So my lord duke entertains in his great mansion a French cook, a Swiss confectioner, an Italian house steward, a French valet, German and French governesses, a German under-nurse or bonne (that his children may imbibe fragments of foreign language with their spap), besides Swiss, or German lady's-maid. I will take Mademoiselle Batiste, warranted from Paris,

When I say warranted from Paris, I mean what the word "warranted" is generally found to mean—not at all like what it professes to be. Mademoiselle Batiste says she alightest resemblance to the pert, sprightly, coquettish, tasteful, merry creation in a cunning cap, a dress closed to the neck, a plaited silk apron and shiny shoes, that a Parisian lady's-maid generally is. My private impression is that she is a native of some distressingly lugubrious provincial town in the midi of France-Aigues Mortes, perchance—whence she has been sent, for our sins, to England, to make us mournful. She and when she has made a peri of a peeress, grambling, doleant, miserable waiting woman. When she is old (she is in the thirties, now,) she will take souff and keepa poodle on some fifth floor in the Marais, I am sure. Whether she has been disappointed in love, or her relations were guillotined during the great revolution; whether she was born on the eve of St. Swithin, or like Apollodorus, she nourishes scorpions in her breast, I know not, but she Lysbrisée (very poor, very Legitimist, but is a very grievous woman—a female knight intensely fashionable); the famous Princess of the rueful countenance. If you fail to please her, she grumbles; if you remonstrate with her, she cries. What are you to do with a woman, whose clouds always end in rain, unless you have Patience for an umbrella? In person, Mademoiselle Batiste is tall; in compass wofully lean and attenuated; her face is of the hatchet cast, and she has protruding teeth, long dark eyebrows, stony eyes, and heavy eye-lashes. A sick Her figure is straight all the way down, on monkey is not a very enlivening sight; all sides. She wears a long pendent shawl, a a black man with chilblains and a fit of the dreary bonnet with trailing ribbons; and ague is not calculated to provoke cheerful carries, when abroad, a long, melancholy, ness, and there are spectacles more cheerful attenuated umbrella, like a parasol that had ness, and there are spectacles more cheerful than a workhouse funeral on a wet day; but all these are positively jocose and despair. Monus-like compared to Mademoiselle Batiste wailing over her lady's wardrobe, her own by wrongs, and her unhappy destiny generally.

The climate, the food, the lodging, the rainent, the tyranny of superiors, and the broad in French boots of lustreless kid, give her an unspeakably mournful, trailing appropriate the strength of the st insolence of inferiors: all these find a place in pearance. She seems to have fallen alto-the category of this melancholy lady's un-pearance. She seems to have fallen alto-gether into the "portion of weeds and happiness." She prophesies the decadence outgrown faces." Her voice is melancholy the category of this inclancholy lady's un-happiness. She prophesies the decadence of England with far more fervour than M. Ledru Rollin. She will impress herself to have this detestable land; without sun, without manners, without knowledge of living. Somehow she does not quit the detestable land. She is like (without disrespect) that animal of delusive promise, the conjurer's donkey, which is always going for to go, but seldom does really go, up the ladder. Mademoiselle Batiste weeps and moans, and of the duty on advertisements, I sincerely hope grumbles, and changes her situation in-numerable times, and packs up her "effects" cannot tarry to discuss all their several for the continent once a week or so; but stays qualifications. Although I can conscientionaly

have a foreign attendant—a Frenchie or in Eligland after all. When she has saved enou h money, she may perhaps revisit the land of the Gaul, and relate to her compatriots the affliction sore which long time she bore among ces barbares.

In reality, Mademoiselle Batiste is an excellent servant; she is not only and but erudite in all the cunning of her craft. is from Paris; but she does not bear the M. Anatole, of Regent Street, might take? lessons in hair-dressing from her. She far surpasses Miss Turlatan in dress-making; although she disdains to include that accomplishment in the curriculum of her duties. But her principal skill lies in putting on a dress, in imparting to her mistress when dressed an air, a grace, a tournure, which any but a French hand must ever despair of accomplishing. Yet she grumbles meanwhile; is a most dolorous Abigail; a lachrymose, sighs dolefully and maintains that an Englishwoman does not know how to wear a robe. This skill it is that makes her fretfulness and melancholial distemper borne with by rank and fashion. She has, besides, # pedigree of former engagements of such magnitude and grandeur, that rank and fashion are fain to bow to her caprices. The beauteous Duchesse de Faribole in Paris, and the Marquise de Cabbagioso at Florence, Countess Moskamu-jikoff at St. Petersburgh, the Duchess of Champignon, the Marchioness of Truffleton and Lady Frances Frongus in England-all these high-born ladies has she delighted with her skill, awed with her aristocratic antecedents, and grieved with her melancholia. Although so highly skilled in dress-making she pays but little regard to costume herself. outgrown itself, and was wasting away in These, with the long dull gold and tristfully surgant, like an Æolian harp; her delivery is reminiscent of the Dead March in Saul; -a few wailing, lingering notes, closed with a melancholy boom at the Adieu, Mademoiselle end of the strophe. Batiste.

There are plenty more lady's-maids whowant places; and, taking into consideration the increased facilities offered by the abolition

Colonel Stodger during the whole of the Sutlej campaign; who is not too proud to teach the cook how to make curries; is reported to have ridden (with her mistress) in man's saddle five hundred miles on camel's back in India, and to have done something considerable towards shooting a plundering native discovered in Mrs. Stodger's tent. Nor would I have you overlook the claims of Martha Stirpenny, who is a "young ladies'-maid," and is not above plain needlework; or of Miss Catchpole, the maid, nurse, companion, amanuensis, everything, for so many years to the late Miss Plough, of Monday Terrace, Bayswater, who ungratefully left all her vast wealth in Bank and India stock to the "Total Abstipence from Suttee Hindoo Widows' Society, offices Great St. Helens, secretary, G. F. L. B. Stoneybatter, Esq.; and bequeathed her faithful Catchpole, after twenty years service, only a silver teapot and a neatly-bound set of the Reverend Doctor Duffaboxe's sermons. All these domestics want places, and all letters to them must be post-paid.

AS COOK (professed) a Person who fully understands her business. Address L., Pattypan Place, Great Brazier Street.

There is something honest, outspoken, fear-Ties, in this brief advertisement. L. does not condescend to hint about the length and quality of her character, or the distinguished nature of the family she wishes to enter. "Here I am," she seems to say: "a professed cook. If you are the sort of person knowing what a professed cook is, and how to use her, try me. Good cooks are not so plentiful that they need shout for custom. Good wine needs no bush. I stand upon my cooking, and if you suit me as I suit you, nought but a spoilt dinner chall part us two." L., whom we will incarnate for the nonce as Mrs. Lambswool, widow, is fat and forty, but not fair. The fires of immumerable kitchen ranges have swarthed her ruddy countenance to an almost salamandrine hue. And she is a salamander in temper too, is Mrs. Lambswool, for all her innocent name. Lambswool, deceased (formerly clerk of the kitchen to the Dawdle club), knew it to his cost, poor man; and for many a kept back dinner and unpraised made dish did he suffer in his time.

If Fate could bring together (and how seldom Fate does bring together things and persons suited for one another), Mrs. Lambswool and Sir Chyle Turrener, how excellently they would agree. Sir Chyle-who dwells ments her formally on this or that culinary in Bangmarry Crescent, Hordover Square, and whose house as you pass it smells all Aitchbone, of the Beefsteak club, Common day like a cook-shop—made his handsome Councillor Podge, Sergeant Buffalo, of the competence in the war time by contracts for Southdown circuit, and old Sir Thomas mess beef as execrable, and mess-bisouit as Marrowfat,

known), the lady's-maid of middle age, and diand, spoilt their digestion and their domesticated habits, who was with Mrs. teeth with. He is in these controls to their digestion and their digestion are digestion and their digestion and their digestion and their digestion and their digestion are digestion and their digestion and their digestion are digestion and their digestion are digestion and digestion are digestion and digestion are digestion. peace, renowned as the most accomplished epicure in the dining world. He does not dine often at his club, the Gigot (though that establishment boasts of great gastronomic fame, and entertains a head man cook at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year): he accuses M. Relevay, the chef in question, of paying more attention to the greasing and adornment of his hair, and the writing out of his bills of fare in ornamental penmanship, than to the culinary wants of the members; he will not have a man cook himself: "the fellows," he says, "are as conceited as peacocks and as extravagant as Cleopatra." Give him a woman cook-a professed cook, who knows her business, and does it; and the best of wages and the best of places are hers, at 35, Bangmarry Crescent.

> Let us figure him and Mrs. Lambswool together. Sir Chyle-a little apple-faced old gentleman with a white head, and as fiery in temper as his cook—looks on Mrs. Lambswool as, next to the dinners she cooks and the government annuity in which (with a sagacious view towards checking the prodigality of his nephew and expectant heir) he has sunk his savings, the most important element in his existence. He places her in importance and consideration far beyond the meek elderly female attached to his household in the capacity of wife-used by him chiefly in forming a hand at whist and in helping soup (catch Sir Chyle trusting her with fish) and by him abused at every convenient opportunity. He absolutely forbids any interference on her part with the culinary economy and discipline. "Blow up the maids as much as you like, Ma'am," he considerately says, "but don't meddle with my cook." Mrs. L. crows over her mistress accordingly, and if she were to tell her that pea soup, was best made with bilberries, the poor lady would I dare say, take the dictum for granted. Sir Chyle Turrener is exceedingly liberal in all matters of his own housekeeping-although he once wrote a letter to the Times virulently denouncing soup kitchens. When a dinner of a superlative nature has issued from his. kitchen, he not unfrequently, in the warmth, of his admiration, presents, Mrs. Lambswool with gratuities in money; candidly admitting that he gives them now, because he does not intend to leave his cook a penny when he dies, seeing that she can dress no more dinners for him after his decease. On grand occasions she is summoned to the dining room, at the conclusion of the repast, and he complitriumph. He lauds her to his friends Tom who was a pronothotary to

something, somewhere, some time under a hundred years ago, and can nose a dinner in the lobby (the poor old fellow can hardly hold his knife and fork for palsy, and the napkin tucked under his wagging old chin looks like a grave-cloth) with as much facility as Hamlet stated the remains of King Claudius's chamberlain might have been discovered. It is a strong point in the Turrener and Lambswool creed and practice to hold all cookery-books —for any practical purpose beyond casual reference—in great inflifference, not to say contempt. Sir Chyle has Glasse and Kitchener, Austin and Ude, Francatelli and Soyer, beside the Almanack des Gourmands, and the Cuisinier Royal in his library, gorgeously bound. He glances at them occasionally, as Bentley might have done at a dictionary or a lexicon; but he does not tic himself nor does he bind his cook to blind autherence to their rules. True cookery, in his opinion, should rest mainly on tradition, on experience, and, pre-eminently, in the inborn genius of the cook. Mrs. Lambswool holds the same opinion, although she may express it in different language. She may never have heard of the axiom: "One becomes a cook, but one is born a roaster;" but she will tell you in her own homely language that "roasting and biling comes nateral, and some is good at it, and some isn't." Her master has told her the story of Vatel and his fish martyrdom, but she holds his suicide to have been rank cowardice. "If there wasn't no fish," she remarks, "and it wasn't his fault, why couldn't he have served up something neat in the made-dish way, with a bit of a speech about being drove up into a corner?" But she hints darkly as to what But she hints darkly as to what she would have done to the fishmonger. Transfixure on a spit would have been too good for him, a wretch.

Through long years of choice feeding might this pair roll on, till the great epicure, Death, pounces on Sir Chyle Turrener to garnish his sideboard. If dainty pasture can improve meat, he will be a succulent morsel. He has fed on many things animate and inanimate: Nature will return the compliment then. For all here below is vanity, and even good dinners and professed cooks cannot last for ever. The fishes have had their share of Lucullus, and Apicius has helped to grow mustard and cress these thousand years. So might the knight and the cook roll on, I say; but a hundred to one if they ever come in contact. The world is very wide; and, although the heiress with twenty thousand pounds, who has fallen in love with us, lives over the way, we marry the househaid, and our heads grow grey, and we die and never reck of the heiress. Sir Chyle Turrener may, at this moment, be groaning in exasperation at an unskilful cook, who puts too much pepper in his soup and boils his fish to flakes; and Mrs. Lambs-

country Squire with no more palate than a bla-constrictor, who delights in nothing half so much as a half raw beefsteak or a pie with a crust as thick as the walls of the model prison, and calls made dishes "kickshaws."

"As Good Cook in a private family," &c., &c., -the usual formula, with a hint as to irreproachable character, and a published want of objection to the country. The Good Cook does not pretend to the higher mysteries of the 'professed.' I doubt if she knows what a bain-mani pan is, or what Mayonnaises, Salmis, Sautés, Fricandeaux, Gratins or Souffles are. Her French is not even of the school of 'Stratford-atte-Bow,' and she does not understand what a met is. Her stock made dishes are veal cutlets, harico mutton, stewed eels and Irish stew. She makes all these well; and very good things they are in their way. She is capital at a hand of pork and pea soup ; at pigeon pies ; at roasting, boiling, frying, stewing, and baking. She is great at pies and puddings, and has a non-transcribed receipt for plum pudding, which she would not part with for a year's wages. She can cook as succulent, wholesome, cleanly a dinner as any Christian man need wish to sit down to; but she is not an artist. Her dinners are not in the "first style." She may do for Bloomsbury, but not for Belgravia.

HOUSEMAID (where a footman is kept), a respectable young woman, with three years' good character. Address L. B., Gamms Court, Lamb's Conduit Street.

Letitia Brownjohn, who wishes to be a housemaid, who has three years' good character (by her pronounced "krakter") is two-and-twenty years of age. Her father is a smith, or a pianoforte maker, or a leatherdresser, stifling with a large family in Gamms Court. Her mother has been out at service in her time, and Letitia is in the transition state now-in the chrysalis formation of domestic drudgery; which she hopes to exchange some day for the full-blown butterflyhood of a home, a husband, a family, and domestic drudgery of her own. Ah, Letitia, for all that you are worretted now by captious mistresses, the time may come when, in some stifling Gamms Court of your own, sweltering over a washtub, with a drunken husband and a brood of ragged children, you may sigh for your quiet kitchen, the cat, the ticking clock, the workbox in the area window, and your cousin (in the Guards) softly whispering and whistling outside the area railings.

love with us, lives over the way, we marry the housemaid, and our heads grow grey, and we die and never reck of the heiress. Sir Chyle Turrener may, at this moment, be groaning in exasperation at an unskilful cook, who puts too much pepper in his soup and boils his fish to flakes; and Mrs. Lambswool's next place may be with a north mines; nor at any one of those maughty

colleges in Ireland which the Pope is so angry with; nor even at any one of the colleges recently instituted in this country for ladies only," as the railway carriages have it—yet in an university. Letitis, as most of the university educated do, went in the first instance to a public school; that founded by Lady Honoria Woggs (wife of King William the Third's Archbishop Woggs), where intellectual training was an object of less solicitude by the committee of management than the attainment of a strong nasal style of vocal elecution, as applied to the sacred lyrics of Messrs. Sternhold and Hopkins, and the wearing a peculiarly hideous costume, accurately copied and followed from the painted wooden statuette of one of Lady Woggs's girls, in Lady Woggs's own time, placed in a niche over the porch of the dingy brick building containing Lady Woggs's school, and flanked in another niche by another statuette of a young gentleman in a mustin cap and leathers, representing one of Lady Woggs's boys.

From this establishment our Letitia pas ed, being some nine or ten years of age, to the university; and there she matriculated, and there she graduated. Do you know that there she graduated. Do you know that university to which three-fourths - nay, nineteen-twentieths—of our London-bred children "go up?" Its halls and colleges are the pavement and the gutter; its lecturetheatre the doorstep and the post at the corner; its schools of philosophy are the chancellor; its proctor and bull-dogs are the police-sergeant and his men; its public oracryers; its lecturers are scolding women. The weekly wages of its occupants form its university chest. Commemoration takes place every Saturday night, with grand musical performances from the harp, guitar, and violin, opposite the Λ dmiral Keppell. The graduates are mechanics and small tradesmen and their wives. The undergraduates are Letitias and Tommies. The university is the street.

Right in its centre stands the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. And all day long children come and pluck the fruit and eat it; and some choose ripe and wholesome truit, the pleasant savour of which shall not depart out of their mouths readily; but some choose bad and rotten apples, which they fall upon and devour gluttonously, so that the fruit disagrees with them very much indeed, and causes them to break all out in such cruptions of vicious humours, as their and as wretchedly underpaid. She must be very children's children's blood shall be empoisoned with years hence. And some, being young and foolish and ignorant, take and eat indiscriminately of the good and of the bad fruit, and are sick and sorry or healthful and glad alternately; but might fare badly and be the course of the day; she is the slave of the lost in the long run did not Wisdom and ringing both of the door bell and the lodgers' Love (come from making of rainbows and tuntinnabula. She must be little more than an

quelling of storms, perhaps a million miles away, to consider the sparrows and take stock of the flies in the back street university) appear betimes among these young undergraduates gathered round the tree, and teach their hearts how to direct their hands to pluck good sustenance from that tree. I never go down a back street and look on the multitude of children (I don't mean ragged, Bedouig children, but decently attired young people, of poor but honest parents, living hard by, who have no better playing-ground for them), and hear them singing their street songs, and see them playing street games, and making street. friendships, and caballing on doorsteps or conspiring by posts, or newsmongering on kerbstones, or trotting along with jugs and halfpence for the beer, or listening open-mouthed to the street orators and musicians, or watching Punch and the acrobats, or forming a rime at a street fight, or gathered round a drunken man, or running to a fire, or running from a bull, or pressing round about an accident, bonnetless and capless, but evidently native to this place--without these thoughts of the university and the tree coming into my head. You who may have been expensively educated and cared for, and have had a gymnasium for exercise, covered playing courts, class-rooms, cricket-fields, ushers to attend you in the hours of recreation; who have gone from school and college into the world, well recommended and with a golden passport, should think more, and considerately too, of what a chandler's shop, the cobbler's stall, and the hazardous, critical, dangerous nature this public-house; of which the landlord is the street culture is. With what small booklearning these poor young undergraduates get, or that their parents can afford to profors, the ballad-singers and last-dying-speech vide them with, is mixed simultaneously the strangest course of tuition in the ethics of the pawnbroker's shop, the philosophy of the public-house, the rhetoric of drunken men and shrewish wonfen, the logic of bad associations, and bad examples, and bad language.

Our Letitia graduated in due course of girlhood, becoming a mistress of such household arts as a London-bred girl can hope to acquire at the age of fourteen or fifteen, Well, you know what sort of a creature the lodging-house maid of all work is, and what sort of a life she leads. You have seen her; her pattens and dishevelled cap, her black stockings and battered tin candlestick. haye all known Letitia Brownjohns-oft-times comely, neat-handed Phillises enough-ofttimes desperately slatternly and antider - in almost every case wofully over-worked up early and late. With the exception of the short intermission of sleep doled forth to her, her work is ceaseless. She ascends and descends every step of every flight of stairs in the house hundreds of times in

the box, to be produced by a double rap. She is cook, housemaid, lady's-maid, scullery maid, housekeeper, all in one; and for what? For some hundred and fifty shillings every year, and some—few and far between—coppers and sixpences, doled out to her in gratuities by the lodgers in consideration of her Briarean handiwork. Her holidays are very, very few. Almost her only intercourse with the outer world takes place when she runs to the publichouse at the corner for the dinner or supper beer, or to a neighbouring fishmonger for oysters. A rigid supervision is kept over her conduct. She is expected to have neither friends, acquaintances, relations, nor sweet-hearts. "No followers," is the Median and Persian law continually paraded before her; a law unchangeable, and broken only under he most hideous penalties. When you and 1 grumble at our lot, repine at some petty reverse, fret and fume over the curtailment of some indulgence, the deprivation of some luxury, we little know what infinite gradations of privation and suffering exist; and what admirable and exemplary contentment and cheerfulness are often to be found among kind with its form and habits. Should those whose standing is on the lowest rounds of the ladder.

But Letitia is emancipated from the maidof-all-work thraldom now, and aspires to be a "Housemaid where a footman is kept," yet not without considerable difficulty, and after years of arduous apprenticeship and servitude. With the maid-of-all-work, as she begins, so 'tis ten to one that as such she ends. I have known grey-headed maids-of-allwork; and of such-with a sprinkling of insolvent laundresses and widows who have had their mangles seized for rent - is recruited, and indeed, organised, the numerous and influential class of "charwomen" who work household work for eighteenpence a day

and a glass of spirits.

But Letitia Brownjohn has been more fortunate. Some lady lodger, perchance in some house in which she has been a servitor, has taken a fancy to her; and such lodger, taking in due course of human eventuality a house for herself, has taken Letitia to be her own private housemaid. And she has lived with City families, and tradesmen's families, and in boarding-schools, and she has grown from the untidy "gal" in the black stockings and the mob cap to be a natty young person in a smart cap and ribbons, aspiring to a situation where a footman is kept. That she may speedily obtain such an appointment; that the footman may be worthy of his companion in service; that they may please each other (in due course of time), even to the extent of the asking of banns and the solemnisation of a certain service, I very cheerfully and sincerely wish.

animated appendage to the knocker—a jack in | may tell you jocund tales of stalwart footmen, and portly butlers, and valets-de chambre, to whom their masters were no heroes.

A BRAZZLIAN IN BLOOMSBURY.

While we write—it may not be so when this is read—many of the naturalists of London are getting up and going to bed, talking by day, for want of better matter, of the weather and the Turkish "difficulty," and sleeping of nights, perfectly unconscious of a mine of excitement that may at any hour be sprung in the midst of them—of the fact, in short, that there is an Ant-bear in the town. Should it live and get its rights, we shall have Ant-bear Quadrilles, Ant-bear Butterdishes, Ant-bear Paper-weights, Ant-bear pictures of all sorts, and perhaps a dash of Antbear in the Christmas Pantomimes. For the Ant-bear, or Great Anteater, is a zoological wonder; a thing never before seen in Europe; an animal more eccentric and surprising than the Hippopotamus, and for whose appearance among us we are less prepared by any widely spread acquaintance of a general the Ant bear lodging now in a poor house at number seventeen, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, find its way, as we believe it will, to the more fashionable precincts of Regent's Park, and should it live through the next London season, no war of Turk or Russian -should there then be any-will stand against it.

We may state generally that the Great Anteater is at home in certain parts of South America; that it is found there only, and that it lives on insects-chiefly on ants; that it is (though very different in form) as large as a small bear; that it has a copious coat of coarse hair, a pair of immensely powerful forelegs with which to tear open the hard nests of the white ant, a nose half as long as its body, with a small mouth at the end to be thrust into the nest, and a long tongue like the tongue of a serpent, that can be darted out surprisingly, more than a hundred times in a minute. The long nose in front of the Antbear is more than balanced by the huge tail behind-a very complete brush and a very complete hair-roofing when its owner thinks proper to be snug. In lying down he tucks the long nose under one arm, like an umbrella, and then turns the tail over his body, every part of which it covers so completely, that the animal asleep looks like a grey mat, or a heap of hair; and not in the least like any living thing. All the ants in the world might wage a useless war against their enemy, once coiled under the shelter of that tail. It is to the Ant-bear as his vine and fig-tree under which he is accustomed to repose.

The name "Anteater" suggests a good For the present, my catalogue of "Want many vague notions. When we first heard Places" is at an end. By and by, possibly I of the Anteater, there were recalled to

our minds several varieties of the animal :the African Anteater, the Aardvark, found round about the Cape colony; the scaly Anteaters or Pangolins, of which there is one species found in Senegal and Guinea, and two others in the Deccan, Bengal, Nepaul, Southern China, and Formosa. Furthermore, we were reminded of the Australian or Porcupine Anteater, called a Hedgehog by the colonists of Sydney. In America two kinds of Anteater exist, the Great and the Little, differing not only in size but also in form and structure. These two kinds of Anteater belong exclusively to Central and South America. The animal we found in Bloomsbury was the Great Anteater from Brazil; or, to give him his full scientific honours, the been made to bring a specimen alive to Europe, Being now five months old, he stands about but it has never yet been able to survive the as high as a Newfoundland dog. As there sea passage. The Ant-bear now in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, is therefore the first that has been seen alive in Europe. It has been brought over by some poor Germans, who had found their way so far from Vaterland as the interior of Brazil, four hundred miles from Rio Janeiro. In Brazil the Aut-bear is at home, and is occasionally reared in houses as a domestic pet. The idea of carrying home with them some specimens to Europe an example not of defect, but of perfection in as a speculation having been broached among the adaptation of means to an end-from these Germans, one party determined upon carrying if possible two young Ant-bears to Paris, and another party undertook to convey journal, had occasion to remark, that the two to London. They were brought away feeding of one animal upon another is not in from home in the first month of infancy. The two destined for Paris both died on the way. Of the two destined for London, one died on fered to make the life of any creature painthe way to Rio Janeiro, and was there stuffed ful, there can be no doubt that every brute very badly. The other has survived the long sea-passage, though he has grown very lean side of happiness enjoyed. All healthy animal

The poor proprietors appear to have arrived in town with no higher ambition than the establishment of an obscure show. With little cash and less English they engaged a lodging for themselves and their infant, then five months old, at a house in that perverted and degenerate thoroughfare, Broad Street, Bloomsbury. There they put a bill into the window of a small shop—their show-room-inviting the public to come in and see that very wonderful animal, never before brought to Europe, the ANTITA (so they spelt Anteater in their largest letters) from Brazil. The charge for admission was established at sixpence with the usual tenderness in the allowance of half-price to children. At this hour, it is only here and there a stray member of the London public who has heard of the existence of this animal among us. It was by one of those few early discoverers that, we were ourselves directed to its dwelling-place.

On opening the shop door we found our-

a sight of the inner mystery by a check curtain. Passing that we came into the shon, which was divided by a little wooden barrier into a small space for spectators, and a small space for the proprietors of the animal and for the animal himself, whose den was a deal box standing on its side, with a small lair of straw inside, and the stuffed Anteater on the top of it. On the straw was a rough grey hair mat, of a circular form, or a heap of hair, which presently unrolled itself into the form of a magnificent tail, from under which the long nose of the living Ant-bear was aimed at us like a musket. Then the whole curiosity came out to eat an egg, which it heard cracked against the wall. In accordance with the fate com-Myrmecophaga jubata. Many attempts have mon to exiles, this Ant-bear is very thin. were no other visitors present we had an opportunity of becoming pretty sociable with him and with his owners, and could feel his long nose and his shaggy coat with the same hand that had been called upon to feel the small heads of the Aztecs. Here, however, was a fit object upon which to spend our wonder-not a deformed fellow-being, but a work of creation hitherto unseen among us, mouth to tail an Anteater.

We have already, in some pages of this principle a savage or a cruel thing, but the direct reverse. Except where man has interexistence ends with a large balance on the over it and has while we now write been life—except perhaps in the least organised a week in London. ness—is pleasure, and to multiply creatures is to multiply the sum of happiness enjoyed upon this globe of ours; therefore the earth is full of animated beings. The vegetable world feeds myriads of individuals, and there is scarcely an herb that does not feed at least one class of animals; a race expressly created to enjoy it; born to eat nothing else. But if all animals ate fruits there would be a limit set to the multiplication of kinds, and to the aggregate increase of numbers that is now far overpassed. Upon one animal another lives, another upon that; so there is no waste in the great system of creation, and ten happy beings live in vigour where, had all. animals been vegetable feeders, there would have been but five, and at least two of those enduring the distresses of a slow decay. Man is subject to diseases that arise almost entirely from his social errors yet they tend to develop all his higher faculties-they give play to his sympathies and affections, elevate him as a moral being; at the same time selves, in proper showman fashion, shut from they serve as admonitions to his intellect,

they have. Sickness has not for them its Bloomsbury, though but an infant, eats fifty uses, instinct commonly teaches them to in a day, with a little milk, and meat chopped avoid causes of disease, and those which finely or in soup.

It needs not only food but air. It would but as common dust.

There is some reason to doubt whether the and languid, as most exotic animals become when they are brought among us. Mrs. Meredith, in her account of her Home in Tasmania, gave us the other day quite startding accounts of the briskness of a tame opossum under its own skies, in opposition to the common statement made here, even by some naturalists, that they are sluggish animals. The Ant-bear that crawled lazily out of its box under the shadow of St. Giles's steeple, would at this time have been fishing and which is made to dive into the innermost,

At home, when which is by them led to trace bad effects of the forests of Brazil. to their causes in conditions of existence rendered fierce by hunger, it will make a that require amendment; as for example we bound of ten feet to spring on the back of are taught by cholera that we must not so a horse, tear open the horse's shoulder with misuse our power of free action as to pen one another up in filthy heaps, neglecting to use the fresh air, the pure light and the clear very fazily out of its box at the crackling of water that lie ready to our mouths and eyes and hands. Brutes, however, are created not the yolk out of an egg with its long tongue. for progressive development, but for the It does that very cleverly. Like most of simple enjoyment of the life and power that the tame Aut-bears in Brazil, this one in

them die suddenly a quick and easy death, do best, said the German, if it had some them die suddenly a quick and casy death, do best, said the German, if it had some after a life that has been wholly free from aches and pains, and all the toils that old age and debility bring with them. They go to thoroughfare the show entertained a notion make fresh life and vigour, and there is in the this way a great wealth of strong and happy life established in the world, and a great deal stranger. The peril, however, is not very of fatigue and saffering kept out of it. A likely to be of long duration. Such a prize further use of this method of maintaining as an Ant-bear could not hide itself a day in one set of animals on the waste of another, is longer the great world in Regent's Park. He to increase very much the variety of form retary of the gardens in Regent's Park. He and structure which give to our universe so was already in treaty with the Germans, and much beauty and interest, and to the thinking had offered them, if they went with their man so many clues by which he may lead his animal to the Zoological Garden, the weekly thoughts upward and increase his own small payment of quite a royal pension during its stock of wisdom by the study of a wisdom that life. They were to have every week certainly is infinite and perfect. While the varieties as much as they could make of profit out of of form are increased there is a due check put their show during six months in Broad on the undue reproduction of any single Street. They had refused that offer, and species.—We might follow these reflections desired to sell their treasure outright at a out a great deal farther, but we have said price that was but ten weeks' purchase of enough for our purpose, which was to suggest the pension offered, with a condition that the reflection that a large animal created they would return one-third of the money if with direct and obvious reference to his the Ant-bear died within ten weeks. This assigned business of destroying ant's nests, suggestion proves that the owners themselves and subsisting upon their inhabitants, illusconsider the Ant-bear's life a very bad one to trates a great principle in the government of ensure themselves a salary upon. So the the world that springs wholly from benefi- negociation stands at present, that is to say cence, and can be thought strange only because it is unfamiliar and striking. Equally the well-be settled. The strange animal may or even more surprising would be the net have become famous among us, and be spread by the spider, if one, with the animal in a fair way to get through the winter at work upon it, could be exhibited to a under able watching and with the best people among whom spiders never have been artificial aid, or it may be still pining in seen. Yet we sweep such things down from an obscure show-room, or it may be dead the corners of our houses and regard them and stuffed and framed and glazed, or dead and dissected.

If dead and stuffed, let no man put faith in Ant-bear in Bloomsbury will live through an its appearance. We have seen no English English winter. It is now healthy, but thin picture of the Ant-bear at all equal to the truth, and if we may take as a sample the stuffed specimen brought from Rio Janeiro with this living animal, the stuffer fails yet more completely than the painter. The long, smooth, hard nose, like a stiff, straight, hairy proboscis, only by no means a proboscis, for it has no mouth under it but carries a little; toothless mouth at the end of itself, and a, pair of small, keen eyes at its root; that wonderful long head which we call nose, leaping with fierce vigour if left to the shelter recesses of the ant's nest, and which is

as striking a characteristic of the beast as the stork's bill is of the bird, that essential feature shrivels and wrinkles and grows limp under the stuffer's hand, and conveys no notion of the original clear and even elegant entline of the Ant-bear's head, and of the firmness of its bone and bristle. Then the forelegs and the tremendous claws are marred inevitably. The forelegs even in the young living specimen of which we speak are models of animal strength that would delight the eye of any artist. There is a size of bone, a manifest firmness and tension of muscle in them, that recal to the mind many an old ideal sculpture. They end in huge claws retracted inwards, as we should say of fingers bent towards the palm, and the animal, walking in a strange way, treads upon them so; he does not spread the foreclaws out, but walks, as it were, upon his knuckles. In the stuffed specimen the claws are spread out carefully as they are never to be seen in nature. The outer crust of Hamilton, Lord Holland, and Lord Charles and hills have a first like her was afternoon of the containing the carefully as they are from prison, and having beheaded the Duke never to be seen in nature. of the ant-hills becomes often hard assione, and the use of those massive claws and of the huge power in those forelegs is to enable the Ant-bear to rend them asunder, as the oak was rent by Milo. The hind legs of the Ant-tear although strong are altogether weaker, and they end in fect like luman members who had opposed the King's death, feet, which are of great use in supporting and made up its numbers to about a hundred him while he is at work with his fore- and fifty. In the stuffed specimen again the marvellous tail is turned in the wrong direction. In the living creature it resembles nothing so much in form as a peacock's tail, with the sweep reversed. A peacock's tail without the gaiety, made of grey hairs instead of gaudy feathers.

We remained for some time with the young of it had come. He saw the Ant-bear eat an egg and scratch itself, then went away. It scratches and pulls its hair about with its hard fore-claws precisely as it would if they were horny fugers, and turning its head round always when it does so to bring one bright eye to bear upon its work, its mouth is brought at the same time into the neighbourhood of its hind feet or of its tail. We heard man to deal with such difficulties as these, two little sons of St. Giles, asking outside whether that was where the show was and what was the charge for seeing it, but they demurred at threepence and retired. An object of attraction that in proper hands would draw half London was of no account in Bloomsbury. Few seemed to care for "the Antita." When that young Brazilian had in a leisurely way refreshed himself with eggs and milk, properly scratched himself with each of his four legs, and made inspection of our trousers, he determined to lie down. Not, however, until he had made his bed. When he had arranged the straw to his satisfaction, he lay down on one side, and holding out an arm for his long head, took it to his breast and cuddled it as though it were a baby that he had to bed enough to keep him holding on and off with

with him. Then he drew over all his long tail in the fashion of a counterpane, and remained thereunder as quiet as leath.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. CHAPTER XL.

Before sunset on the memorable day on which King Charles the First was executed, the House of Commons passed an act declaring it treason in any one to proclaim the Prince of Wales-or anybody else-King of England. Soon afterwards, it declared that the House of Lords was useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished, and directed that the late King's statue should be taken down from the Royal Exchange in the city and CAPEL, in Palace Yard (all of whom died very courageously), they then appointed a Council of State to govern the country. It consisted of forty-one members, of whom five were peers. Bradshaw was made president. The House of Commons also re-admitted

But, it still had an army of more than forty thousand men to deal with, and a very hard task it was to manage them. Before the King's execution, the army had appointed some of its officers to remonstrate between them and the Parliament; and now the common soldiers began to take that office upon themselves. The regiments under Brazilian, during which there arrived only one orders for Ireland mutinied; one troop of visitor, a gentleman to whose ears the report horse in the city of London seized their of it had come. He saw the Ant-bear eat an own flag, and refused to obey orders. For this, the ringleader was shot: which did not mend the matter, for, both his comrades and the people made a public funeral for him, and accompanied the body to the grave with sound of trumpets and with a gloomy procession of persons carrying bundles of rose-mary steeped in blood. Oliver was the only and he soon cut them short by bursting at midnight into the town of Burford, near Salisbury, where the mutineers were sheltered, taking four hundred of them prisoners. and shooting a number of them by sentence of court-martial. The soldiers soon found, as all men did, that Oliver was not a man to be trifled with. And there was an end of the mutiny.

The Scottish Parliament did not know Oliver yet; so, on hearing of the King's execution, it proclaimed the Prince of Wales King Charles the Second, on condition of his respecting the Solemn League and Covenant. Charles was abroad at that time, and so was Montrose, from whose help he had hopes

commissioners from Scotland, just as his father might have done. These hopes, however, were soon at an end, for, Montrose, having raised a few hundred exiles in Germany, and landed with them in Scotland. found that the people there, instead of joining him, deserted the country at his approach. He was soon taken prisoner and carried to Edinburgh. There he was received with every possible insult, and carried to prison in a cart, his officers going two and two before him. He was sentenced by the Parliament to be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, to have his head set on a spike in Edinburgh, and his limbs distributed in other places, according to the old barbarous manner. He said he had always acted under the Royal orders, and only wished he had limbs enough to be distributed through Christendom, that it ht be the more widely known how loyal he had been. He went to the scaffold in a pright and brilliant dress, and made a bold end at thirty-eight years of age. The breath was scarcely out of his body when Charles abandoned his memory, and denied that he had ever given him orders to rise in his behalf ! Oh, the family failing was strong in that Charles then !

Oliver had been appointed by the Parliament to command the army in Ircland, where he took a terrible vengeance for the sanguinary rebellion, and made tremendous havor, particularly in the siege of Drogheda, where no quarter was given, and where he found at least a thousand of the inhabitants shut up together in the great church: every one of whom was killed by his soldiers, usually known as OLIVER'S IRONSIDES. There were numbers of triars and priests among them, and Oliver gruffly wrote home in his despatch that these were "knocked

on the head" like the rest.

But, Charles having got over to Scotland. where the men of the Solemn League and Covenant led him a prodigiously dull life, and made him very weary with long sermons and grim Sundays, the Parliament called the redoubtable Oliver home to knock the Scottish men on the head for setting up that Prince. Oliver left his son-in-law, Ireton, as general in Ireland in his stead (he died there afterwards), and he imitated the example othis father-in-law with such goodwill that he brought the country to subjection, and laid it at the feet of the Parliament. In the end, they passed an act for the settlement of Ireland, generally pardoning all the common people, but exempting from this grace such of the wealthier sort as had been concerned in the rebellion, or in any killing of Protestants, or who refused to lay down their arms. Great numbers of Irish were got out of the country to serve under Catholic powers abroad, and a quantity of land was

war. These were sweeping measures; but, if Oliver Cromwell had had his own way fully, and had stryed in Ireland, he would have done more yet.

However, as I have said, the Parliament wanted Oliver for Scotland; so, home Oliver came, and was made Commander of all the Forces of the Commonwealth of England, and in three days away he went with sixteen thousand soldiers to fight the Scottish men. Now, the Scottish men, being then—as you will generally find them now—mighty cautious, reflected that the troops they had were not used to war like the Ironsides, and would be beaten in an open fight. Therefore they said, "If we lie quiet in our trenches in Edinburgh here, and if all the farmers come into the town and desert the country, the Ironsides will be driven out by iron hunger and be forced to go away." This was, no doubt, the wisest plan; but as the Scottish clergy would interfere with what they knew nothing about, and would perpetually preach long sermons, exhorting the soldiers to come out and fight, the soldiers got it in their heads that they absolutely must come out and fight. Accordingly, in an evil hour for themselves, they came out of their safe position Oliver fell upon them instantly, and killed three thousand, and took ten thousand prisoners.

To gratify the Scottish Parliament, and preserve their favour, Charles had signed a declaration they laid before him, reproaching the memory of his father and mother, and representing himself as a most religious Prince, to whom the Solemn League and Covenant was as dear as life. He meant no sort of truth in this, and soon afterwards galloped away on horseback to join some tiresome Highland friends, who were always flourishing dirks and broadswords. He was overtaken and induced to return; but this attempt, which was called "The start," did him just so much service that they did not preach quite such long sermons at him after-

wards as they had done before.

On the first of January, one thousand six hundred and fifty-one, the Scottish people crowned him at Scone. He immediately took the chief command of an army of twenty thousand men, and marched to Stirling. His hopes were heightened, I dare say, by the redoubtable Oliver being ill of an agne; but Oliver scrambled out of bed in no time, and went to work with such energy that he got behind the Royalist army and cut it off from all communication with Scotland. There was nothing for it then, but to go on to England; so it went on as far as Worcester, where the mayor and some of the gentry proclaimed King Charles the Second straightway. His proclamation, however, was of little use to him, for very few Royalists appeared, and on him, the way of the results were published. declared to have been forfeited by past the very same day two people were publicly offences, and was given to people who had beheaded on Tower Hill for espousing his lent money to the Parliament early in the cause. Up came Oliver to Worcester too,

at double quick speed, and he and his Ironsides so laid about them in the great battle which was fought there, that they completely beat the Scottish men, and destroyed the Royalist army, though the Scottish men fought so gallantly that it took five hours to do.

The escape of Charles after this battle of Worcester did him good service long afterwards, for it induced many of the generous English people to take a romantic interest in him, and to think much better of him than he ever deserved. He fled in the night with not more than sixty followers to the house of a Catholic lady in Staffordshire. There, for his greater safety, the whole sixty left him. He cropped his hair, stained his face and hands brown as if they were sunburnt, put on the clothes of a labouring countryman, and went out in the morning with his axe in down on her knees before him in the wood, and thanked God that her sons were enday, up in the shady branches of a fine old oak. It was lucky for the King that it was September-time, and that the leaves had not begun to fall, as he and the Colonel, perched days. hear the crash in the wood as they went about; beating the boughs.

After this, he walked and walked until his feet were all blistered, and, having been concealed all one day in a house which was searched by the troopers while he was there, went with LORD WILMOT, another of his good friends, to a place called Bentley, where one Miss Lane, a Protestant lady, had obtained a pass to be allowed to ride through the guards to see a relation of hers near Bristol. Disguised as a servant, he rode on the saddle before this young lady to the house of Sir live to be a lord and to see his wife a lady; JOHN WINTER, while Lord Wilmot rode at which Charles laughed. They had had a there boldly, like a plain country gentleman, good supper by this time, and plenty of smokwith dogs at his heels. It happened that Sir John Winter's butler had been a servant in Richmond Palace, and knew Charles the moment he set eyes upon him; but, the butler was faithful, and kept the secret.

him abroad, it was planned that he should go-still travelling with Miss Lane as her servant—to another house, at Trent near Sherborne in Dorsetshire; and then Miss Lane and her cousin, Mr. LASCELLES, who had gone on horseback beside her all the way, went home. I hope Miss Lane was going to marry that cousin, for I am sure she must have been a brave, kind girl. If I. had been that cousin, I should certainly have loved her.

When Charles, lonely for the loss of Miss Lane, was safe at Trent, a ship was hired at Lyme, the master of which engaged to take two gentlemen to France. In the evening of the same day, the King-now In the riding as servant before another young lady -set off for a public-house at a place called Charmouth, where the captain of the vessel was to take him on board. But, the captain? his hand, accompanied by four wood-cutters wife, being afraid of her husband's getting who were brothers, and another man who into trouble, locked him up, and would not was their brother-in-law. These good fellows, let him sail. Then they went away to Bridmade a bed for him under a tree, as the port, and coming to the inn there, found the weather was very bad; and the wife of one stable-yard full of soldiers who were on the of them brought him food to eat; and the old look out for Charles, and who talked about nother of the four brothers came and fell him while they drank. He had such presence him while they drank. He had such presence of mind, however, that he led the horses of his party through the yard as any other gaged in saving his life. At night, he came servant might have done, and said, "Come out of the forest and went on to another out of the way, you soldiers; let us have house which was near the river Severn, with room to pass here!" As he went along, the intention of passing into Wales; but the he met a half-tipsy ostler, who rubbed his place swarmed with soldiers, and the bridges leyes and said to him, "Why, I was formerly were guarded, and all the boats were made servant to Mr. Potter at Exeter, and surely I fast. So, after lying in a hayloft covered have sometimes seen you there, young man?" over with hay, for some time, he came out He certainly had, for Charles had lodged of this place, attended by Colonel Careless, there. His ready answer was, "Ah, I did a Catholic gentleman who had met him live with him once; but I have no time to there, and with whom he lay hid, all next talk now. We'll have a pot of beer together when I come back."

From this dangerous place he returned to Trent, and lay there concealed several Then, he escaped to Heale, near up in this tree, could catch glimpses of Salisbury, where, in the house of a widow the soldiers riding about below, and could lady, he was hidden five days, until the master of a collier lying off Shoreham in Sussex, undertook to convey "a gentleman" to France. On the night of the fifteenthe of October, accompanied by two colonels and a merchant, the King rode to Brighton, then a little fishing village, to give the captain of the ship a supper before going on board; but, so many people knew him, that this captain knew him too, and not only he, but the landlord and landlady also. Before he went away, the landlord came behind his chair, kissed his hand, and said he hoped to ing and drinking, at which the King was a first-rate hand; so, the captain assured him that he would stand by him, and he did. It was agreed that the captain should pretend to sail to Deal, and that Charles should As no ship could be found there to carry address the sailors and say he was a gentleman in debt, who was running away from his creditors, and that he hoped they would join him in persuading the captain to put him ashore in France. As the King acted his part very well indeed, and gave the sailors twenty shillings to drink, they begged the captain to do what such a worthy gen-tleman asked. He pretended to yield to their entreaties, and the King got safe to

Normandy.

Ireland being now subdued, and Scotland kept quiet by plenty of forts and soldiers put there by Oliver, the Parliament would have gone on quietly enough as far as fighting with any foreign enemy went, but for getting into trouble with the Dutch, who in the spring of the year one thousand six hundred and lifty-one sent a flect into the Downs under their Admiral Van Tromp, to call upon the bold English Admiral Blake (who was there with half as many ships as the Dutch) to strike his flag. Blake fired a raging broadside instead, and beat off Van Tromp, who, in the autumn, came back again with seventy ships, and challenged the bold Blake—who still was only half as strong— to fight him. Blake fought him all day, but finding that the Dutch were too many for him, got quietly off at night. What does Van Tromp upon this, but goes cruising and boasting about the Channel, between the North Foreland and the Isle of Wight, with a great Dutch broom tied to his masthead, as a sign that he could and would sweep the English off the sea! Within three months, Blake lowered his tone though, and his broom too; for, he and two other bold commanders, DEAN and Monk, fought him three whole days, took twenty-three of his ships, shivered his broom to pieces, and settled his business.

Things were no sooner quiet again than the

army began to complain to the Parliament that they were not governing the nation properly, and to hint that they thought they could do it better themselves. Oliver, who had now made up his mind to be the head of the state, or nothing at all, supported them in this, and called a meeting of officers and his cown Parliamentary friends, at his lodgings in Whitehall, to consider the best way of get-ting rd of the Parliament. It had now lasted just as many years as the King's un-bridled power had lasted, before it came into existence. The end of the deliberation was that Oliver went down to the House in his usual plain black dress, with his usual grey worsted stockings, but with an unusual party of soldiers behind him. These last he left in the lobby, and then went in and sat down.

Resently he got up, made the Parliament a

peech, told them that the Lord had done
with them stamped his foot and said, "You
are no Parliament. Bring them in! Bring them in!" At this signal the door flew open, and the soldiers appeared. "This is not honest," said Sir Harry Vane!" cried Crom-

well; "O, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Then he pointed out members one by one, and said this man was a drunkard, and that man a dissipated fellow, and that man a liar, and so on. Then he caused the Speaker to be walked out of his chair, told the guard to clear the House, called the mace upon the table which is a sign that the House is sitting-" a fool's bauble," and said, "Here, carry it away!" Being obeyed in all these orders, he quietly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, walked back to Whitehall again, and told his friends, who were still assembled there, what he had done.

They formed a new Council of State after this extraordinary proceeding, and got a new Parliament together in their own way: which Oliver himself opened in a sort of sermon, and which he said was the beginning of a perfect heaven upon earth. In this parliament there sat a well-known leather-seller, who had taken the singular name of Praise God Barebones. and from whom it was called, for a joke, Barebones's Parliament, though its general name was the Little Parliament. As it some appeared that it was not going to put Oliver in the first place, it turned out to be not at all like the beginning of heaven upon earth, and Oliver said it really was not to be borne with. So he cleared off that Parliament in much the same way as he had disposed of the other; and then the council of officers decided that he must be made the supreme authority of the kingdom, under the title of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth,

So, on the sixteenth of December, one thousand six hundred and fifty-three, a great procession was formed at Oliver's door, and he came out in a black velvet suit and a big pair of boots, and got into his coach and went down to Westminster, attended by the judges, and the lord mayor, and the aldermen, and all the other great and wonderful personages of the country. There, in the Court of Chancery, he publicly accepted the office of Lord Protector. Then he was sworn, and the City sword was handed to him, and the seal was handed to him, and all the other things were handed to him which are usually handed to Kings and Queens on state occasions, and handed back again. When Oliver had handed them all back, he was quite made and completely finished off as Lord Protector; and several of the Ironsides preached about it at great length, all the evening.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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THE MODERN PRACTICE OF PHYSIC.

Numerous introductory lectures were delivered in the various hospitals of London on the first and third days of October, at the commencement of the winter session. I have been reading them, and desire leave, as an apothecary of the world, to add one more lecture to the number. Prelections to the student let there always be. Fill his mind with a sense of the duties he will take upon himself when he becomes practitioner of physic. But I am very strongly of opinion that there is an oration due also to the patients upon whom he is hereafter to practise, and I ask permission forthwith to discharge the debt.

Ladies and gentlemen, the lecture-rooms of the medical schools in this metropolis are now filled with young men well or ill prepared for study; hopeful or careless, sensible or silly; who will by very different paths arrive at the privilege of bleeding, blistering or bandaging your persons. Respectable individuals who are hereafter to select for themselves doctors from among these young men, will make their choice. Every one of them will, I have no doubt, take care to place himself or herself in the hands of a respectable practitioner. What does that mean? Am I respectable, for instance?

My own secret opinion is that I am not. I attend a great many families who keep my purse in health while I keep them in physic. I dress in black, wear spectacles, am rather bald, and keep a brougham; but I am a humbug, if my conscience is not very much deceived. I could not help it, and I cannot alter it. To make such a confession in my own name would be felo de se, and I have no right to do it. Anonymously, however, I can venture to be candid.

The truth is that I know very little indeed about my profession. As a student, at the opening of three successive sessions, I was warmed a little by my teachers into good designs of study; but I was so fond of pleasure that I could accomplish very little indeed. I had a youth's relish for fun, and a youth's discellish for labour. Not that I was absolutely idle. I attended a very fair number of lectures, slurred over a good many "parts" went through the Surgeons' with a flourish in the dissecting room, went round with the

physicians and the surgeons to the bedsides: but I did not fix attention properly on anything or anybody that meant work. I was not by any means the idlest fellow at St. Poultice's, and I do not think that there was any active harm in me. I was quiet enough to be thought well of by the lecturers, and to be considered quite respectable, and better than an average St. Poultice man, even in those days of initiation. It was often thought that I could easily have taken honours in some classes had I tried for them. When the time came for passing my examinations at the Hall and College, I grew rather nervous; for I knew myself so well, as to be quite sure that my attainments would not bear a close investigation. My nervousness was tempered by a spring of hope arising from two sources: One was the knowledge that at the College of Surgeons the examination (which was only on two subjects) would last but for an hour; during which I should be cut into four quarters and divided among four sets of examiners, each of whom would have little civilities to say at starting, and might spend even as much, I trusted, as five minutes a-piece over them, in consideration of the fact that they all knew, and would think it polite to ask after, my father.

At the flall, my hope lay in the fact concerning the examining apothecaries, that each of them was supposed to keep sets of examinations, got up by him as an actor gets up parts. Every such line of business was known, and taught publicly to me and to my fellow pupils during our hospital walking time by certain gentlemen called grinders; who also kept duplicates of all the drug bottles exhibited in trays on the examination tables. They also in those days—I do not know how it may be now—even contrived to get from Chelsea gardens, on the morning of examination, duplicates of all the plants that had been sent down to Blackfriars on the previous evening, to be named by candidates for the apothecaries' license. The Hall, therefore, could be passed after grinding for a few months without any previous study. I ground at second-hand; borrowing the notes and information gathered by a friend who was himself in attendance on a grinder. Yet I passed; I went through the Surgeons' with a flourish.

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that they almost rejected me; but the scale turned finally in my favour when I was asked the quantities of opium put into the several compounds of the pharmacopæia that contained that drug. It was one of the stock questions of the place, of which my friend had written down the answer for me on the back of his visiting card. I had nothing like an idea on the subject; but I knew the list by heart, and had it at that moment near my heart, for it was in my waistcoat pocket. So I passed, and became licensed to practise.

Immediately afterwards, I took charge of a large pauper Union. There was no time for study, and there never has been any since; for I have prospered, and I should have had no heart for study had I failed. I look solid and oracular, deal to a judicious extent in jokes; which are I find accepted best and repeated Menest as mine, when they are not my own. I understand my patients' characters and humours; although I do not understand their maladies so well as I could wish. Of course I take care not to let that fact be suspected. Profound in tact, I give to no one reason for supposing that there can be anvthing between consumption and nail-cutting, that I do not scientifically understand. I am considered to be especially able in respect to chest diseases; and I use the stethoscope - by which I am supposed to hear the sounds that betray physical order or disorder-with much grace and gravity. I never yet heard anything more than a general bumping, which I take to be produced by the patient's heart, and a crepitation which I believe to be caused by the hairs of my whiskers rubbing against the wood. Nobody knows that, however. All that is known about me is that I am, as before confessed, a respectable practitioner in the world's esteem, grave and a little bald, and that I keep a brougham. Ladies and gentlemen, I may this very day have written out my flat for six draughts for one of you. Nevertheless, let no one tremble; for if it should be so, the chances are nineteen to one that I have ordered you a little made up several times. Some sudden notion harmless effervescent, or a draught coloured with T. Card. Co., which is something innocent and aromatic. I do not prescribe savagely. I live in fear of my own ignorance add something strengthening to her prescripand do no active harm.

Permit me now, ladies and gentlemen of the world, as an apothecary of the world, gravely to call your attention to the very little steel, and had accordingly added some large number of young men who have recently been exhorted on the subject of the studies upon which they enter, and the duties they will have to undertake. Between thirty and seventy fresh youths enter every October at each hospital as recruits to the ranks of the Medical army. They believe themselves to be committed to an honest calling—as indeed there is none in the world honester or more to do with me; I was summarily disworthier of general respect—to embark on a missed. Now does it speak well for the good wide ocean of knowledge. If they are themselves honest and high-minded, they will do to this Dr. Podgy there have been decreed,

so; but, if they look at me and think much of my brougham, it may possibly come into their heads that it is not worth their while to venture very far to sea. The studies connected with the practice of medicine have so much in them of truth and vitality, of real and deep philosophy, that it is impossible for them not more or less to enlarge, strengthen, and at the same time refine the mind. They produce, therefore, a body of men, even at this day, second to no other class in its collective dignity; but the profession is not what it ought to be. The dim shadow of their future careers-felt alike by the students and by their teachers, when introductory orations open the campaign of study with allusions to the work that is before them-sends a touch of sadness to the mind of a pound, shilling, and pence surgeon like me. I am a sham myself, but I can respect what is genuine in others: and I have very good reason to know that the profession would shine more than it does, if public ignorance did not eat into it like a rust.

Is this right, for example? An old lady came under my care who would have none of my physic. She had a prescription from the great Dr. Podgy, which she wished me to make up. She was absolutely in love with Dr. Podgy, and told me so much about his ways and manners, that I, in my comparative humility and innocence, administered the humbug he prescribed in stronger doses than good tact would prompt. Nevertheless Dr. Podgy seemed not to have erred in the low estimate he put upon the public understanding. He was the king of a provincial town; and, although he had written nothing and had done nothing to obtain the shadow of a name among his brethren who were qualified to understand his merits, he had one of the most profitable medical practices in Europe. I doubt whether there was its equal out of London. Very well. The invaluable prescription of Dr. Podgy (which consisted of Epson salts diffused in an infusion of roses) I of weakness caused the old lady to travel off one day to see the great man and consult with him once more. He told her he would tion. He did so, and the learned recipe came back to me to be made up. Dr. Podgy resolved to strengthen the old lady with a sulphate of iron to the salts and the roses. By so doing, in ignorance of a chemical fact known even among druggist's boys, he spoilt his pretty roses altogether, and caused the mixture to look like a bottle of bad ink. "I cannot take that filthy mess," said my good lady. "You have made some mistake." Dr. Podgy could not be wrong and she had no

in his own town, the honours of a public Jenkins lately, tell all I know of him. Every statue? At the same time I know a dozen, and the world could reckon up more than a hundred physicians who are men of science, who are incorporating other names with the history of their art, and who, for the oth want of a due practical recognition of their Point." merits by the doctor-needing public, are doomed for the term of their natural lives to eat cold mutton and wear rusty clothes.

Ladies and gentlemen, you certainly will benefit yourselves if, when you select your own attendants from the coming race of medical practitioners, you look less than your forefathers have looked to tact and exterior manner, and institute a strict search after skill and merit. Attend, I entreat you, less to the recommendations of your nurses and your neighbours, and prefer rather physicians sionally. who have obtained honour among men really qualified to pass a verdict upon their attainought to be dining out and winning good opinions by his urbanity and by the ceni-ality of his professional deportment, he is them, tact as well as talent.

can make evident.

When I hinted at a little sadness that accompanied the thought of the respective futures of the students now at work in all our hospitals, a retrospect lay at the bottom of my min!. I can go back to my own student how they have been dealt with by the world. I do not know whether it is everywhere so, but at St. Poultice's there is, or used to be, a spirit of fellowship abroad. There is a band of us alive, firmly believing that Sf. Poultice's never had so good a set of men studying together as there were in our time. So we, who were "respectable" there, think of each other, ignoring the tag-rag which belongs to every other and all other time. I suppose that students of each year grow up in the satisfaction of the same persuasion. Never mind that. One consequence of this fellow feeling is, that we who were at work (or play) together look and inquire much after one another. If I meet Brown he knows where Thompson is, and must tell me how not make him liable for income tax. Smith Thompson is getting on.

one of us is a repertory of the histories of nearly all his old companions at St. Poultice's. So complete is our feeling in this way, that I was stopped in the road by a gentleman the other day. "Your name," he said, "is

"Yes," I replied; "and yours, I think, is Comma." I didn't know him at all, but guessed at halard that he must be some

St. Poultice man.

"No," he said, "I'm Colon. What are you doing? How are you getting on?" We exchanged questions and cards and shall visit : but I am confident that when we were at hospital together we never exchanged two words. We were not acquaintances at all: merely in fact seeing each other there occa-

Now, I will relate fairly and truly a from cases of the after careers of some of the stuments. Now, if a man labours much in his dents I knew best. There was Pumpson to profession with his head at home when he begin with, a fine manly broad-chested fellow, who worked like a steam-engine; but kept his work oiled so pleasantly that there was no creak, put, pant, or sign of labour to be commonly said to be a theorist, and left to detected in him. To see him with his tails eat the covers of his books, or to nibble his up before the library fire, chattering pleapen. Most of the really first-rate medical santly, you would suppose that he was a practitioners indeed who have obtained large man who scorned to fag. He liked a game practices, had manner as well as matter in at billiards; he was a leading member of our boat club; he was a leading man in There may be some justice in this disposi- half a dozen odd things that smelt rather tion of things; but, that the use of a little wise of the flowers than the fruits of student discrimination by the public in the choice of life; but there was not one among us really medical attendants, would stimulate the working so carnestly as Pumpson. He was students more than all the introductory ora- quick in acquisition of all kinds of knowtions that were ever spoken, and, in due time, ledge, and he had a taste for everything intelexalt the whole profession-strengthening lectual and pleasant; but he toiled so thovery much its power to do good-I think I roughly in his own quiet way-burning I do not know how many pints of oil per month in his own room—that he carried away the cream of all the honours for which we were expected to compete. Finally, he attracted the attention of our great authorities so much, that a good foreign appointment was offered to times, and recal the groups that sat about him at the close of his student career. He me in the lecture-room. Enough time has declined it as beneath the aim of his ambition, elapsed to let me see, in very many cases, and went off, a highly trained physician, to create a practice in a large provincial town.

I spent a week lately in Pumpson's town, and found our old friend prosperous enough. He has a wife and children about him, and he lives in a good house in his old pleasant way; for he has private means. Moreover, there is nobody in the said town of Feverton more widely known. Pumpson is every public body's secretary; the foremost man in every scientific coterne; great at the chess club; great as a lecturer at the local medical school; great in private circles. Nevertheless, if Pumpson had no private means he would be threadbare. It is revelations, in reply to the "How are you getting on?" question, gave me to understand that his professional gains would I, having seen and Jones, members of the Feverton public,

of the locality.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Why," they said, "Pumpson. Wonderfully able man.

Mr. Smith.

"Why no," he replied, "when I want a Independent—the whole Independent bo physician I always call in Dr. Droney. I looked upon him as the fittest man to gi am rather afraid, to tell you the truth, of looked upon their fleshly ailments. Pumpson's cleverness. He might be wishing

to make experiments.

Bilcher had neither. In some respects for literature; read English, French, and Pumpson and Bilcher at St. Poultice's contrasted greatly with each other. Pumpson almost poetical; but he was not less attendard always well and neatly dressed: Bilcher tive to his studies. He was a conscienwas always shabby and awkward. Pumpson tious working student, distinguished himself had a remarkably wide range of ideas: Bilcher in two or three classes, and liked his proa peculiarly narrow one. Pumpson learned a fession. He was a perfect gentleman in mind great deal with no show of working: Bilcher and manners when he went into the world, a picked up very little, although he was always well trained surgeon and an accomplished to be seen grubbing for knowledge. All his man. But he stands only five feet in his spare time Bilcher spent in the dissecting shoes; looks small in a room, and has room; and, as he was not fond of soap and water, it was not the pleasantest accident for which people are not prepared, because that could befal one of us in the day to have they do not understand them, and are thereto shake hands with Bilcher. He was an fore annoyed with him. He is thence conamiable fellow, very much liked; but you sidered odd; and having bought a practice would have said that he was altogether too worked at it with the most unremitting slow to get forward in a busy world. Out of application; married on it, and at last found his profession he had no ideas; and in it, that it would not keep his children. Paralthough he worked for them very hard, he tleby then bought a partnership with a man never could get any students' honours. Bilcher in due time passed; and electrified us all immediately afterwards by marrying a fashionable widow with a thousand a year. him; and at the end of the term of years She was twenty years his senior, and made for which the partnership had been made, him father to a young lady of his own age. After that Bilcher cleaned himself and clothed his neck in a white napkin very thick with Bilcher then gravely contemplated starch. the world from the top of his collar, and the world looked up to him. Bilcher has now an extensive practice. He keeps two carriages, and boasts to us of duchesses whom he attends.

In the considerable town of Shredby, Porson is established as physician: a man of strict religious principle whom, as a medical student, I respected greatly, and whom I still no less respect. We were not very intimate, because he was not fond of amusement, and I was. Porson studied seriously, and learned his profession in a quiet conscientious way. He showed no abilities. The reward of all his industry as a student was one Third Certificate of merit, which he obtained in a class when there happened to be only three men who competed for its honours. Being on his prosperity. "You have goo on his prosperity. "You have goo on his prosperity in Shredby recently I met Porson, who his prosperity you have."

Burdle, I said; "and if ever a man earned his prosperity you have."

"No," he replied, "I have not got on. It have not got on. It

severally offered to tell me in confidential marry. He told me solemnly (I never saw that over their tables, who was the rising man him laugh, as youth or man) that he was doing very well. His Third Certificate hung, framed and glazed, over the chairs in his consulting-room. I found by inquiries in the town that he was a very thriving man; for, "Does he attend your family?" I asked of being conscientiously diligent in his attendance on the Independent Chapel-he was an Independent—the whole Independent body looked upon him as the fittest man to give

Partleby is another of our old set at St. to try some new remedies upon me. I rather Poultice's. He was, and still is, not less dread a scientific man, because he is so liable deeply imbued than Porson with religious Pumpson began life with money and talent: ten times more clever. Partichy had a taste thoughts of his own; says original things for which people are not prepared, because whose religious feeling pleased him. man proved to be a rogue in saint's clothing. Partleby was cheated of the profits due to the false saint-an incompetent practitioner —carried off all the patients. Partleby was thus left, after twenty years of work, very much where he was when he began the His practice now consists of five world. small families, who cannot be at all times ailing. The energies of Partleby are broken down. If he had not belonged to a family The energies of Partleby are broken able to keep his bark afloat for him, he would have sunk years ago, and would by this time have died. If he had not a religious mind and a clear conscience, he would have been throughout his career very wretched.

Burdle, another of our set, prospers and deserves prosperity; but what price has he paid for it? Possessed of a fine intellect he vowed it all to his profession; worked intensely, and had not been half-a-dozen years in the world before he had achieved, by original research, an European reputation. Some years ago I congratulated him on his prosperity. "You have got on well, Burdle," I said; "and if ever a man earned

I am not great-minded enough to remain poor for the love of my profession; so I have made up my mind to leave off cultivating that and cultivate the public." Burdle did as he threatened, and is growing rich. It is quite true in his case that the patients who have gone to him, have gone to a most competent and able man, whose knowledge can repay their confidence. It is not, however, for that reason that he prospers; he has put a restraint on himself and thrown a bushel over the light that was in him. He means, in fact, to be rich in spite of all his talents and attainments.

This is not the whole case that I, as an apothecary of the world, wish to lay before you, ladies and gentlemen, but there is here perhaps enough of it. Some men there are, who have in them a spark of that high energy by which they are enabled not only to merit much, but to secure also the attainment of their full deserts. That energy belongs to genius; for I have no faith at all in obscure Hampdens. But the great mass of a profession does not consist of men gifted with extraordinary powers; and, in the discriminating between its respective members-in the case of medical men certainlyvery great mistakes are made by the public. It is not my intention to be metaphysical. I own my wit to be too shallow to enable any one to dive at all deeply into the causes of these facts that I have pointed out. I only state them and affirm their truth. I think I can affirm also that a knowledge of these things is acquired very early by our students of Medicine, if they do not at the very outset bring it with them to the hospitals. I believe, also, that the errors of the public, when the students are transformed into practitioners, tend in the highest degree to induce young and struggling men to adopt a tone of feeling or a line of conduct that is very much at odds with the spirit of a philosophical and liberal profession. I think that there would be more study among pupils, and a great deal less that is disreputable among the practices of surgeons and physisome pains to judge us on our own respective

To do this gentlemen and ladies must not learn for themselves the whole art of healing from a pamphlet or a handbill, and then choose to be attended by that person among us whose stock of knowledge seems to be most nearly level to the contents of such a manifesto. Neither must we be chosen for any supposed merit in our coats, our carriages, our persons. If Smith has a greyer head, and, perhaps, a thicker skull than mine, let not his hair give him a start in the race with me for public confidence. I cannot undertake to tell in what way people ought to use, in regard to us, the judgment they possess; nevertheless, I think that, on the whole, they could do better than they now do, if they tried. I water. They won't cross it after her."

may be lecturing to the winds, or I may not. Should, however, any amendment take place in the public understanding of the respective merits of practitioners, I shall not fail to become aware of it. For I am afraid that it will cause me to put down my brougham.

THE EVE OF A JOURNEY.

A RESPECTABLY dressed middle-aged woman sat in the window-scat in the fine old hall of Chedbury Castle. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance, except a look of Chedbury Castle. of settled yet patient anxiety, which deepened, as the short October's day drew near to its close and broad slanting sunset gleams and shadows stole across the quiet little shrubbery and grass plot, upon which she looked out fixedly. The servants, after having made her the offer of refreshment-which she declined -came and went upon their various errands, without any apparent consciousness of her presence. And this was an occasion upon which a personage of higher note might very easily have been overlooked: one of those times of general bustle, preparation, and delightful confusion, when everybody seems to be busy helping somebody else; and the bonds of discipline undergo a not unpleasing relaxation. The family were going abroad.

Two or three men servants, under the direction of an elderly ducuna—with respectability imprinted on every wrinkle of her countenance and rustling out of every fold of her black silk dress-were busily cording trunks and portmanteaus. She stood over them proud, pleased, and important; for she was one of the travelling party; my young lady's own woman, who had waited upon her from her childhood. She looked upon her own trunk complacently; for it carried her fortune; and, had she ever heard of Cæsar, she could have made a very apt quotation. As it was, she unbent in a little stately chat with a man who wore, like herself, the aspect

of an old, privileged retainer.
"Well, Mrs. Jenkyn," he remarked, "I camnot but say that I wish you were well across cians, if we all knew that the public took the seas and back again, to tell us all that you have met with among the Mounseers-for I reckon you will come back to Chedbury, and so perhaps will my lord, and so will Mrs. Moreton; but, as to our young lady, we shall have seen the last of her when she leaves the Park gates behind her to-morrow. There are not so many like her, from all I've heard of foreign parts; so good and so pretty; with so many acres at her back, that they'll let her away from among them so easily. Take my word for it, some prince of the blood, or duke at the very least—for where you're going they're as thick as blackberries at Martinmas—will take and marry her, whether she likes it or not. Besides," he added, sinking his voice into a confidential whisper "old stories 'll be left on this side of the salt

The stranger in the window-seat started,

the a quick, uneasy movement.

"This side or the other side," returned Mrs. Jenkyn. "It's not for them that eat the family's bread to be raking up what's past and gone and out of people's minds. And before strangers too," she added with a side glance in the direction of the window-seat.

"You're always so touchy, Mrs. Jenkyn," returned the old man, speaking, however, in a submissive tone, "just as if nobody cared about the family but yourself. And what's the use of minding the woman who's sat there four mortal hours, and never stirred or spoken? She's either deaf or stupid."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the discreet Mrs. Jenkyn; and, at this moment the woman, as if to justify the old lady's observation, roused herself from her deep cocupation, and said abruptly: "Will by one take a second message from me to Mrs. Moreton? I have come many miles to speak with her. It is now getting late, and I want to be upon my way home."

Mrs. Jenkyn answered her very civilly:

"I will go and carry your message. It is very seldom that Mrs. Moreton keeps any one waiting; but I suppose," she added, smiling, "nothing goes quite straight at a

time like this."

At that moment a bell rang. It was Mrs. Moreton's bell—she wished to see the person

who had been waiting so long.

"Here, William," said Mrs. Jenkyn, "show this good woman into the stone parlour. Mrs. Moreton will speak to her there; and, Ma'am," she added, good-naturedly, "you can take a look at the pictures on the grand had lived!"

staircase as you pass the foot of it.'

The gossiping old man, as they went along, had many things to point out to his silent, steadfast-looking companion. He left her, however, at the turning of one of the long passages to run back to the servants' hall with a hound which had stealthily strayed into forbidden precincts. Between this spot and the stone parlour there were several intricate windings, and he expected te find the woman standing exactly where he to I nd her best attention to the visitor. left her. Without his guidance, however, But the woman—is she the same who sat she had preceded him to the door of the out those four hours so patiently in the stone parlour; and waited for him, with had brought her to that threshold of their own accord.

"So, Mistress," exclaimed the old man,

this house as I thought."

He bent on her a look of keen scrutiny. She was too little conscious to be embarrassed by it, and reflied quietly, "I have been here held to the table for support. She trembled. before."

While this little scene was being acted below stairs, Mrs. Moreton-half governess, half friend to the heiress-was seated with her young pupil in the great drawing-room. the business of to-day and to-morrow. "Well,

They too had been very busy. The splendid apartment showed marks of disarrangement. The elder lady was immersed in accounts: the younger one had placed a little, table within the embrasure of the deep oldfashioned window, so as to give her drawingupon which she was very intent-the full benefit of the already declining daylight. She was about fifteen; fair, and ingenuouslooking; of slender figure, with mild, almost melancholy brown eyes.

"I think I shall have time to finish this," she said, musingly; "it will please papa when he comes home this evening, will it not,

dear Mrs. Moreton?"

"My lord will think that you have made great progress," replied that lady, without lifting her eyes from a very long line of

"I do think it is like old Chedbury-like enough, at any rate, to remind us of the place, when we are away. Although, after all, there is nothing here that I shall much miss. You and papa and good old Jenkyn are all going with me; and who else is there in the world whom I care about? Yet," she went on, thinking aloud, "if I had some one to leave behind; some young companions who would miss me and talk about me when I am far away, I think I should be happier. I sometimes think it very strange"—she locked up at Mrs. Moreton—"that my father has never allowed me to make any friends of my own age. But, of course," she added, after a pause, "he cannot be expected to enter into all that a girl feels. How different everything would have been if my mother

Without making her pupil any answer, Mrs. Moreton started up with a sudden exclamation, and ran to the bell. "Is it possible," she said, self-reproachfully, "that all this time I have forgotten the poor woman who asked to peak to me four hours ago?"

Mrs. Moreton entered the stone parlour with some kind words of apology; and seated herself in her accustomed chair prepared window-seat; who followed the old servant a look of abstraction as fixed as if her feet through the long passages with such a face of blank unquestioning apathy? Her look of settled proccupation had dropped from her face like a mask; yet her real features, you are not quite so much of a stranger in now revealed, wore a scarcely less fixed expression. Every line quivered with agitation; yet her eyes, through it all, were never removed from Mrs. Moreton's face. She in every limb; not from timidity: but from anxiety; eagerness. Her soul was gathered up into her face.

Mrs. Moreton did not particularly observe her. Her thoughts were still at work with

my good woman," she said mechanically, by way of opening the case, as she opened all cases that came before her in that stone parlour, as the delegated Lady Bountiful of Chedbury. "What can I do for you?"

There was no rejoinder.

"My time, to-day," she went on, in the same gentle yet rather magisterial tone, "happens

to be rather valuable.

"I am sorry," replied the stranger, "to have to trespass upon it." Mrs. Moreton, struck by something peculiar in the woman's tone, looked up; for the first time became conscious of those eyes-earnest, imploring, sad with an unspoken history—that were fastened upon her own, and said, with much less of state and more of gentleness than she had yet shown, "You seem to be in some trouble. Can I do anything to help you?"

"You can-you, and no one else in this

world can."

"I?—surely we have never met before," replied Mrs. Moreton, feeling by the woman's manner that hers was no case of every-day appeal for charity. "Pray tell me your name."

The woman was silent, and her lips seemed to be slightly convubed. At length, with a violent effort to conceal a strong emotion, she answered, "It is one that you have heardit is, or was, for I now bear it no longer,

Elizabeth Garton."

Mrs. Moreton's face had been lighted up with a kindly interest; but a shade, like the sudden falling of a curtain, now dropped across it, and shut out the sympathy she had begun to manifest. She rose, and said coldly, "In that case I am not aware of any matter in which I am likely to be able to serve you. I must refer you to Mr. Andrews, my lord's agent; he being the person with whom it will probably be most fitting for you to communicate." She then moved towards the door; but her effort to leave the room was vain. The visitor, like the old mariner in the weird story, held her with her eye. Before she could reach the door she tried

to pass this strange, sad woman, and could not.
"Listen to me, madam," exclaimed the visitor, "and then you will not mistake my errand. It is not Lord Chedbury; not his agent; not anything either of them could give me, if it were this great house itself, that I want. It is you-you only, that can help me, and you will help me—you must." She spoke these words almost authoritatively; yet, checking herself, went on in a tone of deep and touching submission. "You are a good lady, Mrs. Moreton; you have every one's good word. You will not make yourself hard against the supplication of a broken heart-God himself has promised to

listen to it."

Mrs. Moreton trembled. She was indeed a woman of this world, but with much tenderness and large sympathies. "I do not feel harshly towards you—forgive me if I know what I, the mother of a first-born child,

appeared harsh-but your coming here took me by surprise. Lord Chedbury's orders are exceedingly strict respecting you; and I understood that you were settled comfortably in your own station in life, for above any kind of want."

"I am settled comfortably," returned the woman; "above want-above my hopes. I have a kind husband, a home, and children. Every one is good to me. No one casts up my fault to me. No one, I think, remembers it now, except myself, when, upon my knees, I ask God to forgive me that, and all my other sins. That I had ever known Chedbury, or seen Lord Robert-he was Lord Robert then-would have sunk into the past long before this, like a dream—except for one thing—O! Mrs. Moreton, my daughter! Her, too, I had put from me, as much as a mother can forget her child; better since I heard you were all going beyond seas-perhaps for ever-I know not what it is that has come over me; something that will not let me rest, day nor night-it is a fire in my heart. Have pity upon me. I do not ask to speak to her-not to say nor to hear one word. She need not know that it is her mother-need not know that there is such a person in the whole world. All I ask is to see her-my daughter,

only to see my daughter." Mrs. Moreton was deeply agitated. "It is impossible, and it is cruel in you," she said, "to ask it—cruel to yourself, cruel to me, trusted as I am by Lord Chedbury; cruel, most of all, to her. You know under what strict conditions his lordship brought home his daughter, so soon as the death of the old lord, his father, made this house his own. You know, too, that these conditions, hard as they might seem, were dictated by no personal unkindness towards yourself; but grew out of your daughter's altered position, and a sense of what is due to the station she will one day occupy. She has been trained. carefully in all the ideas that befit a young gentlewoman of rank. She has as yet seen little of the world, and knows nothing of its evil. She left you at three years old not more innocent than she still is, now." Mrs. Moreton paused a moment and went on with emotion, "That opening life-that young unsullied mind, what should I-what would you-have to answer for if we darkened it by a shadow of bygone misery and evil in which she had no share? She has been taught to believe her mother dead. My poof woman," she went on solemnly, "you must be dead to her. A day will come, not in this world, when you may claim her for your own."

"I must see my child how, that I may know her in Heaven," exclaimed the woman "I must see her, that she may wildly. comfort me in my thoughts, and be near me in my dreams. Do you," she exclaimed, suddenly, "awho talk to one so wisely,

sin talking about? Did you ever feel a gone. The girl—who, sitting in the window, child's arms clinging round your neck, and rejoiced in this after-thought of the sun. am talking about? find the little being growing to you day whether you are the best woman in the world or the worst—as nothing else will ever love you; not even itself when it grows older, and other things come between its little heart and yours?"

Mrs. Moreton returned to her chair, sank into it, and wept. The stranger saw her advantage. She flung herself on her knees before Mrs. Moreton. She kissed the hands in which she believed the balance of her fate to be trembling. She kissed her very

gown, and covered it with tears.

Mrs. Moreton, withdrawn within in severe collogny with herself, was scarcely conscious of these passionate demonstrations. It was her heart she communed with; bearing on it, although a little dimmed by constant attrition with the world, a higher image than that with which a somewhat rigid thraldom to convention had impressed her outward aspect.

There was a pause of a few moments. "Even if I am doing right in this"—so she reasoned with herself—"the world will blame me. Yet, if I am doing wrong, God will forgive me." She rose from her chair. "Get up," she said, "my poor woman. You shall see your daughter. But you must first make me one solemn promise. I am trusting you very deeply; can you trust yourself?"

The woman made a gesture of passionate asseveration, for at that moment she could

not speak.

"Swear then," said Mrs. Moreton, "swear that you will be true to yourself and to me; that you will pass through the room in which she is sitting without either word or look that can betray you."

She rang the bell. "Send Mrs. Jenkyn to

"Jenkyn," she said, when the confidential servant appeared, "this good woman's business with me is over; but, as she comes from a distance, I should like her to see something of the house before she leaves. You can show her over the principal rooms; as much as there is time for before dark.'

"And the great drawing-room, Ma'am?"

insinuated Mrs. Jenkyn.

"Certainly; it will not disturb your young

lady in the least."

It was rather an extensive orbit that, the two had to traverse; and the old house-•keeper, who had revolved in it so many years, moved so slowly—at least, so it seemed to her companion—from point to point, from pitture to picture, that, by the time they ached the great drawing-room, the sungight had almost faded from it.

Almost; for there was still a strong slanting golden beam, that played and flickered about the picture-frames, and glanced to and fro upon the white and gold of the heavy, carved arm-chairs—a few moments, and it would be ling pale as death, "What is that?"

which gave her a little more time to finish by day as nothing else can grow; loving you her drawing—did not know how lovely it made her kissing her innocent young fore-head, and resting, like a benediction, upon her smooth, shining hair. She went on quietly with her sketch: Mrs. Moreton (who had returned to see that faith was kept) persevered with her accounts. Mrs. Jenkyn and the woman walked round the room very slowly. When they reached the door that led into an inner apartment, Mrs. Jenkyn, with her hand upon the lock, said, "And this used to be the favourite sitting-room of my lady, my lord's mother.'

She held the door open; but her com-

panion still lingered.

Mrs. Moreton looked up from her accounts and said impressively, "I think you have now seen all in this room, and Mrs. Jenkyn has more to show you in the others."

"Eut why," said the young lady, speaking

for the first time, but without looking up from her occupation, "should the good woman be hurried away until she has seen as much as she wishes? Pray stay," she said, with a sort of carcless sweetness; still without looking up, "as long as you can find anything to amuse you. You do not disturb us in the least."

* Almost while she spoke, she suddenly rose and flitted about the room from table to table, in search of something needed for her drawing. She soon found it; but once, before she returned to her seat, she passed close to the woman; so close that her silk dress rustled against the homely duffle cloak: mother and daughter really so near-conventionally so distant-with a world between them!

Mrs. Jenkyn's fingers were again upon the door handle; and the concluding part of her often-told narrative was upon her lips. They had still the state bedroom to see, and they

passed into the boudoir.

"And this," she went on, "was my lady's favourite apartment. It used in her day to be called the blue drawing-room, because-But you are tired," she said, remarking that her companion's attention wandered.

"Yes-no," said the visitor incoherently; "I must go back. I have forgotten something

in the next room."

She did go back. She turned the handle of the great folding door; but, before she could push it open, she was met by a heavy resistance from within. In the half-opened space stood Mrs. Moreton, confronting her with a stern admonitory whisper—"Woman! are you mad or wicked?"

The mother stood arrested—guilty. turned to follow the housekeeper; but there was an anguish at her heart that could not

be controlled.

"Hark!" exclaimed the young lady, her pencil falling from her fingers, and she turn-

Mrs. Moreton shuddered. nd inarticulate like that of a dumb creature

in agony, burst from the inner room.

They rushed together into the boudoir. "It was the poor woman, ladica," said the housekeeper, anxiously. "I fear she is very ill: it has come upon her quite of a sudden."

She was standing up in the middle of the room, rigid as if her feet had grown into the inlaid boards. Her eyes were glassy, and her mouth was a little drawn to one side.

"Run, Jenkyn," exclaimed the young lady, "for wine, or whatever is most necessary.

We will attend to her."

She took the poor woman by the arm: she drew her into a chair; she bent over her; she rubbed her cold hands in her own. When the wine was brought, she raised the glass a sweep of the tall masts might bring to the patient's lips; and, while she did so, some of them down. I paced the deck; to the patient's lips; and, while she did so, the sufferer's breath came and went thickly, and, noticing the ship's increasing speed—as with a hard stifling effort. She felt that kind she flew under the pressure of studdingyoung heart beating against her own. Who can tell-who but the Giver of all consolation-what balm there was in that one moment; what deep unspoken communion; what healing for a life-long wound? But the mother kept silence even from good words. Only, while the young laly was so tenderly busying herself about her, she took hold, as it were unconsciously, of one of the folds of under topsails and foresail, the sky still her dress-she stroked it with her hand-she smoothed it down, as if pleased with its softness; and, so long as she dared to hold it she did not let it go.

It was almost dark. The young lady-stood at the window of the great drawing-room, looking after a solitary slowly-retreating figure, still distinctly visible, in spite of the grey dusk spreading like a veil over lawn and lake and garden; through which the distant mausoleum loomed dimly above the woods.

"The poor woman!" she said, softly; "she is not fit to travel home alone; yet she would neither consent to stay all night, as I wished, nor let old William drive her-strange, was

it not, Mrs. Moreton?"

But Mrs. Moreton had left the room. The young heiress still looked out upon the scenes she was so soon to leave, as her destiny had decreed, for ever. She mused on she knew not what. Her heart was stirred—an invisible touch had been upon it. She leaned her head pensively against the window, while many thoughts, as vague as the shadows that were so thickly falling round her, chased each other rapidly through her fancy. Many visions gathered round her; but among them there was no presage of the coronet that afterwards spanned her brow—the coronet of the princely yet peasant-descended house of Sforza. Still peasant-descended house of Sforza. she watched the retreating figure, until it was lost in the deepening darkness; and when she did turn from the window, she heaved a deep and pitying sigh.

Her sadness suited the hour of twilight, and east when it had forced the ship to within

A cry, piercing it passed with it. She knew not, nor did she ever know, who had that day been so near

CAUGHT IN A TYPHOON.

THE ship Futta Mombarrac was a beautiful vessel of eleven hundred and seventy-four tons register. After loading with Chinese light goods, we sailed from Macao for Bombay by way of Singapore on the twentieth of September, with a fine fair wind, and every prospect of an easy voyage.

When night came on the ship had made considerable progress. The night was levely, and the stars appeared so near that, although and, noticing the ship's increasing speed-as sails at the rate of twelve knots an hourmade up my mind that we should have to boast of a remarkably quick passage. The wind continued gradually to increase until it became requisite to shorten sail. The studding-sails were taken in, one after the other; and, by two in the morning, all the small sails were furled. The vessel was then running being clear and cloudless. At four in the morning it became necessary to reef the top-sails, and all hands were called. Two reefs were taken in after much exertion on the part of the Lascar crew, and the men were about to come down from aloft, when the captain's voice resounded through the speaking trumpet, "Take in the third reef! Bear a hand, bro-

thers!" His orders were addressed to the

crew not in English but in Hindostanee.

The wind had increased to a gale. The sea also was rising; but the ship went easily and gallantly along. While the men were still on the foretopsail yard and strenuously labouring to reef the sail, a sudden gust blew it completely from the yard and out of the men's hands. There was then daylight, and we could see the sail hurried away like a wrecked balloon for half a mile before it fell into the water. The remnants were then picked up and made snug to the yard. maintopsail was close reefed and set for a short time; but the wind, which during the whole morning had continued to blow from the north eastward, began presently to veer to the northward, and the sea became a confused mass of white foam, boiling up fearfully. • The vessel rolling gunwales under, we were again compelled to reduce sail, and, at noon on the twenty-first she scudded under bare poles; not a stitch of canvas could be For twenty-four hours, she conshown. tinued thus to run before the wind at the rate of from thirteen to fourteen knots an hour. The wind by degrees got more round to the northward. It was almost north by

for five or six hours more, the vessel must be lost; it, therefore, became necessary to

The crew staunch at their stations, our commander stood on the weather side of the poop, with his eyes fastened on the sea, watching intently for the precise moment when the waves, subsiding for a few minutes, would give the best brief opportunity for the vessel, which had been going at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, gradually brought the wind to bear on her port beam. The evolution having been slow, she had not made sufficient way; and, a tremendous sea striking her at the critical time, she plunged right into it. When at length she rose to the surface, shaking and trembling violently like m living thing conscious of peril, all the masts seemed to be toppling as if they presently would go over the side. As she emerged, men shouted through the gale, "The bobstays are gone! The bowsprit has sprung!" and the loud, rapid voice of the commander trumpeted orders out in quick succession: "Hard up with the helm! Run up the forewith the fish tackles!" and many more, all of which orders were obeyed with equal promptitude. The staysail was but half promptitude. The staysail was but half hoisted when the wind rent it into shreds; gunwales under, washing away the greater that made every man on board exclaim as he felt its flash, in fear that he was blinded.

all again was in readiness for heaving the ship to. The heavy rolling of the vessel again broke the backstays; but, as running was become far too dangerous, it was determined to heave to. In that moment of our peril we found the foresail a great hindrance to our effortsthe ship would not come to the wind-and it became necessary to get rid of the sail at helm, carried away by its violence, clung for cance. The crew being called, every man but safety to the mizen rigging, but it gave way cance. The grew being called, every man but ene refused to go aloft; for the service required to his hand. At the same moment, the was perilous in the extreme. The man who stump of the mizen mast broke short off preferred his own risk to the wreck of all was below the deck and, falling flat along the

about eighty miles of a group of islands and the wind then made short work of it, and shouls called the Paracols. Then it became blew away the canvas. We did not, at the evident that if we held on the same course time, think much of the deed, but of its door. All on board had been watching the efforts of the brave fellow to gain the yard, for we imagined the mast to be going over the side almost instantly. The captain after nervously watching his progress-although he knew how much the safety of the vessel must depend on the completion of the enterprise-could not refrain from shouting at the utmost stretch would give the best brief opportunity for of his voice, "Come down-for God's sake-bringing the ship to the wind. After a come down, or you will be lost!" While all short suspense he gave the order; and our hearts were beating with anxiety, a fearful crash was heard-an ominous sound that terror increased tenfold. The ship gave a tremendous roll to port. Another awful crash. She slowly recovered her upright position-a wreck-all her masts gone except the foremast. Then still on the fore yard, waiting only for an opportunity to reach the deck, was our second officer miraculously saved. In a few moments he stood again unharmed among us. The mainmast had gone by the board, the mizenmast head broken short off, and the fore topmast went at the cap. The main yard fell across the port gangway; and, when the ship rolled (still going through the water at a tremendous rate) the sea took the outer yard-arm, topmast staysail! Loose the goose wings of which, acting as a lever, wrenched off the the foresail! Get the stream chain out staunch and covering board along the waist through the hawse holes! Stay the foremast for the distance of about twenty feet. Thus there was laid open a clear space for the water to pour down into the hold.

Obedient to their chief, the whole crew were then at work in broken groups with still, however, the fine vessel, true to her axes, tomahawks and knives, in all parts of helm, payed off slowly. As she rolled her the ship, cutting at the rigging, in order that we might get the vessel clear of the surrounding wreck. That, however, was not work to portion, straining every mast and rope, the ing wreck. That, however, was not work to topmast backstays proved unable to bear the be done rapidly: the men had to secure sudden jerk—they parted. The ship was themselves with ropes to the ring-bolts; for then in a most perilous position. Having lost there was great risk of being washed away, her velocity in coming up in the wind she and they could only make a cut now and then was again coliged to run before the gale, of at the rigging. In the meantime the masts which the terrors were then heightened by were buffeting about under the counter of dark heavy clouds, by incessant thunder burst—the vessel, and at times giving tremendous ing directly on our heads, and by lightning blows against the stern. Then the great power of the sea tried us with a new disaster. The heavy mass of masts and rigging towing Proper repairs were at length made, and astern had very much lessened the vessel's speed, and the terrific seas overwhelmed the vessel, or as the seamen phrase it, pooped her. In an instant every cabin, with the whole of its furniture, was gone; not a chair, not a table, not a panel, was to be seen. There remained nothing but a hollow space between the decks.

The shock was fearful; the man at the the second mate; a manly fellow, who, without poop, cut through the wheel at the very the slightest hesitation, hastened aloft, and succeeded in cutting the head of the sail adrift; swept. Owing to the height of the bulwarks, the confused mass of cabins, furniture, and clothing, had not been washed everboard.

The wreck was, after great exertion, cut adrift; but we were at the marcy of the waves, which rolled over us from side to side, lashing in upon us furiously, carrying away all our boats, hencoops, and sky-lights. The ship too appeared to be settling down. The well was sounded, and eleven feet of water reported. The order was then given to send a gang of hands to the pumps, and another to lighten the ship by throwing overboard some of the cargo. It was found impracticable to obey either command. The uppermost part of the cargo consisted of Chinese umbrellas, packed in cases that contained one hundred each. They were very light; and, when thrown overboard, were always again washed on deck. The ship tossed like a log on the water; and, finding that we could not get rid of the cargo while the sea was continually pouring down the hatchways, the order was given to desist. Men were not more successful at the pumps

I have before said that the bulwarks were washed partially in board, and that the cabin furniture was strewn over the deck. boxes of umbrellas added bulk to the confused mass; which formed a wild heap, shifting and rolling constantly from side to side; sweeping the deck, and preventing any one from standing on it. Nor could we with all our efforts, get rid of the load. The weight of it was so enormous, that it was dashed to and fro against the sides of the ship with the force of a battering-ram; opening the ship out so much, that several articles fell through the deck, together with much water. There were by this time seventeen feet of water in the hold, and the vessel was quite unmanageable. The crew were powerless; night gathered about us, and the deck ran level with the sea. The chief officer told the captain that he thought we must be going down. The crew had for the last thirty-six hours been served only with the allowance of a couple of cabin biscuits and a glass of rum. As no fire could be kept alight, we were now again served with the same quantity; but what we needed most was water. A very small supply had been on deck, and we dared not open the hatches to get more.

In this condition night overtook us. The wind howled, and the sea made breaches over us. We had worked our strength away, and were entirely worn out with fatigue. Hope was fast ebbing: the Lascar crew, huddled up close together under the topgallant-foresail, frantically called on Allah and on Mahomet his prophet to come to their aid, and rescue them; offering up also large quantities of incense to propitiate. Aft, under the poop deck, just abreast the stump of the mizen mast, were the captain and officers waiting their doom. Not a word was uttered: every man's thoughts were with his home or with God. The second officer had with him

on board his younger brether, as a passenger; and for hours the two brethers set hand in hand, exchanging rarely a few words. One murmured occasional regrets for mis-spent years of his past life: the other hushed him then with words of hope. They spoke together most about their mother. How many years of suspense she would have 'o bear, and after all not hear of her two so s; each saying to the other, that he could near his own fate quietly if he could be assured of the other's safety, that he might take tidings home. They seemed to wish that one of them should live, not for his own sake, but for the sake of their mother.

Thus passed the night until two in the morning, when the typhoon had reached its utmost fury. Rain fell in torrents, lightning flashed, thunder rolled ceaselessly, the wind yeering round to all parts of the compass. At length the foremast-the only remaining mast—broke in two places, the head going over one side, and the centre fall-ing over the other. The crew gave themselves up as wholly lost, expecting to go down every instant; but that which to us appeared the finishing disaster saved the vessel. In a few moments a sensible difference was felt in her motion, and she became much more easy. The mast floating a-head had become a kind of stop-water for the ship —it kept her head to the wind, and broke the force of the waves. The typhoon also was at last passing away; so that by daylight no sign of it remained but the turbulence of the waters, and even that was rapidly subsiding. Those of the crew who were capable (many were utterly exhausted) then set to work to clear the decks of the enormous mass of lumber. That labour they got through by noonday, while gangs at the pumps were reheving one another every hour. After three days and nights of incessant labour the good ship was once more dry, and in tifteen days arrived at Singapore, under jury-masts, in safety.

BRAN.*

Wounded sore was the youthful knight, Grandson of Bran, at Kerloan fight.

In that bloody field by the wild sea-shore, Last of his race, was he wounded sore.

* This ballad commemorates the great Battle of Kerloan fought in the tenth century. Kerloan is a small village situated on the coast of the country of Loon, one of the ancient divisions of Brittany. Evan the Great then and there challenged the men of the North (Normans). The illustrious Breton chief compelled them to retreat; but they carried away many prisoners when they embarked; and, among them, was a warrior named Bran, grandson of an earl of the same name, who is often mensioned in the Acts of Bruttany. Near Kerloan, on the sea-coast, there still exists a small village, where most probably Bran was made prisoner. It may be necessary to ask that Breton traditions frequently represent the dead appearing in the form of birds, and that the love of country and of home, is to this day a passionate feeling among the Bretons. Bran, besides being a man's name, signifies also a crow in the Breton language.

Desc did we pay, though we won that day; Lost was our darling—borne far, far away.

Borne o'er the sea to a dungeon tower, 'Helpless he wept in the foeman's power.

"Comrades, ye triumph with mirth and cheer, While I lie wounded and heart-sick here!

"O and a messenger true for me, To b ar me a letter across the sea."

A messenger true they brought him there, And the young knight warned him thus with care:

"Lav now that dress of thine aside, And in beggar's weeds thy service hide.

"And take my ring, my ring of gold, And wrap it safe in some secret fold.

"But, once at my mother's castle gate, That ring will gain admittance straight;

"And O, if she comes to ransom me, Then high let the white flag hoisted be;

"But if she comes not—ah! well-a-day! The night-black flag at the mast display!"

H,

When the messenger true to Leon came, At supper sat the high-born dame;

With cups of gold and royal fare, And the harpers merrily harping there.

"I kneel to thee, right noble dame; This ring will show from whom I came.

"And he who gave me that same ring Bade me in haste this letter bring."

"Oh! harpers, harpers, cease your song; The grief at my heart is sharp and strong.

"Why did they this from his mother hide? In a dungeon lies my only pride!

"O quick, make ready a ship for me, This night I'll cross the stormy sea."

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The young Bran asked at morn next day, Asked from the bed whereon he lay:

"Look out now, warder, look well, I pray, See'st thou no ship that sails this way?"

"Sir knight, I look; but nought 1 spy, Save the open ses, and the open sky."

Again, when the sun was high o'erhead, The young Bran asked from his weary bed:

"Look out now, warder; look well, I pray, See'st thoi no ship that sails this way?"

"Sir knight, I took, but nought see there, "Save the white sea-birds that skim the air."

And at vesper hour, in sorer pain, The young Bran asked of him again.

"Look out once more; look well, I pray, Still see'st thou no ship that sails this way?"

Then the warder, cruel and false was he, Smiled as he spoke right wickedly:

"Yes, now, Sir knight, a ship I spy, Tossed by the killows against the sky." "What colour her flag? O tell me right; Speak, warder, speak! is it black or white?"

"Sir knight, it is black, if I truly see; By the embers red I swear to thee."

When the dot neast knight that answer heard, He asked no more, he spake no word;

He turned to the wall his face so wan, And shook in the breath of the Mighty one!

ıv.

The lady's foot scarce touched the sand Ere she cried to them upon the strand:

"Tell me who now has passed away?
For whom is the death-bell tolling, say?"

And a gray-haired man, there standing by, To the high-born lady made reply:

"A poor young knight, in prison chained, At the vesper hour his freedom gained."

Soon as these words the old man said, Away to the tower she wildly sped,

Her hair all scattered, her hair so white, Streaming abroad on the breeze of night.

Wondering around her the townsfolk came, To gaze, as she passed, on the high-born data

Wondering a lady so queenly to meet,
As meaning she rushed up the long steep street.

And each asked another, as half in fear,
"'What land does she come from? What seeks she
here?"

At the foot of the tower, to the gaoler grim, She solbed aloud, and she called on him:

"Oh! open the gates! (my son! my son!)
Oh! open the gates! (my only one!)"

They opened the gates, no word they said: Before her there her son lay dead.

In her arms she took him so tenderly, And laid her down—never more rose she!

On Kerloan shore there stands a tree, In that battle-field beside the sea:

An oak which lifted its lofty head When from Ewan the Great the Saxons fled.

On that aged tree, when the moon shines bright, The birds they gather in flocks at night;

From North and South, from East and West, The white sea-birds with blood-specked breast.

And amidst them comes, ever croaking low, With a young dark raven, an old gray crow.

Wearily onward they flap their way, With drooping wings, soaked through with spray,

As they had come from a far countrye, As they had flown o'er a stormy sea.

And the birds they sing so sweet and clear That the waves keep very still to hear.

They all sing out in a merry tone, They all sing together—save two alone.

With mouruful voice, ever croaking low, "Bing, happy birds!" says the old gray crow.

" Blest little birds! sing, for you may, You do not die from home fur aways!

A GREAT SCREW.

WHEN Mr. Hargreaves rode into Sydney with a small piece of gold and quartz-rock in his pocket, he could scarcely have understood that he carried with him that which would not only change the destinies of the great Australian continent, but likewise effect to a large extent a revolution in the commercial relations of the whole civilised world. screw between the stern of the ship and the And when, on the first of May eighteen hundred and fifty-one—the very day on which our Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was opened-the Governor of New South Wales penned his official sanction to the gold explorer's further labours, neither of them can have pictured a tithe of the mighty results which were destined to originate from the Adelaide Gallery, that he obtained that one epistle—

assistance which enabled him to build and

"What great events from trifling causes spring!"

Few things of moment have had more insignificant beginnings than the screw propeller for steam-ships; and few inventious are destined to produce more important benefits, more especially in connection with the great gold results which have sprung from Mr. Hargreaves's trifling nugget. The Australians can no more get on without the potent aid of the screw, than they can do without cradles, dampers, wide-awakes, Guernsey shirts, and patent revolvers. The screw will bring them within a fifty-five days' run of home. The screw will drive their gold to the markets of Europe more safely and expeditiously than any other propeller. The screw will enable their "made men" to reach the mother country without a gale or a fit of sea-sickness, by cheating both the much dreaded Capes. The screw is, in fact, the Australians' "coming machine."

Many of the most valuable scientific improvements have been brought to light by unexpected agencies. Amongst the hundred and fifty patents which have been taken out for various applications of the screw propeller, may be found, in addition to the names of engineers, machinists, ship-builders, and other professional men, those of ropemakers, farmers, printers, wharfingers, mer-chants, soldiers, and noblemen; and it is an undoubted fact that the most valuable additions made to our stores of screwknowledge, have come from men uneducated for, and unconnected with, any branch of practical engineering. Whilst machinists and civil engineers had for fifty years failed to contrive any really practical adaptation of the screw for propulsion, the laurels of screw science were won, first in seventeen hundred and ninety-four by a merchant, and since the breadth of each section of the curved

in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, jointly by an English farmer and a Swedish military officer.

The first attempt at screw propelling, which in any degree realised its object, was that of Mr. Lyttleton, a merchant of Goodman's Fields. It was, however, too rude and inefficient for practical purposes, and was laid aside with scores of other useless projects which saw the light between that period and the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six. One single exception to this array of failures is to be found in the improvement of a Mr. Cummerow, also a merchant of London; who, in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, placed the rudder-post, a principle which has been since adhered to.

Early in the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-six, Mr. J. P. Smith, a farmer of Hendon, obtained a patent for a new screw propeller; and so well did he succeed in working his first little model exhibited at fit up a small vessel of six tons. During the month of November of the following year, the screw-propelling farmer ventured out to sca in his toy-ship; and proceeded boldly. down Channel, making excellent progress through a stormy sea, and dead against the wind. So complete was the triumph of the screw, that all the scientific world were convinced; and even the Admiralty found ears to listen. A larger vessel was consequently built, in which many of the naval authorities made experimental trips to sea and round the English coast; with such success, that eventually Government formally adopted the new propeller, and laid down the Rattler or eight hundred and eighty-eight tons, to be fitted with engines and a powerful and improved screw. By this time an accident which happened to the first wooden model, demonstrated that a short screw, with narrow fans, was better than a long screw with broad fans; and the iron screw made for the Rattler was of a double thread, but of only one-sixth of a convolution. A year or two later, the principle was so completely established in the royal dockyards, that twenty ships of war were litted with auxiliary screw-

While Smith had been thus active, Ericsson, a Swedish officer, had also laid before the authorities a screw of a novel construc-tion; but, however well this may have been worked experimentally, the Government were not at that time disposed to think favourably of the new propeller, and Ericsson carried his patent to the United States, where he also improved on Stirling's hot air engine, but only with partial success. The latest and most valuable advance in the construction of screw propellers, is that made by Mr. Griffiths: which by a modification of

by altering the size and shape of the sorew's centre, and not less by an ingenious contrivance for "feathering" the blades, and diminishing or increasing their pitch or slope at will-has greatly added to the value of screw machinery.

The merchant service and public companies have equally availed themselves of the invention; and, at the present time, some of the largest ships affoat are screw-propelled. Indeed, so marked are the advantages of the screw over the paddle, that there is little doubt but that the former will eventually be superseded, except in navigating shallow water; and that a paddle steamer across the ocean will, twenty years hence, be as rare an object as a stage coach on the high roads of Britain.

Having thus sketched the progress of Screw Steam Navigation, a short space will suffice for an explanation of what this screw consists, how placed, and in what its great advantages reside. The reader will no doubt gladly be spared a treatise on the resistance of fluid bodies, on the true pitch and disc of screw propellers, on positive and negative slip, or centrifugal action. It may be enough to say, that the screw-propellers now most commonly in use are what are termed double-threaded, of about one-sixteenth of a convolution; in plainer language, they consist of two twisted iron blades fixed upon a shaft revolving beneath the water, at the stern. This shaft is surrounded by a stuffing-box with hemp packing, to keep the aperture in the ship's stern watertight; its extremity is set in a socket attached to the rudder-post. The screw itself revolves in that part of the which a suitably sized hole is cut to admit of its working. It is the thrust, or forward pressure of the blades, or sections of the screw threads, which is effective in propelling the ship.

Numerous trials as to the relative qualities of the paddle and the screw have resulted in a most complete demonstration of the superiority of the latter as an auxiliary power to vessels under canvas. For long sea-voyages in which calms, light airs, or fair breezes are cooked for, a screw ship of fifteen hundred tons and three hundred horse power, would be preferable in point of speed and economical working to a paddle steamer of the same size and of three times the horse power. It has been clearly shown that a screw steamer makes as much way under canvas and with half steam on, as without sails and with her whole steam power applied. Indeed, wherever sails can be used at all, the advantages of the screw appear most clearly : even in sailing close hauled to the wind, a vessel by the aid of the screw may be propelled four knots, when previously only making one knot

Experiment has demonstrated that an auxiliary screw-power sufficient to propel a

half an hour, when brought to the aid of the sails, has in reslity added three or four miles an hour to her speed. This is accounted for in the following manner:—when the vessel is propelled by canvas alone, and at a low rute of sailing, the wind quickly rebounds from the sails, and forms a sort of eddy or dead air in their rear, which acts to an extent adversely; for the sails do not receive nearly the whole advantage of the breeze; but, the moment more speed is imparted by auxiliary power, the sails retain the wind longer, having more of it, and there is not the same degree of rebound. In likemanner the sails assist the action of the screw, by enabling it to work upon a larger surface of water, and so extend its power.

It is evident, therefore, that except in running against a head gale, the screw-propelled ship must have the advantage. In regard to the original cost and working the two kinds of steamers, there is an enormous difference. Calculations show that the relative expense of the three classes of ships is as nine for paddle-steamers, to four for sailing-vessels and three for auxiliary screwships.

Looking to these advantages, it is highly interesting to examine in what direction screw steamers fitted on the auxiliary principle, are most likely to prove of the greatest utility.

'It was a happy circumstance that, coeval with the extension of the British possessions in that most remote part of the earth, the great south land of Australia, the screw principle should have been brought forward stern of the ship called the deadwood, in as a means of economising the use of fuel. By any of the routes to the colonies of Australia, the voyage, out and home, of a sailing vessel has been to the present time a most tedious and unpleasant affair. It is true there are Marco Polos, and Flying Dragons, and Sovereigns of the Seas which have made rapid passeges with sails alone; but we all know what the old adage tells us about one swallow not making a summer. average taken from the voyages of six hundred vessels, out and home, in 'thirty-nine and 'forty-nine, gives one hundred and thirtyfour days as the outward run in the former year, and one hundred and nineteen days for the latter; whilst, for the homeward voyage, they were one hundred and fifty-one and one hundred and twenty-eight days. In 'fortynine, the longest passage made to Port Philip was one hundred and eighty-six days; the shortest, one hundred and one days.

This is tedious work; knocking about in calms, gales of wind, and adverse breezes, during those one hundred and eightysix days, with the biscuit green and wormy, and the water looking like bad pea-sonp, smelling of stale rum casks and tasting of logwood and rusty nails. Still it did not much signify when emigrants were few; when ship not more than a mile or a mile and a the homeward-bound with fortunes were still fewer ; and when the great bulk of the carroes from those countries consisted of wool, tallow, and copper-ore. The golden dream of Hargreaves in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, has become a splendid reality in eighteen hundred and fifty-three; and a community, suddenly converted from shepherds, shopkeepers and convicts, to capitalists, landholders, and bankers, demands some more rapid means of communicating with Europe than the colliercraft hitherto employed in the trade to Australia.

Two years ago a Committee of the House of Commons made an inquiry and published a report upon the subject of communication with the Australian colonies. Three routes were proposed to the committee, and evidence adduced on behalf of them all. These consisted of-first, the present overland route to India, with a branch line of steamers to ply between Singapore and Sydney; secondly, direct communication with the colonies by way of the Cape of Good Hope; and thirdly, a line proposed by a new steam-packet company, to run more directly than either of the other routes, across the isthmus of Panama, across the Pacific Ocean by way of New Zealand to Sydney and Melbourne. The two former were adopted by the Government authorities for the mail service; nevertheless, so convinced were the projectors of the Australian Pacific Mail Steam-Packet Company of the superiority of the Panama life, that a fleet of six iron steam-ships of two thousand tons and fitted with powerful screw engines were at once laid down. Two of them are already launched.

The Cape and India lines have been working for some time, and the result of their operations furnishes the best answer to any speculations on the subject as far as speed is concerned. By way of Singapore the mail contract to Sydney has been performed in eighty-three days, and homewards it has been accomplished in eighty-nine and eighty-six days. The Cape contract has been still more unfortunate, the ships in that service having occupied between ninety-four and one hundred and twenty days outwards; and, on the homeward run, something more. The above work has been performed by paddle steamers, and certainly offers no advantages over some of the improved sailing vessels which now make the run in eighty to ninety days.

Although it is thus shown that the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels have failed in opening a rapid communication with the southern and eastern ports of Australia, they have unquestionably achieved great success on the Indian line: what they have performed on the Suez route to Calcutta, the Australian Pacific Company will in a few more months accomplish by means of the isthmus of Panama and the Pacific, for Melbourne and Sydney.

By no means the least important feature in

coal-fields in New South Wales and New Zeahand; existing as if expressly to further the great scheme which is now being matured of encircling the world with a chain of iron and steam. Looking at the relative positions of Australia, Panama, and England, it cannot fail to be evident that no difficulty will be experienced in keeping up a regular monthly and even fortnightly communication, in about forty-five days. Time is the one great consideration in all business transactions, and it is difficult to over-estimate the effects of thus bringing our friends in the golden colonies so near home as to enable us to receive replies to our letters in something over a hundred days, or in less time than it now requires to convey a letter outwards by some of the steamers by way of the Cape. The accomplishment of this must constitute the Pacific route the great post-road to Australia—the highway for passengers, as well as the main gold channel thence to this country.* The Australian merchants will economise a large sum annually by the saving of interest on the value of the gold sent by this line—the result of bringing it home in fifty-five days, instead of eighty or ninety days as at present. This saving upon only half the yield of the Australian gold-fields would amount to a very considerable sum; thus verifying the axiom, that "Time is money."

From Southampton to the Atlantic side of the Panama isthmus, the service will be performed by the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company, which is now building five new vessels of great speed and accommodation. They are intended to ply in connexion with the ships already running to the West Indies. Arrived at Panama, the outward-bound traveller will find a railway ready, with all its appliances, to whisk him off across the narrow band of earth (forty-nine miles in breadth) which separates the two great waters of the world. This line will be opened for traffic early in the ensuing year, twenty miles of it being already in operation, and steam will thus sink the distance into utter insignificance.

The shortness of this route is however, not The fair winds, its only recommendation. the placid sea, the beautiful climate, all point to it as one that will be traversed in far more comfort and bodily enjoyment than any other. From January to December an unceasing monsoon wind blows across the South Pacific, always available, and, for auxiliary screw steamers, the finest breeze that could This would indeed appear to be prevail. the best field in which the many advantages of Screw Steam Navigation could be shown. With an eight knot breeze and all canvas spread, the Black Swan or the Emu iron steamers, aided by half steam power, may bound across that unruffled ocean, with a

this new route is the existence of extensive Words, vol. I. p. 66.

spited realizing the flight of their living namesales across the great Australian prairies. It was this delightful region which enchanted the earliest English and French navigators: it was here the adventurous Cook spent many weeks of his ocean life; and it was from this part of the Pacific that the author of Typee and Omoo drew the materials for his interesting tales.

For the return voyage, winds, nearly as favourable, are to be found by steering well to the southward for a short time after leaving the Australian continent. In these latitudes westerly breezes blow for a great part of the year, which will not fail to carry a vessel to the South American coast in fair weather. A screw vessel need not make the American coast; but, by steering towards the north, when within a certain distance of land. the Isthmus of Panama will be easily made. It should be borne in mind that, during the whole voyage, there is one continuous summer breeze and summer sky a not a cloud dims the bright blue of the tropical horizon; the unruly wave seldom troubles the face of the wellnamed Pacific. By this route the passengers need fear no storms; no heavy squalls of wind or rain; no unpleasant motion of the ship. The terrors of the much dreaded "Cape of Storms" are escaped equally with the piercing cold of Cape Horn in a voyage which the most delicate and nervous may undertake without fear or inconvenience.

Whether the great ship-canal which is promised to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be realised, or whether the Panama railway continue to be the means of transit across the Isthmus, will not affect the certain and speedy success of the "great screw" question in a region which, of all others, appears to be the best adapted to a mode of propelling ships, which is at once economical, rapid, and agreeable.

CHIPS.

A LOCUST HUNT.

I was quietly at work at Capri one day last August in my study, labouring to breathe as well as the great heat would let me, when a wild-looking youth rushed in to me from Anacapri, with news that the locusts were come. The disease of the vines had already caused great loss, and now there were the locusts cating up the harvest. A great part of Anacapri, said the youth, is as bare as if a fire had swept across it. The invaders had already got over the brow of the mountain, and were in the woods below. Would I go out and see them ! ('ertainly I would.

As we approached their advanced guard under cover of a low wood, we could hear the incessant click-click of the enemy, and every now and then we were fallen upon by locust that in a few days the whole body of hunters

them frolinking in legions, like imps let loose for mischief. As the atmosphere was atready thicker than I liked, I did not that morning go up to see how things looked at the worst.

I went back to pay a visit to the Synfiet. and ascertain what could be done to mend them

Trouble of this kind comes upon Capri once in every three or four years; but there has been no swarm so great as the present since the great plague of locusts twenty years ago. "That, indeed," my informant said, "was awful. They climbed our walls, got into our houses and churches, crawled over the altars. ate up the entire harvest; and who can say what else might have happened if it had not been for Saint Antonio? Some missionary priests were then among us, and they ordained a solemn procession of women; they were all to walk with their hair loose about their shoulders, and the priests in front carrying the image of the saint. Before the procession was over, a strong cast wind came and blew a'll the locusts into the sea, just over the Blue Grotto. Ah, Signor, Saint Antonio is very powerful!"

Report having been formally made to the Syndic, his excellency, in true official style, ordered a bag of the devastators to be collected and sent off to the sub-intendant, who resides at Castellamare, in order that he might ascertain whether indeed they were really locusts. Until that point was officially decided, the Syndic could disburse none of the public money to arrest the plague; which was of course spreading meantime with the steadmess of a prairie-fire over the woods and fields. The gram was being bitten off under the ear as cleanly as though cut by scissors; fig-trees were stripped and barked. Our messenger reached Castellamare after business hours. The deputy was enjoying his evening leisure, and could speak with nobody.

On the next day, however, the Syndic of Anacapri, having obtained the requisite permission, attached a placard to the walls of his house, offering a reward for the capture of locusts at the rate of about a penny for a pound. All the idle population of the district instantly became busy, and went out locust-hunting in parties of five or six, with sacks and sheets. A sheet held by a man at each corner being lifted up like a wall across the path of the invaders, one or two people with brooms beat the bushes and swept the earth, causing the disturbed locusts to fly on until the sheet was black with them. Then it was quickly doubled up, the insects were scraped from it into a sack, and preparations were made for the taking, in the same way, of another batch. A locust-hunter tells me that he is carning at his work sixteenpence a-day; sixpence a-day beyond his usual wages. I am told also, by the parish priest of Anacapri, scouts, that dashed against our faces or clung in that small district has taken upward of to our pantaloons. As we proceeded we found twenty hundredweights; but he remembers

one season in which there were as many

taken in a single morning.

The reward for captured locusts is not paid until they are dead and buried. Dead and unburied they soon putrefy under a hot sun, and breed pestilence. There is a point in the island called Monte Solario, about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Thither the locusts are all taken after they have been soaked in boiling water; and having in that way killed them by the sackful, in a deep pit they bury them.

ETERNAL LAMPS.

WHEN WE hear the word Lamp, we involuntarily recall that beloved lamp of our childhood, burning in the secret mountaincavern, and throwing its magic radiance over so many of our winter nights—the Wonderful Lamp of Aladdin; or we enter in imagination the chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem, where the many goldene and jewelled luminaries, presents from kings and emperors, hang like low stars within their own rich twilight; or we think of the lamps borne before the bride and bridegroom in ancient Judea, like the torch of Hymen at the weddings of old Greece and Rome—or of those seven crystal vessels of supernatural dust. flame which St. George found in the enchanted castle, and which he extinguished by means of a goblet of precious liquor, to the instantaneous and utter destruction of that palace of illusions. By the help of the same word, moreover, we can, if it so pleases us, penetrate into that mosque in the city of Fez, where mne hundred brazen lamps are said to burn every night; or can travel into the obscure antiquity of Egypt (the native country of these artificial illuminators, as some think), and be present at that Feast of Lamps there held annually, according, as Herodotus reports. Our present business, however, is not with any of these; but rather with that "bright consummate flower" of all lamps-the lamp which burns perpetually.

There are two kinds of Eternal Lamps—one which is said to be found in tombs; and one which is said to be found in tombs; and one which the Rosicrucians and other mystical philosophers conceived they could make, and which was to be of use to them in their scientific experiments. Of the former kind we hear more frequently and have fuller accounts, than of the latter. The poet Cowley, in a note on this subject, expresses an opinion that the idea of sepulchral lamps came from the East, "where there was such infinite expense and curiosity bestowed upon sepulchrea." Be this as it may, it is chiefly in connexion with ancient Roman tombs that we read of the discovery of Eternal Lamps. According to the belief once entertained, the Romans placed these lights in the mausoleums of their friends and relations, as a mark of honour: here it was asserted they continued burning without any waste, and

in defiance of ordinary natural laws, as long as the air was excluded from them; but, immediately upon the opening of the tomb, the rare and apparently supernatural flame was extinguished. This circumstance furnished Cowley with a simile in describing the violent death of Ammon by the hand of Jonathan:

'Twixt his right ribs deep pierced the forious blade, And open'd wide those secret vessels where Life's light goes out when first they let in air.

It is affirmed that, about the middle of the sixteenth century, during the pontificate of Paul III., an ancient tomb was discovered in the Via Appia; which, from an inscription upon it, was supposed to be the burial-place of Cicero's daughter Tullia. In this sepulchre was found the body of a woman, with her hair done up in tresses, and tied with a golden thread; also a lighted lamp, which, if the story were true, must have been burning for at least one thousand five hundred and fifty years. But this admirable spectacle did not last long. The contents of the mansoleum were no soon r influenced by the exterior air, than the light extinguished itself; and the body—fading like a ghost before the eyes of the beholders—fell into a heap of formless

Between four and five centuries previous to this, a lamp, which had been burning for a still longer period, is said to have been unearthed in a tomb supposed to contain the body of Pallas, the son of Evander, mentioned by Virgil. It must have been lying there for above two thousand two hundred years. A countryman in the neighbourhood of Rome, happening to dig a little deeper than usual in his field, came upon the body of a man taller than the city wall, and enclosed in a stone coffin with an inscription establishing the identity of the corpse. An immense gash, measuring four feet and a half, was in the middle of the breast - the very gash inflicted by the spear of Turnus; and over the head there was a burning lamp. William of Malmesbury, whose history contains an account of this matter, says that the lamp was "constructed by magical art; so that no violent blast, no dripping of water, could extinguish it While many were lost could extinguish it in admiration at this, one person (as there are always some people expert in mischief) made an aperture beneath the flame with an iron style, which introducing the air, the light vanished." Some days afterwards, "the body," being drenched with the drip of the eves, acknowledged the corruption common to mortals; the skin and the nerves dissolving." Considering that Pallas is a somewhat doubtful historical character, and that there are good. reasons for believing that men taller than city walls have never existed, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that it would be exercising no great amount of scepticism to discredit this narrative, Eternal Lamp and all.

Solinus, a Latin writer who lived in the first century of the Christian era, tells us that a light was found in a tomb, which had burnt there above fifteen centuries, and which fell into dust in the hands of these who took it up It is said that several of these lamps have been discovered in the territory of Viterbo in Italy; of which that of Olybius Maximus of Padua is the most celebrated. This had remained burning for fifteen hundred years which, by the bye, appears to be the favourite allotment of time in these matters. phials, one of gold, the other of silver, both filled with an admirably clear liquor nourished, without any sensible diminution, a lamp placed between them, or, as some say, under them. But whether this, like the others, expired "when first they let in air," depoment sayeth not.

Hitherto we have spoken only of Italy; but it appears that our own country has had the honour of producing these phenomena. "It is reported," says Bailey in his English Dictionary (1730), "that, at the dissolution of monasteries, in the time of King Henry VIII., there was a lamp found that had then burnt in a tomb from about three hundred years after Christ, which was near twelve hundred years.—Two of these subterranean lamps," he adds, "are to be seen in the Muscum of Rarities at Leyden in Holland." Rarities indeed! But did they continue to burn in the Muscum? or had their eternity come to an end?

The existence of these stories probably suggested an image to Shakspeare's mind in that solemn address of Pericles over the supposed dead body of his queen, which he is about to consign to the ocean:—

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And age-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.

Act III., Se I.

Spenser also has an Eternal Lamp—not, however, in connexion with death, but with a wedding:—

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt, That none but death for ever can divide; His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt, The housing fire * did kindle and provide, And holy water thereon sprinckled wide; At which the bushy teade † a groome did light, And sucred lump in secret chamber hide, Where it almud not be quenched day nor-night, For feare of evil fates, but bunnen ever bright.

Book I., c. 12., v. 5

Upton says that Spenser here "seems to allude to the mystical meaning of the Wise Virgins' lambs in the parable, which, like the typical the in Levit. vi., 13, 'shall ever be burning apon the altar' of love; 'shall never go out.'" But it ought to have been added, that in this case special directions are given that the fire shall be supplied with fuel.

* Sacramental fire. † Torch.

Would the reader like to know the com-position of Eternal Lamps. We are in persession of two or three recipes, which we do not mind imparting to him. According to some authorities they are made of the oiliness of gold, resolved by art into a liquid sub-. stance. That is one way. Gil of gold is no doubt obtainable at any chemist's shop; if not, write to some friend or relation at the Australian or Californian diggings. Another method has been set forth, from personal experiment, by Trithemius, a learned German ecclesiastic of the fifteenth century. He assures us that he had himself made an oil of flower of brimstone. borax, and spirit of wine, which burnt many years without wasting. It does not appear, however, that it would burn an indefinite number of years; so that, after all, this was not an Eternal Lamp. Athanasius Kircher, a philosophical German Jesuit who lived about two hundred years ago, and who has written a great deal on the subject of lamps, speaks of a way to reduce the flame back into wax, so as to keep up a perpetual supply; which would certainly be economical. The inconsumable wick is to be of asbestos. And here it may be remarked that lamps with asbestos wicks have in fact been made; which, as far as the wicks themselves were concerned, have had some appearance of immortality. That this singular mineral has the power of resisting the action of fire is perfectly well known; although it is probable that some slight diminution in weight does really take place, which would necessarily end at length in the destruction of the substance. The same author mentions a chemical preparation of gold, which is thereby rendered spongy, is called Salamander's wool, and which he also recommends as a material for Fortunio Laceto, a Genoese physician wicks. of the seventeenth century, who strenuously contended for the possibility of Eternal Lamps, says, that the ancients had a secret of making an inconsumable oil, or of constructing their lamps in such a manner that, as they burned, the smoke condensed insensibly, and resolved itself into oil again. This looks like an anticipation of those modern stoves which consume their own smoke, and by means of which, and Lord Palmerston's Bill, we may hope to see the air of London purified. Liceto contends that the everlasting fires burning on the altars of some of the pagan divinities were of the same nature as Eternal Lamps; but it is well known that these fires were sedulously maintained by their appointed guardians, and that the punishment of death was ordained for letting them expire.

Our countryman, Friar Bacon, believed in, the possibility of making lamps that should burn for ever; and even the scientific 1)r. Plott, who died as late as the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-six, entertained the same opinion. He proposed asbestos as the material for the wick. Indeed he conceived that to be the only possible substance for the

suppose, and that its failure would be a proof Pallas) is thus related in number three hun-timer that Perpetual Lamps are altogether dred and seventy-nine of Addison's Spectator: shulous, or that the ancients made them without wicks. For the fluid which is to support the life of the flame, he suggested asphtha, or liquid bitumen, which will be now thought a wick; and thought that a trial might be made of the bitumen springing into the coal mines at Pitchford, in Shropshire. This is in fact a shrewd guess in the direction of gas lamps; though the gas-contractors will tell you that for a perpetual light there must be a perpetual supply. It is quite certain, however, that a species of illumination may be produced which will continue for a great length of time without any fresh material for combustion. In a book of chemical and other scientific experiments, printed not many years ago, we find the following directions for making a lamp that will burn twelve months without replenishing :- " Take a stick of phosphorus, and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will affor a light sufficient to discern any object in a room when held near it, and will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months." It is possible that the Rosierucian philosophers possessed some such knowledge as this, and so deluded their more ignorant contemporaries.

On the sceptical side of the question, Ottario Ferrari, who lived in the same cenntry with Liceto, wrote a work, printed at Padua in sexteen hundred and eighty-five, entitled Dissertatio de Veterum Lacernis Sepulchralibus. In this treatise he contends, "that the use of sepulchral lamps cannot be of such standing in Italy as is pretended; because they used to burn their dead, and put the ashes in urns of such narrow necks that a lamp could not be got into them." He then endeavours to prove that there cannot be a perpetual flame either by means of the

oil or wick.

The best mode, as it seems to us, of accounting for the phenomenon, has been put forth in the Ana of Vigneul Marville where we find the following: -" It happens frequently, when antiquarians are inspecting by torch-light old sepulchres which they have opened, that thick vapours, produced by decomposition of the bodies, become ignited at the approach of the same, to the great astonishment of the attendants, who have more than once shouted a miracle. This sudden effect is quite natural; but it has occasioned the belief that these flames proceed from Perpetual Lamps." At the same time extinguished lamps may really have been discovered, which, of course would aid the delusion.

Rescucrantz, the supposed founder of the Resicrucian sect, is said to have made an Eternal Lamp, which was discovered some years after his death in a subterranean vault where he lay buried. This story (which is a sort of improved edition of the legends re-

-"A certain person, having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue crected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright, and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step; when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness. Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened. Rosierucius, say his disciples, made use of this method to show the world that he had reinvented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients; though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery." An edition of the Spectator, published by the Tonsons in seventeen hundred and sixty-seven has a frontispiece by Hayman, illustrative of this story. The statue in armour stands with the uplifted truncheonthe mysterious lamp hangs by long chains from the sullen vault—the recumbent figure on the tomb sleeps in white repose beneath the enchanted radiance—the perspective of heavy arches recede into the gloom-the sepulchral um is seen in a miche overheadand the scared man enters at the doorway.

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy a lamp is mentioned which is to burn as long as the man with whom it has a certain mystical connection continues to live. lamp (according to Burgravius, a disciple of Paracelsus, from whom Burton quotes) is to be made of man's blood; which, chemically prepared forty days, and afterwards kept in a glass, shall show all the accidents of this life: if the lamp burn brightly, then the man . is cheerful and healthy in mind and body; if, on the other hand, he from whom the blood is taken be melancholic or a spendthrift, then it will burn dimly, and flicker in the socket; and - most wonderful of all - it goes out when he dies. A lamp is described in the old romance of "Virgilius," a singular chronicle of the magical feats and works of superhuman science, attributed by the middle ages to lating to the alleged burial places of Tullia and | Virgil the post. The story is worth quoting

at length, as a really grand fiction, and as a first specimen of old English. "For profit of the common people," says the history "Virgilius on a great mighty marble pillar did make a bridge that came up to the palace; that palace and the pillar stood in the mid of Rome; and upon this pillar made he a lamp of glass that alway burned without going out, and nobody might put it out; and this lamp lightened over all the city of Rome from one corner to the other, and there was not so little a street but it gave such light that it seemed two torches there had stand; and upon the walls of the palace mude he a metal man that held in his hand a metal bow that cointed ever upon the lamp for to shoot it out, but alway burned the lamp, and gave light over all Rome. And upon a time went the burgesses' daughters to play in the palace, and beheld the metal man; and one of them asked, in sport, why he shot not; and then she came to the man, and with her hand touched the bow, and then the bolt flew out, and brake the lamp that Virgilius made and it was wonder that the maiden went not out of her mind for the great fear she had, and also the other burgesses' daughters that were in her company, of the great stroke that it gave when it hit the lamp, and when they saw the metal man so swiftly run his way and never after was he no more seen. And this foresaid lamp was abiding burning after the death of Virgilius by the space of three hundred years or more.

After all, to what does an Eternal Lamp amount, even on the showing of its believers? Merely to something whose perpetuity is leased upon chance, and which accident or mischief may at any time bring to a sudden and final stop.

OLD SETTLERS OF TENNESSEE.

THE western settler in America of the present day is not remarkable for polish. The west end of the world is much less refined than the west end of London. Yet the dwellers in the back settlements now, are in a high condition of refinement compared with their primogenitors.

We are never tired of drawing comparisons between the comforts and advantages possessed by civilised men as they were suxty or eighty years ago and as they are at present. It occurs to me, however, that the veriest savage is not quite what he used to be, and that the back-woodsmen, settlers, pioneers, or whatever else they may be called, are altered greatly in their character by the great changes made of late in the material condition of secrety. In these days, pioneers wear boots, and their wives play upon pianos; and rough they may be now, they cannot do such fathers were.

The fault lies not with them, but with the for the occasional sweetening of a despirit of the time. At the present time the honour of some extraordinary even

emigran goes westward through unerplants forests in a steamboat, carrying on board; under care of a steward, a corkscrew; whether forks (possibly silver), glass and china, beds, and a thousand luxurious knick-knacks. The wilds of Minnesota and Nebraska become int. six months thoroughly tutored, even to speak by comparison—genteel. The tailor speak by comparison-genteel. and the milliner belong to the first party of pioneers quite as much as the carpenter or mason. The publican, the doctor, and the printer land by the next boat. Walk in these wilds next year, and you hear planes beaten by the hands of the stout damsels who dwell and walk about there, arrayed in silk; you may drop in, too, at the pastrycook's; or play at billiards; or read stiff patriotism in the Nebraska Mercury. A steamer or a coach brings friends of settlers from the inner world on visits, or carries away the pioneer shopkeeper to make his purchase of "an entirely new stock of spring goods." Yet, in practice, all this is considered rough work by the traveller from Europe.

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The pioneers of eighty years ago lived quite in another way. Take for an illustration the old time when, Tennessee, now one of the most populous states of the Union, was occupied by the first white men who made a home there. I will say nothing just now of the incessant conflicts with the Indians, the attacks and surprises; the bitterness of hatred seasoning the wild excitement of the conflict; the familiarity with scenes of bloodshed which -in the absence of a counteracting influence -deadened the religious sentiment among They were not holy men, the pioneers although they had no lack of human virtue; and it is not for me to say how much they may have benefited by the great Religious Revival—the term is American — effected among them by certain preachers, Presbyterian and Methodist. On that occasion they all flocked together—fifty-four years ago—in a dense forest, devoting themselves to religious exercises night and day. Lamps and torches all night long made a gala in the primeval wood, in which there were twenty thousand people worshipping, and being taught to wor-

ship, in a wild way suited to their tempers. Longer ago than that, when the settlement began in Tennessee, the only path into it from the east was by a single Indian trail. It would admit nothing larger than a packhorse. No waggon was seen in Termessee before the year seventeen hundred and seventysix. The want of conveyance indicates the want of a vast number of things, that are now conveyed about with as little thought of any special blessing in the means of transit, as we have in connexion with our regular supplies of light and air. Salt brought upon pack-horses cost ten dollars a bushel; coffee and tea were never seen; and the little sugar made out of the sugar maple was used only for the sickness for the occasional sweetening of a dram is

armeal of a new settler, or, perhaps a wedding. There were almost no tools. If on was made so dear by the costly transit upon packherses, over mountains and through forest, that it was used only for making and repairing ploughs and the most necessary farming utensils. Hinges and fastenings were made of wood; and even the use of iron nails was thought extravagant. They made their own clothes in their own huts; for they would not own an article brought in to them from without. Shoes were commonly worn only during half the year, and boots, when a new comer brought them on his feet, were stared at and ridiculed. Hats were of course not tolerated, nor fine linen, nor broadcloth; and he was a bold pioneer who dared to appear in any coat on which there was a button more than would be absolutely needed. Back buttons, wrist buttons, or the useless second rew of breast buttons, were not to be regarded by a pioneer with patience.

As these primitive men of the frontier had nothing to do with carpentry, masonry or upholstery, and there was no plumber, painter. or glazier among them, they of course kept very primitive establishments. Every man had a hatchet, a rifle, and a butcher knife; and there was in a settlement perhaps one public saw and an auger, to be used at the raising of a log cabin. The cabin floor was of earth, into which very luxurious or enterprising families stamped some of the staves split out of puncheons, and they split pun-cheons up for shutters when they wanted them. The inside of this eligible one-roomed family residence was fitted up with a sound puncheon supported on four legs, capable of being used as a bench, a table, or a bucket. There were one or two rough-hewn bedsteads, and some chairs and stools to match. The walls were tapestried with the dresses of the women, and the clothes and arms belonging to the men. I should not forget to say that the original log cabin contained also a spin-ning-wheel and very frequently a loom. The men procured the raw material of dress and food; the women spun, and wove, and cooked it.

The first settlers in Tennessee raised, in a favourable climate, admirable herds of cattle, and were indebted for the abundance of their bread, and for a good deal of their security in eating it to Indian corn. Dr. Ramsay, from whose excellent "Annals of Tenessce," published at Charleston, we are gathering the information here set down, is very eloquent on maize, and very amply sets forth its importance in the story of the early settlers. The frontier settlements, he says, could not have been held without it. Its certainty, the little pre-paration of the soil required for it, the small care needed while it grows, and the speed with which it runs on to maturity, are all important points in its favour as the staple food in a disturbed border country. Then, when mature, it yields most bountifully; the week's holiday at Christmas.

very pith of its stalk is estable; and, when that is taken out, the stalk pressed between rollers, yields what they call corn-stalk mo-lasses. Then again the ripe crop may without hurt be very much neglected. The whole community might quit the harvest to go on an expedition against Indians, yet the ripe corn would remain safe upon the stalk, even if left standing throughout the winter. Smut or weavil never touched it; no snow-storms could do it any harm. Furthermore, when the crop was gathered at the owner's leisure, it was easily husked, or it need not be husked at all until it was wanted. Then the ripe maize might be prepared for food in scores of forms. It was good roasted or boiled, whole or grated. Poets unborn shall sing of mush, of pone, of hoe-cake, and of dodgers; of mush that is good with milk, or that is good with molasses, or that is good with butter, or that is good with honey, or that is good with gravy. Maize again gives no trouble to the grinder, and requires no apparatus, for it is always relished best when it is coarsely ground. It needs no costly mill, no bolting cloth. The uses of corn grain like this-highly nutritious-to the old pioneers are obvious enough. If the Indians came down upon the settlement, the fighting pioneers required no troublesome provisioning. Every man parched a peck of corn, and put it partly into his wallet, and partly into his pockets; then he took up his rifle, mounted his horse, and was ready for campaign. If the whole body capable of bearing arms had to turn out, women and children could undertake so light a labour as the raising of the maize crop. If there came too many new settlers, the corn ripened so fast that there was soon bread in plenty for them. If an autumnal intermittent fever, the certain frontier plague among the clearings, laid even an entire settlement upon its back, it did not stop the harvesting, for harvest was so early that according to the common order of things the crop was in before the fever came.

The sports of the old frontier men were, of course, all of the rough or manly kind, such as hunting, shooting, tomahawk-throwing. They did not, like modern settlers now, play cards or pitch dollars. They were not without music; many of them performed upon the bugle, fife, or drum; and, when a fiddler came among them, they ran after him

as fishes ran to gape at Orpheus.

The rough manners of the men were pleasantly reflected in the boys, when after a time there was to be found such a thing as a chance schoolmaster here and there in the settlement. He built his log hut near a spring, for boys thirst very much over their lessons; and they behaved well enough in ordinary times, but then even they had their "institutions." It would have been certainly a simple institution to establish it as a rule that there should be, as there always was, a They went

about it, however, border fashion; the hole-bound the young community together safely to re-take his castle Of course he fuled, and the managents refused to surrender except on their own conditions—a school fe ist and a week's holidiy The mister got a faction on his side, and from each party ambassadors were sent with full powers to treat. If the mister plived the Cru and treated the your lunks too hun, hills, refusing to sin in them a fun tienty they the ic ords published by Dr Rimsey I will took him prisoner and hauled him to the spring, where he received a ducking B youd that point he never carried his resist Whenever he yielded, in express messenger was despatched for upples and cider, or perhaps for stronger drunks and the short holid by senson so was man an ate! On the Monday after Christmas, the boys went back to books, and however much they might be drawn away from them by the commotions proper to the settlement so fu as the scho l itself was concerned they had a ept the week so conquered no viciti na

Every man added to a frontier extilement that hid to fight for its ground give il ditional security I on that it is me every new comer received corded welcome. If he were a single man, a home and occupation were it once provided for him in the house of a me old pioneir. If he brought a wite and children, other family men came to him saying, "Comp with us till we put up a cobin for you" He who he ame the host then went about the cettlement and appointed a day on which the whole able p pulits name to raise a but for their new friends. The cabin being raised, every 1 (1, hbour came in his turn, bringing something to its future occupants which should as at in givin start to the beginners One would bring a pair of pigs, and one a pair of fowls, and one a cow and calf. The legioners once started would be expected and did always heartily desire, to afford help of the same kind to others who came after them To say that a settler cared for nobody, or that he had no neighbours, was to make away completely with his moral character Not to ask a neighbour's help at clearing or at cabin 1 using, or not to rak his presence at a frolic, would be to behave to him in a way that would require to be accounted for at the next muster of the population In every respect it was the pride of the backwoodsman to be neighbourly Families travelling through the wilds on breaking up the night's camp, covered over the temains of their hre so that it might be re-kindled easily by the next Promer. In the settlement fellow-workers sutraged companions he wrote at the

day must be not given, but taken; it was not and firmly, by carrying out to the utmost the to be had as a matter of course, but to be came proposale of mutual and If can of two fought for On the Friday morning before hunters but the forest lost butcher-knafe or Christmas, the boys of a Tennessee frontier arimunition, his comrade broke the blade of school used to go down betimes and capture his own knife in two, or cut his bar of lead, the school building, light great fires inside, or made division of his powder. If a planad bar the master out. When he came need at home fell sick and could not work his down he asserted his authority and attempted helds, days were appointed on which his neighbours met, and, distributing his work among themselves, ploughed and hoed for him, or gathered his harvest, hauled has wood, and saw that he had proper comfort and ittendance

All this is very cheerful reading; yet the public history of the lennessee settiers is by I great deal less enlivening From some of take three or four notes as a sample of their character On the twenty second of July, un the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three, them en event en hand was, that John Mouns, a lamekisiw wiring being a guest of the governor it Knoxville, was shot by some person unknown (severnor Blount, to allay mutation, had buried him with military him wis and walked is the f mourner beside

the by ther of the mur leved man

On the twenty fifth of May, Thomas Gillam milms s n Junes were killed and scalped by In mans, in the Riccion Villey, eighteen rules from knozville (apt in Beard set off with feity mounted infinity in hot pursuit On the thirteenth of June came to Governor Illunt trlings of an atrocious and mest trea herous reprisal on the Indians by he sull beard, in a letter from one Captum Chisholm, who said that "on yesterday m min (intain John Leard with a party of firty men, attacked the Indiana at the Hunging Mawa, and killed twelve or fifteen on the spot, amon, whom were a number of the principal chiefs called there by the expr sa order of the President M yor Robert King Dunel (numichael Joseph Sevici, and James Ore, were acting for the United States. This will bring an inevitable war, the Indians ne makin victious preparations for an issue upon us. The frontier is in a most lumentable situation. Pray, sir let us have your immediate presence, for our all depends upon your exertion line Hinging Maw is w unded his wife is killed, also Scantee, a Chickasiw chief that was at the Maw's, Kittigeskic's daughter (there was no respect tor women evidently) "and other principal Iwo hundred Indians were in arms Indiabs in thirty minutes. Le iid and his party have fled, leaving the frontier unprotected"

Beard ought to have been first thrashed, and then hanged The feeling of the pronecra, The gohowever, was enlisted on his side vennors accretary wrote of hun to the War Department that "to my great pain, I find, to punish Beard by law, just now, is out of the question" To Hanging Maw and his

time. "Be not rash and incorpiderate. Hear what your and our Great Father the President will say. Go and see him as he has requested. I assure you I believe he will give you satisfaction if you forbear to take it 'yourselves." Beard was tried by countmertial, and dismissed unpunished and unre-

proved.

On the twenty-ninth of August, the Indians coming for vengeance, killed and mangled one Lieutenant Tedford, and shot a man named Cunningham, who escaped, wounded, to the log cabin of one Andrew Cresswell. Cresswell and his wife determined not to go for safety to the nearest station, but to defend their own home for themselves. The house was a new cabin with a single door, fastened by a shutter of hewn puncheons thick enough to be bullet proof. The stable was so placed in the rear of the cabin, that its door could only be opened by raising a large bolt with a long lever at the head of the master's bed. Near the lever was a porthole through which he could defend his stable, and there were portholes on each wall of the house through which he could defend his family. The enemy abstained from besieging him.

On the following day two Indians entered the house of Philip Hatter, in Washington County, about cleven o'clock, tomahawked and scalped his wife, then cut off his daughter's head, and carried it off with them.

Colonels Doherty and M'Farland, contrary to orders, mustered one hundred and eighty mounted riflemen, crossed the Tennessee, and invaded the Indian territory. destroyed six towns, killed and scalped fifteen men, and carried away with them sixteen

women and children.

More of these chronicles might not be thought agreeable. These were the pioneers who flocked a few years afterwards to the great camp meeting at Cane Ridge, and, fervently praying and receiving whortation night and day, commenced there the great Tempessee revival of religion. They had lost almost its very forms. So violent in its contrasts, and so rough in its usages, was life at the west end of the world, before man went by steam into the backwoods, and when there scarcely was an opening for any craftsman in a frontier settlement!

NORTH COUNTRY COURTESIES.

It is by no means our intention to describe either Derby or Durham, the places whence the documents we are about to produce were dated. We propose nothing more than a sketch, taken at each place from nature, of what female life, and writing, were in both places when our great-grandmothers were misses in coats. That once celebrated painter, Mr. Wright of Derby, could not have painted any part of female society so mearly to the life as six young matrons and

have painted themselves in a printed list of Rules "to be observed by the Ladies' Assembly in Derby." Unfortunately there is no date to the printed laws of these Derby Medes and Persians; but from the type, language, and costume of the only copy we have seen (most appropriately preserved in the Derby Museum), we have no hesitation in dating the precious production about the year seventeen hundred and fifty, when ladies were auxiously expecting to see one of the few things they had not seen-a coronation -a sight, however, they were not destined to behold for a period as long as the whole siege of Troy. Here are the Rules :-

"Rules to be obscrued in the Ladics' Assembly in Derby.

"1. No Attorney's Clerk shall be admitted.

2. No Shopkeeper or any of his or her family shall be admitted except Mr. Franceys.

"3. No lady shall be allowed to dance in a long white apron.

"4. All young Ladies in Mantuas shall pay two shillings and sixpence. "5. No Miss in a Coat shall dance without leave of the Lady of the Assembly.

"6. Whoever shall transgress any of these rules

shall be turned out of the Assembly Room.

"Several of the above-mentioned Rules having of late been broke through, they are now printed by our order and signed by us the present Ladies and Governors of the Assembly.

"ANNE BARNES, BRIDGET BAILY. " DOROTHY EVERY, R. FITZHERBERT. "ELIZABETH EYRE, HESTER MUNDY.

These six female commandments were positive enough. Mark the early-stated hatred to an attorney's clerk. Then observe the dislike to shopkeepers, except that pet "Mr. Franceys." Who was Francis? Not Junius Francis; but some dear man-milliner who, peradventure, went with Mrs. Francis twice at least in the year by the Derby Dilly to London and thence to Paris, and returned with bonnet-boxes, and caps. and ribbons, and head-dresses, and hoops, and Mechlin lace, and wrought petticoats, and fans, and other articles of female adornment not to be had "except Mr. Franceys" had ventured This Mr. his neck in the Derby Dilly. Franceys must have been the Beau Nash of Derby; the Brummell of the town at which the Pretender turned tail. Will no local antiquary disinter our fashionable Francis? -possibly the Howell and James of Derby in the year seventeen hundred and fifty.

"No lady shall be allowed to dance in a long white apron." Only conceive a party at Lady Jersey's with lady wallflowers nailed to the wall in long white aprons. These long white aprons must have looked neat and clean-matronly withal-yet their wearers were not suffered to dance, even on the payment of a fine; and for no better reason than that Beau Nash had just excluded white aprons from Bath, as only worthy, forsooth, of whaters (we presume a sprinkling of both) an Abigail. "He had the strongest aversion

to a white apron," says Goldsmith, sand this late period of our sequal attace and, that it game miss absolutely excluded all who ventured to apture pleasure, as you are I hope sensible, that every absolutely excluded all who ventured to appear at the assembly dressed in that manner: whereupon both aversion and exclusion seem to have been copied by the Derby ladygovernors. The rule must, when it first came out, have gone to the heart of some young mamma, who had ventured into the room clad in the forbidden garment How she would sulk at Anne Barnes and Dorothy Every (old cats, we suspect, by their early appearance on this death-warrant to long white aprons), and turn her head contemptuously away as Elizabeth Eyre and her brevet-rank friend, Mrs Brudget Baily, passed by with some militia captain and his Scaiborough acquaintances, and what her lips must have muttered half-audibly, against Mrs. Rachel Fitzherbert and her unpaid-for dress, "what she must owe M1 Franceys" and against that Miss Hester Mundy and her little minx of a countenance, "to speak of nothing else.'

Rule four to our thinking is still harder than rule three. What has Miss in her Mantia done that she must pily two shillings and sixpence extra to dance the new cotillion, or the most recent importation from Ranelagh or Vauxhall? That was your doing, Miss Hester Mundy, we said to ourselves as we read the rules in the Derby Museum • You are just out of your Mantia yourself, and Captain Strutt, of Eliot's Light Horse newly quartered in Derby, must not have too many Mantia-dressed girls to draw his attention away from Miss Mundy. Yes, indeed, it was Hester that fought for and carried that rule, nor are we so certain that this Miss, long out of her teens, had not a loud voice in the hard

To this little framed and glazed picture of Derby assembly noom life in seventeen hundred and fifty, we append a pen-ind-ink sketch of Durham female fashionable life and spelling, about the year seventeen hundred and fifty-three. The letter we are about to quote has never before been printed. It was put into our hands by one of the most intelngent young ladies in the whole Palatinate of Durham Our young fair friend laughed of Durham with wicked delight, as she read the letter None but ladies can read ladies' letters well-that is, in the Lady Mary Wortley Montague style, and our charming friend read so well, that we advise each reader to ask a young wife, or sister, or a young un-· married aunt to read the epistle to him.

law against Miss in a coat

Miss Georgina Morton to Miss Lynn

"Without a thought that can entertain or a subject to munse, I sait down to address My Dr Miss Lynn, noble materials you il allow to render an Ensile in the least degree amuseing or intresting, the' the laster I Am so vain as think always bears some part of my Friends Ideas when she receives a Letter from those she esteems sincere, in the first place give me leave to return you my best and most for the values of the first processing thanks for yr. last kind favor, I need not at Booksellers.

mislingence from you, afford's me real same design and must ripete that the oftoner ye favor me wish yr Letters, the more you please and oblige me-se give you an account of my proceedings, Its as usual, visiting, and receiving visitants almost every day, last Thursday we Dined at Mr. Wilkinson's where we met the family from Coxal, Mr Bewicke and several more, in the Evening we went to the Assembly, there being a very large party of us, we made a very formidable appearance, and by the addition of a part of the Gentlemen and Ladies in the lown, we danced fourteen couples, which for a puvate Assembly in Durham was very extraordinary, there was a Miss Steward, and a Miss I weddle, who Dired with us at Mi Wilkinson's, their dress was very Capital, and in my unfashionable opinion, very rediculou's, (without exception) I never in all my Life, saw any point so preposterously high as their heads, their hair was immense, their Cap's the same, with the addition of three large plumes of white teathers, two of which, was at one side, the third most frightfully fix d in then han behind, with Bell Lappats which reach d half way down their back, their gowns was extremely elligant, the Italian Dress, truned with fringe Gause, Grapes, &c , Gause cuffs ornamented with I lower's, and nothing but a very nairow tucker round their Neck, in short they were compleatly fashionable and the very essence of politeness, in every punctilio, and to Crown all (I hope I am not unchantable in saving) I realy beleive they were painted, --- Miss Scaiff who I have heard you mention Drank I ea hear a few days ago, she is slaying with Mrs Hall, an agreeable Lady who I visit, the formal was at the Assembly but I believe was only a spectator, which situation to a young woman who lik s Dancing, I shou'd sopose very mortifling and disagreeable -I am happy to find by yı Letter, that you spend yr. tune so agreable, pray is it a fair question to ask, from what part of the world your Beau s comes from, -when you make ye visit at (assop I hope you will do us the favour of yr. company to Dine and spend the Day, I was much disappointed at not seeing yr sister Dolly in her way home Mr. Sewen has some very smart Beaus Dines with him to Day, therefore time not paper allows ine to add no more, then our Compts. to Mr Mis. Lynn and family wishing them many returns of the approaching season, accept the same to yourself, with my love in an abundant share, and be assured I am most affectionately

"Yours, G ORD MORTON."
"Durham Monday Morn"

Fie, Miss Morton—you are really too hard upon Miss Steward and Miss Tweddle. Can no Durham antiquary find a letter from either Miss S or Miss T. descriptive of Miss Georgina herself?

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Parce 2d.

FASHION.

WHEN a man applies himself soberly to reflect upon the fitness of things in general, and of their several tendencies towards the great End, of what a whirligig of vanity and inutility—of waste and glitter—the Great World seems to consist! All these flounces and furbelows; all this crenoline, bergamot, paste and jewellery, wax-chandlery, Brussels lace and Sèvres china; all those jobbed horses, silken squabs, double and triple thocks, tags and embroideries and fripperies of the Heralds' College, what are they good for?—what end do they serve? All these mountebank bowings and reverences; these kissings of hands and backing out of rooms of lath and plaster; these clatterings about streets for the purpose of bandying pieces of printed pasteboard; these grinnings to your fellow worm of five feet long across a glass of grape juice; these bawlings out of names by lacqueys; these posturings and jumpings, and agonies of etiquette; and turning day into night and night into day, and eating when we are not hungry, and drinking when we are not thirsty; all these, the lifechords of the Great World, to what end are they? Who commanded them? Who promulgated the statutes that regulate them? If Fashion were a tangible idol with a frontal protuberance and a golden head, squat-ting on his hams in a pagoda like Juggernaut, we should not need to wonder at his votaries wearing absurd dresses and passing their lives in the performance of more absurd We might set down the worceremonies. ship to be a delusion; but we might concede the dresses and the coremonies to be the offspring of a sincere though mistaken superstition, and to be typical or symbolic of something. But my lady Azalia, the Queen Church of England, and she would be indig-nant if you were to ask her whether she worshipped a protruberant idol. Besides, Fashion is not tangible or palpable. No one ever saw Fashion, or drew his (or her?) portrait, or promulgated the conditions of his (or her ?) creed, or taught what is heterodox or what orthodox; except one vulgar pretender who wrote a Handbook of Etiquette; Now what a homily might a man read over which, for any authority it was grounded on, second-hand court dresses, over a Court

might as well have been a handbook to the Bear Garden.

What are the laws of Fashion, and who made them? Who regulates their absurdities and their proprieties? It was the height of fashion in Charles the Second's time to display about four inches of white shirt between the waistband and the vest; now, if I were to enter a ball-room with my shirt bulging from the bottom of my waistcoat I should be bowed down stairs. Why should Fastion in sixteen hundred and sixty-three be beauty, and be impropriety in eighteen hundred and fifty-three? Can anything be more absurd than the present chimney-pot hat? Nothing. Yet, if you were to meet me in Regent Street with a hunting cap, a shovel hat, a sombrero, or a fur porringer like that which Henry of Lancaster woro—would you speak to me? The day after to-morrow velvet sculls, shovel hats, flip-flaps, or rabbit-skin porringers may be the only wear. Why should the bishop have refused to ordain Oliver Goldsmith, because he wore scarlet breeches? What are wigs, boots, colours, fashionable virtues, fashionable vices, bon ton, high breeding, worth, after all? Will they save "the sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of twenty-five, from the "hollowness and deadly paleness, the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial?" Will they avail us one jot in the day when you and I and all the world, "nobles and learned, kings and priests, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party shall all appear to receive their symbol?" Will Fashion and Madame Devy and the Red-book keep the "storm from the ship or a wrinkle from the brow, or the plague from a King's house?" Is the world any better of the world of Fashion, is a member of the for Fashion, and could it not move towards its end without Fashion, do you think?

"A man," says a divine I love to quote, "may read a sermon the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchre of kings * * * where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and the king must walk over his grandsire's head to take the crown."

Circular, or over a Red-book two years old! for the year eighteen hundred and di How sharp one might be upon the miserable vanity of superfluities, and the uselessness of luxuries. How easily we could do without them.

"Give but to nature that which nature needs, Man's life is cheap as beast's."

You, and I, and the King, could live on sixpence a day, and never go hungry. after all, in the very midst and flow of this our homilies, and this sharpness of our exhortation, comes this thought to make us pause before we go with unwashed faces to live in a tub like Diogenes, or to hide ourselves in a cave, and cover ourselves with the skins of wild beasts, as Jean Jacques Rousseau talked of doing, or to dig up pig nuts for food, and shovel gold away as if it were mud, the Timon in the play. For we begin to think how many thousand men and women in England, and how many millions more throughout the world, eat their daily bread by making and vending Fashion's elegant trumpery; -gloves, fans, spangles, scents, and bon-bons: how ships, colonies, and commerce, are all mixed up in a curious yet congruous kinds, the moral of Fashion can be more when arrayed in all her glory.

Let us instance Mrs. Erummus. She is the sterious female who deals in second-hand adies' apparel. I look upon Mrs. Brummus's vast silent repository of last season's varieties with the awe I have for a family vault; for the scenery of a worn-out pantomime; for undertaker's Latin (in oil colours); for last year's Belle Assemblée, or for the tailor's

Mrs. Brummus's repository nestles as Milton's fountain did, in "the navel of a wood," quite in the core of a cancer of dings, second-hand streets and houses. Both Mrs. Brummus and her shop have, moreover, a dingy, faded, second-hand appearance. They remind you of the magnificent allocution of the lady of the quondam dealer in secondhand apparel in Congreve's comedy: "You that I took from darning of old lace, and washing of old gauze, with a blue-black nose over a chafing-dish full of starved embers, behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage!" The chafing-dish and the blue-black nose may be gone; but there is yet a marvellous touch of the bird-cage about Mrs. Brummus's shop: there is yet the traverse-rag, the torn lace to be darned,

and the old gauze to be washed.

Enter. Here is the discarded wardrobe of those enchanting actresses, those ravishing songstresses, those bewitching dancers, who have so enthralled and delighted Fashion; who have drawn rapturous plaudits from Fashion's kid gloved hands; melting sighs elaboration with these fal-lals: how one end from under Fashion's white waistcoats; tender of the chain may be my lady's boudoir and glances from Fashion's double-barrelled lorgits nick-nacks in Belgravia, and the other nettes; lisps of praise from Fashion's mousend a sloppy ship-dock on the hot strand of tachioed lips, when the wearers of those the Hooghly: how the beginnings of a ball dresses acted, and sang, and danced on supper, with its artificial flowers, its trifles, Fashion's great chalked stage — upon that its barley-sugar temples, its enamelled baskets stage where there are more sinks and rises, and ratifia cakes, were the cheerless garret more drops, flats, borders, set pieces, wings, and the heated cellar: how the immensities and floats; where there are more changes of of the world-its workshops, and marts, and scene, more going down graves and vampire bourses, and chambers of commerce—are, after traps; where there are more music, daucing, all, only an accumulation of these fashionable gay clothes, red and white paint, hollow hearts littlenesses in bulk; packed into huge bales and masks for them to wear, than you would and casks, registered in ledgers and day-books, find on the stage of the largest playhouse in and sent and re-sent in strong ships, with the world. Suspended and recumbent, folded bills of lading and charter-parties, to the up, stretched out, singly and in heaps, in Mrs. uttermost ends of the earth. Pause before Brammus's birdeage shop, in dimly distant you condemn Vanity Fair - reflect for a crypts, and parlours, and craunies, and cupminute before you run to the justice's to have boards, and lumbering old presses, and groanits charter taken away. Obadiah Broadbrim ing shelves, are the crimson velvet dresses has helped to stock it; conventicles have of duchesses, the lace that queens have been built from its profits; the crumbs that worn, our grandmothers' brocaded sacks and fall from its table feed millions of mouths. hoops and high heeled shoes, fans, feathers, Nor does the beneficence of Fashion end here, silk stockings, lace pocket handkerchiefs, scent After she has made one set of fortunes at | bottles, the Brussels lace veil of the bride, the first hand, she showers her favours on trade sable bombazine of the widow, embroidered at second hand. From second-hand court parasols, black velvet mantles, pink satin dresses, and from second-hand fashion of all slips; blue kid, purple prunella, or white satin kinds, the moral of Fashion can be more shoes; leg of mutton, bishop, Mameluke strongly pointed, than from Fashion herself sleeves; robes without bodies, and bodies without robes, and sleeves without either; the matron's apron and the opera dancer's skirt. Here is Fashion in undress, without its whalebone, crenoline, false hair, paint, and pearl powder; here she is tawdry, tarnished, helpless, inert, dislocated, like Mr. Punch's company in the deal box he carries strapped behind his back.

If there be one article of commerce which plate of the fashions and the Court Guide Fashion delights in more than another, it is lenciennes, Brussels, and Liege; the carcely less valuable wares of Nottingham and Honiton; the almost priceless remnants of "old polat"—" beggars' lace"—the lace that Honrietta Maria-loved to wear and Vandyck to paint. Not one, therefore, of Mrs. Brummus's tattered morsels of lace but has its history and its moral. Here is the veil in which poor Clara Rackleton was married to Captain Middleman. They had a grand estate (grandly encumbered) at Ballyragget, in the County Galway. Charley Middleman kept hounds and open house; and his widow lives now in a boarding-house at Tours with her two daughters. Chara's Brussels lace veil was not sold by her lady's maid nor by the bride herself. It was neither lost nor stolen; but Captain Middleman, formerly of the twenty-fifth Hussars, privately conveyed Mrs. Middleman's veil, together with two ostrich feathers and a carved ivory Chinese fan, to Mrs. Brummus's emporium. He drove the bargain, he pocketed the money, and he lost that same money half-an-hour afterwards at chicken-hazard, at the Little Nick near Leicester Square.

A wedding dress-all white satin, lace, and silver sprigs. Methinks I can see it now, glistening and sparkling in the August sun, and rustling and crumpling in the August air, as, at the close of the London season, its beautiful wearer descends that ugly narrow little staircase, which has been a ladder of delight to so many, a via dolorosa to so many more, and which leads from the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover Square, into Maddox Street. The wearer of the satin dress comes down the shabby steps a wedded bride. She is married to a lord; a duke has given her away. Fourteen young bridesmaids in white have wept at the responses. Two have fainted, and one has been carried into the vestry, to be sal-yolatilised. A nervous clergyman has addressed the bride-expectant as "Thomas, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded wife?" The bridegroom has been seized with the usual deadly perturbation, and offers to place the ring on the finger of the pew-opener; and the clerk, while gravely correcting the errors of all parties, has viewed the whole proceedings with an air of deep misanthropy. At last, somehow or other, the right man has married the right woman; the pew-opener and beadle over; the register has been signed-by the bridegroom in a character meant to be very valiant and decided, but in reality very timorous and indistinct; by the bride with no pretence or compromise, but in a simply imbecile and hysterical manner; by the father of the bride in a neat hand I should like to see at the bottom of a cheque; and by big

additional witness) in a fierce military manner, with a dash at the end like an oath. The little boys have shouted, and the wedding carriage, with its crimson-vested post-boys and spanking greys, has clattered up; the policemen have put down an imaginary riot, threatened with their batons the crowd generally, and menaced with arrest one individual lamp-post; and then, shining out like a star among the silver favours and orange flowers, the snowy dresses and black dress coats, the smiles and tears, comes the bride: God bless her! Is there a sight more beautiful under heaven than a young bride coming out of church? Can you forget Sir John Suckling's beautiful lines in his ballad upon a wedding ?-

"Her feet beneath her petticoat Like little mice stole in and out, As if they feared the light, And then she dances such a way, No sun upon an Easter-day Is half so fine a sight." *

Now, alas, my lord is at Florence, my lady is in furnished lodgings in London, and the bride's dress is at Mrs. Brummus's. There was an action at law in the Court of Queen's Bench respecting them not long since; and numberless suits in all sorts of courts are pending between them now. My lord hates my lady, and my lady hates my lord; and they write abusive letters against each other to their mutual friends.

Fashion is born, is married, and dies every year, and Fashion is buried in Mrs. Brummus's dusky shop: she watches its funeral pyre, and superintends the process of its incineration; until, phœnix-like, it rises again from its ashes to die again.

Fashion dies. It is so far like a prince or a rich man that while it lives we dress it up in purple and fine linen, and fall down and worship it, and quarrel with and hate our brothers and sisters, for a smile from our demi-god, for a card for Fashion's balls or the entrie to Fashion's back-stairs. But no sooner is the demi-god dead than we utterly desert and forget it. We do not condescend, as in. the case of dead humanity, to fold its rottenness in gold and crimson velvet, to build a marble monument above it, sculptured all over with lies; to state in an inscription that beneath reposed the ashes of such and such a the right woman; the pew-opener and beadle most, hoble, high, mighty, powerful Prince have been feed, and the verger remembered; Fashion, who was a father to his subjects, and the degree man has head his single and the clergyman has had his rights and the a model to his compeers, and was in short the clerk his dues. The licence has been conned very best Fashion that ever was known, and the first fashionable gentleman in the world. No, we allow the corpse of Fashion to putrefy in the gutter, or to be eater up by the vultures, and the storks, and adjutant birds. There have been kings treated as cavalierly. When the luxurious Louis Quinze lay at the

See at the bottom of a cheque; and by big | * Founded on a beautiful old superstition of the English General Gwallyor of the Indian army (the peasantry that the sun dances upon an Easter morning.

galleries of Versailles like thunder. When the king was dead they crammed his mise-rable body (he died of the most horrible form of small-pox) into a box, and jolted him off in a post-chaise by night to St. Denis, where they flung him into rather than buried him in the sepulchre of his ancestors. So do we act by our dead King Fashion—adding even insult to injury; for, after his death we scoff and jeer at him, and are tremendously satirical upon the ridiculous, hideous, frightful, preposterous fashion that he was., It is my opinion that if Messrs. Banting and France were to confine themselves to performing the funerals of Fashion, they would cease to be the fashionable undertakers they are.

Fashion is greater than king or kaiser when he is alive; but dead, he is of no more account than a broken egg-shell. Le roi est mort-vive le roi! Leg of mutton sleeves and short waists are dead. Long live tight

sleeves and long waists!

FLOWER-BELLS.

Sort Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and the half-open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it, as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet, was invited by the Midsummer air to lock after his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room—George kept bees - and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The lily was a local document to this effect :--

"SIR,-We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeks of Edmonton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you, that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, Sir,

"Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servants), " FLINT AND GRINSTON."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to coner in his own mind what the lawyers meant their uncertain phraseology. It did not hean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said, the renew the life of Mr. Queeks, of Edmonton; instructions of the landlord. but it did mean that he must turn out

point of death, the noise of the courtiers deserting their monarch to pay their respects Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generates to the new king echoed through the long galleries of Versailles like thunder. When the fine for the renewal of his lease. He was bift a young fellow of five-and-twenty; who until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer-day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting-like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to be suffered freshly and together - which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old crone who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself in the first style of cottage cookery his own fat bacon and

potatoes. "I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the City; George lived at the cast' end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swayne's old-fashioned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's-ease, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, d Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then—I mean George Swayne, not Georgius Rex—marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the City. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It smelt like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scarecrows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room,

"You see, my lad," he said, "these hold-

that have been let hitherto for thirty of the passage of the hours, and days, and ponnes per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet months, and seasons. my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would fine we have named to you. you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered; "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and, to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, sir: take it, if it will purple tongues. That plant excited him help me in this business."
"Well," Mr. Flint suggested, "what do

you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can persuade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for-shall we may ?-two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine and to renew

your lease.

"I will accept that offer, sir." A homesoun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself-to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother

suckled him was gain enough for George. So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignonette in the upper windows of the tottering old hoases; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flowerpots upon a window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those river streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that receded from its neighbours, had a small garden in front, which was sown mother. ever with shells instead of flowers. The Harry." walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conchs upon the wall instead of wallflowers. The summer-house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench creeted, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for which George Deneved to be limited. Hought Reptune. That was a poor garden, thought George; for it never waved nor rustled, and full of his fun, sir, is my Harry."

"Then, Ma'am," George stammered, "it's "Then, Ma grew daily dirtier—show itself conscious a plant you wouldn't like to part with."

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which, brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon a table to catch the rays of summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, smallpointed leaves; and, from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with greatly; and, when he stopped to look in at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in, if you please, sir," said the girl, "mother will tell you all she knows

about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and, on the table with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologised for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that had attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his He is a tender-hearted boy, my

"He is young then ?" "Well, he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm feared I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, i'll he have been the said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, i'll he have been the said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, i'll he have been the said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, i'll he have been the said when the said whe it'll have hundreds of bells to ring when

The poor woman looked angry for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently, "No, sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener—who ought to have gone away—still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl who had been nimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the colour of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I'm a poor man, Ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to say anything unbecoming, I hope you'll forgive it: but, if you could-if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours.

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas!" she cried, "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter.

le!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously: whispered to her daughter who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than

sister.

A long debate was carried on in low tones, though he were a hundred miles off, listening that 'there were no other plants in all the to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl country like them—that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's debating with her mother tenderly, caused new flowers were unique, she instantly bought Mr. Swayne—a stout and true-hearted young two slips at a guinea each and took them fellow of twenty-five—to feel that there were home in triumph. Of course the flower-bells certainly some new thoughts and sensations attracted the attention of her guests; and of working in him. He considered it important course she was very proud to draw attention to to discover from her mother's manner of them. The result was that the carriages of the addressing her that the name of the young great peoply of the neighbourhood so clogged woman was Susan. When the old lady at up the road at Swayne's nursery day after last consented with a sigh to George's offer, day that there was no getting by for them. he placed ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at that he had potted; keeping only enough for Susan as he bade good-bye and took the flower- the continuance of his trade, and carefully pot away, promising again earnestly that he reserving his finest specimen. That in due would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

almost put out of his head, carried the plant home and dily busied himself in his greenhouse over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard and ate sparely. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden; more was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as ared, out of his humble food and other essaries of existence. He had, however, ething to regret. The cuttings of the flowercells throve, and the thought of Susan was He was very much abashed and stammered better to him than roast beef. He did not something; and, when he came in, he could again visit the widow's house. He had no find nothing to say.

right to to there, made his went to red promise

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and green-houses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slipsend had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then

shoot out in unaccountable directions. A desired event happened one morning. How glad Harry will The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighbourhood, "Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party: and George with much perturbation ushered your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her adwhile George Swayne endeavoured to look as miration duly heightened by the information George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips

time he took to Harry's mother. The ten guineas added to the produce of George Swayne then, having the lawyers Susan's labour-she had not slackened it a jot -had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to her a letter one morning in July in Harry's dear scrawl posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. The handsome chim

which he had substituted for the widow's flowerpot, said something however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with hearty-smiles and thanks; but he had some-thing else to do than to return them—something of which he seemed to be exceedingly schamed. At last he did it. "I mean no offence," he said; "but this is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guiness. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with eagerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower, and how fairly he considered half the profits to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the three became fast friends and began to quarrel. While they were quarrelling there was a bouncing knock at the door. Mother and daughter hurried to the door; but Susan stood aside that Harry might go first into his mother's arms.

"Here's a fine chime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant after a few minutes. "Why it looks no handsomer in the West Indies. But where ever did you get that splendid pot?"

George was immediately introduced. The whole story was told, and Harry was made a

referee upon the twenty guinea question. • "God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Har said Harry, "keep that money if we are to be friends. Give us your hand, my boy; and, mother, let us all have something to eat." They made a little festival that evening in the widow's house, and George thought more than ever of the chiming of the bells as Susan laid her needlework aside to bustle to and fro. Harry had tales to tell over his pipe; "and I tell you what, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are the better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't a sailor myself I'd be a gardener. small cargo of roots and seeds in my box that I brought home for mother to try what she can do with. My opinion is that you're the man to turn 'em to account ; and so, mate, you shall have 'em. If you get a lucky penny out of any one among 'em, you're welcome; for it's more than we could do."

liberal towards each other: how Harry amused himself on holidays before his next ship sailed with rake and spade about his friend's nursery: how George Swayne spent summer and autumn evenings in the little parlour: how there was really and truly a chime rung from Stepney steeple to give joy to a little needlewoman's heart: how Susan Swayne became much rosier than Susan Ellis had been: how luxuriously George's bees were fed upon new dainties: how Flint and Grinston conveyed the nursery-ground to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of the whole purchase money which Swayne had accumayear or two later, little Harry Swayne out of their labour.

damaged the borders and was abetted by grandhother Ellis in so doing how, a year or two after that, Susan Swayns the lesser dug with a small wooden spade side by side with giant Uncle Harry; who was a man to find the centre of the earth under Swayne's garden when he came home ever and anon from beyond the seas, always with roots and seeds, his home being Swayne's nursery: and, finally, how happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's mursery grew to bethese are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the carliest cultivation in this country of the flower now known as the Fuchsia.

THE FRENCH WORKMAN.

THE original stuff out of which a French workman is made, is—let us, ourselves French workmen, tell you—a street boy of fourteen years old, or if you like, twelve. That young gamin de Paris can sing as many love ditties and drinking songs as the hairs upon his head, before he knows how much is nine times seven. He prefers always the agreeable to the useful: he knows how to dance all the quadrilles: he knows how to make grimaces of ten thousand sorts one after the other without stopping, and at the rate of twenty in a minute. Of his other attainments, I say little. It is possible that he may have been to one of the elementary schools set up by the Government; or, it may be also, that he knows not how to read; although, by article ten of a law passed in eighteen hundred and thirtythree, it was determined that no chief town of a department, or chief place of a commune containing more than six thousand inhabitants, should be without at least one elementary school for public instruction.

Such as the boy may be, he is made an apprentice. He needs no act, o. as you say in England, indenture. His contract has to be attested at the Prefecture of Police, Bureau of Passports, Section of Livrets. Formerly, it was the custom in France for the apprentice to be both fed and lodged by his master; but, as the patron seldom received money with How these poor folks laboured to be him, he was mainly fed on cuffs. Apprentices ship in Paris—which is France—begins at ages differing according to the nature of the trade. If strength be wanted, the youth is apprenticed at eighteen, but otherwise, perhaps, at fourteen. There are in Paris nineteen thousand apprentices dispersed among two hundred and seventy branches of made.

Of all the apprentices whose number has been just named, only one in five is bound by a written agreement with his master. The rest have a verbal understanding. The youths commonly are restless; and, since they are apt to change their minds, the business of the Archase money which Swayne had accumulater is not so much to teach them as abed: now the old house was enlarged; how, to obtain value for himself as soon as he can It is the apprentice

who is sent out to take orders in the 166win and to play the part of messenger. In consequence of the looseness of the tie, it often happens that a thoughtless parent, when his son is able to earn wages, tells the youth that his master is sucking him and fattening upon his unpaid labour; that he might earn money for the house at home. The youth is glad to earn, and throws up his apprenticeship for independent work. It soon occurs to him that his parents are sucking him, and that his earnings ought to be for himself, and not for them. He then throws up his home dependence, as he had thrown up dependence on his master, takes a lodging, falls into careless company, and works on, a half-skilled labourer, receiving all his life a less income than he could have assured to himself by a few years of

early perseverance.
When I was apprentice, eight years ago, I found that to be a good workman it was needful to design and model. "Come with " said my comrade Gredinot, "I will show you a good school." It was a winter evening; our work was over; and, with leave of the patron, we left our shop in the Rue Saint Martin, and went by Saint Saviour to the Rue Montorgueil. We bought as we went Rue Montorgueil. about twelve pounds of modelling clay. At the upper end of the street, my friend Gredinot turned up a dark passage. 1 followed him. A single lamp glimmered in the court to which it led us. We went up a few steps to the schoolroom. "Here we are," said Gredinot, in opening the door. We entered, carrying our caps. There was a low room lighted by flaring oil lamps; but in it were busts and statues of such beauty that it seemed to me to be the most delightful chamber in the world. Boys and youths and a few men, all in blouses like ourselves, laboured there. We threw our clay upon a public heap in a wood trough near the door. There was only that mud to pay, and there were our own tools to take. Everything else was free. Gredinot introduced me to the master, and I learnt to model from that night. There are other schools-the school of arts and trades in the Rue St. Martin, the Special and Gratuitous School of Design in the Rue du Tourraine, in connexion, as I think, with the School of Fine Arts. I might number the museums and the libraries, and I may make mention also of the prizes of the Academy of Industry and the Society for the Encourage-ment of National Industry.

The apprentice out of his time goes to the prefecture of police. There he must obtain a livret, which must have on the face of it the seal of the prefecture, the full name of the admitted workman, his age, his place of birth, and a description of his person, his trade, and the name of the master who employs him. The Freuch workman is taboo, nutil he is registered by the police and can produce his livret. The book costs

him twopence halfpenny. Its first entry is a record of the completion of his apprenticeship. Afterwards every fresh engagement must betset down in it, with the dates of its beginning and its end, each stamped by the prefecture. The employer of a workman holds his livret as a pledge. When he receives money in advance the sum is written in his book, and it is a debt there chargeable as a deduction of not more than one-fifth upon all future employment, until it is paid. The workman travelling must have his livret vised; for without that, says the law, "he is a vagabond, and can be arrested and punished as such."

The workman registered and livreted, how does he live, work and sleep? He is not a great traveller; for, unless forced into exile, the utmost notion of travel that a French workman has, is the removal—if he be a provincial -from his native province to Paris. We pass over the workman's chance of falling victim to the conscription, if he has no friends rich enough to buy for him a substitute, or if he cannot subscribe for the same object to a Conscription Mutual Assurance, Company. When Louis Blanc had his own way in France the workmen did but ten hours' labour in the day. Now, however, as before, twelve or thirteen hours are regarded as a fair day's work. I and Friponnet, who are diamond jewellers, work ten hours only. My friend Cornichon, who is a goldsmith, works as long as a painter or a smith. Sunday labour used to be very general in France; but extended seldom beyond the half day; which was paid for at a higher rate. In Paris seven in eight of us used to earn money on the Sunday morning. That necessity could not be pleaded for the sin, is proved by the fact, that often we did no work on Monday; but on that day spent the Sunday's earnings. As for our wages, calculated on an average of several years, they are about as follows:—The average pay for a day's labour is three shillings and two-pence. The lowest day's pay known is five pence, and the highest thirty shillings. About thirty thousand of us receive half-a-crown a day; five or six times as many (the majority) receive some sum between half-a-crown and four and twopence. About ten thousand re-ceive higher wages. The best wages are carned by men whose work is connected with print, paper and engraving. The workers in jewels and gold are the next best provided for; next to them workers in metal and in fancy ware. Workers on spun and woven fabrics get low wages; the lowest is earned, as in London, by slop-workers and all workers with the needle. The average receipts of Paris needlewomen have not, however, fallen below fourteenpence a day; those of them who work with fashionable dressmakers earn about one and eightpence. While speaking of the ill-paid class of women, I must mention that the most sentimental of our occupations earns the least The book costs bread. Those who make crowns of immortalies

to hang upon the tombs earn only about sevenpeace-halfpenny a day. That trade is, in very truth, funereal. To come back to ourselves, it should be said that our wages, as a whole, have risen rather than declined during the last quarter of a century. ' It is a curious fact, however, that the pay for jobwork has decreased very decidedly.

And how do we live? it is asked. enough. All of us eat two meals a day; but what we eat depends upon our money. We what we eat depends upon our money. three, who draw up this account, work in one room. We begin fasting, and maintain our fast until eleven o'clock. Then we send the apprentice out to fetch our breakfasts. When he comes back with his stores, he disposes them neatly on a centre table in little groups. I generally have a pennyworth of ham, which certainly is tough, but very full of flavour; Friponnet in two-pennyworth of wine, and a halfpennyworth of fried potatoes; thus spending in all threepence-halfpenny. Cornichon specific the same sum generally in another He has a pennyworth of cold boiled ted) beef, a pennyworth of bread, a halfconyworth of cheese and a pennyworth of current jam. Friponnet is more extravagant. two penny sausages, twopennyworth of pence per hundred pound for logs; and as the bread, a pennyworth of wine, a halfpenny room contains no grate, he rents a German paquet de conenne (which is a little parcel of stove from his landlord, paying four-and-twocrisply fried strips of bacon 1 ind), and a baked pence for his use of it during the season. pear. All this is sumptuous; for we are of Friponnet lents two unfurnished rooms up the aristocracy of workmen. The labourers four pair of stairs, at the back of a house in day at the wine-shop; where it will make a dinner with more bread and a pennyworth of wine. Of bread they eat a great deal; and, reckoning that at fourpence and the wine at a penny, we find eightpence to be the duly cost of living to the great body of Parisian workmen.

We aristos among workpeople dine famously. My own practice is to dine in the street du Petit Carie upon dinners for ninepeace; or, by taking dinner-tickets for fourteen days in advance, I get one dinner a fortnight given me gratuitously. I dine upon soup, a choice of three plates of meat, about half-a-pint of wine, a dessert and bread at discretion. Our dinner hour is four o'clock, and we are not likely to cat anything more before bedtime; although one of us may win a cup of coffee or a dram of brandy at billiards or dominoes in the ovening. Cornichon and Friponnet dine in the street Chabounais; have soup at a penny a portion, abouts I know not—his bed is a mystery.

The next pen is occupied by two carpenters, the next pen is occupied by two carpenters, at a penny, and halfpenny slips of bread.

Each of us when he has dired rolls up a eighrette, and lounges perhaps round the Palais Royal for half an hour.

As for our lodging the poorest of us live by tens in one room, and sleep by fours and fives upon one mattress; paying from twopence to tenpence a night. The ordinary cost of such lodging as the workman in Paris occupies is. for a whole room for one person, nine or ten shillings a month; for more than one, six or seven shillings each; and, for half a bed, four shillings. Cornichon lives in room number thirty-six on the third floor of a furnished lodging house in the street du Petit Lion. You must ring for the porter if you would go in to Cornichon; and the porter must, by a jerle at a string, unlatch the street door if Cornichon wishes to come out to you. In a little court at the back are two flights of dirty stairs bread to the same value; a half share with of red tile edged with wood. They lead to distinct portions of the house. Cornichon's room is paved with red tiles, polished now and then with beeswax. It is furnished with the bed and a few inches of bedside carpet forming a small island on the floor, with two chairs, a commode with a black marble top, a washing-basin and a water-bottle. Cornichon has also a cupboard there in which he A common breakfast bill of fare with him is stores his wood for winter, paying twenty-

of l'aris do not live so well. They go to the the street d'Argenteul. He pays ten shillings garyottes, where they get three pence halfpenny a month. They are furnished in mahogany worth of bouilth—soup, beef and vegetable— and black marble bought of a broker, and which includes the title to a liberal supply of I think not paid for yet. Fidette visits him bread. Recking dingy dens are those gargottes, there. She is a gold and silver polisher, his where all the poorer classes of Parisian work- bonne anie. She has her own lodging; but men save the beef out of their breakfast she and Friponnet divide their carnings. bouilli, and carry it away to eat later in the They belong to one another; although no priest has blessed their voluntary contract. It is so, I am pained to say, with very many of us.

I have a half-bed in a little street, with a man who is a good fellow, considering he is a The red tiles of square-head-a German. my staircase are very clean, and slippery with beeswax. My landlord rents a portion of the third floor of the house, and underlets it fearfully. One apartment has been penned off into four, and mine is the fourth section at the end. To reach me one must pass through the first pen, which is occupied by Monsieur and Madame. There they work, eat, and sleep; as for Madame, she never leaves it. Monsieur only goes away to wait upon the griffe, his master, when he wants more work; his griffe is a slep tailor. Monsieur and Madame sleep in a recess, which looks like a sarcophagus. A little Italian tailor also sleeps in the same pen; but where-

Know it : for they are extremely musical the third pen live three more tailors, through whose territory I must pass to my own cabinet. But how snug that is! Although only eight feet by ten, it has two corner windows; and, if there is little furniture and but a scanty bed, there is a lookingglass fit for a baron, and some remains of violet-coloured hangings and long muslin curtains; either white or brown, I am not sure. I and the German pay for this

apartment fifteen shillings monthly.

There is a kind of lodgers worth especial mention. The men working in the yards of masons, compenters, and others-masons especially-frequently come from the provinces. They are not part of the fixed population; but are men who have left their wives and families to come up to the town and earn a sum of money. For this they work mos. emergetically, living in the most abstemious manner, in order that they may not break into their heard. They occupy furnished ledgings, flocking very much together. Thus the masons from the departments of la Creuse and la Haute Vienne occupy houses let out in furnished rooms exclusively to themselves in the quarters of the Hotel de Ville, the Arsenal, Saint Marcel, and in other parts of Paris. The rigid parsimony of these men is disappointed terribly when any crisis happens. They are forced to eat their savings, to turn their clothing and their tools into food, and, by the revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, were reduced to such great destitution, that in some of the houses occupied by them one dress was all that remained to all the lodgers. They were it in turn, one going out in it to seek for work while all the rest remained at home in bed. The poor fellows thanked the want of exercise for halping them to want of appetite—the only kind of want that poverty desires.

These men, however, working in the great yards, eating their meals near them in an irregular and restless way, form clubs and associations which lead not seldom to strikes -blunders which we call placing ourselves en Grève. They take the name en Grève from the place in which one class of builders' working assemble when waiting to be hired. Various places are chosen by sundry workmen and workwomen for this practice of waiting to be hired. Laundresses, for example, are to be found near the church of our Lady of Loretto, where they endure, and tob eften

enjoy, caarse words from passers-by. labourers from the departments, it is to be anded as no good sign when a workman makes a residence of furnished lodgings. The orderly workman marries, and acquires the property of effirm ture. The mason from the pool, and dominoes, and piquet; our pines departments lives cheaply, and saves, to go with dexterously blankened bowls. There home, with money to his family, and acquire are our theatres, the Funambule and there in his own village the property of land. The Borte St. Martin. Gambling among unusuals workman bound to Paris, who dwells only in the bowls in the Elysian tields, on these s

Saraished lodgings, said has beaght no family ture, has rarely saved and has rarely made an honest marriage. In most cases he is a lover of pleasure, frequents the theatre and the wine shop. From wine he muss on to the stronger stimulus of brandy, but these leave to him some gleams of his national vivacity. The most degraded does not get so lumpish as the Haglish workman; whose brains have become sodden in the public-houses by long tsains of pets of beer. By far the largest portion of the Panis workmen possess furni-ture; only twenty-one in a hundred—and that includes, of course, the mobile population, the masons, &c.-live in furnished lodgings.

For clothing, we spend according to our means from four to fourteen pounds a year on that. Half of us have no coat in addition to the blouse. Before the crisis of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, one sixth of us had money in savings' banks; and one man in every two was a member of some benefit society. The benefit societies were numerous, each generally containing some two or three hundred members; but even our sirging cludes are now suppressed, and we must not meet even to transact the business of a benefit society without giving notice of our design to the police, and receiving into our party at least two of its agents as lookers-on. The result has been the decay of all such societies, and the extinction of most of them. they remain, the average monthly subscription is fifteen-pence, which ensures the payment of twenty-pence a day during sickness, with gratuitous advice and medicine from the doctor. The funds of such societies are lodged either in savings' banks, or in the Mont de Frete; which, though properly a pawnbroking establishment, has also its uses as a bank. The imperial fist presses every-where down upon us. It has forced us out of sick cluls; because we sometimes talked in them about the state of the nation: it' would build us huge barracks to live in, so that we may be had continually under watch and ward; and it has lately thrust in upon us a president of its own at the head of our Conseil de Prud'hommes, the only tribunal we possess for the adjustment of our internal trade disputes.

Of our pleasures on a Sunday afternoon the world has heard. We devote that to our families, if we have any; Monday, too often, to our friends. There are on Sundays our gymnastic fêtes at open air balls beyond the barriers, and our dancing saloens in the city; the Prado, the Bal Montesquiet, and the Dogs' Ball. There are our pleasant country rambles, and our pleasant little dianers in the fields. There are our games at

Then there are our helidays. The best they were lost in the last scramble. For we will have no lack of holiday amuse pent. our puppets to admire, and greasy peles to climb for prizes, by men who have been prudeatly required to declars first and register their ambition at the Bureau of Police. Government so gets something of a list of the men who aspire, who wish to mount. It tournaments at St Cloud and at Boulognesur-Seine; where they who have informed the police of their combative propensities, may thrust at each other with long padded

forcibly into collision. We are not much of water-birds; but when we do undertake boating, we engage in the work like Algerine mates. We must have a red sash round the waist or not a man of us will pull a

poles from boats which are being rowed

stroke.

To go back to our homes and to our wives. When we do marry, we prefer a wife who can support herself by her own labour. If we have children, it is in our power to applyand very many of us do apply-to the Bureau of Nurses; and, soon atter un infant's birth, it can be sent down into the country at the monthly cost of about ten shillings and two pounds of lump sugar. That saves the child from hindering our work or pleasure; and, as it is the interest of the nuise to protect the child for which she receives payment, why should we disturb our consciences with qualin or fear?

In Paris there are few factories; some that have existed were removed into the provinces for the sole purpose of avoiding the dictation of the workmen in the town. The Parysian fancy work employs a large number of people who can work at their own homes. In this and in the whole industry of Paris, the division of labour is very great; but the fancy work offers a good deal of scope for originality and taste, and the workman of Paris is glad to furnish both. He will delight himself by working night and day to execute a sudden order, to be equal to some great occasion; but he cannot so well be depended upon when the work falls again into its even, humdrum pace. On the whole, bowever, they who receive good wages, and are trusted—as the men working for jewellers are trusted -- become raised by the responsibilay of their position, shun the wme-shop, live contented with the pleasures of their bomes, dress with nestness, and would die rather than betray the confidence reposed in them. With all his faults and oddities, the werkman of Paris is essentially a thoroughly. good fellow. The solitary work of tailors and, of English operatives. He may be more into a silven akers causes them of course to brood moral; but he is less brutish. If, we are a good fellow. The solitary work of tailors and mes number of men who take a faremost are improvident, we are not idle; and. W

place in all political discussions. But the Ereach workman always in a loser or political disturbance. The crisis of sighteen hundred and forty-eight—a workman a triamph—reduced the value of industry in Paris from sixty to twenty-eight millions of pounds. Fifty-four men in every hundred were at the same time thrown out of employ, or nearly two hundred thousand people in

But there are some callings, indeed, wholly untouched by a crisis. The manufacture of street gas goes on, for example, without any change. There are others that are even banefited by a revolution. After the last revolution, while other trades were turning away men to whom there was no longer work to give, the trades concerned in providing malitary equipment were taking on freat hands. To that class in Paris, and to that only, there was an increase of business, in eighteen hundred and forty-eight to the extent of twenty-nine per cent. The decrease of business among the printers, although almost no books were printed, did not amount to more than twenty-seven per cent., in consequence of the increased demand for proclamations, handbills, and mamifestoes.

Without any extra crisis, men working in all trades have trouble enough to get over the mere natural checks upon industry, which come to most tradesmen twice a year in the shape of the dead seasons. Every month is a dead season to some trade; but the dead seasons which prevail over the largest number of workmen in Paris are the two months, July and August, in summer, and the two months, January and February in winter. The dead season of summer is the more decided of the two. The periods of greatest activity, on the other hand, are the two months, April and May, and next to those the months, October and November. Printers are busiest in winter, builders are busiest in summer—so there are exceptions to the rule; but, except those who provide certain requisites for eating and drinking which are in continual demand, there are few workmen in Paris or elsewhere in France, who have not every year quite enough slack time to perplex them. They can ill afford the interference of any small crusis in the shape of a strike, or large crisis in the shape of a national

tumult. Finally, let me say that the French workman. take him all in all, is certainly a clever fellow. He is fond of Saint Monday, "solidarity," and shows; but is quickwitted at his work, and furiously energetic when there is any strong call made upon his industry. In the most debased form he has much more vigour and vivacity than the most debased Mitchinks and to turn out of their body a little vain, and vary foud of gaisty, and, if.

street fighting, we are not a discondirace. Except an Arab, who can be so kappy as we know how to make ourselves. apon the smillest possible resources ?

OLD LONDON BRIDGE

On the bridge crown my master dwelt, our lattice wide o ethung the stream.

And giddy work 'twas thence, I felt, to watch the nuters chafe and glean,

But there, his little child in play could count the bubbles neath her float,

And clap her hands when guess of spray kissed her sweet cheeks or touched her throat

One day-still every troubled dream brings all its terror back to me-

I heard a shril imploing scream, I turned to look -but where was she

,I cant my prentice gown aside, clambered like light the trellis o er,

And in the heree and fullous tide sprang, stunned and deafened by the rous.

What tumult thundered in mine cars when to the surface I emerged,

Wild voices, shricks, and cries, and cheers, muxed with the waves that round me suiged !

What haw I from the lattice bent? My master, dumb. transfixed with dread.

While near me floating, pale and spent, his child toward the vortex sped.

I grasped her, to the sterlings ed a I struggled 'gents the sucking tide,

By tambers green with slimy sedge I held, and drew her to my side.

Poor lattle Nan' how faintly hung her drooping head while floating past while floating past

I saw her flaxen trasses flung like weeds upon the waters cast.

Sweet heart I dear wife ' nav, why so pale ' Have not long years effated all pam?

Why did you bid me tell the tale of this old childish hap again ?

Time past, my 'prentice days were sped, to foreign parts they bade me roam,

Yet, with a longing and a dread, my thoughts turned ever towards my home

For, travelled gullants loved to boast (gay flutterers, light as summer midge),

at Londons beauty, pinle, and toast, dwelt on the crown of London Bridge

I listened calm, and even smiled, yet the bearts aghtness grew amain

Bethink e'en death hath been reviled, I wot it will not match that pun

Back come, Nan I see you jet, with scarlet lovegay of hur

he waters finne and fret, chorus to love vows rm mid dane, hir you stood I well recall, light leaning

gamma the waker fence, compling watched the torrents full, I, thinking how I bore you thence.

nay, wife, let me end my fale; take fiche the lips your hand awky.

Nay, now, I may not call you pale: your sibbant were less bright that day.

Quoth you, "Fine talk, I 'll mone of its gwe proof that still your heart is mine."

with a lowers lack of wit, said, "What may I do to prove it thine?

Beneath us far a wild flower grew, fast rooted in the buttress oleft,

You pointed to it, and I knew no hope save in that proof was left.

Then, clambering o er the parapet, I sought a foothold, finil and slight,

On the old timbers green and wet, yet kept through all your face in sight

What was the tumult that I heard ? Your wild cry as you bade me stay,

My name, and, coupled with a word first uttered that eventful day.

The little weed waved proud its head, beckoning me on as if in scoin,

I gained it. All the anxious diead past from my life that sunny morn

Dear wife, sweet wife ! You know how pressed in our old Bible's emlicat page,

That little withered Rower doth rest above our son s recorded age,

Of years long last it seems to tell, of the old offring a linckened ridge,
Of the wide lattice whence you fell, and our young

whys en London Bulg

THE ROVING LNGLISHMAN

AT CONSTANTINUPLL

I AM in Turkey, staying in a little out-ofthe-way place on a hill that overlooks the capital I have been all, am well, and this is my first afternoon out of house-bounds for many restless days. As I sit at the porch on the low rush-bottom chur which my host has placed for me, I dmost think I am dreaming, seetringe and unreal does everything seem around

There, below me, beside the water and embedded in musty blue hills, hes Const untinople with its thousand minicts glittering in the sun, the constant light of which one might fancy had turned them into gold A mystic veil, finer than gossimer, hangs over and mellows the landscape, and the eye rests upon its broad valleys and dccp i wines unstrained and delighted. Upon the clear blue waters, light and sparkling pilices are reflected on its imples, until there seems another and a gentler world lying beneath them. The small sails of a legion of little boats skim along, like sea-gulls with their wings spread Swift pleasure-bouts, or carques, pull their holidaymaking passengers hither and thither as rapidly as English wherites; or bustling steamers puddle noisily to and fro; and, here and there, he two monarchs of the western waters - men-of-war - ulent, dark, ommous.

Tip, youder hill rides a Mussulman (I fee thim distinctly with my glass), mounted upon a bright bay horse of great power and beauty, but a little low in the shoulder and short in the pastern. He is going at a rapid bace; and a groom on foot—the invariable attendant of a Mussulman gentleman—is trying hard to keep up with him. The rider wears the manly beard and long moustache of the Oriental, and is dressed in an European costume, which sits upon him ungracefully: but he still wears the red cap of the country; giving him when he dismounts the similitude, at this distance, of a black bottle with a red seal.

A little farther on, climbing the same hill, is a European lady in her carriage. It is a gangerbread affair, and does not look very sale; but she sits in it grandly, and queens it over the bankers' wives when she drives past them in the city. It is a stately thing to have a carriage at Constantinople; and excitable small boys with little eyes and sallow complexions huzzah as it goes by with bump and jungle enough to take he passes, and his subjects, who love him, will the conceit out of all Long Acre.

At the road side, close under where I sit, are a party of veiled women, they royster along with unsteady gait, folling from side to side and laughing. Their eyes flash and sparkle like diamonds in black settings, above their thin gossamer veils. They are talking about charms and love philters: I know they are; for all Turkish women believe in

magic.

Go in, must I? Well, needs must when the doctor drives. But it does not much matter. My windows are all open, and the gay breeze comes flaunting through them, dallying with the curtains; and then, like a false lover, hastens away, far, far away; deep into the country; over the blue hills and along the sparkling sea; over gardens and minarets; over bowers and summer-houses; fluttering round the robes of dark eyed maidens, and about the pipe bowns of fat Pashas. He fills the sail, he speeds the bark, he freshens the wave, and dances among the flowers; coming back to me laden with their varied perfumes.

Hark to the salutes, how they boom and rear out from the fort, and then to the unequal guns replying, as they come from the larboard or starboard side of a vessel just arrived! Something is going on in the city, and am I to be still imprisoned—now that I feel strong enough to perform a day's journey? I give you fair warning therefore, kind, considerate host, that I break bounds from

this hour.

So. I am just in time-the guns are the Sultan!—Grand Seignior, Soldan of the away at his own mess, careless of what his .

Rast, Brother of the Son and Moon, Light of rival may be doing in the same saucepan, the Faith, Allah's Vicar upon Earth, High and thinks nothing whatever of the palate,

Pricet, and King! In short just what you will; providing it be all that we have dreamed of power and splendour, ever wisce we read in childhood the Arabian Nights, in the diss

old time which is past.

His Imperial Majesty shoots swiftly in his gilded calque over the calm still waters; so still that the measured clash of the rowers' oars comes distinctly to my ears, and I see the silvery flash they raise at every stroket What a scene! The sky, the water, and shores so wondrous in their beauty, and the snow-capped mountains high and far. And here I he in a four-oared caique, with what is called a jolly party—whom I have joined in spite of host, doctor, and endless threats of consequences-munching walnuts and smoking cigars, half stifled with laughter in the midst of it! Such is romance, such is reality, and perhaps the Sultan is not nearly so well off as we are in this matter.

The Sultan is going to the mosque, for it is Friday, the Mohammedan day of rest. He will be received with acclamations wherever throng round him with cheers and blessings for he is the gentlest monarch who ever held the sceptre of the East. He is a mild-looking man-dark of course -about thirty. He is dressed in the European costume; although . his tailor has not been happy in the manner of making it. His straight blue trock coat is, sewn with diamonds at the sleeves and collar; and on his head he wears the simple fez, or red cap, which is now all that distinguishes the Tunk from the unbeliever. For so great a prince he is not surrounded with much pomp or state. Only one or two caiques are following him; and, if he returns to his palace on horseback-as perhaps he will-his cortege will not exceed a dozen horsemen. All the splendour of the East seems to have taken refuge in pipe-stacks; for the purchase of some of which, estates are mortgaged.

The kind-hearted Sultan must have uneasy throne of it just now; despite all the wealth and beauty of the land over which he rules. He is in the position of that householder of uncomfortable memory, who had' too many cooks. One puts in more sait than is necessary; another pours in pepper; and a third stirs the mess up with such vengeance, that, for my part, I wonder it does not all boil over and scald their toes—those jealous, wrong-headed, willul, obstmate cooks! If they were not always pulling each others aprons so spitefully; if they did not hate each other quite so cordially; if they could only contrive now and then to do something in concert, what an agreeable kitchen theirs would be! As it is, an Irish stew is order and loveliness So, I am just in time—the guns are to the mess they make. For the fact is, thundering from the shore and the ships that every separate cook, being bent upon acquiring honour and glory for himself, works is Sultan, or of the health of this nation mountly by mount has to swallow their mess sittle will it

is heart-rending to know which The If heart-rending to know with Research of hand to think what she might be. It will be beyond that great of which he had not a bridge upon the most frequented ways; there is not a little nor a garden, nor a thirving tree. The littlescount drawing rein unon any of the Reights above the city may take his last leok of man-created things; and, riding down into the neighbouring valley, incl immself in a selftude as vast and as untilled as that which broods over the wildest of the Swise Alba. Book along the shores of the Bosphorus. They are all desert. Scarcely a plough stirs the land that might be one of the largest corn-growing districts in the world. Not a merchant's bark with the crescent flying at its mast-head airchors in the water, not a loom is at work, not a wide-press, no manufactory plies its busy trade Here is a mine and there is a mine. the mineral riches of the country are immense-but where is the deep and teaming shaft, and where are the miners? The Turks do nothing Even the smart little steamboats which still run from the bridge at Stamboul to Bujuderc are manned with Englishmen, and our cardu (boatman) is a **G**ı cek

What is the blight which has fallen like a carse upon this lovely land, palsying men's energies and drying up their vigour? From the time when the last Palvologus lost life and crown, and kingdom, and Mohammed the Second strode a conqueror into St Sophia, the curse has held on, and it began a long time before it Const intinople seems ilways to have been an unlucky city, to have had a stronge and inscintable doom han ing over like a cloud It rose upon the rums of Bome. It was one of the chief causes of the permanent division of the Roman empire It contributed more than all the other causes put together to its final fall. After the crusades, the name of the Creck emperors had They were not become a by-word of infamy ease in their own capital They poisoned, fought, and intrigued against their rebellious subjects and kinsmen, whose eyes they put out when they did not destroy them by fire, but who, in their turn, poisoned and fought, and intiguid against them The emperors lived in one vast slaughter-house They were pulled down or set up at the pleasure of strangers, who beauded and insulted them in their own palaces, and begat the good mying that the government of Turkey was

dismond adorned with two rubies, and cer- confidential in It is not that there is much parason, to the marvellous leveliness of its but it is a way your Constantinopolities climate and stuation. To understand it, you like get As it is, if Constantinople were that must let it grow upon you day by day and of trap-doors we could not go to our heat

you by the decimon of the details. now landing for an amb shall me.

The streets are filthy—they are to from dogs and threves They display no buildings of account, no trade, no lu I will not repeat this kind of thing : journalist has been making merry over during recent events. Therefore, through herds of donkeys and droves of threak boy through swarms of street-sellers of fruit and sherbet and lemonade, past coffee-shops and hard horses drawn up ready saddled, pass oxen drawing open cars full of beautiful Armenian girls, and wending slowly along, by beasts of builden and gay promenaders, beside mounted pashas and mounted snobs, by Europe in ladies and foreign ambassadors among tombstones and bands of music. through the smoke of paper cigars and the perfume of papes through gay throngs of Turkish ladies in their bright coloured dresses and yellow slippers, my horse picks his way gently with set cars and arched neek Down there in the hollow where the ground is fint and soft, we shall get our canter-but stav Here comes regiment after regiment of soldiers, with will music screaming along. They are not in very good order or discipline, but ue fine soldierly fellows some of them, for all that and I think one might have worse companions in a milie than those slight fieres wiry looking Turks from the interior I am sure they would ride on to the fight with a cheer, and stand to be hown in pieces rather than give ground to the enemy

wander about the dark mysterious streets, half hoping for an idventure with a magician or a genic I should hardly be surprised to meet my one of the actors in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments sauntering about im sure that I already know all the Burber's Seven Brothers by sight, and could lay my hand upon any one of them Some of these days, pullaps, I shall be invited to a Bermecide frust-it is not at all an improbable thing-or be asked to tea with Schehezerade, but this does not seem so likely, as it would seem, if the Turks understood these things better What our Great World have agreed to call society does not exist here, by reason of there being a little too much secresy at Com-Melanamed the Second called the city a the place prowl about with a secret and mindy nothing in the world can bear any com- which is, or which ought to be, kept secrety;

people laters are stored representations the treat of the

The true origin of this secresy is that the Turks have nothing to tell. Although the dominant race, they hardly number three milions throughout Burkey, against something like sixteen milions of Greeks, Bulgarrans, Armenians, and others. The Turks, acoustomed from the baguing to look upon themselves as conquerous, are the most agnormt and unskilful pensons in Turkey The wealth, intelligence and commerce of the land are all in the hands of the conquered races They have been obliged to work had for power and consideration, and even to save themselves from the extreme of ignominy and contempt They have perceived that the acquisition of knowledge was the shortest road to attend there ends, and they have taken it. Now it is precisely this race, thus labouring under vocatious disabilities, who are absolutely excluded from all share in public affins. No mistike can be more fatal to the welfare of Turks than this The name of a government matters little if the people who live under it are free and happy Let the Tunks, still smoke their pipes on the Bosphorus, but, it is beyond all doubt, that the nations who help them to maintain a position they could not maintain alone, have the right to hint a friendly counsel to them without being considered either meddling or offensive. Let them abolish all the disabilities under which Christians labour in Turkey, let justice be righteously administered, let briber; and corruption be absolutely abolished, let the public accounts be rudited by competent persons, and the taxes collected honestly and under able superintendance When these things are done (and there is surely nothing unreasonable in them) we shall hear no more of a Byzautine empire, being an esembly of small states, or of the purtition of Turkey in any way whatecover As for any sagranding attempt on the part of Russia against Turkey free, unated, and healthy lamated, the notionis absund. Admiral Slade and Omas Pasha would draw them from sea ad land single-handed.

E masses made blanks in home that them in a strongly parties in Friends of many that the appear in the little the mattern of many that the second of the sec

But while one sulky ambassador with more power than is good for him, has a right to meddle in one way, and, while amother sulky ambassador, jealous of his national influence, nations to the remaining the atherd sulky ambassador—always calling the two former to account—embrois every question beyond all human comprehension, I do not very well see daylight through the

darkness.

These are my thoughts while my mare pads me cheerfully up to my hill-top lodging. How my good, considerate landlord will access me for giving him the dip!

CHIPS.

AN ASHANTCE PALAVER

CERTAIN pipers recently laid before Parhament, on Mr Hume's motion, in regard to the relations existing between the British forts on the Gold Coast of Africa and the Negro langdom of Ashantoe which hes behind in exhibit so much progress on the part of African tribes on this coast as well as knowledge and skill on the part of British functionaries in dealing with them, that we propose briefly to throw into a mainstive that interesting events the papers disclose.

Along the Gold Coast England has, corrected know, a sense of fonts, the chief of which is Cape Coast Castle, where the governor of these settlements nesides. Our territorial possessions are, strictly speaking, limited to the sites of the forts and of the towns around them, where little knots of our enterprising countrymen carry on trade with the interior Gradually, however, our positiveal anthority has extended into the interior as far as the river Prah; which, for a considerable distance, runs parallel to the coast, and forms a natural fronter. Between this frontier and the coast, the country is broken up into a sense of patty states; each possessing a chief or ruler, who iscognises our general political supremacy, and whom we

predominant power. Originally, this combi-nation had for its object only the independence of the various states within the river Prah : but it is gradually being expanded to internal purposes of even greater value. It now furnishes a federal representative body, which meets under the presidency of the governor of the Gold Coast. This assembly takes charge of such common internal affairs as the construction of roads; raising the means of their construction by a poll tax, which has been surprisingly well paid. Thus then, we find Queen Victoria's authority prevailing over a congeries of petty states and tribes on the Gold Coast of Africa, maintaining tranquillity amongst them; enforcing law and justice; developing their resources; drawing south higher characteristics than had been before observed in the negro mind; uniting them into a species of nationality, and preparing the way for another victory of the truths of Christianity over barbarism and paganism. In this good work the Queen is worthily represented by Major Hill, the governor of Cape Coast Castle.

Before British power on the coast was consolidated, the kingdom of Ashantee, which now lies on the further side of the Prah, by attempts to enforce, and efforts to repel, that authority. In these conflicts the British government became involved; and, some pride was deeply humiliated by the restriction of its territories and pretensions. However, by the moderation and good sense of Governor Maclean whilst he lived; and subsequently, through the judicious influence of the Rev. Mr. Freeman, a Wesley an mussionary, the King of Ashantee has, until recently, fairly fulfilled his obligations under this treaty.

As with other African potentates, and most sovereigns elsewhere, Quacoc Duah, the King of, Ashantee, is very much controlled in his external relations by his chiefs and his army; and whether these chiefs envied the mediately withdrew their forces and regrowing prosperity of their Fantee neighbours under our protection, or had exhausted conquests in other directions, may be doubtful; sense of their youthful prisoner; and swore but this is certain, that, feeling power weakly that, if their captain and the people in the excessed at Cape Coast Castle by two of hands of the Fantees were given up, they

The bound to protect against external assaults. Major Hill's predecessors, Askantee intrigues the aristocracy of these little territories form to recover ground and influence and authority south of the Prab became very apparent towards the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-two. Immediately on the south side lies-the Assin country, and its chiefs, Chibboo and Gabri, were a brace of worthless scamps ready to cheat any one, and were consequently objects of suspicion. On them Ashantee influence was brought to bear; and, in October last, Chibboo accepted from the King of Ashantee four hundred ounces of gold to throw off his English allegiance and to bring over his captains to Ashantee. They, how. ever, denounced him, seized his person, and. brought him to trial before a court composed of chiefs, and over which Governor Hill presided. By this tribunal he was convicted and sentenced to be deposed from his "stool," and imprisoned at Cape Coast Castle for life. On the petition generally of the chiefs, he was, however, released, and restored to power; the heirs of his principal captains being delivered up as hostages for his good conduct, and he undertaking to make a good military road through his country.

This checked Ashantee intrigues for three or four months. In April last, however. they revived; and in a more subtle and a more dangerous form. Further within the river Prah than the Assin country, is claimed a similar authority to that which we Donquah, the chief of which had died some now enjoy, over the whole country down to three years previously. With a view, as it the coast; which was devastated and harassed was pretended, to pay respect to his memory, the King of Ashantee, in collusion with the Assin chief, sent an armed party to make "custom" at Donquah; but, in reality, to drive three-and-twenty years ago, we were at first the Assin people on their return into Ashanworsted, at length successful in a war with tee. The appearance of this force, commanded Ashantee. By the treaty with which peace by the brother of the King of Ashantee, in was restored, the river Prah was declared to the interior of their country, alarmed our be the boundary of the kingdom of Ashantec, confederates the Fantees. It gradually inand all the tribes to the southward of that creased, and at last became a great army. were were placed under the protection of the The Fantees grew excited and armed also; British government. The court of Coomassie, scized on all the Ashantees trading in their like other less sable courts, has the pride of country, and roused their followers. So that ancient recollections and of present superiority quickly there were collected seven thousand to the neighbours of the same hue, and that or eight thousand Ashantee troops against ten thousand Fantees. War seemed certain. Unfortunately, Ensign Brownell with only forty men of the Gold Coast corps—sent by Major Hill to reconnoitre and look into the matter, and ignorant of the strength of the Ashantees-ventured into the Ashantee camp. There he was courteously received; but was made a prisoner, being however kindly treated. The young soldier retained all his self-possession; held a palaver with the chiefs; showed them all the dangers and risks of a war; and promised that their invasion should be overlooked, if they imcrossed the Prah. At last the Ashantee chiefs succumbed to the reason and good

monidireturn home. With Ensign Brownell in their camp, Governor Hill was of curse sobliged to fulfil this requirement; and the salantes captain and his armed party four inhandred strong, were escorted within their bisses. Still the Ashantees hesitated; they made further demands; promised to go; but nevertheless remained. At last, a messenger from the court of Coomassie arrived in the camp with the sword of State having a large gilt decanter attached to it. Further suspense, however, still occurred; but moderation ultimately prevailed; Ensign Brownell was released, the Prah was recrossed, and an Ashantee war avoided; whilst the treacherous Assin chiefs were again tried and this time condemned to death.

If, on the one hand, this demonstration exhibited the prevalence of ambitious designs on the part of Ashantee, it is gratifying to observe on the other the confidence of our confederates in their own ability to repel them, and their perfect subordination to British authority. Not less than thirty thousand Fantees were ready to turn out in defence of their independence of Ashantee and their subordination to the British Government. It was indeed this spirit of enthusiasm on the part of the Fantecs, quite as much as Major Hill's energy and Ensign Brownell's courage and prudence, that at last induced the Ashantees to withdraw, and will probably lead to the abandonment of future incursions. To be prepared, however, for the worst, the Duke of Newcastle, then in office, judiciously augmented the materials of war in the stores of Cape Coast Castle, and orders were given to the cruisers to act under Major Hill's directions in case of emergency.

OXFORD FOSSILS.

THE first object that will at act the altention of the geological visitor on entering the Charendon Museum at the University of Oxford, will be a huge fossil sack of cement. Upon examination this sack will be seen to be curved a little upon itself, as a common sack would be when placed full of some heavy material against a wall. There is the impression of a rope encircling it in two places; and, at the mouth, are plainly marked in-dentations of the puckers. Close inspection will show reticulated impressions of the coarse material of which the sacking was composed. In the centre is a deep indentation; a cast, in fact, of the back of the man who last carried the sack.

The history of this curiosity? Well, it was once a sack of Roman cement; and was fished up by some dredgers in the River Thames below London Bridge. It had, probably, been dropped into the water by some ancient lighterman, who had been glass case, is a very remarkable stone, called a carrying it from a barge to the bank. Of

water, had become solid, preserving for: a century or so, accurately, the sudentation of the man's back and the other marks as above described. The perishable materials of the sacking had, in course of time, decayed; leaving nothing but the impression of its own form on the hardened powder.

In another part of the museum is the skeleton of a woman; who, from the appearance of the bones, had reached to a considerable age. The body was found extended, in the usual position of burial, in a cave in Gla-morganshire. These bones are remarkable for being stained with a dark-red brickcoloured substance, known as ruddle. Close to that part of the thigh-bone where the pocket is usually worn, were found several small sea-shore shells in a state or complete decay; and, mixed with these. numerous fragments of small ivory rods, and small ivory rings; together with a rude instrument resembling a short skewer made of the metacarpal bone of a wolf; sharp, flattened to an edge at one end, and terminated at the other by the natural rounded condyle. The charcoal and fragments of recent bone that are, apparently, the remains of human food, render it probable that the cave in which they were found was at some time or other inhabited by human beings; and the circumstance of an ancient British camp existing on the hill above it strengthens the supposition. The ivory rods and rings are certainly made from the antediluvian tusks that lay in the same cave, and were probably used to fasten together the coarse garments of the ancient British soldiers, or to serve as armlets for the dandies. The shells might have been kept in the pocket, or have been used, as they are even at this day, in Glamorgaushire, for a simple species of game. The wolf's toe was probably reduced to its present form by the hands of this ancient dame, and used by her as a skewer; the immediate neighbourhood being wholly destitute of wood. The custom of burying with their possessors the ornaments and chief; utensils of the deceased, is well known to have existed among the ancients-ancients Britons included.

Several theories have been started to account for the peculiar red colour of the Among others it has been suggested: bones. that this old woman was in the habit of selling ruddle to the British soldiers in the camp close by; and that, whilst still pursuing her avocation she died a peaceful death in her cave. There being no wood to make her a coffin, her considerate neighbours had placed her in her own ruddle sack, and thus buried her. In lapse of time the sack and the fiesh decayed; but not the bones, which had absorbed the ruddle.

course it sunk immediately; and, by imbibing from a pipe which carries off the drain water

from a certain colliery in the north of England; and confists of carbonate of lime deposited on the sides of the pipe. The stone is not of one uniform colour; but is striped with alternate layers of black and white, yet both equally carbonate of lime. This comes about in the following way:-When the colliers were at work the coal dust naturally blackened the water; which, running through the drain pipe, of course deposited a black mark. When no work was going on the water was necessarily clean, and a white layer was After a time the concretion completely filled up the pipe, and it was taken up; the black and white marks being observed, they were compared with the clerk's daybook, and were found accurately to correspond with the entries therein; namely, small streaks, alternately black and white, represented a week; for during the day the men were working, and during the night they were at rest. Then came a white layer as were at rest. large as a black and white one put together. This was Sunday-during which, there being no work, the water was clean for forty-eight hours. By and bye there appears a fortyeight hour mark in the middle of one week. The books tell the tale: this was the day when a fair took place in the neighbourhood, and all the colliers went by permission to it. In another part of the stone is seen a still larger white mark, namely, Christmas-day. It came on a Monday, and all Sunday and all Monday the water was clear. Thus the workmen unconsciously recorded, literally in black and white, their times of work and the North Foreland, where the fight lasted all of rest. ordinary specimen the name of "The Sunday Stone.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. CHAPTER XLL

OLIVER CROMWELL, whom the people long called OLD NOLL, in accepting the office of Protector, had bound himself by a certain paper which was handed to him, called "the Instrument." to summon a Parliament, consisting of between four and five hundred members, in the election of which neither the and peace was made. Royalists nor the Catholics were to have any share. He had also pledged himself that this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent until it had sat five months.

When this Parliament met, Oliver made a speech to them of three hours long, very wisely advising them what to do for the credit and happiness of the country. To keep down the more violent members, he equired them to sign a recognition of what key were forbidden by "the Instrument" to do; which was, chiefly, to take the power from one single person at the head of the state or to command the army. Then he dismissed ambassador replied that the gold and silver them to go to work. With his usual vigour country, and the Holy Inquisition, were his and resolution he went to work himself with King's two eyes, neither of which he could

some frantic preachers who were rather overdoing their sermons in calling him a viltain and a tyrant, by shutting up their chapels, and sending a few of them off to prison.

There was not at that time, in England or anywhere else, a man so able to govern the country as Oliver Cromwell. Although he ruled with a strong hand, and levied a very heavy tax on the Royalists (but not until they had plotted against his life), he ruled wisely, and as the times required. He caused England to be so respected abroad, that I wish some lords and gentlemen who have governed it under kings and queens in later days would have taken a leaf out of Oliver Cromwell's book. He sent bold Admiral Blake to the Mediterranean Sea, to make the Duke of Tuscany pay sixty thousand pounds for injuries he had done to British subjects, and spoliation he had committed on English merchants. He further despatched him and his fleet to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, to have every English ship and every Englishman delivered up to him that had been taken by pirates in those parts. All this was gloriously done; and it began to be thoroughly well known, all over the world, that England was governed by a man in earnest, who would not allow the English name to be insulted or slighted anywhere.

These were not all his foreign triumphs. He sent a fleet to sea against the Dutch; and the two powers, each with one hundred ships upon its side, met in the English Channel, off They justly gave to this extra-day long. Dean was killed in this fight; but Monk, who commanded in the same ship with him, threw his cloak over his body that the sailors might not know of his death and be disheartened. Nor were they, Their English broadsides so exceedingly astonished the Dutch that they sheered off at last, though thet redoubtable Van Tromp fired upon them with his own guns for deserting their flag. Soon afterwards, the two fleets engaged again, off the coast of Holland. There, the valiant Van Tromp was shot through the heart, and the Dutch gave in,

Further than this, Oliver resolved not to bear the domineering and bigoted conduct of Spain, which country not only claimed a right to all the gold and silver that could be found in South America, and treated the ships of all other countries who visited those regions as pirates, but put English subjects into the horrible Spanish prisons of the Inquisition. So, Oliver told the Spanish ambassador that English ships must be free to go wherever they would, and that English merchants must not be thrown into those same dungeons, no, not for the pleasure of all the priests in Spain. To this, the Spanish

submit to have put out! Very well said themselves Fifth Monarchy Mes), and among Oliver, then he was afraid he must demage

those two eyes directly.

So, another fleet was despatched under two commanders, PENN and VENABLES, for Hispaniola; where, however, the Spaniards got the better of it. Consequently, the fleet came home again, after taking Jamaica on the way. Oliver, indignant with the two commanders who had not done what bold Admiral Blake would have done, clapped them both into prison, declared war against Spain, and made a treaty with France, in virtue of which it was to shelter the King and his brother the Duke of York no longer. Then, he sent a fleet abroad under bold Admiral Blake, which brought the King of Portugal to his sensesjust to keep its hand in-and then engaged a Spanish fleet, sunk four great ships, and took two more, laden with silver to the value of two millions of pounds; which dazzling prize was brought from Portsmouth to London in waggons, with the populace of all the towns and villages through which the waggons passed, shouting with all their might. After this victory, bold Admiral Blake sailed Spanish treasure-ships coming from Mexico. There he found them, ten in number, with seven others to take care of them, and a big castle, and seven batteries, all roaring and blazing away at him with great gans. triumph of this great commander, who had out. He died as his successful ship was coming into Plymouth Harbour amidst the hundred a year for it. joyful acclamations of the people, and was buried in state in Westminster Abbey. Not to lie there, long.

Over and above all this, Oliver found that the VAUDOIS, or Protestant people of the valleys of Lucerne, were insolently treated by the Catholic powers, and were even put to death for their religion, in an audacious and bloody manner. Instantly, he informed those powers that this was a thing which Protestant England would not allow; and he speedily carried his point through the might of his great name, and established their right to worship God in peace after their own harm-

less manner.

Lastly, his English army won such admiration in fighting with the French against the Spaniards, that, after they had assaulted the town of Dunkirk together, the French King in person gave it up to the English, that it might be a token to them of their might against him, to be sent as slaves to the West and valour.

the disappointed Republicand He had a difficult game to play, for the Royalists were always ready to side with either party against him. The "King over the water," too, as Charles was called, had no scruptes about plotting with any one against his life; although there is reason to suppose that he would willingly have married one of his daughters, if Ohver would have had such a son-in-law. There was a certain COLONEL. SAXBY of the army, once a great supporter of Oliver's but now turned against him, who was a grievous trouble to him through all this part of his career; and who came and went between the discontented in England and Spain, and Charles, who put himself in alliance with Spain on being thrown off by France. This man died in prison at last; but not until there had been very serious plots between the Royalists and Republicans, and an actual rising of them in England, when they burst into the city of Salisbury on a Sunday night, seized the judges who were going to hold the assizes there next day, and would have hanged them but for the merciful objections of the away to the port of Santa Cruz to cut off the more temperate of their number. Oliver was so vigorous and shrewd that he soon put this revolt down, as he did most other conspiracies, and it was well for one of its chief managers-that same Lord Wilmot who had assisted in Charles's flight, and was now EARL Blake cared no more for great guns than for or ROCMESTER—that he made his escape. pop-guns-no more for their hot iron balls Oliver seemed to have eyes and ears everythan for snow-balls. He dashed into the where, and secured such sources of informa-harbour, captured and burnt every one of tion as his enemies little dreamed of. There the ships, and came sailing out again tri- was a chosen body of six persons, called umphantly, with the victorious English flag the Scaled Knot, who were in the closest flying at his mast-head. This was the last and most secret confidence of Charles. One of the foremost of these very men, a SIR sailed and fought until he was quite worn RICHARD WILLIS, reported to Oliver everything that passed among them, and had two

MILES SYNDARCOMB, also of the old army, was another conspirator against the Protector. He and a man named CECIL, bribed one of his Life Guards to let them have good notice when he was going out—intending to shoot him from a window. But, owing either to his caution or his good fortune, they could never get an aim at him. Disappointed in this design, they got into the chapel in Whitehall, with a basketful of combustibles, which were to explode by means of a slow match in six hours; then, in the noise and confusion of the fire they hoped to kill But, the Life Guardsman himself Oliver. disclosed this plot; and they were seized, and Miles died (or killed himself in prison) a little while before he was ordered for execution. A few such plotters Oliver caused to be beheaded, a few more to be hanged, and many more, including those who rose in arms If he were rigid, he was impar-Indies. There were plots enough against Oliver tial too, in asserting the laws of England. among the frantic religionists (who called When a Portuguese nobleman, the brother of

the Portuguese ambassador, killed a London eitimen in missake for another man with whom he had had a quarrel, Oliver caused him to be tried before a jury of Englishmen and foreigners, and had him executed in spite of the entreaties of all the ambassadors in London.

One of Oliver's own friends, the DUKE OF OLDENBURGH, in sending him a present of six fine coach-horses, was very near doing more to please the Royalists than all the plotters put together. One day, Oliver went with his coach drawn by these six horses, into Hyde Park, to dine with his secretary and some of his other gentlemen under the trees there. After dinner, being merry, he took it into his head to put them inside and to drive home: a postillion riding one of the foremost horses, as the custom was. On account of Oliver's being too free with the whip, the six fine horses went can at a gallop, the postillion got thrown, and Oliver fell upon the coach-pole and narrowly escaped being shot by his own pistol, which got entangled with his clothes in the harness and went off. He was dragged some distance by the foot, until his foot came out of the shoe, and then he came safely to the ground under the broad body of the coach, and was very little the worse. The gentlemen inside were only bruised, and the discontented people of all parties were much disappointed.

The rest of the history of the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell is a history of his Parliaments. His first one not pleasing him at all, he waited until the five months were out, and then dissolved it. The next was better suited to his views, and from that he desired to get-if he could with safety to himselfthe title of King. He had had this in his mind some time: whether because he thought that the English people, being more used to the title, were more likely to obey it; or whether because he really wished to be a king himself, and to leave the succession to that title in his family, is far from clear. He was already as high, in England and in all the world, as he would ever be, and I doubt myself if he cared for the more name. However, a paper, called the "Humble Petition and Advice," was presented to him by the House of Commons, praying him to take a high title and to appoint his successor. That he would have taken the title of King there is no doubt, but for the strong opposition of the army. This induced him to forbear, and to sent only to the other points of the petition. Upon which occasion there was another grand show in Westminster Hall, when the · Speaker of the House of Commons formally invested him with a purple robe lined with ermine, and presented him with a splendidly downd Bible, and put a golden sceptre in his tolled a House of Lords of sixty members, as then petition gave him power to do; but as

and would not proceed to the husiness of the country, he imped into a coach one morning took (ix Guards with him, and sent them to the right-about. I wish this had been a warner ing to Parli ments to avoid long speeches, and do more work.

It was the month of August, one thousand six hundred and fifty-eight, when Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, ELIZABETH CLAYPOLE (who had lately lost her youngest son), lay very ill, and his mind was greatly troubled, because he loved her dearly. Another of his daughters was married to LORD FALCONBERG, another to the grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and he had made his son RICHARD one of the Members of the Upper House. He was very kind and loving. to them all, being a good father and a good husband, but he loved this daughter the best of the family, and went down to Hampton Court to see her, and could hardly be induced to stir from her sick room until she died. Although his religion had been of a gloomy kind, his disposition had been always cheerful. He had been fond of music in his home, and had kept open house once a week for all officers of the army not below the rank of a captain, and had always preserved in his house a quiet, sensible dignity. He encouraged men of genius and learning, and loved to have them about him. MILTON was one of his great friends. He was good-humoured too, with the nobility, whose dresses and manners were very different from his; and to show them what good information he had, he would sometimes jokingly tell them when they were at his house, where they had last drank the health of the "King over the water," and would recommend them to be more private (if they could) another time. But he had lived in busy times, had borne the weight of heavy State affairs, and had often gone in fear of his life. He was ill of the gout and ague; and when the death of his beloved child came upon him in addition, he sank, never to raise his head again. He told his physicians on the twenty-fourth of August that the Lord had assured him that he was not to die in that illness, and that he would certainly get better. This was only his sick fancy, for on the third of September, which was the anniversary of the great battle of Worcester, and the day of the year which he called his fortunate day, he died, in the sixtieth year of his age. He had in the sixtieth year of his age. been delirious, and had lain insensible some hours, but he had been overheard to murmur a very good prayer the day before. The whole country lamented his death. If you want to know the real worth of Oliver Cromwell, and his real services to his country, you can hardly do better than compare England under him, with England under CHARLES the SECOND.

then petition gave him power to do; but as He had appointed his son Richard to sucand resarliament did not please him either, ceed him, and after there had been, at

post in such a storm of parties. Richard's Protectorate, which only lasted a year and a half, is a history of quarrels between the officers of the army and the Parliament, and between the officers among themselves, and of a growing discontent among the people, who had far too many long sermons and far too few amusements, and wanted a change. At last, General Monk got the army well into his own hands, and then, in pursuance of a secret plan he seems to have entertained from the time of Oliver's death, declared for the King's cause. He did not do this openly; but, in his place in the House of Commons, as one of the members for Devonshire, strongly advocated the proposals of one SIR John Greenville, who came to the House with a letter from Charles, dated from Breda, and with whom he had previously been in secret communication. There had been plots and counterplots, and a recall of the last members of the Long Parliament, and an end of the Long Parliament, and risings of the Royalists that were made too soon; and most men being tired out, and there being no one to head the country now Oliver was dead, it was readily agreed to welcome Charles Stuart. Some of the wiser and better members said—what was most true—that in the letter from Breda, he made no real promise to govern well, and that it would be best to make him pledge himself beforehand as to what he should be bound to do for the benefit of the kingdom. Monk said, however, it would be all right when he came, and he could not come too

So, everybody found out all in a moment that the country must be prosperous and happy, having another Stuart to condescend to reign over it; and there was a prodigious firing off of guns, lighting of bonfires, ringing of bells, and throwing up of caps. The people drank the King's health by thousands in the open streets, and everybody rejoiced. Down came the Arms of the Commonwealth, up went the Royal Arms instead, and out came the public money. Fifty thousand pounds for the King, ten thousand pounds for his brother the Duke of York, five thousand pounds for his brother the martyr with all his heart. These executions Duke of Gloucester. Prayers for these gra-were so extremely merry, that every horrible cious Stuarts were put up in all the churches; commissioners were sent to Holland (which suddenly found out that Charles was a great man, and that it loved him) to invite the King home; Monk and the Kentish grandees went to Dover, to kneel down before him as he landed. He kissed and embraced Monk, made him ride in the coach with himself and his brothers, came on to London amid wonderful drawn on sledges with the living to the place

Somerset House in the Strand, a lying in shoutings, and passed through the army at state more splendid than sensible as all such Blackheath on the twenty-minth of May (his vanities after death are, I think—Richard betame Lord Protector. He was an adjable country gentleman, but had none of his father's genius, and was quite units for such a from all the houses, by delighted crowds in under tents, by flags and tapestry streaming from all the houses, by delighted crowds in all the streets, by troops of noblemen and gentlemen in rich dresses, by City companies, trainbands, drummers, trumpeters, the great Lord Mayor, and the majestic Aldermen, the King went on to Whitehall. On entering it, he commemorated his Restoration with the joke that it really would seem to have been his own fault that he had not come long ago, since everybody told him that he had always wished for him with all his heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

There never were such profligate times in England as under Charles the Second. Whenever you see his portrait, with his swarthy ill-looking face and great nose, you may fancy him in his Court at Whitehall, surrounded by some of the very worst vaga-bonds, in the kingdom (though they were lords and ladies), drinking, gambling, indulging in vicious conversation, and committing every kind of profligate excess. It has been a fashion to call Charles the Second "The Merry Monarch." Let me try to give you a general idea of some of the merry things that were done, in the merry days when this merry gentleman sat upon his merry throne, in merry England.

The first merry proceeding was-of courseto declare that he was one of the greatest, the wisest, and the noblest kings that ever shone, like the blessed sun itself, on this benighted earth. The next merry and pleasant piece of business was, for the Parliament, in the humblest manner, to give him one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to settle upon him for life that old disputed tounage and poundage which had been so bravely fought for. Then, General Monk, being made EARL of ALBEMARLE, and ca few other Royalists similarly rewarded, the law went to work to see what was to be done to those persons (they were called Regicides) who had been concerned in making a martyr of the late King. Ten of these were merrily executed; that is to say, six of the judges, one of the council, Colonel Hacker and another officer who had com-marked the Guards, and Hugh Peters, a preacher, who had preached against the circumstance which Cromwell had abandoned was revived with appalling cruelty. The hearts of the sufferers were torn out of their living bodies; their howels were burned before their faces; the executioner cut jokes to the next victim, as he rubbed his filthy hands together that were reeking with the blood or the last; and the heads of the dead were

er suffering. Still, even so merry a monarch dishunded, and the King crowned, everything wild not force one of these dying men to say that he was sorry for what he had done. Nay, the most memorable thing said among them was, that if the thing were to do again they would do it.

Sir Harry Vane, who had furnished the evidence against Strafford, and was one of the most staunch of the Republicans, was also tried, found guilty, and ordered for execution, When he came upon the scaffold on Tower Hill, after conducting his own defence with great power, his notes of what he had meant to may to the people were torn away from him, and the drums and trumpets were ordered to sound lustily and drown his voice; for, the people had been so much impressed by what the Regicides had calmly said with their last breath, that it was the custom now, to have the drums and trumpets always under the scaffold, ready to strike up. Vane said no more than this: "Ite is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man," and bravely died.

These merry scenes were succeeded by another, perhaps even merrier. On the anniversary of the late King's death, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were torn out of their graves in Westminster Abbey, dragged to Tyburn, hanged there on a gallows all day long, and then beheaded. Imagine the head of Oliver Cromwell set upon a pole to be stared at by a brutal crowd, not one of whom would have dared to look the living Oliver in the face for half a moment! Think, after you have read this reign, what England was under Oliver Cromwell who was torn out of his grave, and under this merry monarch who sold it, like a merry Judas, over and over again.

Of course, the remains of Oliver's wife and daughter were not to be spared either, though they had been most excellent women. The base clergy of that time gave up their bodies, which were buried in the Abbey, and-to the eternal disgrace of England - they were thrown into a pit, together with the mouldering bones of Pym and of the brave and hold old Admiral Blake.

The clergy acted this disgraceful part because they hoped to get the nonconformists or dissenters thoroughly put down in this reign, and to have but one prayer-book and one ervice for all kinds of people, no matter what their private opinions were. This was pretty well, I think, for a Protestant Church, which had displaced the Romish Church because people had a right to their own opinions, in religious matters. However, grey carried it with a high hand, and a rayer-books was agreed upon, in which the extremest opinions of Archbishop Land were not forgotten. An Act was passed, too, preventing any dissenter from holding any office under any corporation. So, the regular clergy in their triumph were soon as merry and gentlemen, that he soon got through his as the King. The army being by this time hundred thousand pounds, and then, by way

was to go on easily for ever more.

I soust ray a word here, about the King's family. He had not been long upon the throne waen his brother the Duke of Gloucester, and his sister the Princess or ORANGE, died within a few months of each' other, of the small-pox. His remaining sister, the PRINCESS HENRIETTA, married the DUKE OF ORLEANS, the brother of Louis THE FOUR-TEENTH, King of France. His brother JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, was made High Admiral, and by and by became a Catholic. He was a gloomy, sullen, bilious sort of man, with a remarkable partiality for the ugliest women in the country. He married, under very discreditable circumstances, ANNE HYDE, the daughter of LOND CLARENDON, then the King's principal Minister—not at all a delicate minister either, but doing much of the dirty work of a very dirty palace. It became important now, that the King himself should be married; and divers foreign Monarchs, not very particular about the character of their son-in-law, proposed their daughters to him. The King of Portugal offered his daughter, CATHERINE OF BRAganza, and fitty thousand pounds: in addition to which the French King, who was favourable to that match, offered a loan of another fifty thousand. The King of Spain, on the other hand, offered any one out of a dozen of Princesses, and other hopes of gain. But the ready money carried the day, and Catherine came over in state to her merry marrisse.

The whole Court was a great flaunting crowd of debauched men and shameless women; and Catherine's merry husband insulted and outraged her in every possible way, until she consented to receive those worthless creatures as her very good friends, and to degrade herself by their companionship. A Mns. PALMER, whom the King made LADY CASTLE-MAINE, and afterwards Duchess of Cheve-LAND, was one of the most powerful of the bad women about the Court, and had great influence with the King nearly all through his reign. Another merry lady, named Moll Davies, a dancer at the theatre, was afterwards her rival. So was NELL Gwyn, first an orange girl and then an actress, who really had some good in her, and of whom one of the worst things I know, is, that she actually does seem to have been fond of the King. The first DUKE OF ST. ALBANS was this orange girl's child. In like manner, the son of a merry waiting-lady, whom the King created Duoness of Ports-MOUTH, became the DUKE OF RICHMOND. Upon the whole, it is not so bad a thing to be a commoner.

The Merry Monarch was so exceedingly merry among these merry ladies, and some equally merry (and equally infamous) lords of raising a little pocket-money, made a nerry bargain. He sold Dunkirk to the Fench King for five millions of livrer Wien I think of the dignity to which O ver dromwell raised England in the eyes of foreign powers, and when I think of the manner in which he gained for England this very Dunkirk, I am much inclined to consider that if the Merry Monarch had been made to follow his father for this action he would have re-

ceived his just deserts.

Though he was like his father in none of that father's greater qualities, he was undoubtedly like him in being worthy of no trust. When he sent that letter to the Parliament, from Breda, he did expressly promise that all sincere religious opinions should be respected. Yet he was no sooner firm in his power than he consented to one of the worst Under Acts of Parliament ever passed. this law, every minister who should not give his solemn assent to the Prayer-Book by a certain day was declared to be a minister no longer, and to be deprived of his church. The consequence of this was that some thousand honest men were taken from their congregations, and reduced to dire poverty and distress. It was followed by another outrageous law, calle I the Conventicle Act, sixteen who was present at any religious service not according to the Prayer-Book, was to be imprisoned three months for the first filled the prisons, which were then most villanous dungeons, to overflowing.

The Covenanters in Scotland had already fared no better. A base Parliament, usually air. known as the Drunken Parliament, in consequence of its principal members being seldom sober, had been got together to make laws against the Covenanters, and to force all men to be of one mind m religious matters. The MARQUIS OF ARGULE, relying on the King's honour, had given himself up to treason on the evidence of some private the brink of the ghastly graves. letters, in which he had expressed opinionsas well he might-more favourable to the government of the late Lord Protector than of the present merry and religious King. He was executed, as were two men of mark among the Covenanters; and Sharp, a traitor who had once been the friend of the Presbyterians and betrayed them, was made Arch-

how to like bishops.

Things being in this merry state at home, the Merry Monarch undertook a war with the Dutch; principally because they interfered with an African company, established with the two objects of buying gold-

the coast of Holland with a fleet of ninetyeight vessels of war, and four fre-ships. This engaged with the Dutch fleet, of no fewer than one hundred and thirteen ships. In the great battle between the two forces the Dutch lost eighteen ships, four admirals, and seven thousand men. But, the English on shore were in no mood of exultation when they heard the news.

For, this was the year and the time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four it had been whispered about, that some few people had died here and there of the disease called the Plague, in some of the unwholesome suburbs around London. News was not published at that time as it is now, and some people believed these rumours, and some disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But, in the month of May, one thousand six hundred and sixty-five, it began to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out with great violence in St. Giles's, and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads out of London were choked up by people endeavouring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The by which any person above the age of disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in which sick people were, and to cut them off from communication with the living. Every one offence, and six for the second, and to be of these houses was marked on the outside of tian ported for the third. This Act alone the door with a red cross, and the words, Lord, have mercy upon us! The streets were all described, grass grow in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard, and these were the wheels of the death-carts, attended by men with veiled faces and holding cloths to their months, who rang doleful bells and cried in a loud and solemn voice, "Bring out your dead!" The corpses put into these carts King's honour, had given himself up to were buried by torchlight in great pits; him; but, he was wealthy, and his enemies wanted his wealth. He was tried for men being afraid to stay for a moment on treason on the avidage of the stay for a moment on treason on the avidage of the stay for a moment on treason on the avidage of the stay for a moment on treason on the avidage of the stay for a moment on treason on the avidage of the stay for a moment on the stay for a moment of the stay for a moment on the stay for a moment of the stay for a mo In the general fear, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children. Some who were taken ill, died alone and without any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses, who robbed them of all their money and stole the very beds on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from the windows, ran through the streets, and in bishop of St. Andrew's, to teach the Scotch their pain and frenzy flung themselves into the river.

These were not all the horrors of the time. . The wicked and dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in the taverns singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they drank, and went out and died. The fearful and superstitious dust and slaves, of which the Duke of York persuaded themselves that they saw superwas a leading member. After some pre- natural sights—burning swords in the sky, liminary hostilities, the said Duke sailed to gigantic arms and darts. Others pretended

that 'at night vast crowds of ghosts walked now a stands as a remembrance of these round and round the dismal pits. One mad-raging flames. It spread and spread and man, naked, and carrying a brazier full of burning coals upon his head, stalked through the streets, crying out that he was a Prophet. commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another always went to and fro, exclaiming, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!" A third awoke the echoes in the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep, hoarse voice, "O, the great and a deep, hoarse voice, dreadful God!"

Through the months of July and August and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in the hope of stopping the infection; but there was a plague of rain too, and it beat the fires out. At last, the winds which usually arise at that time of the year which is called the equinox, when day and night are of equal length all over the world, began to blow, and to purify the wretched town. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open again, pule frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The Plague had been in every part of England, but in close and unwholesome London it had killed one hundred thousand people.

All this time, the Merry Monarch was as merry as ever, and as worthless as ever. All this time, the debauched lords and gentlemen and the shameless ladies danced and gamed and drank, and loved and hated one another, according to their merry ways. So little humanity did the government learn from the late affliction, that one of the first things the Parliament did when it met at Oxford (being as yet afraid to come to London), was to make a law, called the Five Mile Act, expressly directed against those poor ministers who, in the time of the Plague, had manfully come back to comfort the unhappy people. This infamous law, by forbidding them to teach in any school, or to come within five miles of any city, town, or village, doomed them to starvation and death.

The fleet had been at sea, and healthy. The King of France was now in alliance with the Dutch, though his navy was chiefly employed in looking on while the English and Dutch fought. The Dutch gained one victory; and the English gained another and a greater; and Prince Rupert, one of the English admirals, was out in the Channel one windy night, looking out for the French Admiral, with the intention of giving him something more to do than he had had t when the gale increased to a storm, and the him into Saint Helen's. That night was the third of September, one thousand six fundred and sixty-six, and that wind fanned the Great Fire of Loudon.

It broke out at a baker's shop near London Bridge, on the spot on which the Monument

raging flames. It spread and spread, and burned and burned, for three days. The nights were lighter than the days; in the daytime there was an immense cloud of smoke, and in the night-time there was a great tower of fire mounting up into the sky, which ighted the whole country landscape for ten miles round. Showers of hot ashes rose into the air and fell on distant places; flying sparks carried the conflagration to great distances, and kindled it in twenty new spots at a time; church steeples fell down with tremendous crashes; houses crumbled into cinders by the hundred and the thousand. The summer had been intensely hot and dry, the streets were very narrow, and the houses mostly built of wood and plaster. Nothing could stop the tremendous fire but the want of more houses to burn; nor did it stop until the whole way from the Tower to Temple Bar was a desert, composed of the ashes of thu teen thousand houses and eightynine churches.

This was a terrible visitation at the time, and occasioned great loss and suffering to the two hundred thousand burnt-out people, who were obliged to lie in the fields under the open night sky, or in hastily-made huts of mud'and straw, while the lanes and roads were rendered impassable by carts which had broken down as they tried to save their goods. But the Fire was a great blessing to the City afterwards, for it arose from its mains very much improved-built more regularly, more widely, more cleanly and carefully, and therefore much more healthily. It might be far more healthy than it is, but there are some people in it still-even now, at this time, nearly two hundred years laterso selfish, so pig-headed, and so ignorant, that I doubt if even another Great Fire would warm them up to do their duty.

The Catholics were accused of having wilfully set London in flames; one poor Frenchman, who had been mad for years, even accused himself of having with his own hand fired the first house. There is no reasonable doubt, however, that the fire was accidental. An inscription on the Monument long attributed it to the Catholics; but it is removed now, and was always a malicious and stupid untruth.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

NO. 189 1

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853.

Passes 2d

ADELIZA CASTLE.

FIFTY-NINE, Mushroom Road, Aladdin New Town: that is my present address. The verbal directions which my friends are requested to remember, when they wish to call, are the following: Take an Aladdin New Town (scarlet) omnibus, which puts you down at The Swillwages, a large white tavern at the corner of Mushroom Road; turn down and take the third turning to the right, by the Wellington Arms—being particular not to take the second turning, which has at the corner the Nelson's Legs. If you go down to the bottom of the road, you find a brick-field—quito an open space and giry. There we are. The number you have down in your memory is fifty-nine. But the houses having been built at intervals-now on one side of the way, now on the other-have been numbered as they were built, without regard to order. So it has chanced that our title to be considered fifty-nine is disputed by the select preparatory school over the way. The best plan is to remember that our fifty-nine is on the right-hand side; and, if you come soon, you may know the house by a pile of bricks exactly opposite the parlour window, and a large puddle, out of which you step in at the gate. We have not been paved as yet; but we are very well off for gas, being faced by the Pigeonpie and Brick, a large public-house which is, of nights, really, I may say quite, illuminated.

Arabella liked the house and said, "Philander, my dear, they are beautiful papers, quite in good taste," (her Suffolk eyes were delighted with the roses and the crocuses upon the walls) "and everything is so clean; nobody ever having lived in the place yet. Then look at the supboards, and consider how nice it will be to have an outdoor pantry. You know how our meat has been spoiled in lodgings by being kept in closets near the kitchen fire. It really is a beautiful house for the rent we are asked to pay; and, as for the neighbourhood, that will improve wonderfully; for the landlord said that Mushroom Road is to be built forward and forward in a straight line, so as to become quite a thoroughfare connecting London with the country." And she had visions of holiday people strolling by of an evening, Londonward, with flowers

in their hands.

"It is a famous house," I said means let us take it" I would gladly have sought refuge even in an oven from the hot persecution we had been suffering as lodgers; I, my wife, and our dear infant, Adeliza Jane. No Huguenot family ever endured more at the hands of the Guises than we had suffered from the landladies of London. We had been skinned; our joints had been half-roasted; our wine had been watered; our coffee chicoried; cats (they told us) had drunk our milk; rats (they declared) had eaten our candles. Our beer ran away of its own accord; we had to eat with knives that would not cut, and with torks. deficient in prongs; off dirty napery, for the clean tablecloths were always "at the wash; we had been stretched out upon racks in the form of knotted beds to undergo exernciating torment from the pincers of black executioners. At last we fled; and, remembering that every man's house is his castle, we sought the shelter of a castle of

I am quite sure that the Australian antiquary who shall hereafter write treatises on ancient London, will not be able, without help, to picture accurately what has to be done and suffered by a compact and respectable little family—as for instance by that composed of me and Arabella with our baby —when it has made up its mind to set up house in London. The world has heard in what way I was driven to become a house-holder. There was no peace of home for us in lodgings. When we determined to leave Mr. Poolby, I intended in an active way to take a house at once, according to our means, furnish it at once, and go into it at once. There the business would be at an end. We had only to pay our money and to have our house. We had been already directed to half-a-dozen pretty little places. We settled between ourselves that the rent we would pay should not exceed thirty pounds a year. Mr. Mannacrop, in Suffolk, paid, as we knew, thirty pounds for a house that accommodated several grown up daughters and three servants; and had, also, attached to it a large garden and an orchard. I had paid rents out of London, which induced me to believe that, after due allowance made for the difference in the locality, a

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house that would accommodate a married. The rouse in the Row was meen, dready and country and a baby, with one sartant, might dirty—I visited more houses and as we made the had in a London suburb for the price we agents. The agents made it evident, even determined upon paying. I appeal to any when they were most polite, that they consount yman and ask, would be not himself sidered a prespectably dressed person asking have thought so?

There was a little row of semi-detached dwarf villas, near our lodgings, which we thought might hold us; I being short, the haby not large, and a servant we might make it our business to find, if requisite, of a size small enough to fit the rooms. They were dull places to be sure, and very much ont of the way; among unknown new streets facing a road that was not yet properly made; being partly flint, partly mud, and chiefly crater shells. The houses were obviously very slight; but there was a bit of garden to each, and there was a tidiness about the fashion of them by which we were pleased. A board in that of them bade us apply to Mr. Brizell, that agent, at a given address. I resolved to "What," I asked, cell upon Mr. Brixell. "might the rent be of those little houses?" "Fifty guineas," he replied. Quietly setting down the landlord as a lunatic, I said that such a sum was more than I desired to pay, explained my wish for any neat little house with enough rooms in it for a married cauple, a baby, and a servant, and my belief that thirty pounds ought to supply such a want. Mr. Brixell, with a virtuous look, told me that he had no dealings with regard to houses under fifty pounds rental, and placed his hand on the knob of the door; through which I quietly disappeared.

I travelled early the next morning to the chief local house agent of Kensington New Town, and begged to be informed of any small house vacant in that district that would let at about thirty-five pounds a year. I had abandoned hope of finding anything at a baggar, that he had nothing for me; and I went away. Presently, passing by a very humble looking undertaker's shop, with which a small business of house agency appeared to be connected, I thought that I would make inquiry there; but was retorted upon sharply by a small man in Hessian boots and a black waistcoat with black sleeves, who informed me that there was nothing under forty

pounds on the "cstate."

Changing the scene, I tried the neighbourhood of Paddington; and, having been asked sighty pounds for the first house I ventured vinguire about, went to Bikesley and wagg a Agency Office, where I saw the chief and old woman. She gave me a couple clerk s an old woman. One gave and the to view houses, cone 'm a terrace and the other in a The Terrace I found to exist only on the It consisted for the present of the for a house at thirty-five pounds a year to be doing a mean action. I was told that be doing a mean action. If was told that I should not easily get what I wanted although indeed there were such houses; and sometimes they passed through their books. If they cared to say more than that, they advised me to pay forty or fifty pounds for & house larger than I wanted, and to let part

"When you do that," said one of them, "you may count upon five pounds as ten."

"I don't understand," I said.

He replied blandly that every five pounds extra rent paid to a landlord, was equivalent to ten pounds extra rent got for unfurnished

apartments from a lodger.

I am an irritable man, and the word lodger vexed me. I own I used a strong word. The agent shrugged his shoulders, and said surely there could be no harm in letting lodgings. "There is no harm," I said, "in letting blood; but I am not a leech and my wife is not a landlady!" I walked away in boiling Shall my darling little Suffolk beauty ever become mistress of a lodging-house? Shall she bring her mund to learn an infamous science; and forestall and regrate every article that passes the street-door on its way to her lodgers? Will it ever come to pass that my angel shall concect fraudulent tariffs of tea, butter, eggs, and oysters? Shall that sylph-like form batten upon claudestine pork-chops and upon porter, secretly abstracted from first floors' or front-parlours' cellarets? Shall the innocent cherub now smiling in her cradle, be bred up in arts of prying and deceit? Shall she be taught to thirty. The agent answered me as if I were read back drawing rooms' letters by the aid a beggar, that he had nothing for me; and I of dessert Luives? Shall Adeliza be trained to watch single gentlemen out of doors, in order that the maternal tea pot may be enriched with extra scoops of seven and-sixpenny green, or the paternal eigur-case replenished out of unlocked boxes of choice Regalias 9 Never!

Another house-agent, who advertised in his window that he had on his books houses renting from thirty pounds upwards, told me, to my joy, that he had then on hand a house at thirty-two, the very thing for me. He gave me its address. I went at once. The outside was well-looking, the house new; being one of a new row. Those houses that being one of a new row. were tenanted seemed to have dirty tenants; but I did not mind that. We should know how to be clean. I entered. Nice parlours, nice rooms above, and very nice rooms above that; the floors all planned to be let to we lived, the Forty Thieves might and attractive. But I could not find the at us, and never need to chalk the door lest kitchen. I had seen a very small back-parieur hey should miss it when they came again. with a copper in it little larger than a stew-

near which I supposed the Rither but I could not find that very requeste ment. Then I went up-stains to both it; but it was not there final I mured of workmen on adjoining premies, and learned that there was no other knicken than that same little back-parlour, which contained, I tell the simple truth, no other convenience for cooking than a small bedroom grate. It seemed as if it were not large enough for the boiling of water in any vessel more capacious than a shaving-pot, and the utmost range of its roasting powers must have been the cooking of a herring held before it on a fork. The builder of those before it on a fork houses knew what he was about. In each he supplied accommodation for three sets of little parlour, would herself there nurse that lattle grate, and thereat cook for them all, and thereby do for them all, and therefrom wait upon them Poor woman, I should pity her more than her victims, if I had never myself been a lodger The thought of such connexion with my adored Arabella caused on fire

condition, and, out of many more than a heed it But a half norsy thoroughfare brings hundred houses looked at I had found only every available method of confusing and four that might be supposed likely to suit us, districting human ears to bear upon you; at last Arabella and I took a cab and heightening the effect of every bit of uprour visited the four houses of which we had supposed that one might suit us. Number one secons to run its wheels over your head; was a light little villa cottage—so very light every new burst of cibs and waggons out of that we doubted whether it might not be doors is a new outlage upon the repose blown away from over our heads some winter within Instead of the one noise running night. Number two was a house on a hill-through the day, you have two hundred top, built to be let in unfurnished lodgings, moses at two hundred intervals in the day and therefore in wided with a second kitchen. When we got haby to sleep after dinner, on the first flor. This house was large there came punctually a series of special roomed and ary, but, masmuch as it was invisioned that had their regular days for already hold by an army of occupation, con disturbing her, and we came to know their asting of a large family that cowered it with times. On Monday evenings there was a dirl and litter, my sposa was very much 1e-pelled by its appearance. Number three was one of a row of compact and respectable little the Weasel." Tuesday, Phiopian serenadors; houses The rooms were very small, but we determined that we could, weather permitting, always keep our doors and windows open, and, in every other respect, the house pleased us so entirely that we made up our minds to take it On our way to the land lord we looked in casually at number four, Mushroom Road, and, casually changing our minds suddenly took it It offered us, for thatty six pounds rent, six large airy and wholesome rooms, with as much kitchen iccommodation added as we might, with little care and contrivance, make to suffice house was cheap, because Aladdin New Town us not a distinguished neighbourhood, and the brick-field from which it rises does not raise the sents of houses round about it as if it

to Mushreom Road. of bruck defend all the we are further entrenched of puddles, which are our mount occurred to us to call our abode 3 Bower, since its situation is so were that it can be found only by the help of clue I have already given , but, as the ho has a battlemented coping, we have thou better to call it what it really is, castle, and, in expressing that sentiment, we have been prompted by a natural desire to strengthen the cement of home by an all desires to our daring child, we therefore same it ADELIZA CASTLE The words are not yet painted on the stuceo at the gate, but they soon will be, for the landlord himself, lodgers and one landlady, who, hving in that influential writer and grainer of the neighbourhood, has promised to emblazon our castles at the small cost of four pence per letter

We had not been long established, before we discovered that ours is a half-noisy thoroughfare Every from who has shifted much about in London, knows that a half a miserable landlady entering my head in newy thoroughfare is much more exeruciating thin a wholly noisy one Upon the edge of me to escape from the house as if it had been Oxford Street you may doze as by the margin of the sea your car becomes accustomed to While my search was in this hopeless the uniform loar, and soon almost ceases to organs boys whistling "Pop goes the Wessel" Wodnesday, a detrebed performer with the bones, a brain clushing michine drawn by a donkey—a man on a platform grading all our heads m it, other organs; band of Scotch fiddlers screping and scratching hideous strithspeys with unrounted horse-hun, boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Thursday, ophicleides, cornopeans, and trombones, Indian beating tom-tom, acrobate and two drums, organs, boys whistling "Forgoes the Weasel" Friday, Ethiopian serenaders, psalm snagnig by an old man playing the violincello, with two girls in white tuckers, every two lines first read by the old man, and then sung by the whole strength of the come seats of houses round about it as if it wany, organs, boys whisthing "Pop goes was a park." Saturday, street lights and should wishout delay we carried off our property extra carts (butchers' carts very aggravating

German band; Ethiopians; hurdy-gurdy; harps and accordions; brain-crushing mawhine; knife-grinder (most excruciating); Finnan haddocks; hearthstones; and "Pop goes the Weasel" until eleven o'clock at night.

However, despite all our annoyances, we get on pretty well in Adeliza Castle. I believe there is afloat some London aphorism that the rent paid by a householder should represent about the sixth part of his income. A money-making City bachelor who has few friends and sees no company, is thus often to be found tenanting a mansion which is as well fitted for him as a cocoa nut shell would be fitted for the cover of a filbert. We ought to fit our houses to the size of our families, our wants, and habits with as much regard to accuracy as we show when buying clothes to fit our bodies. When we go to the tailor's we do not enter into competition with each other who shall buy the widest trousers. The stout man takes, if he needs it, more room than his neighbour, although he may not be so well able to buy the cloth.

I do not know whether the house-agents, whom I found counselling men of small desires to be ambitious and to let lodgings, follow or lead the movement against which I am protesting. I have no doubt, for my own part, that without (horrible reference!) letting apartments, I could pay a rental of two hundred a-year, if I could persuade myself and my Arabella to live on the parsley and nasturtiums which are coming up with remarkable vigour in the back garden. I do not choose, however, to take bricks in lieu of bread. And I thoroughly believe that any builder who now plans houses with an eye to the Apartments Furnished into which they may be parcelled, would do no ill service to himself if he would set himself to increase the number of London houses small enough, and modest enough in their rental to form fair, honest, and independent homes; the rent of which could be paid without strain by men who support families on incomes varying between two hundred and three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The want of accom-modation set forth in this narrative forces great numbers of us little-incomed men into a false position. There are many wives in London-ladies by birth and training-whose homes are marred, and who are made landladies in spite of themselves, because there is not enough house accommodation of the kind that suits their Rusbands' means. I will not •calculate what would be the area of London if we all had detached and independent homes; but we must in some measure live one over another's heads; and might plan our house architecture so as to have more real homes than there are now among us. The hint furnished by the "flats" of Edinburgh and by the etages of Paris might be followed in London.

Although one roof covers each of these resi-

dences, they are as separate and inaccessible

Edif burgh flats on floors are called "houses." and nouses they are, separated horizontally as well as perpendicularly by deadened floors as well as by party walls; the wide stone stairs by which they are entered being so many vertical streets.

Arabella tells me that it is an absurd thing to suppose that I, at my age, can make a Peter the Hermit of myself, and carry on much longer my Quixotic struggle to procure emancipation for the lodger. I am a lodger now no longer. Let another rise and speak. So be it. I pause to hear him.

ALWAYS UNITED.

As we grope through the mental gloom of the Dark Ages, stumbling over the lamentable ruins of libraries, and schools, and arts, it is sometimes the good fortune of the student to see, glittering at his feet, a jewel of price and brilliancy—glittering among the crushed and 'irrecognisable fragments of arts gone by, and the gross and clumsy paraphernalia of a barbarian epoch.

As bright a jewel as ever shone in a century of intellectual darkness and ignorance was a man admired, revered, beloved, hated, followed, celebrated in his own age; and who has been famous to successive ages and to this age almost universally, not for what he had the greatest cause to ground his fame upon—for his learning, his eloquence, or his philosophy—but for being the hero of one of the most romantic love stories the world ever wept at-for being Abelard, the husband of Heloïse.

The story of Abelard and Heloïse, if it be not universally known, is at least universally public. That a thing can be the latter without being the former I need only call Dr. Johnson (in his criticism on Kenrick) to prove. Every pair of lovers throughout the civilised world have heard of Abelard and Heloise. They are as familiar in the mouth as Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, Cupid and Psyche, Darby and Joan, Jobson Yet beyond their names, and the and Nell. fact that they were lovers, not one person in twenty knows much about any of these personages. Every visitor to Paris has seen the Gothic tomb of Abelard and Heloïse in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Every reader of Pope will remember his exquisite poetical paraphrase of Heloïse's epistles to Abclard. Every student of the urbane and self-devouring Jean Jacques Rousseau has once wept and now yawns over the philosophic sentimentalities of La Nouvelle Heloïse. The names, indeed, of these immortal lovers are on the lips of the whole civilised world; but of the man Abelard and of the woman Heloise, what they really were like, and what they really did and suffered, the knowledge of the vast majority of readers is very limited indeed. Their renown has been transmitted from conto neighbours as detached dwellings are. In tury to century with the triple consecration

of genius, passion, and misfortune; yet their works have been forgotten, and the history of their lives has become a tradition rather than a chronicle.

It is remarkable, as showing how much of our acquaintance with the subject of this paper—in England, at least—is purely legendary, that in the voluminous catalogue of the library of the British Museum there is but one work to be found in English concerning Abelard and Heloïse; and this is but a trumpery imitation of Pope's poetical version of the letters. Scattered through the various have been a fertile theme for the most biographical dictionaries are sundry meagre notices of Abelard and his spouse. These are all founded upon the only English work of importance on this topic that I have been enabled to meet with (and the Museum does not possess it): "The History of the lives of Abeillard and Heloisa, by the Reverend Joseph Berrington: Basle, seventeen hundred and ninety-three." This is an excellent book, containing, in addition to the biography, sensible translations of the Historia calamitatum of Abelard; and of Heloïse's letters; but the good clergyman has not thought it worth his while to consult the authorities contemporary with his hero and heroine; and has, in writing their lives, taken for granted as historical and authentic all the romantic figurents of a certain clerical rascal, one Dom Gervaise, formerly a Trappist, but who had been drummed out of that austere society; and who, in seventeen hundred and twenty, published a "History of Peter Abeillard, Abbot of St. Gildas, and of Elorsa his wife." This work was interesting and piquant certainly; but in it the plain facts of the case were, for purely bookselling purposes, overlaid with a farrage of remance and legendary gossip. However, Mr. Berrington's well-meaning quarto, and the dictionary memoirs founded upon it, together with Pope and his imitator, are all the authorities we can muster on this worldknown theme. One would imagine that the Germans—fond as they are of sentimental metaphysics-would have eagerly seized upon the history of Abelard for elucidation and disquisition. Yet it will scarcely be credited that only three German authors of any note have thought it worth while to write at any length about Maitre Pierre and his wife. Herr Moritz Carrière has undertaken to eliminate Abelard's system of philosophy; in which he has done little more than translate the remarks of the most recent French writers thereupon. Herr Fessler, in the true spirit of a metaphysical littérateur, has taken the subject up in the most orthodox style of Fog; descanting, and doubting, and re-doubting, until the Fog becomes positively impervious; and Abelard disappears entirely within it, leaving nothing before the eyes but a hazy mass of black letters sprawling over whitey-brown pages, in a stitched cover and scholiasts, and casuists and sciolists of blue sugar-paper. The third sage, Herr who was wise enough to comprehend, and

Feuerbach (Leipsic, eighteen bundred and forty-four), is yet bolder in his metaphysical obscurity. His book is called "Abelard and Heloïse;" but, beyond these names dimly impressed on the title-page, the beings they stand for are not once mentioned again throughout the work, and M. de Remusat conjectures that by Abelard and Heloise, the foggy Herr means Art and Humanity. This foggy Herr means Art and Humanity.

is tucus a non lucado with a vengeance!

In France, however, to make amends, the lives and writings of this unhappy pair illustrious of modern French scholars. The accomplished Madame Guizot, the academicians Villenave and Philarcte-Chasles, the erudite Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), have all written, and written well, on the subject of Maitre Pierre. Nor must we forget M. Victor Cousin, who, in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, first published a work from the pen of Abelard himself, the Sic et non and the Ode Flebiles, or Songs of Lamentation of Abelard, from a manuscript which had been recently discovered in the Vatican library. The earliest of the modern writers upon Abelard was the famous and brilliant Bussy-Rabutin; the latest M. Charles de Remusat; who, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, published in Paris a voluminous and elaborate work entitled Abelard. No; not the last. M. de Remusat is but the penultimate; for, even as we write, comes the announcement that the great master of philosophical biography, M. Guizot himself, has entered the lists, and has added his Abelard to the distinguished catalogue.

Yet, with all this, the story of the lives of Abelard and Heloïse remains to be written. Elaborate as M. de Remusat's work is, it is more a scholarlike explanation and examination of the system of philosophy and theology professed and taught by Abelard, than a life-history of the Abbot of St. Gildas, and the Abbess of the Paraclete. The field is yet open for a history of the lives and adventures, the fortunes and misfortunes of Abelard and Heloise; of Abelard, more especially, could his history be separated from that of his partner in joy and misery for Abelard was the glory of his age. Far removed above those obscure school-men of the Middle Ages whose names are, only dimly remembered now in connection with some vain polemical dispute, he was a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a jurist; a scholar unrivalled; a dialectician unmatched, a theologian, whose mouth—as his adversaries confessed-was only to be closed by blows. His profound learning, his commanding eloquence, the charms of his conversation, the beauty of his person, the purity of his morals-until his fatal passion-made him the delight, and wonder, and pride of France, and of Europe. He was the only man among crowds of schoolmen

enough to defend the sublime docthe of Plato, "that God is the seat of ideas, space is the seat of bodies, and that the was an emanation of the divine essence, from whom it imbibed all its ideas; but that having sinned, it was degraded from its first estate, and condemned to an union with the body, wherein it is confined as in a prison; that its forgetfulness of its former ideas was the natural consequence of that penalty; and that the benefit of religion consists in repairing this loss by gradually leading back the soul to its first conceptions." This doctrine, in contra-distinction to the ridiculous figments of the Nominalists, and Realists, and Conceptualists of his age; this the philosophy of Plato-illustrated by the polemics of Aristotle, enriched by the schools of Alexandria, and afterwards matured by Malfebranche, Descartes, and Liebnitz—was taught by Peter Abelard to thousands of scholars of every nation in the twelfth century, while the Norman Kings of England were laying waste their own dominions to make bunting forests for their beasts of venery; while princes and emperors were signing proclamations with their "mark," made by their gauntlet-fingers dipped in ink; while the blackest ignorance, the most brutal violence, the grossest and most debasing supersition, overran the fairest portion of Europe. The friends of Abelard were the noblest of the noble; his admirers the fairest of the fair; his very adversaries were popes, saints, and martyrs.

In the year of grace eleven hundred and eighteen, when Louis the Fat was king of the French people, the metropolis was entirely contained in that space which at the present day forms one of its smallest sections-the Cité of Paris. In this famous island, dividing, as all mon know, the river Seine into two arms, were concentrated all the grandeurs of the kingdom—the church, the royal palace, the law, the schools. These powers had here their seat. Two bridges united the island to the two shores of the river. The Grand Pont led to the right bank, Cowards the quarter where, between the ancient churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and St. Gervais, a few foreign merchants had begun to settle, attracted by the already considerable renown of the Lutetia of the Towards the left bank the Petit Pont led to the foot of that hill, then, as now, crowned by a church dedicated to St. Généviève, the patroness of Paris. The neighbouring meadows or prés (particularly towards the foot of the Petit Pont) became gradually frequented by the scholars, or students, or cleres, who attended the scholastic concourse in the Cité. The number of these noisy and turbulent young men, always increasing, soon overflowed the confined limits of the Cité. So they crossed the Petit Pont into the meadows at the foot of the hill of St. Généviève arms - the profession of every seigneur's

pleasant green sward; afterwards-when inne and lodging-houses were built for their accommodation—to dwell in them. Thus, opposite the city of commerce grew up little by little a city of learning; and, betwixt the two, maintained its grim state the city of law and the priesthood. The quarter inhabited by the students came soon to be denominated le Pays Latin, and it is thus called to the day I live and write in.

In the Cité, opposite to the sovereign's palace-where in those days the sovereign himself administered justice, and where in these days justice is yet administered in his name—stood the great metropolitan church of Nôtre Dame ; and, around it, were ranged fifteen other churches, like soldiers guarding their queen. Notre Dame, or at least the successor of the first Basilica, yet frowns over the Cité in massive immensity; bnt, of the fifteen churches, not one vestige remains. Here, in the shadows of these churches and of the cathedral; in dusky cloisters; in sombre halls; upon the shadowy lawns of high-walled gardens, went and came a throng of students of all degrees, of all occupations, of all nations. The fame of the schools of Paris drew towards them (as in one department, medicine, they do still) scholars from every land on the face of the yet discovered globe. Here, amidst the confusions of costumes, and ranks, and languages. and ages, glided solemn priests and sage professors. Above them all, pre-eminent, unrivalled, unquestioned in bis intellectual sovereignty, moved a man in the prime of life, with a broad and massive forehead, a proud and piercing glance, a manly gait, whose beauty yet preserved the brilliancy of youth, while admitting to participate with it the deeper hues of maturity. The simple elegance of his manners, alternately affable and haughty, an imposing yet graceful presence; the respectful curiosity of the multitudes whom he did not know, the enthusiastic admiration of the multitudes he did know, who hung upon his words, all announced in him the most powerful in the schools, the most illustrious in the land, the most beloved in the Cité. Old men uncovered as he passed; women at the doors held out their little children to him; maidens above drew aside the curtains from their latticed casements, and blushingly glanced downwards towards him. The men and the children all pressed to see, and stretched their necks to hear, and shouted when they had seen and heard Maitre Pierre -the famous Abelard—as he went by

He was now thirty-nine years old. He was the son of Beranger, the seigneur of his native place, Pallet, near Nantes in Brittany, where he was born in the year one thousand and seventy-nine. He was the eldest son; but, no sooner had the time arrived for him to choose a profession, than, eschewing -first to play and gambol and fight on its eldest born—he openly avowed his preference

for letters and philosophy. He abandoned his be taught in the schools of Brittany, and accordingly removed to the University of Paris; where he studied under William of Champeaux, afterwards bishop of Chalonssur-Marne, and who subsequently became a This reverent man was monk of Citenux. the most renowned dialectician of his time, but he soon found a rival, and next a mas-Warm friends at first, ter, in Abelard. their friendship changed to the bitterest enmity: a public quarrel took place between them, in consequence of which Abelard removed from Paris, first to Melun and next to Corbeil; in both of which retreats he was followed by crowds of admiring and enthusiastic After a sojourn for the benefit scholars. of his health in his native Brittany, he returned to Paris having been absent two years. A reconciliation was effected between him and William de Champeaux, and Abelard next opened a school of rhetoric. It speedily became the most famous school in Europe. Of this school were (by de Chatel, afterwards cardinal and pope under the title of Celestine the Second; Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris; Godefroye, bishop of Auxerre; Berenger, bishop of Porticis; and the holy abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard himself. • In this school Abeland taught logic, metaphysics, physics, mathematics, astronomy, morals, and philosophy. His lectures were attended by all that Paris could boast of noblity, of beauty, of learning, and picty.

If Abelard had died in his golden prime, at thirty-nine years of age, it would have been well. But Wasdom had decided otherwise. Pride was to be humbled, the mighty were to fall, and wisdom and learning were to be a mockery, a warming and an example

to the meanest.

It is not my purpose to tell the miserable love story of Abel and Heloise. I wish to treat of Peter Abelard, the scholar and the philosopher—of that phase of his character which has been obscured and almost extinguished by the ghastly brilliancy of his passion for the meee of the Canon Fulbert. All who know the names of Abelard and Helosse know the tragical history of their loves.

After his mairiage the forlorn, broken, and ruined victim, who had once been the renowned Mattre Pierre, retired to the Abbey of St. Denis, to hide in the closster his misery heretic and blusphemer! and his remorse. He became a Benedictine monk. Previous to his inclaustration, however, he prevailed upon Heloise to take the veil. She obeyed the mandate of him whom size yet level with all the fondness and fervour of their first fatal passion; but she tories, threatened, rebuked; and was com-did so with a breaking heart. The closter pelled to burn the obnoxious book with his was a refuge to Abelard; to Heloise it own hands. It is upon record that Abelard was a tomb. Young (not twenty years old), beautiful, accomplished, she felt her life in to have brought the tears welling from the

every limb—she saw herself toderaned to a living death. She who had pictured to hirthright to his brothers, and resormed to a living death. She who had pictured to his studies with renewed assiduity! Helhad herself a life of refined luxury and splendour; soon mastered all, and more than he could of being, perchance, with him to whom the of being, perchance, with him to whom she had given her whole heart, the creament of courts and cities, had before her the dressy prospect of a life-long dangeon.

The sojourn of Abelard in the Abbey of Bt. Denis was not long and not happy. Now that a his glory was departed; that his reputation for sanctity and purity of manners was tarnished; those who had long been his enemies, but whose carpings and croakings had been rendered inaudible by the trumpet voice of his eloquence, arose in numbers around him, and attacked him with that persevering ferocity which cowards only possess. He was assaulted by the weakest and most contemptible. The most ignorant monks of the ignorant brotherhood of Saint Denis hastened in their presumption to challenge his arguments and to question his orthodoxy. He was accused of hereay, of deism, of pantheism, of Armanism -of a host of doctrinal crimes, and eventually expelled the order. The dispute which led to his removal or rather expulsion from St. Denis was as ridiculous as it was savagely pursued, and its relation will serve to show the futilities of monastic crudition in the days of Abelard.

One day as Maitre Pierre was reading the Commentary of the Venerable Bede upon the Acts of the Apostles, he came to a passage m which the holy commentator stated that Denis the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth, and not of Athens. Now the founder of the abbev of St. Denis (the saint with his head under his arm) was, according to the showing of his own "Gesta," bishop of Athens; and according to the monks of St. Denis he was also that same Arcopagite whom St. Paul converted. Abelard quoted Bede to show that the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth; the monks opposed their authority, one Hilduin, who had been abbot of St. Denry in the reign of Louis le Debonnaire. Maitre Pierre contemptuously replied that he could not think of allowing the testimony of an ignorant friar to weigh against that of a writer who was revered for his learning and mety by princes, and kings, and poutiffs. This so enraged the monks that they complained to the king and to the archbishop of Paris. They drew down upon the unfortunate Abelard royal reproofs and ecclesiastical consures; and, not content with this, they positively scourged him as a

New troubles were yet to come. A book he had written, called The Introduction to Theology, was declared by his enemics to be full of heresies. He was cited before the Council of Soissons, badgered with interroga-

avel of the sern philosopher. Love and prize ing. 'A hangman's brazier and a hangman's office were all the rewards of long years of patient study and research and soul-engrossing meditation. The glory of the schools, the master of masters, was reduced to the level of a convicted libeller; lashed like a hound, driven forth from among his fellow men like a Leper or a Pariah.

Hunted about from place to place; pursued by mandates, censures and decrees; without shelter, without resources, almost without bread. Abelard hid himself in a solitude near Troyes. Here, in a barren and desolate heath, he bailt with his own hands a wretched hovel of mud and wattles. This hovel was

afterwards to become the Paraclete.

"Unable to dig, ashamed to beg, yet comperied to seek some means of subsistence, Abelard commenced expounding the Scriptures for his daily bread. He soon gathered round him a considerable body of scholars. Before long their number amounted to upwards of three thousand! Some rays of his wards of three interesting to the state of t From the fees he received from his scholars gius. he was enabled to build a chapel and convent, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. But his enemies were indefatigable. The dedication was declared heretical; and, to appease his adversaries, Abelard changed the name of his convent to that of the Paraclete or Consolation. When, at length, wearied with continual disputes and vexations, Abelard accepted the Abbacy of St. Gildas-des-Rhuys, in the diocese of Vannes, he signified to Heloïse his desire that she should take pos-session of the Paraclete with her nuns. Her learning and renown had already elevated her to be the Abbess of the convent of Argenteuil, in which Abelard had placed her; but Suger, the Abbot of St. Denis, had laid a claim against the lands and buildings attached to it; and she accordingly availed herself of father, but not his mother. the asylum provided for her by Abelard.

Abelard was not happy in his new position. He found himself in a barbarous district. His convent was rudely built and scantily furnished. His monks were dissolute When he endeavoured and insubordinate. to rebuke their excesses, and to reform their way of life, he was met with taunts of the scaudals of his past life. Yet here he remained during many years; and here he composed the pathetic poems called the Ode Flebiles—the Songs of Weeping; in which, under a thin vein of biblical fiction, he poured forth his own unutterable woes. Here he received, ther the silence of years, those impassioned letters from Herorse, which will be read and wept over in all time. He replied to her; but in a stiff, constrained and frigid tone. The in a stiff, constrained and frigid tone. man's heart was dead within him. His misery was so immense that the selfishness of his grief can be pardoned. To the expressions respected the bones of Abelard and Heloise.

resphed o'er hundreds of leagues, he could only return philosophic injunctions to resignation, and devout maxima and discourses. He was her "best beloved," her "life." She was his "dear sister in the Lord." He took considerable interest in the prosperity (s) of the Paraclete. He framed a rule of discipline for the guidance of the sisterhood; hear even visited the Paraclete. After several years, Abelard saw Heloïse again. He was no longer Abelard; but the abbot of St. Gildas: she no longer Heloïse, but the abbess of the Paraclete. There were visitations, benedictions, and sermons; and so they met. and so they parted.

His enemies again renewed their attacks -his heresies were again brought against A great ecclesiastical council was him. A great ecclesiastical council was field at Sens, before which Abelard was summoned. There, his principal adversary was the abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard. He was held up to execration as an abbot without monks, without morals, without faith; as a married friar; as the heroof a disgraceful amour. Saint Bernard comwas threatened. He appealed to Rome. "Shall he who denies Peter's faith take refuge behind Peter's chair?" exclaimed St. Bernard. His appeal was at length ungraciously allowed, and he set out for Rome. But on his way thither, "weary and old of service," he was induced to accept the asylum offered him by Peter the Venerable in the monastery of Chuny. There, in prayer and mortification, he passed the brief remaining time he had yet to live. And in the priory of St. Marcel—an establishment dependent upon the monastery of Cluny-Peter Abelard died in the year eleven hundred and forty-two, being then sixty-three Heloise survived him twenty-one years old. years. Their son, Astrolabius, survived his He died a monk.

The remains of Abelard were, in the first instance, interred at St. Marcel. They were reclaimed by Heloïse; and, the reclamation having been allowed by Peter the Venerable, the corpse was removed to the Paraclete, where it was buried. The tradition runs, that when Heloïse died, her body was deposited in the same tomb; and that, as. the corpse was lowered into the vault, the skeleton of the dead Abelard opened its arms to receive her. The truth, however, is that they were not at first buried together. It was not till fourteen hundred and ninetyseven that Catherine de Courcelles, seventeenth abbess of the Paraclete, caused their. remains to be placed in one coffin. This: double coffin was discovered and exhumed at: the French Revolution; and the popular fury, which destroyed the convent of the Paraclete. of endearment, the written caresses that After many changes of domicile, the bones

were removed in the year eighteen hundred Ninevite Soyer had commenced making soup to the garden of the Museum of French for the million, in the great halls of Koyunjik, monuments in Paris. Hence, in eighteen hundred assuredly they would have erected some dred and seventeen, they were finally removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they were placed beneath a monument formed from the ruins of the Paraclete. Their names are al-ternately engraved on the plinth, together with these Greek words :-- AEI ETMHEHAEIMENOI, or Always United.

THE NORTHERN WIZAR

My Wizard presides over by far the greater portion of our manufactures. He is the prime minister of your wealthy sugar-refiners; he is the right hand of your opulent brewers; the confidential adviser of all sensible farmers; the factotum of the iron manufacturers; the enamellers and papiermaché makers cannot possibly do without him: he is always in demand amongst calicoprinters; and dyers, bleachers, and calendercrs can no more do without him than they could dispense with the air they breathe. They would not offend him for half their wealth. My Wizard is a worker in huge caverns of smoke, in gulfs of fire and in oceans of insidious gases-a philosopher, who if he does not by a touch of his wand convert stones into pure gold; yet he transmutes the ugliest, most unseemly blocks of useless rock and mineral into potent agents of good, into wonder-working subtle fluids, or deadly gases, or brightly shining crystals.

My Wizard is employed in the vicinity of such cities as Manchester and Glasgow, in the production of dyes and dye-tests, of salts, acids, and bleaching substances necessary in the different stages of the manufacture of cotton yarn or cotton goods. The vast extent of his works, the enormous quantities of chemicals he produces, and the astonishing results of his labours, are well worthy a few moments' consideration, as affording perhaps the best guide to the magnitude of those other branches of industry of which these are

but the incidental offshoots.

A Wizard of whose operations I am now writing is to be found busily employed in the wonder-workings of his craft within the city of Glasgow. Amidst the busy life, the ceaseless din, the undying smoke of that large town, his temple rears its lofty head high above the roofs of other tenements. Far out at sea, for many a league by land, the traveller sees what seems at first a giant finger pointing to the clouds. Looking at this nearer one might imagine it to be the Old Monument gone down from Fish Street Hill for change of air, and taken to smoking. I have no sort of hesitation in affirming that there is not such another chimney as

such monster shaft as that which overtops the Old Cathedral church of the good city, of Glasgow. Those of my readers who ma not have seen this Titan piece of brickwork may perhaps form some conception of dimensions, when I mention that it measures one hundred and twenty feet in circum. ference at its base, and cost the enormous. sum of fifteen thousand pounds in its erection. So gigantic is it and its subsidiary feedingflues, that a coach and four might easily be driven along the main tunnel which connects this structure with the many fiery furnaces in my Wizard's establishment-ay, and with plenty of luggage on the roof too.

The traveller who takes his leisure along the busy wharves on the banks of the Clyde may see, among the many ships discharging their cargoes there, one or two from which strange-looking lumps of a dirty rough stone-like substance are being removed. Waggons are being loaded with it in rapid succession, as though it had been some product of great value. It is too earthy to be a building material, it can't be anything to. eat, and the spectator feels certain that it is not guano. If we follow these heavily loaded waggons, we shall find that they are driven towards the King of the Chimneys -right into my Wizard's great iron-bound

gates

Within, amidst the Babel sounds and sights. that meet our senses, let us endeavour to understand what all this busy world is doing. The first place is the laboratory or test room -the very inner sanctuary of this wizardon. -full of curious little earthen pots, porcelain pans, glass cups, and metallic dishes. There is a mysterious sort of Flemish stove in this terrible cook-shop, at which fifty kinds of supernatural stews are being concocted by the aid of as many different charcoal and gas furnaces. A quiet gentleman-my Wizard's. right hand man-is stirring these pans with a glass rod as indifferently as if they contained gruel or barley broth, instead of doses that would ruin the constitutions of all the giants and ogres that ever lived in childhood's memory.

Our quiet friend hands over the charcoal fires, and the bubbling hissing pans, and the glass rod to some incipient Wizard, and leads the way to the great workshops of this strange poison factory. The laboratory is the place in which all their productions are put to the proof before being sent away, or where the earths and salts they employ are tested before use—a very necessary and delicate operation, requiring the atmost care and

skill.

that in the wide world, and I don't care where you look for it. If ever Cheops had wanted to give a little ventilation to the with anywhere. The number of persona dwellers in the Gizeh Pyramids; if ever any employed about them is perhaps not so large.

their occupations are valed and uncessing, many of them too being, to the uninfilled, perfectly inexplicable. Vast sheds, enormous factories, extend in every direction. whole range of open space is intersected at all points with iron tram-ways, railroads in miniature. Along these, trains of loaded failway waggons are propelled by horses; some tilled with coals, some with line, others with salt, and many with the curious looking stony earth that we have seen discharged

from the ships on the wharfs.

Where they all come from, where they are going to, or what their use, are perfect mysteries. My conductor takes one through a are forced by the magic craft of chemical lofty doorway, and I find myself in a huge storehouse filled on every side with leaden cisterns of enormous magnitude. There is not more than just sufficient space left between those Titanic vats for a portly man to walk in comfort. I am buried in lead; the place being in appearance a huge leaden coffin. A leaden feeling of oppression overwhelms me; I appear to be crushed under the vast expanse of metal; I try to catch a glimpse of the summit of those towering, far spreading cisterns, and become giddy with the effort; my imagination is drowned within their metallic profundity, and 1 abandon the attempt. But what do these contain? Do they hold within their dusky sides a supply of water for the city of Glasgow? Not at all. They only contain vitriolic acid! Merely that. If I shudder; if I observe how thin their leaden cases are; if I feel chilly at the supposition of the consequences of one of them giving way at this particular moment, a desire to be somewhere out of scalding bounds will surely be excused.

It is a relief to step out from this chainber of horrors, to another of my Wizard's workshops; a long sort of kitchen with an innumerable quantity of little twinkling farnace doors, through which we perceive bright flames of sparkling blue rising in circling columns to some regions far out of sight. One of these warm looking cooking places is opened; and, peeping cautiously in, I perceive the interior to be one long brick chamber, in which are rows of grotesque vessels blazing blue and white flames like so many incantation accessories in Der Freischütz. Can they be making soup from a collection of Chinese fireworks, or a warm potage from

lucifer matches?

I am told that those earthen cauldrons contain portions of nitre or saltpetre mixed with the dirty-looking earthy stone before alluded to-in other words, rough sulphur. These are burnt together; their fumes ascend into a chipmey perfectly air tight; whence the are conducted by means of earthen tubes the huge leaden cisterns in the room just ted, and which contain a certain quantity gas is absorbed by water: and, combining again.

with it, forms sulphuric soid or oil of visriel, Of this destructive yet highly necessary of tons manufactured every year in this country by my Wizard and his numerous brethren.

The sulphur-stone is brought from one of the westerly districts of Ireland, whence the supply is almost unlimited. Every week a shipload of it is discharged on the banks of the Clyde, to supply the fiery requirements of this one particular northerly Wizard. Every week half a ship's cargo of saltpetre is poured; into his capacious jaws of brickwork, and every week these rough, unseemly substances science to yield three hundred tons of potent

burning acid.

The larger portion of this terrible liquid is consumed on the premises in the manufacture of muriatic acid-better known amongst housekeepers by the name of spirits of salts this acid being required in large quantities for the production of chlorine gas, forming the basis of a bleaching powder in extensive use amongst cotton and linen manufacturers. Sulphuric acid is also employed in the make of crystallised soda, produced in immense quantities by our friends the Wizards for the use of their manufacturing friends in Glasgow, Manchester, and other places. A considerable quantity-not less than four hundred tons a week-of this acid is concentrated by distillation in a platinum retort or still; and, in that state, is sold for many chemical and domestic purposes.

From the acid rooms I pass forward through extensive yards teeming with life, and coals, and sulphur; until I reach a vast range of hot and smoky buildings, though devoid of any visible signs of fire. There are huge, grim chambers of solid masonry guarded by sooty mortals in the deep silence of Ethiopic mutes waiting for victims. They hold cabalentic wands of metal in their hands. A sign from the deputy Wizard, and one of these ugly genii flings open an iron doorway of yawning dimensions, from which glare out fiercely upon us long spires of red, flickering flame, dancing and twisting about us in hungry savageness as if they were the tortured spirits of so many original sea-ser-

These warm places are the furnaces in which shiploads of common salt are blended with tons of the potent liquor from the leaden cisterns; and, in that condition, subjected to violent heat, sufficient to form from the mixture a substance called sulphate of; soda, or commonly, Glauber Salts. In others. chambers a similar fiery process is going on, except that there the saline materials are combined with large quantities of hme.and coal-dust, all of which, being ignited, send forth terrific flames of a white heat matil water. There the nitro-sulphuric tume or they make the beholder wink and blink

contrives to effect a clever change in the linelly find their way up the towering composition of the substances blended to-chimney. gether. In the last process the sulphuric acid had seized the soda of the muriate of soda or common salt so tightly and resolutely, that the muriatic part of it felt compelled to yield up possession; the consequence was that, instead of muriate of soda, the chemist finds he has a sulphate of soda. But now a retribution awaits the acid. The lime, naturally voracious for all acidulous matter, has its appetite quickened by the great heat applied; and which, whilst it renders the sulphate of soda easily acted upon, gives the lime a more powerful hold of the acid which it instantly and remorselessly seizes, becoming, in doing so, a new body—sulphate of line. The soda thus set free is supplied with carbon from the burning coal, though not to any large extent, and is transmuted into sub-carbonate of soda, or common washing soda.

Looking on whilst a number of hot, halfclad, sooty people are raking with enormous instruments interminable heaps of glowing red-hot soda-ashes, from fiery furnaces that appear to have no end or bottom to their flaming abysses, I cannot believe that the scorching soda-ash is the same substance as the pure shining crystals so often beheld in the hands of laundresses—identical in nature with the beautiful white soda powder which forms the leading feature in the refreshing Seidhtz draught; but all doubts are removed by being shown the succeeding process which completes the transformation. Another large building, hotter and more sooty than the last, is furnished with what have the appearance of bakers' ovens, on a possessing a greater power over the soda of very extensive scale. I am requested to peep the salt than its muriatic fellow, seizes it, apinto one of these wholesale bakeries, and I do so; but draw back rather more quickly than ceedings, compels the remaining acid to anticipated. I had often read at that theory mount up in the form of acidulous vapour, which supposes the centre of our globe to be composed of a torrid sea of liquid fire—an ocean of the essence of Etna; here the very hot waters of that ocean scemed to be

Another cautious peep at this wondrous lake of phosphorus and flame—at this restless rolling tide of flickering, hungry, remorse-less fire. I learn that this cavern is filled with a solution of the soda-ash previously seen, for the purpose of being evaporated to a state of crystalline dryness. In ordinary cases of evaporation by heat, the calorific agency is applied below the matters to be acted upon. But here the liquid, requiring to be reduced to a state of solidity, is placed in a long shallow receptacle, over the surface of which a rolling flame of intenso heat is driven by a restless blast. This fiery agency sweeps from end to end of the saline stream; and, as it darts on its way, lifts up and bears

The thirsty flame is allowed to feed upon the liquor, until the latter becomes so concentrated that, upon cooling, it deposits the salt held by it in solution in the shape of fine, white, solid, many-sided crystals. In fine, white, solid, many-sided crystals. another and far cooler factory we find this solidifying liquor in the course of doing what we thus learn about it. Wooden cisterns or vats are standing about us, brun full of the bright, clear liquor. At the bottom of these tanks we perceive, on peeping down, a collection of the crystals; whilst in a further corner of the shed a number of men are busily occupied in shovelling, quantities of these same crystals of soda into casks ready for, sale, the waste liquor having been first run off. Those who are in the habit of seeing " washing soda" in handsful at a time have small conception of the vast importance of the manufacture for general purposes. The trade in this simple article, which may be bought re-tail for something like a farthing a pound -amounts in the aggregate to the yearly value of a million sterling; a hundred and fifty thousand tons being annually produced of this and the ordinary soda-ash. These articles are chiefly employed in the manufacture of soap and glass; and for the cleaning and bleaching cotton and linea goods.

There is now the muriatic acid room, a department smaller than the other. Magazines, of salt are stored up in the vicinity. indeed, is the basis of the acid. Here again the Wizard is all-powerful. The salt, or niuriate of soda, is blended with sulphuric acid, which propriates it, and, by the violence of its promount up in the form of acidulous vapour, which, passing away through stoneware channels into reservoirs, becomes muristic. acid.

This fighting and mastery of the acids ; this gaseous flight of the munatic particles of the salt, is going on all day long. It is at its height as we enter the scene of the conflict. A sharp puncturing in the nostrils, which darts up as it were to the very brain, a twingeing as if a thousand needles were perforating myothrort, a winking of the eyes similar to that produced by hot blasts of sand in the great African wilderness, combine to make me regret having ventured within such unpleasant. precincts. It is impossible to stand acid-proof against the horrible vapour that permeates, my inmost man. I am blanded, choked and wretched. I look in vain for some exit from this inferno. The deputy Wizard is perfectly indifferent to any such sensation as I suffer from. He is adamant, and wishes to detain on its molten wings the lighter particles of me to explain the process; but I intimate moisture, which accompany it through many that I know all about it; that the thing?

is perfectly clear; and that I will pass on at one. I enter another capacious desert; but I pass from discomfort to torture; from choking to strangulation. It is in vain I apply handkerchiefs to my nostrils and mouth : the subtle poison defies every effort. Death is in the air: the upas tree was an olive-branch to this destroying atmosphere; and, heedless of the unruffled guide, I rush out by the first opening I can find; knocking over half-a-dozen young stokers who

impede my progress.

The terrible sense of strangulation is produced by the chlorine gas yielded by a mixture of muriatic acid and manganese; and which gas, being passed through tubes into a chamber half filled with finely powdered lime, combines with it, and makes chloride of lime or bleaching powder, used most extensively for whitening many substances. The annual twenty tons are made weekly at this one establishment.

The raising so lofty a chimney at such a large outlay was at the time a work of necessity, in order to convey the spent vapours of the acid works beyond the reach of human lungs. Singular to relate, within a month of its completion a method was discovered by which these vapours could be rendered perfeetly harmless. Thus the chormous expense of the huge fabric might have been saved. had the inventor been but a little earlier in the field.

The Wizard's hungry furnaces burn so fiercely, that a shipload of coals is daily consumed within their devouring jaws; equal in one year to not less than a hundred thousand tons. His wondrous products are wafted to all parts of the habitable globe by ship, by railroad, by canal. Not a country but is indebted to him for some gift from out All profit by his his precious storehouse. skill; all are indebted to his science for more or less of good; and yet how few know, or knowing recognise, the mind which by its potency works out the marvels of this daily megic, converting earths, and stones, and refuse matter to things that scatter riches in their after course through many lands.

THE CASKET.

WITHIN a casket of corporeal clay There lies enshrined a vast unvalued treasure; Whose sparkling gems flash brightly day by day, Dazzling, or soothing, in their various measure.

iome lock the casket jealously, and hide Its brilliant weath within the dark recesses; at not a truent sparkle thence can glide To fail in secret on the world it blesses.

Some cautiously and gently raise the lid. Yet stop half-way and fear to open wider; As though it were Pendora's box, or hid The winged steed, with its enchanted rider. Others, less chary, spread them forth to view, By world wide gratitude and fame rewarded; Nove in Time's records have been found to rue The use of gifts which timid misers hourded.

Yet must those goms still in their casket lie. And oft imperfect be the light they render; The lid may be uncovered, but no eye Of mortal man may see their fullest splendour.

Let them blaze forth with all the brilliance, now. That they can yield within their earthly prison; With gleaming wealth a darkened world endow, To serve its need, till endless day has risen!

A WALLACHIAN SQUIRE.

WE had once the honour to be received at the country-house of a Wallachian Boyard, or country gentleman. It was situated some twenty miles north of Bucharest in the midst preduction of this is fully one hundred and of the mountains; which, though they had not lifty thousand tons: of which a hundred and the grandeur of the Carpathian range, were still sufficiently picturesque. After we had traversed the plain and gone for two or three miles through valleys, the slopes of which were thickly clothed with trees, we beheld the house situated at the extremity of a long clearing, dotted here and there with oaks so as somewhat to resemble an English park. On the skirts of the forest to the left was a Zigan village with huts, not buried in the ground as is usual on the plain, but scattered here and there amidst heaps of rubbish and piles of fire-wood. The men were employed in constructing a dam across a stream which flowed down the centre of the valley, with what object we forgot to inquire. A number of naked children came running out as we approached, walking our tired horses, and laughed or barked at us like so many curs. We threw them a zwanziger or two, and went on.

The house was little more, to all outward appearance, than a large shed or barn; except that there was a broad portice in front supported by six lengths of pine trees with the bark still on. A number of servants, all evidently of Zigan race, came out in a turbulent manner to receive us. Some took our horses, others our cloaks, others our riding whips; whilst others contented themselves with uttering certain set compliments in the name of the master of the house; who, it appeared, had gone out in the morning on a bear hunt, and had not yet returned. Madame Lanszneck, however, was in her saloon, into which we were ushered. We were already accustomed at Bucharest to the mixture of French with Eastern habits; but we had expected in this outlandish place to find few traces of European refinement. We were mistaken. The saloon, it is true, was surrounded on three sides by the indispensable, divan; but, in the centre, were mahogany tables covered with music and caricatures fresh from Paris, and surrounded by chairs as elegant and uncomfortable as if they had only just arrived from the Chaussée D'Antin.

I suspect that Madame and her daughter had been reclining in true Eastern style upon the divan; and an expiring coal upon the floor, and a certain cloudy perfume suggested that one of them, at least, had been indulging in the luxury of a cigar. Warned of our approach, however, the mother had thrown herself in an easy posture on an arm-chair, ready to rise gracefully to receive us; whilst the daughter had taken her place at the piano between two windows, and was playing a polka with the music of one of Hertz's quadrilles open before her. The great bane of Wallachian society is this incessant imitation of French manners. Half the time of the ladies is occupied in playing a part totally foreign to their character; which is essentially Eastern. They have the talent of imitation in a remarkable degree; and, as a rule, are so graceful and beautiful that any manners sit well upon them. Nothing can be more fascinating than the grace with which the forms of polished society sit upon them, when these are, every now and then, broken through by indications of almost barbarous simplicity.

Our reception was most hospitable; and although we were not quite prepared to talk of the last new opera or to give our opinion on M. Lamartine's latest poem, the afternoon was pleasantly spent until the arrival of the Boyard himself, with several other persons; some visitors, like us, from Bucharest, others inhabiting neighbouring villas. Their entry reminded us once more of our whereabouts. The Boyard, who had already laid aside his hunting costume, was dressed in the true style of Wallachian aristocracy. On his On his head he wore a great black cap partly in the form of a turban, so completely concealing his hair that he seemed to be shaved like a Turk. He wore his black beard. A long tunic, handsomely embroidered, and a pelisse, edged with fur, set off a frame of remarkable vigour. Round his waist was a splendid shawl; in which, as a sign of rank, was stuck a richly-mounted vataghan. On his feet were boots of soft yellow leather. The other men were dressed in a somewhat similar manner, though less splendidly. In their behaviour the struggle could at once be seen between sturdy barbarism and a desire to imitate the forms of civilisation. We could not help smiling to see a tall fellow, six feet high, with a pointed cap and yellow pelisse, standing behind Mademoiselle Lanszneck and lisping out a request that she would play or sing-he was madly fond of the piano, still more madly of song, especially if it were Italian; and, whilst the stout Boyard was calling for a pipe to while away the time that was yet to intervene until dinner, the young lady in a rich voice full of Eastern accentuation, gave us Comme per sereno. The gentleman in the yellow pelisse stood behind, turning over the leaves, and lifting up his eyes to the ceiling in admiration. The bubbling of the water-pipesfor everybody else was smoking for agreeable accompaniment.

About five o'clock a stout fellow with an apron tied under his armpits and descending to the ankles, showed himself at a side door, and chanted out: "Chouba yest gesting the soup is on the table." Upon which Yeslow Pelisse—who seemed to be claiming a right!—gave his arm to the young lady, whilst we endeavoured to become the escort of Madame. This custom is new in Wallachia, and every hody, therefore, is so careful to attend to it, that my arm came in contact with several elbows thrust out at the some time. Whilst we were apologising, the Boyard laughed good-humouredly; and, taking his lady by the hand, led the way.

The dinner was half Eastern half European. First came an excellent soup, made of nfutton and fowls in equal proportions; then followed several kinds of fruit, and a piece of stewed beef. Two or three ragouts, more than one species of delicious fish, succeeded; and there were several dishes of roast Decenters of common red wine were plentifully distributed; and, now and then, a great silver goblet was filled with genuine tokay, from which the Boyard himself first sipped, and then sent it round to all the guests in succession. We had the honour of drinking after the lovely Mademoiselle Lanszneck, at which Mr. Yellow Pelisse, who was on the other side of her, seemed rather hurt, and revenged himself by draining the goblet nearly to the bottom. At first, every one, according to the custom of the country, ate in dismal silence; but, after the second course, the conversation became general and lively. I could not at first understand why all the company by degrees raised their voices almost into a scream. I caught myself shouting like a boatswain, and suddenly discovered that a window had been thrown open, and that half a dozen Zigans without had begun to regale us with a concert. At first the notes of their instruments were low and melancholy; but they had worked themselves up into enthusiasm as they went on, and were treating us to a ** storm of music. What struck me principally was, that-although this accompaniment, when brought up to that pitch, appeared to me detestable, and gave me a splitting headache-the Wallachians felt or affected such raptures at the sound of civilised music, that they were thrown into ecstacies, and Mademoiselle herself gave the signal of applause by laying down her knife and fork and clapping her hands; certainly not with any wish to draw attention to the white and taper beauty of her fingers; the nails of which were tipped with a beautiful rosy flush.

After the dessert, we were surprised by what seemed an imitation of English manners. The ladies rose and left the gentlemen alone to drink and smoke. We atterwards learned that this had always been the custom in Wallachia, ever since the time

They are series in the graneral custom in the East, the lords of the creation used to set alone, whilst the women attended on them with the servants. We were served at table by Zigans dressed in sheepskin tunics like all their fellows, and with loose Turkish trousers. They were more numerous than the guests, and seemed as handy and dexterous as Parisian waiters.

Whilst we were enjoying our pipes, we saw through the open window a number of persons on horseback, accompanied by a great waggon, drawn by six oxen. In it we could discover a crowd of elegant bonnets of the hast Panisian fashion; and were told, on inquiry, that a party collected at the residence of another Boyard in the neighbourbood had been invited over to spend the evening. Shortly afterwards, indeed, we were summoned from the table by the sound of * waltz; and, on returning to the saloon, were ordered instantly to seek for partners. We noticed that Yellow Pelisse got up rather solemnly from his seat; but fell down upon it again, overcome either by champagne or jealousy; for he did not make his appearance until an hour afterwards, when he whispered confidentially to everybody that he had taken

four cups of black coffee.

With the exception of the odd effects produced by the contrast of the Eastern costumes of the men and the European dress of the women, there was little to distinguish this from a European soirée. The Boyard sat like a pacha in the corner of his divan, smoking a narghileh, and was now and then joined by some of the dancers. From time to time a slave brought round ices and sher-bets. There was a good deal of flirtation, and the black eyes of Miss Amine Zlonasko left a deep impression upon one of my com-* panions. Also, there was almost a quarrel tetween Yellow Pelisse and a young Boyard of the neighbourhood who was too particular in his pretensions to Mademoiselle Lanszneck. However, these are not characteristic traits. It is more necessary, perhaps, to mention, that about eleven o'clock most of the young men gave up dancing on pretence of fatigue, and disappeared into a side room; where, on following them, we found that they were playing at cards for pretty high stakes. Gambling is one of the principal plagues of all semi civilised Eastern countries. It is a lazy amusement and suits the temperament of the people. Many Boyards in former times have been known to gamble for their serfs; and an instance is mentioned in which a thousand changed masters by a single turn of cards. On the present occasion matters not go so far; but Yellow Pelisse, on hom the black coffee had not produced its proper effect, lost a horse, and the Boyard image! was cleared of some hundred roubles. Meanwhile, the ladies, deserted by their partners, were singing, or playing at pigeon!

cole, the vicinsitudes of which game preduced roars of laughter. My friend joined in, and his pressure of mind having been entirely destroyed by the black eyes, was constantly caught mapping. One of his punishments was characteristic. It was imposed by a sprightly little widow; who ordered him to go and risk five dollars in a bet for her predit at the card table. He did so; and had the satisfaction of handing her over sufficient, as she said, to pay for a new bonnet.

The party broke up rather late, and we were not sorry to be shown at length into a nice little room, with a comfortable French bedstead, upon which we threw ourselves quite worn out by our long morning's ride, and the excitement which had succeeded it. My friend told me next morning that he had dreamed of nothing but black eyes—we mean those of Mademoiselle Amine—and he was in

fast, to hear that the young lady had fluttered away-on a visit to a distant villa.

BOUQUETS.

despair when we appeared at a late break-

It must be owned, that real living flowers are fragile beings. They have a butterfly existence as well as a butterfly beauty, wher worn on the person or in the dress. On this account the making of artificial flowers becomes a really desirable and beautiful art, in so far as the productions are correct imitations of natural flowers. Approximations of course they can only be; but in respect to colour and form, these approximations are now wonderfully close. We are not quite certain whether attempts have yet been made to give to each imitative flower the scent which belongs to the real flower; but there would seem to be no insuperable difficulties in the matter, provided the taste of the wearers tended in that direction.

If we cut open an artificial flower to see how it is made, and how enabled to behave itself beautifully, we shall see not a little to excite our surprise and approval. Here, in this group, every petal, every leaf, every stem, every bud, every calyx, every stamen and pistil, and stigma and anther, is imitated with surprising closeness and success. And if we examine further, we find how much tact is displayed in selecting materials and substances suitable for the imitative purposes. The petals of flowers are imitated not only by cambric, but by ribbon, feathers, silkworm cocoons, taffeta, velvet, and even thin laminæ of stained whalebone. The stems, made of wire, have an envelope of coloured paper or silk, or some other anhatance varying according to the texture of the real stem. The leaves are mostly of cambric, but sometimes of other woven material. Seeds and buds and small fruit give rise to a busy search for successful counterfeits among bits of glass and bits of wax and other morsels. All this, be it remembered, relates to the ordinary

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artificial flowers, of which a very beautiful possible worth of tills value; for we pride ourgroups can be purphased for something like a selves on dising able to make our own artificial
shilling; but there is an immense variety of flowers. The cambrie, markin, gause, velvet, materials.

In many of the specimens of artificial Sowers, especially those of French manufacture, the trushfulness of imitation is very nemarkable. Not only are roses and lilies and hot-house plants represented as in the full bloom of their floral existence; but even in their declining or decaying state, with the leaves more or less withered, and the blight and the canker-worm busily engaged at their mischief. We are not quite sure that this is to be commended. The object in view is, not simply to imitate Nature, but to imitate her beauties. Blight and cankerworm are no beauties, and these are sometimes simulated with painful success., The Dutch painters frequently made a similar mistake; they imitated with marvellous fidelity, and the things imitated were often such as we would rather be without. Let us. however, forget the blight and canker-worm, and remember only the plants in their beauty. These plants, be it observed, are not merely flowers in full bloom, but plants in many other stages of their botanical existence; and they thus really become useful object-lessons. Sometimes the same plant is exhibited in In them the superior botanical knowledge of the French artist is manifested; from the "reedy sedge to the quaking grass," the tufts of various kinds are faithfully imitated in various stages of progress towards ripeness or decay. There are occasionally produced clusters of heath sprigs, the flowers of which, though not so large as a barleycorn, are supported each on an individual stem. A lady was once looking at a beautiful group of artificial grasses and mosses; she says-"A rough but intelligent country lad, who stood beside me for some minutes, after a gaze of silent wonder, broke out with the best compliment I had heard to the fidelity of these imitations, by remarking, in his own vernacular, that they only wanted a bird's nest to be nature itself."

Artificial flower-making is not an insignificant trade. An inquiry was made into the industrial statistics of Paris in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, which lets us into a little secret in this matter. The total manuin England, only took twelve thousand of the rose, cut out very fine cambric by

substances employed, other than woven silk, and other materials were procured from St. Etienne, St. Questin, and Lyons; the dyes and colours were prepared expressly for the purpose by manufacturing chemists; the buds, leaves, petals, stamens, pistils, and other component parts, were made in small workshops by persons who each attended to only one part of a flower; while the whole were fitted together in other workshops. Even these workshops are frequently limited to one single kind of flower each; so completely is the division of labour carried out. There were about fifty small manufacturers of petals and stamens and other component. parts, employing about five hundred persons; while there were nearly six hundred dealers or vendors, who employed nearly six thousand persons in building up the various integers into whole groups of flowers. Of this immense number of persons, about five thousand were women, whose average earnings were estimated at about twentypence per day. Several of the manufacturers effect sales to the amount of ten thousand pounds a year each. We must, therefore, regard French flower manufacturers as commercial men of notable import.

Some of the French flowers are so extrathree or four successive stages;—in bud, in ordinary that they court criticism aided by blossom, in full maturity, and in drooping magnifying-glasses; and sometimes even decay; sometimes there are orchideous then it remains doubtful what materials plants, and hop plants, and vine twigs, and have been used. The French go to work in oats, rye, and wheat; sometimes the blue the right spirit in these matters; for their and red autumnal parasitic flowers are imibest flower-makers are practical botanists, tated; such as the ivy, and oak leaf and who pass through regular courses of study, the acorn. A beautiful exercise of skill is until they become familiar with every minute that by which the various grasses are imi- peculiarity in the structure of a flower. The manufacturers, too, will not be content with a mere close imitation of nature; they require a delicate taste to be possessed by the monteurs who form the flowers into bouquets, head-wreaths, and dress-trimmings. The very same flowers, made up into the very same kind of group, will sell for double the money when made by a popular monteur, which they will command if made up by one of less

note. This is elevating artificial flowermaking to something approaching to a fine art. Besides the posey or the nosegay, there are the wreaths of orange-blossom, and the sea-weed garlands, and the coral chaplets, and the wreaths of little water-plants, and the chaplets of corn-plants-all require an artistic building up, after the bits of cambric and sarsenet and wire have been made into flowers,

It is a dainty work to make a rose of these simple materials. Petals, and leaves, calyx, and buds, and stem, and stalk-all hax to be imitated; and no little taste is required in the selection of materials which facture of cambric flowers in that year was have the requisite texture of surface and sprodigious, amounting in value to more than shade of colour. The busy fingers of the

means of puncties, of which she has as many eyes will meet with artificial flowers made of different sizes at there are petals in the rose feathers, of shells, of wax, of insects, of lace, to be imitated. Then she, or some other of hair, of coral, of sea-weed, of ivory, of dexterous worker, holds each petal by a light grasp with pincers, dips it into carmine dye, then dips it into water (to soften the intensity little variegated spots or markings which the petal may require. While the petals are thus receiving their form and adornments, the leaves are being fashioned by other hands. They consist of small pieces of Florentine sarsenet, previously dyed to the proper tint, and then stretched while wet, that they may dry out smoothly. We all know that the two surfaces of a leaf present very different feathers. appearances; and the cunning of the imifor while she glazes one surface of her sarsenet leaf with thin gum-water, she imitates the velvet texture of the other with a layer of fine flock or cloth-powder, or sometimes by means of a wash of coloured starch-water. Nor are the ribs of the leaves neglected; for several leaves, placed one upon another, are pressed between gauffroirs or goffering-irons of such patterns as to give the requisite markings or embossment. The little leaves or leaflets which form the calyx are cut or punched out of sarsenet, stiffened with starchwater after the dyeing.

The tiny buds are curiosities; they go beyond the region of cambric or sarsenet; for they are often made of kid, dyed or painted to the proper tint, stuffed out into bud-like shape by an interior of cotton, or of gummed flax, or of crumb of bread, and of rank in the court of Mary Beatrice. 'In tied with silk to pieces of thin iron wire. gum flowers, Mrs. Booth tells me you and she Whether Nature can make a bud more is to doe something in that work, which I casily than a petal, she does not tell us; suppose must be extraordinary. I hope it easily than a petal, she does not tell us; but Nature's imitators certainly find that it requires a greater variety of materials. work ye queen has, of nun's work, of fruit By the aid of bits of brass wire and little and flowers, that her mother did put up for knots of silk, the stamens and their anthers her, and now she has 'em both for her chapel are imitated; and, by dipping the little silken and her rooms. I do not know whether they auther into a glutinous liquid, it is made to be the four seasons of the year, but they say retain a few very small seeds which represent they are done so well, that they that see 'em the pollen. When these and a few other can hardly think 'em other than the real.' component parts are completed, and when an imitative stalk has been made by coating iron wire with cotton and green paper, the whole are built up artistically together into the form of a rose—a rose not intended to "blush unseen," for it will parade itself very bravely on some tasteful bonnet or jaunty cap; nor —waxy; but the soft texture of waste its sweetness on the desert air," for it well suited for initating flowers. it happens that cambric, and sarsenet, and kid, and gum-water, and flock, and wire have authoress—in a smart little blue-covered,

For be it from us to say that this is the only mode of making a rose. Little do readers what they will have to procure, we doubt that all sorts of substitutes could before they can become amateur artists in se found for all of these materials, under the wax flowers.

of hair, of coral, of sea-weed, of ivory, of whalebone, of cloves, of nutmeg, of pimento, of gems, of maple, of box, of satinwood, of ebony even of granite and marble and coal. One of of the colour near the edges), then touches it the most beautiful productions displayed in the with a brush to deepen the tint near the greatest of great exhibitions was a group of centre, and then brushes in the tints of any flowers made of Brazilian feathers. The South American birds are unrivalled in any part of the world for the gorgeous splendour of their plumage, and this plumage thus becomes a fitting material for imitating the equallydazzling splendour of South American flowers. The specimen under notice was a bouquet of flowers, including those of the coffee, cotton, and tobacco plants, all made of Brazilian English shells are, for the most part, far from Leing sufficiently beautiful for tator does not neglect this circumstance; this art; yet those of the Atlantic are sometimes made up into delicate and lovely bouquets.

> We must now do honour to the artists in wax. Miss Agues Strickland, in her life of James the Second's second wife, has something to say about wax flowers. "The beautiful imitations of natural flowers in wax which have lately afforded an attractive exercise for the taste and ingenuity of many of our youthful countrywomen, were first introduced into England by the mother of Mary Beatrice, as a present to her royal daughter; as we find by the following passage in a contemporary letter from a correspondent of the Lady Margaret Russell, which gives some information relative to the ornamental works then in vogue among ladies will be as great perfection as the fine wax-

> Who can forget, after having once seen them, the recent productions of our lady wax flower-makers! How this simple material is fashioned into glorious imitative flowers is something to be admired and marvelled at. Wax faces we do not like: they are always waxy; but the soft texture of wax renders

Wax flower-making has its literature. One gilt-edged, hot-pressed, coloured-plated Royal Guide to Wax-Flower Modelling—tells her How that they must have kilful hands of our magic rose-makers. Nay, white wax, yellow wax, orange wax, pink those who look about them with well-opened wax, and green wax; that they must have

an ivery pin with a large head, two steel such groups have been pink with china heads, about a dozen bottles shades to cover them of different coloured powders, an assortment of large and small brushes, saucers, and little slabs of white marble, green and white wire, scissors, and down, and smalt, and sepia, and lake; that the wax must be soft, dull on one side, and sufficiently opaque to need no painting on the wrong side or under side of a flower; that the large ivory pin is useful for the Victoria Regia, the water lily, and other royal flowers; while the two smaller pins are of use for flowers of lesser magnitude : that the cake colours are to be rubbed down with the coloured powders before using; that the large white wire is to be used for the stems of dahlias and camellias, and such like flowers; the finer white wire to support the petals, and the green wire to make stems. The lady-artist then explains how to mix the colours and powders to produce the required tints; how to use the curling-pins, and the scissors, and the brushes. And then she takes, one by one, the principal kinds of flowers, and describes the method of modelling them in wax - the crocus, the snowdrop, the primrose, the violet, the anemone, the tulip, the narcissus, the jonquil, the daisy, the wallflower, the rhododendron, the jasmine, the rose in a dozen or so of varieties, the carnation, the myrtle, the honeysuckle, the fuchsia, the forget-me-not, the geranium, the mignonette, the orange blossom, the lily, the dahlia, the camellia, the passion-flower, the hollyhock, the cactus-all pass in succession under notice, and the means of imitating all are described. Let us see whether we can understand how to make a waxen snowdrop. "This charming pensive little flower should be prepared from double white wax. It consists of six petals, like its companion the crocus. The longest are left perfectly white, the others striped upon the inside with very light green paint; and upon the opposite or exterior side of the petal is placed a triangular green spot, near the off end. Cut a fine green wire, three inches long; cover it with a strip of light green wax, and affix to the end the stamina, cut from yellow wax. Place round these the striped petals, and those that are quite white immediately between; finish off the same by placing a little double green wax at the end of the flower, which forms the calyx; the flower-stem is then to be attached to a stronger stem; where they are united place a small sheath, cut from lemon wax, tinged round the edge with light green. The leaves are rather narrow, not so dark as the crocus, made from double wax. The head of the pin is merely rolled down the centre: they are attached a short way down the stem.'

The largest flower yet modelled in wax is of course the magnificent Victoria Regia, that wonderful and peerless plant with the round

glass shades in existence hollow

AMONG THE SHALLOWS

WE trust there may be found no Starchamber matter in it, but we have a belief that justice sometimes runs aground among, the Shallows. In spite of their lineage, descended as they all are from Robert Shallow esquire, in the county of Gloster, justice of peace and corani-ay, and cust alorum-ay, and ratolorum, and gentleman born, who wrote himself armigero.

When transportation was a ready punishment for all offenders there was odd-handed iustice administered at quarter sessions, and in other high judicial places. There used to be a power given by the law to transport any one for larceny who had been once convicted of a felony. The power was one that required much tact and delicacy in the handling, and anything that requires tact and delicacy in the handling, it was natural to entrust to the keeping of the Shallow family, just as it might be natural for any man dealing extensively in glass and china to engage an elephant or bull as shop-walker. Such animals would promptly call attention to the

delicacy of the wares.

So far as that last matter is concerned, we will take the part of elephant, and show some of the delicacies of the law. In the first place, it is well known that a true Shallowhonorary or stipendiary—must be terrible; 'tis in his blood : rogues and particularly vagabonds-who are the worst kind of rogues must tremble when he clears his throat. He knows that what is worth doing is worth doing well; he does not like half measures of punishment; seven years' transportation is the lowest figure at which he can be said to do business with any degree of pleasure, and if a prisoner be rude, or should call Verges a pig, or fail in a just admiration of the court, his worship is ready to say another seven, make the term fourteen, and close the bargain. Thus Colonel Jebb informed the public in his report for eighteen hundred and fifty, that " During the last ten years there has not been an average of more than ten or twelve persons sentenced to a longer period than two years' imprisonment, and less than four hundred and fifty to two years and above one year; whereas the number sentenced to periods of seven years' and ten. years' transportatation has varied from three thousand nine hundred and twenty-one to two thousand two hundred and twenty-six." Furthermore we may add, that by the tables of criminal offenders for the year last closed, it appears that only three persons were sentenced to imprisonment for periods exceeding table top leaves; but the largest groups mount | two years, and less than six hundred were imto four or five feet in height; and we have prisoned for two years or between one and heard of mythic hundreds of pounds at which two. But there were two or three thousand

sported for from seven to ten years, and estabose eight hundred and forty-seven were so sentenced for simple acts of larceny. So twe see what sort of sentencing the Shallows used to relish, and the great sweep lately made upon the transportation system must, it is to be feared, leave them as disconsolate as an alderman after a waiter has run off with his unfinished callipash and callipee.

Now, let us look under the surface, and ascertain if we can how justice is justified in these her ways. We take up an "Abstract Return of Persons tried for Larceny at Courts of Quarter Sessions for the Counties of Berks, Dorset, Somerset, Southampton (including the Isle of Wight), Sussex, and Wiltshire, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine." Here we read that in the county of Berkshire four persons, for thefts to the amount of eighteen and sixpence, received transportation to the amount of eight-and-twenty years; that in Dorsetwhire thirteen persons, for thefts to the amount of sixty-one shillings and sixpence, received transportation to the amount of one hundred and twelve years; that in Wiltshire seventeen persons, for thefts to the value of four pounds and ninepence, received transportation to the amount of one hundred and thirty-two years; and again in Sussex eight persons, for thefts to the aggregate amount of fourteen shillings and sixpence, received transportation to the amount of sixty-two years, or the very great judicial bargain of four years and five months of convict-life for the small sum of one shilling. Taking four dozen cases out of this report, and reckoning them up, we find that twelve pounds nine shillings and a pennyworth of larceny got in exchange three hundred and seventy-six years of transportation.

But we are still dealing in generalities. It is possible for a shilling to be stolen in a way that is more absolutely wicked than some other theft of fifty pounds. The robbers of the widow's mite cannot be punished too Down we come, therefore, to severely. special cases; and, not to be partial, will quit the south, and travel north to Yorkshire for them, after we have turned a few more abstract facts out of the Abstract Report now in our hands. In Dorset, G. B. received ten years' transportation for a shilling, T. C. ten years'. In Wiltshire, W. N., convicted on two charges-one for stealing property wouth two shillings, and the other for property worth three-received seven years for the two shillings and ten for the three; so that for five shillings he had seventeen years of the public **ho**pitality.

Now we will take a special note or two, and observe what kind of larcenies they are which have brought down these thunderbolts from the Joves enthroned at Quarter Sessions. At the Spring Sessions for the East Riding of Yorkshire last year, George Ingram was transported for ten years; he had stelen five hundred and forty-mine, W. H., for a three-

pigeons. At the Midsummer Sessions of the same Riding, William Senders was transported for ten years; finding a dead sheep, he had taken half of it. At the Norfolk Quarter Sessions for March eighteen hundred and fifty-three, William Flood was transported for ten years; he had stolen a fargot. At the same Sessions James Whip was transported for ten years, as a man who had received a coat, knowing it to be stolen, upon the sole evidence of the thief himself, who was the means of bringing him to justice.

At the Liverpool Borough Sessions, James MacClovan effected a great bargain-the wares of justice were in his case in fact given away like so much bankrupt stock; he obtained ten years' transportation for the

sum of threepence-halfpenny.

At the Norfolk Quarter Sessions, last Midsummer, John Landimore for three successive thefts of corn from the same owner, received three successive sentences, and was trans-ported accordingly for the term of thirty years. At the Leicester Borough Sessions last June, William Barrett got ten years for tenpence. On the part of the justices, if we regard them as the shop-keepers of law, this must be considered very reckless trading.

Then, too, it is not fair trading. The very same County Criminal Reports, out of which we can pick forty-eight persons who had stolen, in all, less than thirteen pounds, and were therefore transported for three hundred and seventy-six years, being on an average seven or eight years per man, supply us also with the cases of another set of forty-eight prisoners who had stolen thirty times as much, in all more than four hundred pounds, and whose aggregate punishment was the mere trifle of imprisonment for sixteen years, two months and three days, being on an average four or five months per man. All depends on the temper, or the stomach, or the greater or less degree of shallowness in the particular cousin Shallow who may, in each case, be the prevailing dignitary.

We will not confine ourselves to generalities in making these comparisons. Let us take, here again, some sample cases from the bushel ready to our hand. At the Dorset Quarter Sessions one November, a man, for a robbery of eighty pounds, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. At the same Sessions, for the same offence at Midsummer, another man was sentenced to be transported for fourteen years. J. D. was then sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for stealing ten pounds; but, at the Epiphany Sessions E. A., who stole ten pounds, was imprisoned for two years. At the Michaelmas Sessions, R. F., for stealing property worth threepence, was sentenced to: imprisonment for one day, and S. B., an old. man of seventy, for a theft of the same magnitude, was sentenced to imprisonment for one year with hard labour.

At the Somerset Epiphany Sessions, eighteen,

halfpenny theft was imprisoned for six months; and, at the Michaelmas Adjourned Sessions, B. C. received precisely the same punishment for a robbery of thirty-seven

pounds.

At the Epiphany Sessions for Hampshire, eigniteen hundred and forty-nine, T. W. received, for twenty-three pounds, six months' imprisonment, when J. G. got seven years of transportation for a shilling. We could continue almost indefinitely these chronicles of the Shallow family. We stop because they are becoming tedious. It is right, however, before we turn to other and more sensible topics, to point out that the inequalities of punishment thus evident are not to be accounted for by any theory within the reach of ordinary logic. They have little, and generally nothing to do with previous convictions or the merits of the cases. We will show this by one or two other samples for which we have only to dip our hands into the bag.

At the Sussex Sessions, Midsummer eighteen hundred and forty-nine, S. H. was convicted upon three several charges for stealing property to the value of about eight pounds. He was sentenced to three days' imprisonment; upon a fourth case days' imprisonment; upon a fourth case, for robbery to the value of three pounds, being proved against him, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. But at the same Sessions, J. P. was sentenced for a theft But at the of four shillings to one week's imprisonment, and, upon the proving of a second case against him—a theft of one pound, twelve and ninepence—was transported for seven

vears.

At the Norwich Assizes last July, John Brown, who had been previously convicted of felony, was indicted with three other persons on three separate charges for stealing wheat, the property of the same prosecutor. He was found guilty on each indictment and imprisoned for eighteen months. But at the Landimore, before-mentioned, who had never before been convicted, was indicted with three others for the same offence in precisely the same way, and was transported for thirty years.

We have quoted a sentence of ten years' transportation for the theft of a faggot. The thief had certainly been once before convicted. But at the Woodbridge Summer Sessions, Thomas Longford was proved to have stolen two faggots and to have been once before convicted, yet was only imprisoned for six months; and at the East Kent Midsummer Sessions Thomas Longford, who stole three faggots and had been twice before

months' imprisonment.

At the Norwich City Sessions last July, Thomas Cudden, for stealing one pig, was Imprisoned for twelve months; when at the trip at dawn.

Brighton, who stole seven pigs, had only been imprisoned nine mouths, though he had been previously convicted of house-breaking and there had been recorded against him sentence of death.

Two boys, sixteen years old, were sentenced at the last York Summer Assises to transportation, one for fifteen and the other for twenty years, in punishment for a theft of six shillings and sixpence from the person. A mouth afterwards, at the Liverpool Assizes, L., D., B., P. and K. were found guilty of a serious burglary. L., D., B. and P. had been convicted previously for felonies. L. had been convicted before of burglary and suffered eighteen months' imprisonment; had also been convicted of felony on one other occasion, and six times again as a reputed thief. D. had been twice before found guilty of felony, and several times summarily convicted. P. had been twice convicted of felony, and once transported for tenewears; also seven times summarily convicted. Punishments were distributed among them, varying from twelve months' imprisonment to twelve years' transportation; but not one of them had such a bargain as that allowed to the two boys who got between them thirty-five years of transportation for a highway robbery of six-andsixpence.

It is not our matter that is now exhausted, but our patience. We must quit the Shallows. When we have found out how to paint lilies roses, we shall have learnt how to com-

ment upon facts like these.

ONLY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Since the nuisance of a three or four weeks' quarantine has been abated, a run in Albania. has been as natural to us of Corfu as a run in Wales may be to Londoners. It is twenty years since I first made a holiday trip on the mainland, with which I have since had occasion to become thoroughly familiar. Twenty Norfolk Quarter Sessions last June, John years, however, do not dim the recollection of a merry holiday among the mountains, by a man who throughout life has been engaged, mostly, in climbing up and down an office . stool.

I then glided across the smooth water between Corfu and Albania with three young officers-middle-aged men now, not to say elderly-delighting in their escape from garrison routine. The wind failing us, we finally rowed in to the custom-house station of Sajades at the close of a long summer's days and landed on the rough mole there provided.

We were annoyed but little by official questioning, and as I had a note of introduction to the chief custom-house functionary, convicted, had only a sentence of twelve he very politely offered to us the accommodation of his private rooms, and promised that horses and mules should be sent for and got ready, so that we might set out upon our

Mew'it then, by torch-light, with the groups about it, made a pleasant scene. It was an imper story reared on columns, or say rather piles, some of wood, some of stone, some of brick : there was a ladder up to the front door, and under and about the house, lighted by torches and the rising moon, were scattered bales of goods, baggage, and merchandise of all sorts landed there or there awaiting embarkation. The ground was occupied too by the horses and the mules that brought the bales or that were to carry them away; there were small heaps of fodder that the cattle were to eat, and on the heaps of fodder there lay ragged boys asleep, set there to watch the property. Their sleeping brought no loss upon the animals, who kept guard for themselves over their provender. Eastern horses use their teeth upon the slightest provocation, and their heels too, with considerable energy. I shall never forget how I was once seized about the ribs and bitten into by an Arab steed, as though he were a schoolboy biting at an apple; and on that night, as we threaded our way to the ladder, among watchful quadrupeds, one of my military friends was laid low by a kick, from the effects of which he suffered throughout the remainder of our journey. When we had mounted to the door and got into the building, there was a great noise of talking suddenly hushed, and under a cloud of the smoke that had risen, and was then rising from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pipes, we saw that number of Albanian muleteers and countrymen, in picturesque attire, all stopping in their talk to look at us. They were not all in one room, but every door being open, there was a quaint vista made, extremely pleasant to the eye; the only sense, let me say, that received gratification. The men resumed their chattering in groups of six, ten, twelve, or sometimes twenty; the noise was bewildering, and the air was thick with the stench of garlie, onions, and tobacco. We were conducted by the custom-house chief into his private office, where he showed us a spare corner which he placed at our disposal. Here, presently, we supped upon a fish that we had just seen taken from the sea, and a hen that had been fetched out of her first nap to grill upon a fire that we could see flaring on a patch of brickwork in the midst of an adjoining room.

After supper we decamped, for we had made up our minds that it was better to esleep in our boat, under the summer moonlight, than lie under cover to be tortured. Every man of us was having his flesh torn by a thousand pincers. I had come prepared to put up with a moderate amount of suffer-ing from vermin, but I had not expected that only six hours after leaving Corfu, I should already be in danger of having my bones picked alive. We put our boat a little way took off our clothes and shook them well cutter touched my arm. He proved to be a

over the sea. In that way we got rid of some of the tormentors that had clung to us, but there remained enough to make us wretched.

One of our party being too tall to sleep comfortably, as the fourth man in the boat, bethought himself that he should lie more easily upon the deck of a large cutter that, we saw by the moonlight anchored near us. We drew our boat under its stern, he got on board and lay down, then more at his ease, among the sleeping sailors. Our friend's heels, armed with adjutant's spurs, into which, anticipating trouble from the vicious horses of Albania, he had fitted some enormous rowels, came often in contact with the bare legs of his neighbours. Some, well accustomed to nocturnal torture, winced in their sleep and thought no more of it, but two or three got up, rubbing their legs, to see whom they had got for a bedfellow. Our friend still shifting his position restlessly, was fast asleep and unconscious of the disturbance he was causing, till a sailor seeing one of his long spurs glittering near him in the moonlight, and too sleepy to distinguish what it was, laid hold of it and immediately began, thoroughly aroused, to roar out lustily. Expecting nothing less than a ducking for our friend, I shouted out in explanation that he was an English officer who had not sleeping ropm on board our boat. An answer came to me from somebody who addressed me by name, asked after my wife and children, and told me that my friend should have a wide berth given him and welcome. The cutter belonged to the Turkish government. Who was my friend? He would not say; he went under a feigned name. On the next day, however, I should see and know him.

Before dawn we were aroused by the sound of horses' hells and the voice of our courierwe had inflicted on ourselves such an incumbrance-calling us to come and make our bargains. Then followed a scene of hurry and confusion. I, as a civilian, not clever in horseflesh, accepted the most vicious and ungainly of the horses; nevertheless, it turned out the most sure-footed and trusty beast in our whole cavalcade. I used the basta, or pack-saddle of the country; my friends had brought saddles of their own. That I had not done, because I knew that muleteers object to the strange saddles, partly because they consider them likely to hurt the backs of their animals, and chiefly because at the journey's end the animals are left barebacked; and if they wish to go home with a return load they must purchase a new basta. Such considerations were all very well, but' after my first experience of an Albanian saddle, I felt that I owed mercy to myself as well as to the muleteers. While packing upon my horse such things as would immediately from shore, and in the dusk of the night be needed, my mysterious friend from the 1

the meant simply to sponge upon me, and was glad to send him away with a quarter dollar as I climbed the wall by which I was to mount my charger. My weight upon his back excited him to wrath, and caused him instantly to kick most furiously; in that way he soon made a clear space about him; and then, starting off at full speed, charged down furiously upon the rear of my companions. Having overtaken their last horse, however, he at once fell into marching pace, and seemed to have made his mind up for a long

and steady journey.

Albanian roads or paths are very tortuous, and so we twisted our way on, admiring the hill scenery, not sorry to see Corfu in the distance with its two citadels, backed by its dark green foliage. As we were wandering up hill, one of our party presently discovered that we were pursued by two horsemen. We examined them through a spy-glass, and all agreed that they were strongly armed although their arms seemed to be carried about them in some very unusual manner. They were certainly not in military trim. As they were only two, though they were armed outrageously, we did not fear them, and allowed the foremost presently to dash in followed it to the letter. They thanked us among us—a great boy of fifteen—who most heartly for the idea. The constant shouted, as he reached my horse's rear: jolting of the mules slackened the ropes by "Well, we have overtaken you at last! You might as well have let us know, and then we could have all travelled together!" He was dressed coarsely and dirtily as an Albanian servant, and was mounted on a splendid mule, with a good deal of luggage attached to it. His chief luggage consisted, however, of muskets with their bayonets attached, which he had contrived so to fix around his saddle, that they formed a chevaux de frise about him. Four of them he had contrived to fix upright, two before and two behind him, like the posts of a bedstead; two pointed their bayonets over the horse's shoulders and two over the crupper, so that his charger might have run into an enemy with pretty much the same effect as an old British chariot armed with its scythes.

The youth was in a few minutes overtaken by his master, a stout respectable old Turk, completely winded. As soon as our new friends had breath enough they began to ask questions through our courier; and, as I was the only one who understood his language, the boy fastened himself to me. The old gentleman, he told me, was in the service of Emir Pacha, governor of Albania, and because it had been understood that the English government meant to sell the arms left by

runaway Ionian convict who had joined the buy them for the "Tactices"—the regular Turkish service as a sailor. Professing that Albanian troops—then being organised. The I had twice done him great services, he boy was a wag, and had a great deal to say desired, he said, to be grateful. I knew that of his first visit to Corfu, where he had been, above all things, shocked by the bare faces of the ladies, and the bare knees of the Fortysecond Royal Highlanders, at that time in our garrison.

So we went on our way, good company together, till we came into the little village of Monasteri, which 1s had seen for years from the esplanade of Corfu as a little speck upon the hills of the mainland. We Englishmen proceeded to the monastery itself, our Turkish companions went to join friends in the village. Before we parted our soldiers had been endeavouring to suggest to them a better way of carrying their muskets, which would be easier to themselves and not so dangerous to neighbours; they were, how-ever, not to be instructed, and we, finding that advice was wasted, said to them jestingly that they might as well put hangings to their bedsteads. They had only to stretch a cloth over the four upright bayonets and each of them might ride in state under his сапору.

We did not like our comrades, and gave them the slip; but they overtook us again in the afternoon, filling us with consternation at the consequence of our advice. They had which the upright muskets were fixed to the saddles, and the whole fabric therefore, every now and then, came down with a run upon one or the other rider, extinguishing him for a moment, and at the same time so frightening his mule that it would start off at full speed and compel every one who was in advance to leap aside and get clear of the bayonets. We did indeed receive now and then some

awkward pricks.

The rascal of a boy was perpetually taken with a desire to ask some question about Corfu for his master or himself, and in that case always charged down upon me at full speed with his war-cry of Mr. Secretary-so he dubbed me. He used a nail as a goad, which he ran along his mule's back when any question came into his head, and then he dashed by every one, forcing all to clear the road before him in an instant, till he pushed up to me with his "Mr. Secretary, why is such a thing so and so in Corfu?" I lost patience at last; and, on one occasion, drawing . into the ditch, let him rush by while I borrowed of one of our party a fine hunting-whip with a long thong. Then I rode up to my Albanian—who, smothered in his panoply, had stopped in the midst of a plain to readjust his bedstead—and, while he was so the French when the island was surrendered, engaged, held forth to him upon the whipping they had been to Corfu to inspect the goods he should get if he came down again upon meand fetch a dozen muskets for the l'acha in like manner. I heard him tell his master himself to examine. Very likely he would what I had promised; and, for an hour hear

remained quiet, but his self-control lasted no lower. We were descending a steep mountain path, only wide enough for one horseman. when I heard him thundering down after me with his cry of "Mr. Secretary," leaving me barely enough time to urge my horse to the degree of speed that would carry me down safe before him. At the bottom my horse of his own accord leaped over a ditch into a little meadow, and my persecutor's mule fol-lowed by instinct and alighted just before me. I at once began, in fulfilment of my pledge, to fan my young tormentor in the rear with the long hunting-whip; he was not well protected by his petticoat of English calico, and as I chased him closely round the meadow I kept up my fanning rather mercilessly. His master rode by, roaring with laughter, and I left him with his canopy about his head, rubbing himself very ruefully.

He and his master went up to the village at which we were all to sleep, by a short path asked that portly, witty, but most immoral that was too steep for our more heavily laden and unprincipled knight who misused the late companions would arrive before us, they would be revenged for my castigation of the boy, by taking exclusive possession of such accommodation as the place would furnish. They did injustice to a Turk's politeness. The old gentleman met us at the entrance to the village, and conducted us to a spot where there was a house already being swept out for our reception; fire was made, our chickens, eggs, milk, and whatever else we should desire, had been already courtcously sent for. Of course we invited the old Turk to sup with us, and liked his company. I was afraid, however, that I should have lost all credit with him at supportime. We had two boxes matching one another, one of which contained sugar, the other salt. He pointed to the salt-bex, and, as he was at the time eating an egg, I thought he wanted it, and held it open to him. He, taking it for sugar, put his fingers in and filled his mouth. The poor old fellow was a bon vivant, and grimaced awfully, but allowed himself very soon to be assured that my mistake was not intentional.

We retifed after supper to our dormitory, a detached room on the ground floor, in which there had been a large fire lighted to drive out the mosquitoes. The heat being intense, we left the door open, and lay down on our Greek carpets. Not having slept much in our boat on the preceding night, we were soon making amends for the lost time; but we could not have been long asleep before I, who happened to lie nearest to the door, was awakened by a series of violent pokes in the back. I started to my feet, and found that my enemy was a large pig who had just come to bed, and objected to my occupation of his chamber. The pig having been turned out, I lay down again, to be a second time awakened by a goat, who had also his objections to my presence. The goat was strong, and forced me to a contest which awakened

and amused my friends, who, when afterwards we all stripped at Janina before entering a vapour-bath, were very much surprised at the black marks of the goat's horns upon my back and ribs. When I had turned out the goat I locked the door, bolted it, and disposed myself for a good rest. In half-an-hour, however, we were all of us awakened by an ominons noise of underground thunder twice or thrice repeated. Then the entire shed shock desperately, and the large flat stones with which the shed was roofed were brought rattling down about our ears. With no worse hurt than a few bruises we escaped instantly from the building, and finished our sleep on the grass of the garden in which we had supped.-It was only an earthquake.

MINE INN.

"SHALL I not take mine ease in mine inn?" animals. My friends thought, that as our king's press so-somethingably-in the matter of his charge of foot; and, whilom, was so staunch a supporter of the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap. Many men have taken their ease in their inn since the days of Sir John Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly. The meanest and the most famous have reposed in "mine inn;" and millions of reckonings have been paid, and millions of inn-frequenters take their ease now in that great, quiet

hostelry, the Grave.

To the contemplative man, and to the lover of social antiquities, the subject of inns is associated with the pleasantest, the kindliest, the most genial, and the most elevated humanities. Our interest in inns is as old as Christianity itself; and, in one instance, our interest is mingled with awe and reverence and loving gratitude. The good Samaritan took the wounded man to an inn, and left there twopence for his subsistence; and, to leave sacred for profane history, were there not inns in ancient Greece and Rome? Were not the remains of inns discovered in the excavations of Pompeii? Can any of us forget Horace's inn adventures in his journey to Brundusium? In England, inns are full of interest from the earliest ages. The brightest landmarks of our literary history lie in inns. From the Tabard Inn in Southwark set forth that gallant company of Canterbury Pilgrims, whom Chaucer has rendered famous to all The knight and the pardoner, the ages. cook and the wife of Bath: we can see them now, ambling, jingling, rustling in their quaint costume; laughing and story-telling as they issue from the low portal of the old Tabard, They shall not die, nor shall the pleasant memories of the Tabard and its fellow. inns fade away while we have eyes to scan and pens to transmit the eulogies of Chaucer's glorious verse and of Stothard's pencil.

The Boar's Head in Eastsheap was

tavern; but it must have been an inn like-wise. At least Dame Quickly "let out beds;" for did not Sir John board and lodge there? Was it not in the dame's dolphin chamber, by a sea-coal fire, that the knight sat while the placable landlady was dressing his wounded head, broken by Prince Hal for likening his father, the King, to a singing man at Windsor? Was it not into that dolphin chamber that entered unto Mrs. Quickly her gossip, the butcher's wife, who came to borrow a mess of vinegar for her dish of prawns; whereupon Sir John did desire to eat some, and was told by his considerate hostess that they were ill for a green wound? Did he not in that same chamber bid the dame fetch him forty shillings? How many score of times forty shillings had been berrawed there, I wonder? Was it not in a room at the Boar's Head that Sir John departed his merry, disreputable life. There he picked at the sheets, and babbled o' green fields, and there was but one way with him, for his nose was as sharp as a pen. Here he died, and I will wager that had even that stern chief justice (who was so hard upon the knight for his excesses) read the exquisite account our Shakspeare has left us of Falstaff's death, the solemn magistrate would have dropped one tear to the memory of that humorous, incorrigible, immortal old sinner.

Fat Jack had his country as well as his town inns. In the Garter Inn, at Windsor, the glorious intrigue of the "Merry Wives" is chiefly conducted. Hither comes mine shed over inns, at home and abroad, until you host of the Carter, and Master Brook, and I were tired. jealous and mysterious, and Bardolph with his flaming nose, transformed into a decorous drawer, fetching in Sir John a cap of sack-"simple? No, with eggs." Here was that notable quarrel between Falstaff and his acolytes, touching the stolen fan and the fifteenpence the knight received as his share, on the ground that he would not endanger his soul gratis. I doubt if Sir John ever paid his reckoning at the Garter after many lessons of practical philosophy in inna. his discomfiture, and he had begun to perceive that he had been made an ass. I doubt very much indeed whether mine host, jolly and joke-loving as he was, ever had the face to present his little bill to the crest-fallen

Inns, as I have said, abound with literary and historical land-marks. Ben Jonson's last comedy was called the New Inn. The first Protestant bishop (so Catholics say) was consecrated at an unn—the Nag's Head, in either Holborn or the Poultry. The ruin of King Charles the First was consummated in an inn. Old Hooker, the divine, coming to London to preach at Paul's Cross, and alighting very wet and weary at an inn mostly resorted to by clergymen, was so kindly received by

inveigled into marrying the landledy's daughter, an ignorant boor and a shrew. The poor man went to the altar like a witless dolt to the correction of the stocks: to his correction, indeed; for his wife led him a dreadful life. One of his old pupils, a bishop's son, visiting him afterwards in his country pansonage, found him tending sheep with one hand and holding a Greek folio in the other; and even from this employment he was called by his virage wife to reck the baby's cradle! Sir Bulwer Lytton has a pleasant reminiscence of poor Hooker's married life in a scene in Pelham.

Sir Walter Scott is great on inns at home and abroad. Julian Peveril's despatches are stolen from him at an inn: the fearful tribunal of the Vehmgericht hold their sittings in some awful subterranean cave beneath a German inn. The first scene of Kenilworth is laid at an inn: the most amusing scene in Rob Roy takes place in the Clachan inn of Aberfoil. Then we have the roadside inn, where the author of Waverley, in a white top coat and top boots appears so mysteriously, and consumes so many beefsteaks: we have the inn where Rob Roy, decently disguised as Campbell, forces his company on Morris; also, the inn for which Dick Tinto painted the sign: we have the inn of inns, which has immortalised the Tweed-ide village of Innerleithen, where Meg Dods holds her hosterial state, and bids defiance to commercial travellers. I might multiply instances of the lustre which the Great Wizard has

There is scarcely a great work by a great writer, but I find some pleasant mention of " mine inn " therein. To the Hercules Pillars Squire Western sent his chaplain to fetch his tobacco-box. At an inn did dear old Parson Adams fall into one of the most dreadful of his dilemmas. Don Quixote and inns are inseparable: in an inn he was drubbed; in an inn he was tossed in a blanket. Gil Blas received In one did the sycophant praise him inordinately and devour his fish and his omelettes; telling him afterwards never to place confidence in any one who told him that he was the eighth wonder of the world. The first provincial letter of Pascal was written to a friend supposed to be lodging at aneinn. The best French vaudeville I know (and from which our own Deaf as a Post is translated) is called L'Auberge Pleine-The Full Inn. Sir John Suckling the poet died at an mn in France. His servant had robbed him and absconded, and his master, hastily pulling on his boots to pursue him, drew a rusty null inter his foot; the wound from which mortifying, Sir John Suckling died. At an inn at St. Omer Titus Oates hatched some of his subtlest an artful landlady; so coddled and cockered plots and made some of his grandest Popish up with possets and warm toasts, that, being discoveries. The inn adventures of the simple-minded, guileless man, he was easily Chevalier de Grammont will not readily be

forgotten. Beaumarchais, the famous author the current of its existence. of the Mariage de Figaro, was arrested at an inn in Vienna by order of Maria Theresa. To step centuries back, it was also in a Viennese inn that our Richard the Lion-hearted was discovered and captured by his perfidious enemy, the Duke of Austria. The author of Manon Lescaut died at an inn; and in an inn (or at least a private hotel) in Bond Street died Laurence Sterne. It was his wish to die so, tended by the hands of strangers, and his wish was accomplished to the letter. He had himself in his works helped to immortalise "mine inn." At the village inn lay sick to death Lieutenant Lefevre: there he was tended by his son; from that inn, and truly, staunch Corporal Trim declared that he would never march again; from that inn my Uncle Toby vowed that he should march. And the man who could write the story of Lefevre could be a sensualist, and wish to die at an inn, untended and uncared for by friends and relatives, and could, and did die so.
"In the worst inn's worst room"—you

know the rest—died the great, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He had outlived his fame, his health, his fortune and his friends, and expired miserably at the house of a tenant at Kirby Moorside in Yorkshire. The deathless lines of Pope still place before us vividly the wretched apartment, half hung with mats, the plaster walls, the flock bed repaired with straw, the tape-tied curtains, the diamond George dangling from the bed where tawdry yellow vied with dirty red.

Verily inns have their moralities as well as **their** humours. While the glasses jingle, and toasts and healths are drunk, and the song circulates in the parlour, mortality is putting on immortality above stairs, clay is returning to clay, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, Georges and Carters, stars and ribbons, pomps and vanities, all sinking quietly into pomps and vanities, all sinking quietly into moddle in it. Meantime I would commend nothingness; there is nothing but a dead man to you the consideration of inns. "Mine in number three, and the undertaker must be inn" is rapidly becoming an institution of sent for, and business will be rather dull above the past; it will soon be numbered among and brisk below until the gentleman in number the things departed. The roadside inn, and three is buried. Do you remember that curious story in one of Theodore Hook's novels of with post-chaises and fast stage coaches. the dead young lady in the inn bedroom? There is a whole history of inn philosophy in that. We sing and rejoice: hot meats are brought in and out, and presently there drives up to the door a hearse, and something is brought down the stairs—the same stairs we have so often mounted to the club-room? the mourners hide their faces in their white pocket-handkerchiefs; the mutes take their last drain of gin or porter; the "black job" (as the crazy Lord l'ortsmouth used to call a comerai) moves slowly off; the traveller who of his put up at that inn sick and had died out, he, is borne off on that journey from awaketh no traveller returns; the windows are tions two up, the shutters opened, number and for is dusted and arranged for peradven-and for wedding guests, and the inn resumes

Such are inne and such is life.

I have been so prolix about famous men who have, by their lives and writings, cast immortality upon inns that—not forgetting I have as yet omitted to notice how many good writers of our own time have been eloquent upon inns-we are not, with impunity, to forget the many excellent inus as excellently depicted in the novels of the author of Pelham. There is a certain Slaughters, an inn for military gentlemen; also a Bootjack Hotel; also a villanous thieves' inn, where one Corporal Brock and an Irish gentleman have a difficulty with Mrs. Catherine Haves: all of which inns are artistically described in the best style of inn lore by a certain author, who may as well be nameless here, inasmuch as everybody knows him and his writings. And that famous scribe Washington Irving, has he not discoursed delightfully of inns in Flanders, to which bold dragoous resorted; of inns in England, notably at Stratford-on-Avon; and of a never-to-be-forgotten inn, in rainy weather, where there was a Stout Gentleman? Inns are not without their white days, their chronicles of royal and noble authors. From Apuleius in the Golden Ass to the editor of the Times in his yesterday's leaders, the wisest and most solemn big-wigs of literature have not thought inns (for praise or blame) beneath their notice.

It is not my intention in this present paper to enter upon the subject of hotels; the younger yet aristocratic brothers of inns. Touching hotel life, hotel charges, and hotel character, I have, saving your excellencies' permission, acquired a considerable amount of experience and information; but as the quarrel between travellers and hosts is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, I shall not They still linger on; but they are daily being pushed from their stools by Railway Motels, Terminus Taverns, and Locomotive Coffeehouses. They will soon have to say with the Latin Accidence, eramus—we were.

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UNSPOTTED SNOW.

Typhoons, hurricanes, and tropical heats. Inner Africa, Central America, China, Japan, and all such topics interest us; but there are no tales of risk and enterprise in which we English, men, women, and children, old and young, rich and poor, become interested so completely, as in the tales that come from the North Polc. We would rather hear of travellers among the snow flakes and ice floes than among cypress and myrtle; and we have good reasons for our preference. Snow and ice are emblems of the deeds done in their clime. For three hundred years the Arctic seas have now been visited by European sailors; their narratives supply some of the finest modern instances of human energy and daring, bent on a noble undertaking, and associated constantly with kindness, generosity, and simple piety. The history of Arctic enterprise is stainless as the Arctic snows, clean to the core as an ice for slavery; and there has been mutiny as far mountain.

There is no other solid piece of human history so free from blot as this long and continuous narrative; this famous tale of by a love of lucre; there was faith in Polar gold, and in a Polar passage to Cathay. But the men who were sent out to serve desires comparatively mean (not mean in themselves, for commerce is a mighty teacher, in whose school it is ordained that we shall have our faculties matured), the men sent out for love of gain-when they came among those seas and heard the crashing of the ice, and saw the icy mountains piled upon each other, and were brooded over by the Arctic night, and were amazed at wonders in the heavens, the mock suns and the flashings of aurora; theyimpressed with a new sense of human weakness, floating as they were on shells (small vessels of a hundred or two hundred tons) away from home and from all neighbourhood with other men-poured out their kindliness on one another, aided each other in endurance of all hardship, and in patient manful effort to surmount all difficulty. They too, admonished by the works and wonders which they saw, remembered Who watched over the dreams of gold and of a short way to ration after generation, and from which the

the East had been dispelled, the enterprise of Arctic navigators was continued and directed by a higher motive ;-a desire to increase human knowledge, to help forward our race by heightening and widening our sense of the Divine wisdom. Lastly, there has been added to this, a strong motive of human sympathy; and the energies of many countries (quarrelling among themselves on other soil) have been devoted heartily and simultaneously to the peril of penetrating unexplored parts, and of searching all the most inaccessible regions of the Pole, for the survivors, or at least the traces, of an expedition that has disappeared among its snows. Thus men who are elsewhere enemies and rivals hold Arctic ground—which has been consecrated by three centuries of heroism—to be sacred to the noblest spirit of humanity. Once, long ago, an Italian or a Spaniard did indeed pollute all the associations proper to the place with a design of capturing the Esquimaux north as Davis Straits-never further to the north we think—and even that mutiny resulted in an act of heroism.

While, everywhere else, intercourse with Arctic navigation. It was first stimulated ships has demoralised, more or less, untutored tribes dwelling on sea coasts, the Esquimaux that see only our northern navigators have learnt no new crimes. They are a quiet amiable race; on amiable terms with visitors whose manners are invariably kind. When they see many new and attractive things lying about strange boats that come on rare occasions, they are not strong enough to resist always the desire to possess some of them; but a good-humoured watch is kept upon their fingers, their attempts at theft are frustrated in a pleasant way, but not resented. The only blood shed by our Europeans at the Pole has been the blood of animals, honestly killed to supply a real and pressing want of fresh provisions. Men from among us who have died there, have all died in the performance of an arduous duty, have died a death of heroes upon which the mind dwells with a more tranquil satisfaction than upon the death met by a lower class of heroes on the battle field. They have left their memories to be preserved them in their distresses. Afterwards, when in records that will stir men's hearts in genehumblest sailor's name will never be expunged.

Yet although we bear in mind the mournful tale of Willoughby and his companions, or credit our worst fears as to the fate of our own companions and friends who disappeared with Franklin, there have not fallen in the fight for knowledge at the Pole during three centuries as many men as are shot down in the first five minutes of some famous battle; the whole battle being but a fragment of some war bred of a mean cause, of petty misconstructions, or the bullying perhaps of a big potentate who cannot keep his temper under fit control. Under the heats of Africa, or under the frosts of either Pole, or in encountering for the gain of knowledge any risk of life that can be run between the Poles, it is most probable that, in a thousand years, there have not perished so many investigators of the ways of nature, as there die yearly meny comen, and children in one country only, killed by diseases that are bred of ignorance, or of that worst evil, inattention to results of knowledge.

We do not therefore account as rashness the firm resolution of the northern navigator which enables him to struggle forward through all perils and to die, if he must, in the execution of his duty. Even in those seas, the boldness that takes active mariners into the way of peril, teaches them how to escape from dangers that would overwhelm a coward. More lives are saved than lost by

exercise of proper courage.

From first to last the Arctic search has been a work of dauntless perseverance, to which many nations have contributed men always resolute and never rash. Drawing back from foolhardiness, they have carried energy and determination always to their utmost limits. For resolution of that kind the poet finds his emblem in the northern ice and snow, when he lauds men

" In fixed resolves by reason justified, That to their object cleave like sleet, Whitening a pine-tree's northern side, When fields are naked far and wide, And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast, Up-caught in whirlwinds nowhere can find rest.

The first party of Europeans who endured an Arctic winter, and whose experiences are recorded, were the Dutchmen who had Barents for their pilot. The last accounts from unong the ice are of Englishmen and of a Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, who worked with them; a young man of a true Arctic character full of genius, enterprise and spirit, very brave and very gentle, warmly devoted to the pursuit of science, a man who deemed no fit companion to be to him a foreigner. perished arflong the ice and was mourned as a brother by his English comrades. The people at home also, connecting in their hearts the Arctic Regions with those pure and noble thoughts about humanity that are

so thoroughly associated with them, talk of Lieutenant Bellot at their firesides; and are desiring to express their sympathy in stone; although stone has ceased for many years to be more durable than words. We add the stone, however, to the words, because we cannot give expression too emphatically to our belief that men of all races are one flesh in the Arctic Seas; nor should we be sorry to suggest by the same act that beyond the Arctic circle they need not be disunited.

In a former volume of this Journal we gave a faint outline of the history of Arctic exploration.* We wish now to illustrate what has been said of the spirit of the Arctic navigators; and, to do that, we will indicate a few characteristic points belonging to the first and the last published accounts of

Arctic wintering. The first was the story of a voyage by the north-east in search of a passage to Cathay : during which the Dutchman Barents and his associates, two hundred and fiftyseven years ago, wintered upon the northern shores of Nova Zembla. The last is the account of the voyage of the British sailors, Commander M'Clure and his men, in search of Sir John Franklin narrated in despatches recently made public; a voyage which has resulted in the discovery of the long-sought north-west passage. Barents and his party were obliged finally to escape from their winter quarters by abandoning their vessel; and, in the case of Captain M'Clure, also, it is extremely doubtful whether he and his ship will not finally be left where we last heard of them, hopelessly frozen in. The account of the Dutch voyage was published at the time by one of the men engaged in it, Gerrit de Veer, and was shortly afterwards translated into English. It has been re-published lately with the other voyages of Barents; and forms one of the most agreeable of the volumes issued by the Hakluyt Society. The account of the English voyage has lately occupied our newspapers.

The Dutch account was illustrated with pictures not quite so highly finished as those brought home by explorers of the present day. The first picture that relates to their wintering voyage characterises, in one respect, the feelings of the Dutchmen very well; there is character even in its title; A Wonder in the Heavens, and how we caught a Bear. The wonder is a vision of three suns; each represented with a face and surrounded with the usual appearances attendant upon a parhelion. The Dutchmen, however, in two boats are attending chiefly to the bear, not only a wonder but a danger in their eyes; a former picture having shown how, as stated in their own label, "A frightful, cruel, big bear tare in pieces two of our companions. On the fifth of June the Dutchmen saw the first ice floating towards them, which they

* Vol. iii., page 66.

had been white swannes, for," says the teller of the story, "one of our men walking on deck, on a suddaine began to cry out with a loude voyce, and sayd that hee sawe white swans: which wee that were below hearing, presently came up, and perceived that it was ice that came driving from the great heape, showing like swannes, it being then about evening." After further voyaging through perils and adventures, Gerrit de Veer tells us: "We at last sawe that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter; we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe according to the time, that we might winter there and attend such adventure as God would send us; and, after we had debated upon the matter, to keepe and defeud ourselves both from the cold and the wild beasts, we determined to build a house upon the land, to keep us therein as well as we could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God. And to that end we went further into the land, to find out the convenientest place in our opinions to raise our house upon, and yet we had not much stuffe to make it withall, in regard that there grew no trees nor any other thing in that country convenient to build it withall. But we leaving no occasion unsought "-among the good thoughts pertaining to the Arctic regions we should have said that it is a place in which no idleness is known- we leaving no occasion unsought, as our men went abroad to view the country and to see what good fortune might happen unto us, at last we found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certaine trees, roots and all (as our three companions had said before), which had bin driven upon the shoare, either from Tartaria, Mascovia, or elsewhere, for there was none growing upon that land, wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favour; for that wood served us not only to build our house, but also to burne and serve us all the winter long; otherwise without a doubt we had died there miserably with extreame cold.

The simple piety of speech, the quiet submission to a great and unexpected hardship noticeable in this passage runs through the whole Dutch narrative, and through the whole Arctic literature. It is as evident now, in the straightforward despatches of Captain M'Clure written the other day, as it was in the Dutch seaman's narrative written two hundred and fifty years ago. It does not court attention: it is never obtrusive, because it is always true.

"It grieved us much," said the Dutchmen,

wondered at, "at the first thinking that it compelled to make necessitie a vertue, and with patience to attend what issue God would send us. The 26th of September we had a west wind and an open sea, but our ship lay fast, wherewith we were not a little greeved; but it was God's will, which we most patiently bare, and we began to make up our house." It became presently so cold that if in building that same house (the carpenter was dead) one of them put a nail into his mouth, it froze upon his lips and brought away with it the skin and blood. The ship had been lifted by the pressure of the ice above the sca level, and rested on the top of a huge grounded ice hill. Again and again the sea became open all about it : But the Dutchmen's ship was not to be got off. Working between the house and ship and in great dread of bears, that were numerous and bold, the ice-bound men bore their lot without repining, Winter set in. "The 8th of October. All the night before it blew so hard and the same day also, and snowed so fast that we should have smothered if we had gone out into the aire; and, to speake truth, it had not beene possible for any man to have gone one ship's length, though his life had laine thereon; for it was not possible for us to go out of the house or ship." The men in the ship (where they had few clothes) it should be said lay under hatches, and the men in the house with outlets closed swallowing the smoke of their wood fires, which "sore tormented" them. They knew not how else to save their lives. Having sea-coal with them they, on one occasion, lighted a huge coal fire in the centre of their closed hut; and, while they enjoyed the warmth, were being gradually suffocated by the products of combustion. The vapours from the fire had nearly made an end of them; when one tottered across to throw open the door. They dreaded coals for a long time thereafter. Then there was a sick comrade dragged by eight of them from the ship to the house upon a sledge, and disposed upon a bed near the central fire. The others slept on shelves that they had built for themselves round the wall. They had also a Dutch clock as well as a great sand glass, running twelve hours, and there was a lamp suspended from the roof. Reduction of food soon became inevitable; one article after another falling short. On the eighth of November, it is said, "we shared our bread among us, each man having four pound and ten ounces for his allowance in eight daies; so that then we were eight days eating a barrell of bread, whereas before we ate it up in five or six daies." Four days afterwards, "we began to share our wine, every man had two glasses 🌧 day; but commonly our drink was water, which we molt out of the snow." On the twenty-second of November, "we had but seventeene cheeses, whereof one we ate amongst "to lye there all that cold winter, which us, and the rest were devided to every man we knew would fall out to be extreame bitter; one for his portion, which he might eate but, being bereaved of all hope, we were when he list." Two days afterwards, illness

becoming more general, four of them went as hard as wood so that it did not stir into a bath. "When we came out our barber with the wind, and they only learnt by it gave us a purgation, which did us much good," Food falling shorter still, "we made springes to get foxes; for it stood us upon to doe it, because they served us for meat, as if God had sent them purposely for us, for wee had not much meate." The foxes then were eaten thankfully by these good Arctic travellers, and of their skins caps were made "to keepe them warme from the extreame cold."

On the third of December they lay snowedin within their hut, suffering sore cold because they dared not make much fire; so great was the torment of the smoke. In a small fire they heated stones to put against their feet; and lay, with the walls of their hat, and even the sides of the cots in which they slept covered two fingers thick with ice. As they lay thus, they heard upon that day a huge noise made in the sea by the barsting and cracking of great ice hills, fathoms thick. Then followed an easterly wind with "extreame cold, almost not to be indured; whereupon," says the narrator, "we lookt pitifully one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more we should all die there with cold; for that what fire soever we made would not warm us." Then followed the experiment with sea coals, and days afterwards "although some of us were of opinion that we should lay more coles upon the fire to warme us, and that we should let the chimney stand open, yet we durst not do it, fearing the like danger we had escaped." On the sixteenth of December all the store of wood was burnt; and whatever more they used had to be dug out by the sailors from beneath the snows by which they were surrounded. Then they began to comfort each other with hopes of the returning sun; although, by the twentyseventh of December, the cold had increased so much, that neither fire nor coverings could for escape. We note down first a little warm them. They lay with hot stones, not only at their feet but on their bodies; yet they froze at their backs while their shins were burning; and, as they sat within their hut "were al as white as the country-men use to be when they come in at the gates of the towne in Holland with their sleads, and have gone all night." One of their constant occupations was to mend the holes each man was perpetually burning in his stockings.

While thus bound to the house, the provisions of these men had to be eked out by still further reduction of allowances; and the wood failing when it was impossible to go cbroadsfor more, they cut up for fire-wood their above twelve or fourteen miles. chopping black, and all the superfluous woodwork they could chip away from the walls and rafters of their dwelling. On the fourth of January, being still locked in by frost, they thrust a pole out at their chimney with treated not to be left there, for they were

that the cold outside was excessive. But their spirit was not broken. In that house of theirs they kept stout hearts, as is easily seen by passages like the following, which end tho record of the fifth of January "And when we had taken paines al day, we remembered ourselves that it was Twelf Even; and then we prayed our maister that we might be merry that night, and said that we were content to spend some of the wine that night which we had spared, and which was our share" (one glass). every second day, and whereof for certains daies we had not drunke; and so that night we made merry and drew for king. And therewith we had two pound of meale whereof we made pancakes with oyle, and every man had a white biscuit which we sopt in the wine. And so supposing that we were in our owne country and amongst our friends, it comforted us well as if we had made a great banket in our owne house. And we also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least eight hundred miles long, and lyeth betweene two seas."

Other and greater sufferings were yet to be endured, and were endured without a murmur; great efforts were to be made, and were made. Barents himself did not return home alive; but the survivors of the expedition, in two little open boats built by themselves in the dominions of the gunner, did at last cross the seas that parted them from home-a voyage of almost two thousand

English miles.

From the first we turn now to the last winterers at the Pole; men placed in equal peril, having indeed a stronger ship and all the resources of our modern art and science spent on their behalf; but placed in conditions of even more imminent peril, and possessing less reason than the Dutchmen had to hope picture illustrative of the kind of intercourse that is established between Arctic voyagers and the few natives of those regions with whom they are brought into communication. "Many were dancing with our men; and so mutually happy were all parties, that it was near six o'clock before I could get them to leave the ship; indeed, had not the interpreter told them that we were going towards the pack, and would not again come near their tents, I very much question if we should have got them away without compulsion. We understood from them that the main pack is permanent, never leaving the shore above twelve or fourteen miles. They desigabout tweet of the white Bear, as it abounds with these animals; which they appeared rather to dread; as, when we stood towards the pack in the forenoon, they ena little flag on it, to see which way the wind fearful of the bears now that so many or blew. Their flag froze instantly and became their women were with them. One mother

mentioned that she had her little child carried away by one of them a short time previous, while playing on the shore a little distance from her. The poor creature shed tears on relating the catastrophe. At parting, several presents were bestowed upon them, which had the effect of eliciting promises of friendship for us or for any of our white brethren

who might come on their coast.

Of the great perils encountered by Captain M'Clure's ship the Investigator, before it was locked up for two years in its winter quarters, and of the huge power of the ice, one or two little illustrations must be given. Once, after a large floe had raised the vessel six feet, another floe caught the mass of ice to which it was attached, under an overhanging ledge, and shouldered it up to a height of thirty feet. As it rose above the foreyard, all the men looked up in dread suspense; knowing that, if it should be turned completely over, the whole ship with those on board would instantly be crushed beneath it. "This suspense," Captain M'Clure, " was but for a few minutes, as the floe rent, carrying away with it a large piece from the foundation of our asylum; when it gave several fearful rolls and resumed its former position; but, no longer capable of resisting the pressure, it was hurried onward with the drifting mass." Again, on the same day, the ship, attached to a large mass of ice, was driving down apon a floe, and grounded in nine fathoms. If she own attendant floe-piece. To turn aside, was to be wrecked upon the beach. The gunner's mate was sent forward to destroy the obstacle by blasting, "He could not, however," writes Captain M'Clure, find a sufficient space of water to sink the charge; but, remarking a large cavity upon the sea face of the floe, he slightly fractured it in three pieces, which at the moment was scarcely observable from the heavy pressure it was sustaining. Those on board, therefore, did not see that it was broken. By this time the vessel was within a few feet of it, and every one was on deck in anxious suspense, awaiting what was apparently the crisis of our fate. Most fortunately the sternpost took it so fairly that the pressure was fore and aft, bringing the whole strength of the ship to bear. A heavy grind which shook every mast, and caused beams and decks to complain as she trembled to the violence of the shock, plainly indicated that the struggle would be but of short duration. At this moment the stream-cable was carried away, and several anchors drew; thinking that we had now sufficiently risked the vessel orders were given to let go all the warps, and with that order I had made up my mind that in a few minutes she would be on the beach; but, as it was sloping, conceived she might still prove an asylum for the winter, and possibly be again got afloat; while, should regions. In January the average height of

she be crushed between these large grounded pieces, she must inevitably go down in ten fathoms, which would be certain destruction to all; but before the orders could be obeyed, a merciful Providence interposed, causing the ice, which had been previously weakened, to separate into three pieces, and it floated onward with the mass, our stern still slightly jammed against but now protected by it." No wonder that among daily experiences of this character, men have their littleness crushed out of them.

Commander M'Clure and his men found shelter from many perils in a harbour which they called by a good Arctic name, the Bay of Mercy, close by the passage into Barrow's Straits; the existence of which solved the problem of the north-west passage. There, in regions never before visited by civilised man, they were frozen in. They arrived there on the twenty-fourth of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. Happily the land about them was remarkably well supplied with game. It seemed to form the retired meetingplace and feeding-ground of many animals.

When summer should have come to set them at liberty, the ice was still firm. About the middle of June "flocks of wild fowl," says Captain M'Clure, "consisting of swans, geese, and all descriptions of ducks, began to arrive; but, finding no water, merely took a flight round the north-west extreme of the land and returned to the southward, from which struck such a floe, she would be ground as it would appear that the season is late; between millstones between it and her indeed, the land is as much covered with own attendant floe-piece. To turn aside, was snow as in the depth of winter." So wrote the ice-bound captain while the cold summer passed by them, and the crew were employed daily on the hills gathering sorrel; which they all relished much, and ate with vinegar,

as a protection against scurvy.

In the autumn of that year Captain M'Clure, fixed it there, which so far succeeded that it having arranged to send home the weakly by boat in the succeeding spring, prepared for a prolonged detention. Although," he writes, 'we had already been twelve months upon twothirds allowance, it was necessary to make preparations for meeting eighteen months more -a very severe deprivation and constitutional test, but one," says quietly the true Arctic seaman, "which the service we were employed upon called for; the vessel being as sound as the day she entered the ice. It would therefore be discreditable to desert her in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when a favourable season would run her through the straits and admit of reaching England in safety." No favourable season came. On the anniversary of the ship's entering the Bay of Mercywhich she did with the thermometer at thinkythree and not a particle of ice upon the water-there stood the thermometer at two. and the whole place was frozen up, with every indication of a very severe winter.

The winter proved indeed to be the severest ever encountered by our sailors in the frozen

the thermometer was seventy-six degrees below freezing point; and one day it fell to an almost incredible extent—ninety-seven degrees below freezing point; averaging ninetyfour on the whole four-and-twenty hours. Nevertheless the crew worked manfully, travelled about on search parties, hunted for game, and remained, on the whole, in remarkably good health. "I can attribute our excellent salutary state," Crptain M'Clure wrote, "to the causes previously alluded to in this narrative," (namely the courage and cheerfulness of the men, the cares of the surgeon, the excellent quality of the stores on board, and the good ventilation of the ship) "in conjunction with a bountiful supply of game which a merciful Providence has aided us with, and has so materially added to our otherwise scanty rations." In other despatches the commander is to be found pro viding manfully for the chance of his own destruction, and warning other ships who may be sent out to look for him by what signs they are to conclude that he and his companions are lost, and in what directions they are not to imperil other crews in looking for him.

Enough has been quoted to suggest how close is the identity of spirit manifested by each Arctic navigator, from the first down to the last; but, as we parted from the Dutchmen when they were fancying themselves at home again over the I welfth Night sports, we will part as pleasantly with our own countrymen, by help of one more illustrative passage. "The supply of game kept up during the winter," Captain M'Clure wrote in his ice prison after Christmas last, "has enabled a fresh meal to be issued twice weekly, and the usual Christmas festivities to pass off with the greatest cheerfulness. As it was to be our last, the crew were determined to make it memorable, and their exertions were completely successful. Each mess was gaily illuminated and decorated with original paintings by our lower deck artists, exhibiting the ship in her perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea, and divers other subjects. But the grand features of the day were the enormous plum-puddings, some weighing twenty-six pounds; haunches of ventson; hares roasted; and soup made of the same, with ptarmigan and sea-pies. Such dainties in such profusion I should imagine never before graced a ship's lower deck rany stranger to have witnessed this scene could But faintly imagine that he saw a crew which had passed upwards of two years in these dreary regions, and three entirely on their own reserves, enjoying such excellent health; so joyie, somappy, indeed such a mirthful assemblage, under any circumstances, would be most gratifying to any officer; but in this logicity situation I could not but feel deeply pressed, as I contemplated the gay and menteous sight, with the many and great wonderful letters. Ella Limple, being of pa-mercies which a kind and beneficent Provi-thetic and sentimental temperament, talked

dence had extended towards us, to whom alone are due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings of all for the great blessings which we have hitherto experienced in positions the most desolate which can be conceived."

Unfading be the laurels of our northern navigators thus won by exercise of all the finest qualities of manhood! Let us be glad, too, that we have one unspotted place upon this globe of ours; a l'ole that, as it fetches truth out of a needle, so surely also gets all that is right-headed and right-hearted from the sailor whom the needle guides.

TWO COUSINS.

"HE didn't care much about it," he said: " they might marry him, if they liked, and to whom they liked, provided he was not expected to make love. Give him his hookah, and a volume of Shelley, and really, wife or no wife, it was almost the same thing to him. By the bye, one thing he must stipulate forthat she should not hunt nor talk slang."

This Launcelot Chumley said, yawningalthough it was only twelve o'clock, yet it was ten before he came down to breakfast—and, sauntering from the drawing-room through the open window on to the lawn, he stretched himself under the shadow of the chestnut-trees to dream vague poems all the day after; a mode of existence that seemed to him to fulfil

the sacred destiny of his being.

Launcelot Chumley was a spoilt child. A spoilt child full of noble thoughts and generous impulses tarnished by prosperity, and choked for want of stimulants to exertion: he was also vain for want of wholesome opposition. Provided people left him alone, they might do as they liked, he used to say. Let them not disturb as books, nor cut down the chestnut-trees on the lawn, nor break his piges, nor talk loud, nor make a noise; and he was perfectly satisfied. His indifference and indolence drove his mother to despair. She tried to tempt him to exertion by dazzling visions of distinction. But Launcelot prided himself on his want of ambition, and vowed he would not accept a dukedom if offered to him: it would be such a bore! His mother had indeed done her best to ruin him by unmitigated indulgence; and now she wrung her hands at her own work. But, as something must be done, she bethought herself of a marriage, which, woman-like, she fancied would cure everything-indolence, vanity, selfishness.

Mrs. Chumley bethought her of a marriage but with whom?

There were in London two Chumley cousins, Ella Limple and little Violet Tudor. These two young ladies were great friends after the fashion of young ladies generally. They had mysterious confidences together, and wrote of sorrow and sadness, and said there was no more happiness for her on earth, there being something she could never forgets though nobody knew what. Violet Tudor, her bosom friend, laughed at all sentiment, and expressed a shy contempt for lovers. vowed also that she would never marry a less man than a lion king or a general who had seen severe service and been wounded badly; and then she did not know-perhaps she might. For Violet rode blood horses, and once pronounced an Indian officer a "muff," because he had never seen a tiger hunt. An expression that caused that gentleman to blush and to feel that kind of anger which is, among his own sex, usually assuaged

It may be imagined, therefore, that Mrs. Chumley did not place Miss Violet Tudor very high in her scale of feminine graces; although she certainly did not know one half was, on the contrary, all that Mrs. Chumley wished; young, pretty, mild, n.anageable; with manners. What more could any mother that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see.

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I lead to push the seem to feel and think as well as to see, demand for her son? Mrs Chumley sent that seem to feel and think as well as to see. myth in that young lady's imagination; and Henry was of Shakespeare!—that wearisome she was glad to be asked to meet him. Hannet! And now her own Ella is going "Though dearest Vi knows that nothing to beg and pray of her dearest Violet to come could make me forget poor dear Henry, all here as soon as possible. I enclose a note alone in those terrible East Indies!" she from Aunt Chumley, asking you; and, darling and, in less than a week's time, she found come I shall think you are angry with me

they deepened into a nameless melancholy; write another word; for aunt wants me to and were rife with mysterious hints. Occording the willing of the solution of frame. If she had become the head of a so-had never liked the flirtation with Cornet ciety of coiners, or the high priestess of a Henry Dampier; which she had thought heresy, she could not have used stronger ex-pressions of guilt. Violet was frightened at to offer a real future. She wrote to her aunt first; but she remembered that it was Ella's habit to indulge in all sorts of exaggerated and, in a few days, arrived at High Ashself-accusations. At last came a letter, which grove. She was received by Ella with a unveiled the mystery; reducing the terrible burst of enthusiasm; which, coming from sphynx which devoured men's bones to a one so calm, quite electrified Launcelot; tame dog that stole his neighbour's cream—by Aunt Chumley with no superfluity of the usual ending of most young ladies' myskindness; and, by Launcotot himself, with teries. "I do not know what my dearest Violet a cold how. Yet she was pretty enough. will think of her Ella—but if it is to be the The thick raven hair, which it was her will death-blow of that long and tender love which and pleasure to wear crowding over her face has supported my sad heart through so many in wide curly bands; her great black eyes that bitter trials, I must tell her the truth never rested for a moment; her tiny hand; Violet, I have broken my vows, and am her fabulous waist; her light fairy figure; her

deserving of the fate of Imogen in that dreadful ballad. Poor dear Henry!

"Violet, love, I am engaged to my cousin Launcelot.

"My aunt made me the offer so supplicatingly, and Launcelot said so sweetly: 'I think you will make me a very nice wife, Miss Limple,' that I could not resist. Besides. cousin Launcelot is very handsome; and that goes a great way You know I always found fault with poor dear Henry's figure; he was inclined to be too stout. Launcelot's figure is perfect. He is tall-six feet I should think-and with the most graceful manners possible. He is like a picture—has very bright brown hair, all in thick curls, not short and close like poor dear Henry's. He wears them very long, like the portraits of Raphael. Henry's hair, poor darling, was inclined to be red. His eyes are large and dark grey, with such a beautiful expression of of that curly-headed gipsy's escapades. Con-sequently she was passed over at once. Ella themselves, Violet. Now Henry's, you know, were hazel; and hazel eyes are unpleasant—they, are so quick and tiery. I like such gold, a stainless pedigree, and unexceptionable eyes as Launcelot's-melancholy, poetic eyes, Launcelot had long been a kind of heroic on Shelley, and hate Shakespeare. How fond mentioned in the letter which communicated Vi, I will never forgive you if you don't come the circumstance to her bosom friend. Out directly. For no lover in the world could ever of curiosity then she accepted the invitation; separate me from my own Violet. If you don't herself at High Ashbrove, with all her prettiest for my bad conduct to poor Henry; and indresses and her last new bonnet.

Ella's correspondence with Violet Tudor terrible dream of him last night. I thought increased overwhelmingly during the visit, he looked so pale and reproachful, just like The early letters were gay, for her; but soon his favourite Hamlet. Good bye. I can't

-of whom she was considerably afraid;

wide red lips, and her untameable wivacity, made her appear like a wild bird alighting on the steps of that still, lazy, gentlemanlike house.

For the first two days Violet behaved herself with perfect propriety. She embroidered more than two square inches of Berlin work, and did not make a single allusion to the stables. She fell asleep only twice when Laun-celot condescended to read aloud the misticst parts of Queen Mab, and she tried hard to look as if she understood what Epipsychidion was all about. Poor little woman! She knew as much about either as if cousin Launce, as she called him, had informed her in the native dialect of the glories of the Anax Andrôn, or as if he had told her how arms and the man were sung at Mantua long ago. But this state of things could not last long. Old habits and old instincts entered their protest, and Violet Tudor felt that she must be natural or she should die. Launcelot said that she was noisy, and made his head ache; and he changed his resting-place for one farther off from the house, complaining of Miss Tudor's voice; which he declared was like a bird's whistle, that penetrated into his brain. This he said to his mother languidly, at the same time asking when she was going away again.

"You don't keep horses, Cousin Launce ?" Violet said on the third morning at breakfast, raising her cyclids and fixing her eyes for an

instant on him.

"Not for ladies, Miss Tudor," said Laun-

celot.

"Why do you call me Miss Tudor?" she asked again, "I am your own cousin. It is very rude of you!"

"I should think myself very impertment if I called you by any other name," returned

Launcelot still more coldly.

"How odd! Aunt, why is Cousin Launce so strange?"

"I don't know what you mean, Violet," said Mrs. Chumley, a little sternly; "I

think you are strange—not my son!"

An answer that steadied the eyes for some time; for Violet looked down, feeling tebuked, and wondering how she had deserved rebuke. A moment after, Ella asked Launcelot for something in her gentle, quiet, unintoned voice, as if they had been strangers, and had met for the first time that day. It was a striking contrast; not unnoticed by Chumley, who was inwardly thankful that such a quiet wife had been chosen him; adding a grace of thanks for having escaped Violet Tudor. After breakfast he strolled, as usual, into the garden, Mrs. Chumley going about her household concerns; Violet went to the door, turning round for Ella.

"Come with me, Elly, darling," she said; "let us go and teaze Launce. It is really too stupid here !- I can't endure it much longer. I want to see what that lazy fellow is really amade of. I am not engaged to him, so I am not afraid of him. Come!" And with one Launcelot saw this little bye-scene. He

spring down the whole flight, she dashed upon the lawn like a flash of light. Ella descended like a well bred lady; but Violet skipped, and ran, and jumped, and once she hopped-until she found herself by Laun-

celot's side, as he lay on the grass, darting in between him and the sun like'a humming-bird. "Cousin Launce, how lazy you are!" were her first words. "Why don't you do some-thing to amuse us? You take no more notice of Ella than if she were a stranger, and you are not even ordinarily polite to me. It is really dreadful! What will you be when you are a man, if you are so idle and selfish now? There will be no living with you in a few years; for I am sure you are almost in-supportable as you are!"

Launcelot had not been accustomed to this style of address; and, for the first few moments, was completely at fault. looked frightened. She touched Violet, and whispered, "Don't hurt his feelings!" as if he had been a baby, and Violet an assassin.

"And what am I to do to please Miss Tuder?" Launcelot asked with an impertment voice; "what herculean exertion must I go through to win favour in the eyes of my

strong, brave, manly cousin?"

"Be a man yourself, Cousin Launce," answered Violet; "don't spend all your time dawdling over stupid poetry, which I am sure you don't understand. Take exercisegood strong exercise. Ride, hunt, shoot, take interest in something and in some one, and don't think yourself too good for everybody's society but your own. You give up your happiness for pride, I am sure you do; yet, you are perfectly unconscious of how ridiculous you make yourself."

"You are severe, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot, with his face crimson. Violet was so small and so frank, he could not be angry

with her.

"I tell you the truth," she persisted, "and you don't often hear the truth. Better for you if you did. You must not let it be a quarrel between us; for I speak only for your own good; and, if you will only condescend to be a little more like other men I will never say a word to you again. Let us go to the stables. I want to see your horses. You have horses?"

"Yes," said Launcelot; "but, as I remarked at breakfast, not ladies' horses."

"I don't care for ladies' horses: men's horses will suit me better!" said Violet, with a toss of her little head that was charming in its assertion of equality. "I would undertake to ride horses, Cousin Launce, you dare not mount; for I am sure you cannot be good at riding, lying on the grass all your life!"

Launcelot was excessively piqued. His blood made his face tingle, his brows contracted, and he felt humbled and annoyed; but roused. Tears came into Ella's eyes.

was a man and a spoilt child in one; and hated pity on the one side, as much as interference on the other. So poor Ella did not advance herself much in his eyes by her championship. On the contrary, he felt more humiliated by her tears than by Violet's rebukes; and, drawing himself up proudly, he said to Violet, as if he were giving away a kingdom, "If you please we will ride to-day." "Bravo! bravo, Cousin Launce!" Violet

left the lovers together, hoping they would improve the epportunity; but Ella was too well bred, and Launcelot was too cold; and they only called each other Miss Limple and Mr. Chumley, and observed it was very fine weather; which was the general extent of

their love-making.

They arrived at the stable in time to hear some of Violet's candid criticisms. "That cob's off-fetlock wants looking to. stupid groom! who ever saw a beast's head tied up like that? Why he wasn't a cribbiter, was he?" and with a "Wo-ho, poor fellow! steady there, steady!" Violet we'd dauntlessly up to the big carriage horse's head, and loosened the strain of his halter before Launcelot knew what she was about. She was in her element. She wandered in and out of the stalls, and did not mind how much the horses fidgetted; nor, even if they turned themselves sideways as if they meant to crush her against the manger. Launcelot thought all this vulgar beyond words; and he thought Ella Limple, who stood just at the door and looked frightened, infinitely the superior of the two ladies; and thanked his good star again that had risen on Ella and not on Violet. Violet chose the biggest and the most spirited horse of all, Ella selecting an old grey that was as steady as a camel, and both went into the house to dress for their ride. When they came back, even Launcelot-very much disapproving of Amazons in general—could not but confess that they made a beautiful part. Ella so fair and graceful, and Violet so full of life and beauty. He was obliged to allow that she was beautiful; but of course not so beautiful as Ella. With this thought he threw himself cleverly into the saddle, and off the three started; Ella holding her pummel very

tightly.
They ambled down the avenue together; but, when they got a short distance on the road, Violet raised herself in the saddle; and, waving her small hand lost in its white gauntlets, darted off; tearing along the road, till she became a mere speck in the distance. Launcelot's blood came up into his face. Something stirred his heart, strung his nerves up to their natural tone, and made him envy and long and hate and admire all

in a breath.

He turned to Ella and said hurridly, "Shall we ride faster, Miss Limple?"

"If you please," answered Ella, timidly; but I can't ride very fast, you know."

"Oh, I remember; Launcelot bit his lip. yet I hate to see women riding like jockeys; you are quite right;" but he fretted his horse, and frowned. Then he observed very loudly, "Violet Tudor is a very vulgar little girl."

After a time Violet came back; her black horse foaming, his head well up, his neck arched, his large eyes wild and bright: she flushed, animated, bright; full of life and Launcelot sat negligently on his health. bay-one hand on the supper as lazy men do sit on horseback--walking slowly. Ella's dozing gray hanging down his head and sleeping, with the flies settling on his twinkling pink eyelids.

"Dearest Violet, I thought you would have been killed," said Ella; "what made you rush away in that manner?"

" And what makes you both ride as if you were in a procession, and were afraid of trampling on the crowd?" retorted Violet "Cousin Launcelot, you are something won-derful. A strong man like you to ride in that manner. Are you made of jelly that would break if shaken? For shame. a canter! Your bay won't beat my black; although my black is blown and your mare is fresh." Violet gave the bay a smart cut with her whip, which sent it off at a hand Away they both flew, clattering gallop. Violet beat by a full length; or, as she phrased it, "she won cleverly;" telling Launcelot that he had a great deal to do yet before he could ride against her, which made him hate her as much as if she had been a Frenchman, or a Cossack; and love Ella more than ever. And so he told her, as he lifted her tenderly from her grey, leaving Violet to spring from her black mammoth unassisted.

All that evening he was sulky to Violet, and peculiarly affectionate to Ella; making the poor child's heart flutter like a caged

"Cousin," whispered Violet, the next morning, laying her little hand on his shoulder. " have you a rifle in the house-or a pair of pistols ?" Launcelot was so taken by surprise that he hurriedly confessed to having guns and pistols and rifles, and all other murderous weapons necessary for the fit equipment of

a gentleman.
"We will have some fun, then," she said, looking happy and full of mischief. Violet and Ma—Ella dragged sorely against her will, for the very sight of a pistol nearly threw her into hysterics-went into the shrubbery; and there Violet challenged Launcelot to shoot with her at a mark at twenty paces; then, as she grew vain, at thirty. Launcelot was too proud to refuse this challenge; believing of course that a little black-eyed girl, whose waist he could span between his thumb and little finger, and with hands that could hardly find gloves small enough for them, could not shoot so well as he.

"Launcelot was nervous-that must be confessed : and Violet was excited. Launcolot's nervousness helped his failure; but Violet's excitement helped her success. Her bullet hit the mark every time straight in the centre, and Launcelot never hit once; which was not very pleasant in their respective conditions of lord and subject; for so Launcelot classed men and women—especially little women with small waists—in his own magnificent mind.

"He had not shot for a long time," he said, "and he was out of practice. He drank coffee for breakfast, and that had made his hand

unsteady-"

"And confess too, Cousin Launce," said Violet, "that you were never very good at shooting any time of your life, without coffee or with it. Why, you don't even load properly; how can you shoot if you don't know kow to load? We can't read without an alphabet!" In the prettiest manner possible she took the pistol from her cousin's hand and loaded it for him—first drawing his charge. "Now try again!" she said, speaking as if to a child; "nothing like perseverance."

Launcelot was provoked, but subdued, and he did as his little instructress bade him; to fail, once more. His bullet went wide of the target, and Violet's lodged in the bull's eye. So Launcelot flung the pistols on the grass and said, "It is a very unladylike amusement, Miss Tudor; and I was much to blame to encourage you in such nonsense." Offering his arm to Ella, he walked sulkily away.

Violet looked after them both for some time, watching them through the trees. There was a peculiar expression in her facea mixture of whimsical humour, of pain, of

After this, Launcelot became more and more reserved to Violet, and more and more . affectionate to Ella. Although he often wondered at himself for thinking so much of the eso little of the other.

On the other hand Violet was distressed at Launcelot's evident dislike for her. What had she said? What had she done? She was always good-tempered to him, and ready to oblige. To be sure she had told him several rough truths; but was not the truth always to be told? And just see the good she had done him! Look how much more active and less spoilt he was now than he used to be. It was all owing to her. She wished, for Ella's sake, that he liked her better; for it

she could not stay with Ella, because Ella's husband hated ker.

This was after Violet had beaten Consin Launcefot three games of chess consecutively. Launcelot had been furiously humiliated; for he was accounted the best chess-player of the neighbourhood. But Violet was really a good player, and had won the prize at a chess club. where she had been admitted by extraordinary courtesy; it not being the custom of that reputable institution to suffer womanhood within its sacred walls. But she was very unhappy about cousin Launce for all that; and the next day looked quite pale and cast down. Even Launcelot noticed his obnoxious cousin's changed looks and asked her, rather graciously, "If she were ill?" To which question Violet replied by a blush, a glad smile bursting out like a song, and a pretty pout, "No, I am not ill, thank you." Which ended their interchange of civilities for the day.

Launcelot became restless, feverish, melancholy, cross; at times boisterously gay, at times the very echo of despair. He was times the very echo of despair. kind to Ella, and confessed to himself how fortunate he was in having chosen her; but he could not understand-knowing how much he loved her-the extraordinary effect she had upon his nerves. Her passiveness irritated him. Her soft and musical voice made him wretched; for he was incessantly watching for a change of intonation or an emphasis which never came. Her manners were certainly the perfection of manners-he desired none, other in his wife-but, if she would sometimes move a little quicker, or look interested and pleased when he tried to amuse her, she would make him infinitely happier. And triumph, and of a wistful kind of longing, that oh! if she would only do something more perhaps she was, in her own heart, unconscious of. She then turned away; and with a glad he would be. "There they are," he exhalf sigh, said softly to herself: "It is a pity claimed aloud, as the two cousins passed before his window. "By Jove, what a foot that Violet has; and her hair, what a lustrous black; and what eyes. Pshaw! what is it to me what hair or eyes she has?" And he closed his window and turned away. But, in one—though only in anger and dislike—and a minute after, he was watching the two girls so little of the other. Why should he disturb again, seeing only Violet. "The strange himself about Violet?" strength of hate," he said, as he stepped out on the lawn, to follow them.

Launcelot's life was very different now to what it had been. He wondered at himself. He had become passionately fond of riding, and was looking forward to the hunting season with delight. He rode every day with his two cousins; and he and Violet had races together, which made them sometimes leave Ella and her grey for half an hour in the lanes. He used to shoot too—practising secretly-until one day he astonished Violet by hitting the bull's eye as often as herself.

He talked a great deal, and had not opened sher in his house. It was really very displayed to laught so as to be heard, night, thinking over the dark future when descended to laugh so as to be heard,

and to appreciate a jest. But this was very rare, and always had the appearance of a condescension, as when men talk to children. He still hated Violet; and they quarrelled They hated each other so much that they could not be happy without bickering.
Although to do Violet justice, it was all on
Launcelot's side. Left to herself, she would never have said a cross word to him. But what could she do when he was so impertinent? Thus they rode, and shot, and played at chess, and quarrelled, and sulked, and became reconciled, and quarrelled again; and Ella, still and calm. looked on with her soft blue eyes, and often "wondered they were such children together."

One day, the three found themselves together on a bench under a fine old purple beech, which bent down its great branches like bowers about them. Ella gathered a few of the most beautiful leaves, and placed them in her hair. They did not look very well; her hair was too light; and Launcelot said

"Perhaps they will look better on you, Miss Tudor," he added, picking a broad at druddy leaf, and laying it Bacchapte fashion on been burning iron. Violet blushed deeply, and felt distressed, and ashamed, and angry. breathing, she got up and ran away; saying lover? It was worse than guilt! that she was going for her parasol—although Violet wept the bitterest tears her tinence. When she came back no one was to be seen. Ella and Launcelot had gone into the shrubbery to look after a hare that had run across the path; and Violet sat down on the bench waiting for them, and very pleased they had gone. She heard a footstep. It was Launcelot without his consin. "Ella had gone into the house," he said, "not quite understanding that Miss Tudor was coming spoke no more to each other. buck to the seat."

Violet instantly rose; a kind of terror was in her face, and she trembled more than ever. " I must go and look for her," she said, taking

up her parasol.
"I am sorry, Miss Tudor, that my presence is so excessively disagreeable to you!" Launcelot said, moving aside to let her pass.

Violetlooked fullinto his face, in utter astonishment. "Disagrecable! Your presence disagreeable to me? Why, cousin Launce,

it is you who hate me!"
"You know the contrary," said Launcelot hurriedly. "You detest and despise me: and take no pains to hide your feelings-not ordinary cousnly pains! I know that I am never see her sweet child again. The dear old full of faults," speaking as if a dam had been lady consequently lade her adien resignedly. removed, and the waters were rushing over On ordinary days Violet would have known in a torrent-"but still I am not so bad as what all this pathos meant; to-day she was

you think me! I have done all I could to please you since you have been here. I have altered my former habits. I have adopted your advice, and followed your example. every day regularly, but were seldom apart. I knew how to make you esteem me, I would try even more than I have already tried to succeed. I can endure anything rather than the humiliating contempt you feel for me!" Launcelot became suddenly afflicted with a choking sensation; there was a sense of fullness in his head, and his limbs shook. Suddenly tears came Ato his eyes. Yes, man as he was, he wept. Violet flung her arms round his neck; and took his head between her little hands. She bent her face till her breath came warm on his forehead. and spoke a few innocent words which might have been said to a brother. But they conjured up a strange world in both. Violet tried to disengage herself; for it was laun-celot now who held her. She hid her face; but he forced her to look up.

For a long time she besought only to be released; when suddenly, as if conquered by something stronger than herself, she flung herself from him, and darted into the house, in

a state of excitement and tumult.

An agony of reflection succeeded to this her curly, thick black bands. His hand agony of feeling; and Launcelot and Violet touched her check. He started, and dropped both felt as if they had committed or were it suddenly, as if that round fresh face had about to commit some fearful sin. Could Violet betray her friend? Could she who had always upheld truth and honour, accept Trembling, and with a strange difficulty of Ella's confidence only to deprive her of her Violet wept the bitterest tears her bright she had it in her hand-and would be back eyes had ever shed; for she laboured under immediately. But she stayed away a long a sense of sin that was insupportable. She time, wondering at cousin Launcelot's imper-dared not look at Ella, but feigned a headache, and went into her own room to weep. Launcelot was shocked too; but Launcelot was a man; and the sense of a half-developed triumph somewhat deadened his sense of remorse. A certain dim unravelling of the mystery of the past was also pleasant. Without being dishonourable, he was less overcome.

On that dreadful day Launcelot and Violet They did not even look at each other. Ella thought that some new quarrel had burst forth in her absence, and tried to make it up between them, in her amiable way. But ineffectually. Violet rushed away when Launcelot came near her, and she besought of Ella to leave her alone so pathetically, that the poor girl, bewildered, only sighed at the dread of being unable to connect together the two greatest loves of her life.

The day after, Violet chanced to receive a letter from her mother, in which that poor woman, having had an attack of spasms in her chest, and being otherwise quite out of sorts, expressed her firm belief that she should

glad to turn it to account, and to appear to believe it. She spoke to her aunt and to Ella, and told them that she must absolutely leave by the afternoon train-poor mamma was ill, and she could not let her be nursed by servants. There was nothing to oppose to this argument. Mrs. Chumley ordered the brougham to take her to the station precisely at two o'clock. Launcelot was not in the room when these arrangements were made; nor did he know anything that was taking place until he came down to luncheon, pale and haggard, to find Violet in her travelling dress, standing by her boxes.

"What is all this, Violet?" he cried, taken off his guard, and seizing her hands as he

"I am going away," said Violet as quietly as she could; but without looking at him.

He started as if an electric shock had passed through him. "Violet, going!" he cried in a suffocated voice. He was pale; and his hands, clasped op the back of the chair, were white with the strain. "Going?

"Mamma is ill," said Violet. It was all

she could say.

"I am sorry we are to lose you," he then said very slowly-each word as if ground from him, as words are ground out, when they are the masks of intense passion.

His mother looked at him with surprise. Ella turned to Violet. Every one felt there was a mystery they did not know of. Ella

went to her cousin. "Dear Violet, what does all this mean?" she asked, her arm round the little one's

neck, caressingly.
"Nothing," answered Violet with great difficulty. "There is nothing."

Big drops stood on Launcelot's forehead. "Ought you not to write first to your mother -to give her notice before you go?" he said. "No," she answered, her flushed face quivering from brow to lip; "I must go at

once.

At that moment a servant entered hurriedly to say the latest moment had arrived to enable them to catch the train. were given in all haste. Violet's tears, were given in all haste. Violet's tears, beginning to gather—but only to gather as yet, not to flow—kept bravely back for love and for pride. "Good bye," to Ella, warmly, tenderly, with her heart filled with self-reproach. "Good bye," to aunt: aunt herself very sad; and then "Good bye," to Launcelot. "Good bye, Mr. Chumley," she said helding out her hand but not looking said, holding out her hand, but not looking into his face. He could not speak. He tried to bid her adien; but his lips were dry, and his voice would not come. All he did was to express in his features such exquisite suffering that Violet for a moment was overcome herself, and could scarcely draw away her hand. The hour struck; and duty with brave Violet before all. Launcelot stood where she left him. She ran down the journal

lawn; she was almost out of sight, when "Violet! Violet!" rang from the house like the cry of death."

Violet—a moment irresolute—returned: then almost unconsciously she found herself kneeling beside Launcelot, who lay senseless in a chair; and saying, "Launcelot, I will not leave you!"

The burden of pain was shifted now. From Launcelot and her to Ella, But Ella -sentimental and conventional as she might be-was a girl who, like many, can perform great sacrifices with an unruffled brow: who can ice over their hearts, and feel without expression; who can consume their sorrows inwardly, the world the while believing them

Many years after-by the time her graceful girlhood had waned into a faded womanhood and when Launcelot had become an active country gentleman and Violet a staid wife-Ella lost her sorrows, and came to her peace in the love of a disabled Indian officer, whom she had known many years ago-and whose sunset days she made days of warmth and joy; persuading herself and him too, that the Cornet Dampier she had flirted with when a girl, she had always loved.

THE DESERET NEWS.

A few years ago a power-loom weaver of Preston embraced the tenets of Jo Smith,* and betook himself, with his wife, his mother, and his goods, to the Great Salt Lake City, the present seat of the Mormon heresy in America. Until lately no tidings of him were received; but presently came letters and some copies of the Deseret News, to which the exweaver has become the reporter. The opportunity of a missionary coming home to the mother country to preach the doctrines of the Book of Mormon has been taken advantage of, not only for the transmission of these letters, but to enable the reporter of the Deseret News to circulate, in this country, a collection of discourses which he has reported.

The Deseret News is not a very imposing journal to look at. It is printed upon a small single sheet; the paper is thin but good; the printing is very fair; and the matter however odd, is creditable. The motto of the Deseret News is Truth and Liberty; the date of the number before us is "Great Salt Lake City, U. T., Saturday, April 16, 1853." The Journal does not contain a great variety of matter; but it is all readable and mostly to the point; one column only being set apart for levity and fiction. It contains a story headed The Twins or Selling a Widow; which tells how one Doctor Williamson, formerly of Staten Island, cured the widow Mehitable of scandal-mongering, by telling her that twins had been born at the house of the Widow Sally,

* For a notice of whom see vol iii., page 386, of this

which twins, after great gossiping, proved to be only pupples. This column is filled up with quaint and puritanical anecdotes. "A woman was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said, 'Why do you follow me?' He answered, 'Because I have fallen in love with you.' The woman said, 'Why are you in love with me? My sister is much handsomer than me; she is coming after me, go and make love to her. The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman and said, 'Why did you tell a story?' The woman answered, Neither did you speak truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman? The man was after another woman?' The man was confounded." We should rather think he was.

Next comes some original poetry from the pen of Miss E. K. Snow, who seems to be the L. E. L. of the Great Salt Lake City. The verses are not good, but they are very pious. Let us pass on to an instalment of "The History of Joseph Smith," which fills the next four columns and a half. It is in the form of a diary. The period referred to is July, 1838, when the Mormons, yet in their infancy, wandered about over the continent of America in search of a resting-place.

"Tuesday, 10th .- This morning the Councillors of the camp drew up six resolutions, which were an animously adopted in substance, as follows : First, the Engineer shall receive advice from the Councillors concerning his duties.—Second. At four o'clock A.M. the horn shall blow for rising; and at twenty minutes past four for prayers, at which time each overseer shall see that the inmates of his tent are ready for worship .- Third. The head of each division shall keep a roll of all his able-bodied men to stand guard in turn, as called for by the Engineer; one half in the former, the other half in the latter part, of the night .- Fourth. Each company of the camp is entitled to an equal proportion of the nfilk, whether they own the cows or not.—Fifth. Thomas Butterfield shall be appointed herdsman to drive the cows and stock, and see that they are taken care of and call for assistance when needed .- Sixth. That, in no case at present, shall the camp move more than fifteen miles per day, unless circumstances absolutely require it.

"Wednesday, 11th .- The camp moved eleven miles, and tarried over night at Chippeway; and, although they were thoroughly drenched with a heavy shower, and retired to their lodgings wet, one man, who had been troubled with the rheumatism, said next morning (Thursday, 12th) he had not felt so well and spry for a long time. . . Friday, 13th, passed on to Mohican, seventeen miles, exciting great curiosity among the inhabitants; attended with some hard speeches about Jo Smith; while one honest-looking Dutchman said he wished he was ready to go along with them. . . N.B. Baldwin preferred a charge against Abraham Bond for murmuring and other un-Christian-like conduct. After hearing both parties the Council referred them to the company of their own tent for settlement."

much persecution; but they met it with firmness and constancy, fed, it must be admisted, with superstition, and supported by astounding miracles. Thus on Tuesday the 17th, we find that

"The Court was in session at Mausfield, and the case of the imprisoned brethren was called up at eight this morning; but no bill was found, and they were discharged at four minutes past one P.M., and joined the camp at seven, having travelled twenty-two miles. While in prison they prayed and sung, and rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer; and in the night a light equal to noonday burst into the prison. Elder Dunham took out his watch and saw that it was three minutes past one, and he received a testimony that they would be liberated the same hour that afternoon, which proved true. Thursday, 19th. Encamped on a prairie in a line for the first time. In their travels this day they fell in with a Lamanite of the Wyandot tribe. Elder Parker gave him the stick of Joseph, which pleased him When he saw the camp moving he exclaimed, 'Dis surpriscome 'mazingly.' Sunday, 22nd. Received a salute of rotten eggs from a house as we passed; administered the sacrament for the first time on their journey. Monday, 23rd, a wheel of a waggon, heavily loaded, ran over the leg of Elder Peck's son, which nearly severed the flesh to the bone; Elder Peck laid his hands on his son in the name of the Lord, and he was able to walk; and the next morning there was not so much as a coloured spot to be seen on the leg! Tuesday, 24th. while the sisters were washing the brethren chopped seven acres of underwood, and reaped and bound three acres of wheat, for which they received nineteen dollars,"

Further on we have some details of the sort of opposition they met with in America.

" Some two weeks previous to this Judge Morin, who lived at Mill Post, informed John D. Lee and Levi Stewart that it was determined by the mob to prevent the Mormons from voting at the election on the sixth day of August, and thereby elect Colonel William P. Peniston, who led the mob in Clay County. He also advised them to go prepared for an attack, to stand their ground, and have their rights. The brethren, hoping better things, gave little heed to Judge Morin's friendly counsel, and repaired to the polls at Gallatin, the shire town of Davies County, without weapons. About eleven o'cluck A.M., William P. Peniston ascended the head of a barrel and harangued the electors for the purpose of exciting them against the Mormons, saying that the Mormon leaders were a set of horse thieves, liars, counterfeiters, &c., and you know that they profess to heal the sick, cast out devils, &c.; and you know that is a lie: that the members of the church were dupes, and not too good to take a false oath on any common occasion; that they would steal, and did not conceive property safe where they were; that he was opposed to their settling there, and if they suffered the Mormons to vote, the people would soon lose their suffrage; and, said he (addressing the saints), 'I headed a mob to drive you out of Clay. County, and would not prevent your being mobbed now.' When Richard (called Dick) Welding, the mob bully, just drunk enough for the occasion, begen a discussion with brother Samuel Brown by These wandering Mormons had to undergo saying 'The Mormons were not allowed to vote in

Clay County, no more than the niggers, and attempted to strike Brown, who gradually retreated, parrising the blow with his umbrella, while Welding continued to press upon him, calling him a liar. See .: and, while attempting to repeat the blow on Brown, Perry Durphy attempted to suppress the difficulty by holding Dick's arm, when five or six of the mobbers seized Durphy and commenced beating him with clubs, boards, &c., and crying 'Kill him ! kill him!' when a general scuffle commenced with fists and clubs (the mobbers being about ten to one of the saints). Abraham Felson was knocked down and had his clothes torn off, and while trying to get up was attacked again; when his brother Hyram Nelson ran in among them, and knocked the mobbers down with the butt of his whip. Riley Stewart struck Dick Welding on the head, which brought hims to the ground. The mob cried out, "Dick Welding's dead! who killed Dick?" And they fell upon Riley, knocked him down, kicked him, and ballooed, 'Kill him! kill him! shoot him!' and would have killed him had not John L. Butler sprung in amongst them and knocked them down; during about five minutes it was one continued knock down, when the mob dispersed to get fire-arms. Very few of the brethren voted. Riley, escaping across the river, had his wounds dressed and returned home."

Again, soon after, we find that

" About one hundred and fifty Missourians warred against from six to twelve of our brethren, who fought like lions; several Missourians had their skulls cracked-blessed be the memory of those few brethren who contended so strenuously for their constitutional rights and religious freedom, against such an overwhelming force of desperadoes.

The next article in the Deseret News is an official paper signed by the three presidents, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards, and which professes to be a report upon the progress and prospects of the Great Salt Lake City. It is styled: "The Ninth General Epistle of the Presidency of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, from Great Salt Lake Valley to the Saints scattered abroad throughout the Earth." It commences by congratulating the saints that the Lord hath prepared a hiding-place for his people, amidst the valleys of the everlasting hills. After some reference to their external position, the saints are informed that Elder Cannon is translating the Book of Mormon into the Owyhean language; that the population is fast upon the increase; and that the saints are prospering exceedingly. Domestic manufactures are improving; but not so fast as is desirable. The tanneries are gradually flourishing, and "considerable leather" has been produced. A manufactory for combs has commarced; the mountain mahogany bidding to supersede ivory in that description of inufacture. The iron foundries are reported be in so prosperous a state that one pair of handirons had actually been exhibited to the conference. The Presidents go on to state works," he is prepared to shave the saints for further that much valuable machinery has been fivepence each. A shilling and a halfpenny added to the Temple shops; and that the Social are his terms for hair-cutting; and the like

Hall was so far completed se to be excapted by meetings and dramatic entertainments, and was "dedicated" on the first of January. With respect to agriculture, the report states that "many young fruit trees have been transplanted this spring, and millions more would be if they could be had," which nebody will be disposed to doubt. The saints are solemnly enjoined to bring with them all choice seeds, from all parts of the earth.

The epistle goes on to record the ceremonial of laying the four corner-stones of the new Temple in terms of no small pride and gratulation. The immense assemblage of the saints (so vast that the ingress and egress of twenty-five hundred was scarcely noted); the Martial Music, Bands of Choirs, the banner of "Zion's Workmen" towering aloft, and the laying of each separate stone to an accompaniment of prayer, singing, and oration is duly and eloquently described by the Presidents. "The corner-stones," say they, "now rest in their several positions, about sixteen feet below'the surface of the eastern bank; beneath the reach of mountain floods, when the edifice shall be completed, and so deep beneath the surface that it will cost robbers and mobs too much labour to raze it to its foundation, leaving not one stone upon another, as they did the Temple of Jerusalem."

The epistle concludes with an adjuration to the brethren to "come home!"—but not empty-handed :-

"Bring your silver, your gold, and everything that will beautify and ennoble Zion, and establish the House of the Lord; not forgetting the seeds of all choice trees, and fruits and grains, and useful productions of the earth, and labour-saving machinery, keeping yourselves unspotted from the world by the wav-side.

February the 14th was an important day in the Mormon calendar - manifestly the dawn of their Church militant.

"In the payence of an immense concourse of people, assisted by the apostles and others, we broke the ground for the foundation of the temple; and the day following, preparations were commenced for the erection of-an arsenal.

Next succeed the advertisements; and, from these may be gathered some strange phases of this community. Several general dealers advertise for sale superior wall and curtain paper, hats and caps, shoes, counterpanes, bonnets, whitewash, and scrubbing-brushes, locks and latches, paints and fancy goods for the ladies. Lower down, a Mr. W. H. Carpenter wishes "to inform the inhabitants of Utah Territory" that he intends "to engage in the manufacture of brooms." Mr. Thomas McKenzie announces himself as the proprietor of a hair-dressing, wig-making, and shaving saloon, at which for cash only "except those who are engaged on the public identical sum for "ourling" and for shauppoing." A shampood Mormon must be a spectacle quite worth the maney to see. Mr. Thomas McKenzie is, we elsewhere notice, also engaged in business as a butcher. Perhaps he kills the mutton as a butcher that supplies the boar's grease which he uses as a barber. Ingenious commercial versatility!

Charles White, under a heading of "Positively next to the last Call," makes the fol-

lowing pithy announcement :-

"All those indebted to me by note or account will please to call and settle forthwith; and if there are any that I owe, now is the time to get your pay."

The most peculiar of all these advertisements is one signed by President Brigham Young; which gives too clear an insight into the system upon which public buildings are erected in the Great Salt Lake City, to need any comment or explanation.

"NOTICE is hereby given to the Severaties, and all others interested, that the accounts of indebtedmess on subscriptions for the erection of the Seventies' Hall are now in my hands, together with the names of subscribers. I do not deem it necessary to publish the list of names and indebtedness at this time-every person must necessarily know whether he owes anything or not-but I do request each and every one who knows that he is indebted to inform me immediately how, and in what manner, he intends to discharge the same. If in labour, what kind, mechanical or common, and what branch; whether team-work can be had, distinguishing whether it will be hauling timber, lumber, stone, lime, or sand. It is my intention to have the adobies made upon the ground; consequently will require the hauling of the clay from the low land to mix with the dirt and gravel on the ground. Now, before the spring work commences, is the time to do this, as well as the stone hauling, as soon as they can be quarried. I wish the brethren who will do this kind of work to notify me without delay, that I may be enabled to direct them, as I wish to place the material upon the ground in such a manner as to obviate unnecessary hauling. All those who intend to pay in cash, produce, nails, glass, oil, paint, door-trimmings, stock or lumber, and have it now on hand, are hereby informed that I am now prepared to receive and credit the same on subscription of stock to the Hall. As you have made me your building Committee, I desire the particular attention of the brethren to this call, for information as respects their designs, as I shall also expect their prompt attention at the proper time, as the season for building advances, to fulfil and perform the same accordingly that the work may progress. All property, as heretofore, will be delivered to brother Jos. Young. Address through the Post Office must be post paid.

It reads like a dream that in these times living men, who speak our own tongue, should build a temple in the same manner as the tribes of Israel built their temples when they returned from their captivity. It is a return to primitive life. Even commerce is conducted on old world principles. The advertisements show that barter is rather courted than ob-

jected to. A surgeon announces that "all dues can be settled through the Tithing Office, or in wood, wheat, flour, potatoes, lumber, &c." But there are novelties also. Conspicuous among the advertisements we notice one inserted by "our own reporter," in which that useful individual states that he is "on hand, when called for, to make verbating reports of the blessings of children, confirmatious, sermons, lectures, &c."

Among the letters sent by the ex-weaver to his friends, is one that treats of the question of polygamy, from the Mormon point of view. "I have not," writes the ex-weaver, "married any more wives yet; my wife" [noble disinterestedness!] "has manifested a disposition for me to marry a few more

wives, that I may have a numerous offspring. Then comes a fine burst of enthusiasm! "O Christendom! famed and extolled to the heavens for thy religion, piety, and charitable institutions; thy face is fair to look upon, thy form is comely, and thy voice is musical and soothing as the summer breezes; but thy heart is a pit of corruption, thy throat a sepulchre of rottenness, beneath thy tongue is concealed the poison of asps, and death and destruction follow the touch of thy unhallowed breath! There is neither vice nor disease among the saints; the women are all virtuous and good; their chastity is protected by the strong arm of the law; our children are legitimate; and a mighty nation is springing up in the midst of these mountains that will ultimately sway the sceptre of power over all the earth, and purge it of its filthiness, that Messiah may come and reign with all his saints."

Amongst all the rhodomontade and wild ignorant superstition of the Mormons, it is impossible not to feel interested in them as the embryo of a nation founded upon industry, and upon a theorem of communism which has occupied the attention of philosophers from

Plato downwards.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

Every one is able to detect in himself or in others what is termed a bad ear for music; that is, an ear incapable of distinguishing one melody from another, or unable to note errors in the performance of a familiar tune. Few, however, are so cognisant of visual defects. A dog leading a beggar; a pair of green or purple spectacles on the nose of a passenger in the street; an eye-glass dangling from the neck of a fine gentleman—are known as signs of some optical infirmity. But it is possible that the nearest friend may never yet have known the true colour of a rose, a gerantum, or of a railway danger-lamp; and that his deficiency of eye-sight be unknown even to himself.

on old world principles. The advertisements | Colour-blindness has been a subject of in-

four; although it did not at that time excite | belief that the second kind of colour blindne much attention. More than a century afterwards Dalton discovered his incapacity to distinguish colours; and then, from the consideration which it received at his hands, the matter was noised abroad. The Academy of Geneva attached most incorrectly the term Daltonian to all who laboured under a similar defect. It would have been equally rational to have called every one after Cromwell who rejoiced in scars, or to have made Whitefield a synonyme for squinting. Contemporary with Dalton, Dugald Stewart and Sismondi were both subject to this peculiarity of vision. The topic was lost sight of, however, by the scientific world until eighteen hundred and twenty-six, when an elaborate paper appeared by Professor Wartmann of Lausanne, which was translated and published in Taylor's Scientific Memoirs. Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, the biographer of Cavendish, himself a chemist, has recently revived the discussion. He had lits attention first directed to it by the blunders made by some of his chemical pupils in reference to the colours of compounds. Although to a normal eye very marked changes were seen to occur when acids or alkalis acted upon vegetable colouring matter, yet to some students no difference was perceptible. One intelligent pupil constantly erred in deciding on the colours of precipitates; and Dr. Wilson was led to investigate his case, which soon proved to be one of colour-blindness. Further researches were made and the disease was found to show itself in three ways.

1. Inability to discern any colour, so that black and white or light and shade are the

brown.

only variations of tint perceived.

2. Inability to discriminate between the nicer shades of composite colours; such as

browns, greys, and neutral tints. 3. Inability to distinguish between the primary colours, red, blue and yellow, or between these and the secondary and tertiary colours, such as green, purple, orange and

Total colour-blindness is very rare; but several well-marked instances were discovered. One was that of a house-painter now in Australia. He could not distinguish any colours but black and white. The explanation of his prosecuting a calling for which he was so unfitted is, he was an excellent draughtsman, with a good eye for form and great skill in designing. He trusted to his wife to keep him right in selecting and flixing colours; but, on one occasion when she was out of the way and workmen were scarce, he helped to paint a public building. He mixed the colours himself, and believed that he had produced a stone-tint, with which he proceeded to cover the walls; but, after he had gone over some square yards, he was informed that he was painting the building a conspicuous blue.

Dr. Wilson goes so far as to assert his destiny of colour-blind haberdashers and s

is apparently the rule, not the exception, amongst male persons in this country. This, he says, arises from the sense of colour being too little cultivated. Many men hesitate to pronounce between scarlet and crimson, and often declare all their shades to be red. If difficulty it, naming be accepted as implying difficulty in distinguishing colours, it is inferred that the true perception of them is a rare gift. The examiner of the chemical class of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, numbering about sixty persons, observed that the great majority declined to give names to any colours except red, blue, yellow, green and brown. Purple and orange they would not name, although they described the relation of these to red, blue and yellow with accuracy. The difference between pink and pale blue is a puzzle even to persons who do not otherwise confound colours. Thus instances are adduced of three dyers who constantly commit mistakes with these tints; of a draper who can match all colours except drabs; of a professor of chemistry, who is never sure of the difference between blue and green; and of others who are equally at a loss to distinguish pink from pale yellow. These, however, are all differences of degree.

The most important variety of the affection belongs to the third class. It comprehends those who mistake red, blue, yellow, purple, orange, green and brown for other colours, or who confound all these colours together. In extreme cases, although some colours are at times correctly named, there is no certainty as to any one of them-in milder instances the majority of these colours are seen; but two (red and green) and frequently four (the two last and olive and brown) are not often distinguished from each other. It is singular that yellow, which is thought to be one of the most critical of the primary colours, is, in reality, that with which the colour-blind have least difficulty. Blue is also well seen, but the combination of blue and yellow—green—is one of the most perplexing in the whole prism; being often mistaken for blue, yellow, or even red. Red is still more distracting; some do not see it at all, others mistake it for green; and in one case it was confounded with black. Sufferers under this third class of visual deficiency are extremely numerous. Thus, a soldier may have risen through many grades of the service without ever knowing under what colours he fought; and a sailor may have obeyed signals which his bettersighted messmate read off like print, without being able to distinguish one flag from another. The defect is thought to exist amongst dyers, painters, weavers, clothiers, and others, whose calling involves familiarity with colour. It was at one time an object of curiosity too. discover the fate of diseased giants, and a similar interest may be excited for the THE M

silk-mercers. "They end," said one of the fratesisty, who had an excellent eye for colour, "as mourning warehousemen." There are certain professions and trades, therefore, on which no youth should enter until he satisfies himself that his vision as to colour is faultless; for it is evident that if he is defi-cient in this respect the circumstance will be a never-ending source of annoyance to himself, as well as to all who have professional dealings with him. It is thought that colour-blindness exists more frequently among women than among men. Most men set little value on a nice sense of colour; but women highly value it, and are not ready to confess to a want of it.

Several instances of colour-blindness have come to our knowledge. One gentleman owns that he cannot distinguish at any distance ripe cherries on a tree, or strawberries from their leaves. "The flowers of a scarlet geranium I cannot see distinctly at a distance by daylight; but by candle-light there is a marked contrast between them and the leaves. I have no conception of what is meant by complimentary colours, or of the agreement of different colours when blended together; as, for instance, what kind of a carpet accords with red curtains in a room. The dry dirt of the street I could equally suppose to be green. This gentleman's eyes are quite normal and healthy in their appearance. Several of his relations have exhibited similar defects of perception; but they do not appear in his children.

Another gentleman unexpectedly discovered his defect in the discernment of colours, in consequence of a piece of enamel which he had prepared and believed to be pearl-white, being pronounced by others to be a bright green. He was with difficulty convinced of the truth; but he gradually became satisfied of his peculiarity of vision in consequence of several inconvenient mistakes into which it led him.

A third case illustrates a point of great practical importance. A medical student, who began life as a civil engineer, when engaged as such on a railway, frequently rode on one of the engines without, however, taking any part in managing it. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed to the signal lamps, the light of which was visible to him a long way off, he could not, until he was close to them, distinguish whether they were red or green; yet he could tell a blue from a red light at any practicable distance. Distance therefore is an element of deception. It has indeed been proved that the majority of colour-blind persons are able to distinguish red from bright green when these are bright, near the eye, and well illuminated; but the power of distinguishing diminishes with great rapidity in proportion to the distance they are removed from the eye. Colour-blindness of the sea; whilst at Silistria, Routchuk, Sisin those who are thus quickly deceived by tova, and Nicopoli there are heights of from

distance in reference to red and bright green, may be detected by their inability to distinguish, close at hand, russet and ruddy browns from olives and dark greens. This is well worthy of serious attention. The coloured day-signals on railways-especially the flags, which alone are available in some of the most pressing emergencies - soon tarnish and darken, and consequently diminish the distances at which the two danger signals can be distinguished. Railway directors have, therefore, an emphatic interest in this subject. They should invariably ascertain that the men in their employment really and truly know one danger-signal from another; or danger-signals from ordinary signals. But, in truth, railway signalling should be reformed altogether; for what can be more preposterous than to expect an engineer, after looking into his red, blazing furnace until his eyesight is almost obli-terated, to be able at the next moment, and when travelling at a speed of fifty miles an hour, to see a Lilliputian red light, or a dim and dirty brick-coloured flag; or, seeing it, that he should lose the impression of the fire-colour on his retina time enough to distinguish the colour of a lamp-signal?

TURKS IN BULGARIA.

THE province of Bulgaria, which may shortly become the seat of war, is a long slip of country something in the shape of a halfmoon, extending to the south of the Danube from the borders of Servia to the Black Sea. It is divided from the plains of Roumelia or Thrace by a narrow range of mountains, the name of which is beginning to become familiar in our mouths. The Balkans extend from near the neighbourhood of the city of Sophia to Cape Emineh, a distance of about two hundred and forty miles. In many places the range is not more than twelve miles Their southern slopes descend across. almost sheer to the plain like a wall; but a series of hills, divided by longitudinal valleys, extends on the northern or Bulgarian side, gradually diminishing in height, to the banks of the Danube.

When a great river emerges from a mountain range into a plain, its tendency is rarely to cross that plain in a direct line; but to feel its way along the bases of the bordering hills. In this manner the Danube presses as far as it can to the south, leaving the lowlands of Wallachia on one side. It has been said that, of old, it continued its course from Rasova straight to the Black Sea; but, in reality, it is turned aside at that point by elevations which, if not very striking to the eye, are quite sufficient to divert the course of a river. The Wallachian bank seldom rises to the height of more than fifty or sixty feet above the level

to three hundred feet. A little further inland, for example at Razgrad, these are elevations of nine hundred feet; and, further on, before arriving at Schumla, there is a table-land that reaches the elevation of one thousand four hundred and fifty feet. It is amongst these hills, along the foot of the great Balkan range, that the Turkish army is now encamped, having its central position at Schumla.

The Balkan range is divided into two sections, the greater and the lesser. The former has peaks between five thousand and six thousand feet in height, whilst the mean height of the latter is about two thousand five hundred feet. One of the peculiar features of the lesser Balkan is that its approach is much more difficult from the south than from the north. The route that traverses it, leading from Routchuk by Schumla direct to Adrianople, is one of the best in European Turkey; that is to ay, in the traveller proceeds southward; whilst, if he pursue the opposite route, he encounters in many places great difficulties. It is said that a considerable part of this southward journey might be performed in a wheeled vehicle. The custom, however, in Turkey is to travel on horseback, generally at full speed, under the guidance of a Tartar: hence the oriental term in constant use to express swift travelling is "Riding Tartár."

The general shape of the lesser Balkan has been compared to half a roof; there being a single abrupt rise from the plains of Roumelia to the extreme summit of the ridge whence, as we have said, there is a gradual descent towards the Danube-not, it is true, by one slope; but by a series of valleys of constantly decreasing depth until the last forms the bed of the Danube, beyond which stretch the great levels of Wallachia. Along several of these 'valleys flow rivers in the direction of the bay of Varna. One of them is called the Mad River, on account of its sudden rises and falls; and another the Intelligent River, on account of its regularity.

These details, which, under ordinary circumstances might appear dry, are not without their interest at the present moment. We shall endeavour to give a still clearer notion of this country, by describing the details of a journey south-eastward from Routchuk (where at present the main body of the Turkish army is posted), to Schumla, which is the centre of the defensive operations, and which stands half way between the Danube and the Black Sea.

Rontchuk is a considerable town in Bulgaria Some thirty thousand inhabitants, situated a promoutory advancing into the Danube. From the roofs of its houses a splendid view may be obtained over the vast winding river, which is sufficiently deep to carry merchantmen of large size. An immense

has a magnificent appearance; but as the streets are narrow, dirty, and dismet The lower parts of the house, as is the case everywhere in Turkey, are without windows. The shops are generally tolerably stell sup-plied with merchandise. Travellers bound for Constantinople hire horses at this place, and put themselves, as we have said, wader the guidance of a Tartar. The distance to Schumla is reckoned generally at twenty-two hours. The road is picturesque; and, for some time after starting, the valley of the Danube remains in sight. Between Siniouscha and Tomlak it is descried, however, for the last time from a lofty table-land. The road then enters the valley of the Lom, bordered on both sides by precipices and carpeted with verdure. As you proceed, the ground rises and the path leads across hills and valleys, here and there covered with brushwood. All this country is thinly inhabited. Now and then Bulgarian villages may be seen in the distance; but on the road are only one or two solitary Khans. The neighbourhood of hidden inhabited places is indicated by wells on the road side, from which paths lead up into the mountains. Women with jars upon their heads are sometimes seen coming down for water. The first halt is usually at Razgrad, a tewn inhabited by about fifteen thousand Moslems and a few Bulgarian families. As a rule, the Christians, whose occupations are almost entirely agricultural, are disseminated in small villages throughout the country. Their number is estimated at between four and five millions. The Turks, infinitely less numerous, are congregated in the great towns; but there are some villages here and there entirely Turkish. As they are generally placed in commanding positions, they are probably inhabited by descendants of old military colonies, established to keep the country in subjection. Beyond Razgrad there still continues a succession of valleys and hills. The latter increase gradually in height until, from the table-land of Buratlaré, the heights of Schumla and the long range of the Balkans stretching with the uniformity of a wall behind, come in sight. A little further on the view suddenly opens to the left, and the eye, following the magnificent valley of Paravadis, distinguishes in fine weather the deep bay of Varna on the Black Sea. Crossing a steep range of hills, by a defile commanded by a redoubt-probably at present by many such fortifications-we come at length in sight of the great defensive works of Schumla, to reach which the road makes a considerable curve.

Schumla contains more than twenty thousand inhabitants, with fifty mosques; one of which has a peristyle which has been compared to that of St. Peter's at Rome. The city has always been rather a v intrenched camp than a fortress. It is sixtnumber of vessels are constantly anchored ated in a deep indentation in the hills; which along the quays. From a distance the town have a steep slope both behind it from the necessary

Beyond Schumla the road to Constantinople -rising towards the summit of the Balkan, now up steep slopes, now through rugged defiles becomes very difficult. Most of the hills are covered with trees, which are clotted with numerous kinds of creepers. Torrents, dry in summer but impetuous in winter, are met with at almost every step. The road, if road it can be called, is obstructed by loose stones, and travellers have been alarmed for their safety even on horseback. However, waggons have been taken across, and Sultan Mahmoud once performed the journey with a considerable

From Schumla to Aidos the distance is reckoned at sixteen hours. Many streams and torrents have to be traversed. Several Turkish villages occur on the way, and one or two Bulgarian villages. The extreme summit of the Balkan, which-although so well marked at a distance, is passed almost withont being noticed—is met with about half way. The road crosses the Mad river and the Intelligent river; otherwise the greater and lesser Kantschik. We are now properly speaking in Roumelia, although the Bulgarian population still continues mixed with Greeks. The direct road to Constantinople from Aidos is by Kirkilisé; but native travellers vary their route almost at every journey, giving as a reason the unsettled state of the country and the danger of falling into ambuscades.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT the Merry Monarch might be very merry indeed in the merry times when his people were suffering under pestilence and fire, he drank and gambled and flung away among his favourites the money which the Parliament had voted for the war. The consequence of this was, that the stout-hearted English sailors were merrily starving of want and dying in the streets; while the Dutch, under their admirals DE WITT and DE RUYTER. came into the River Thames, and even up the River Medway as far as Upnor, burned the guard-ships, silenced the weak batteries, and did what they would to the English coast for six whole weeks. Most of the English ships been so detested that, upon his death, the that could have prevented them had neither Dutch had abolished the authority to which six whole weeks. Most of the English ships

powder nor shot on based; in this merry reign, spublic efficiers made should be shown in a merry as the King did with the public money; and when it was entrusted in them to spend in national defences or preparation they put it into their ewn pockets with

merriest grace in the world.

Lord Clarendon had, by this time, run a long a course as is usually allotted to the unscrupulous ministers of bad kings. He was impeached by his political opponents, but unsuccessfully. The King than commanded him to withdraw from England and retire to France, which he did, after defending himself in writing. He was no great loss at home, and died abroad some seven years afterwards.

There then came into power a ministry called the Cabal Ministry, because it was composed of Lorn Clifford, the Earl or ABILINGTON, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (a great rascal, formerly Earl of Rochester, and the King's most powerful favourite), LORD ASHLEY, and the DUKE OF LAUDERDALE; C. A. B. A. L. As the French were making conquests in Flanders, the first Cabal proceeding was to make a treaty with the Dutch for uniting with Spain to oppose the French. It was no sooner made than the Merry Monarch, who always wanted to get money without being accountable to a Parliament for his expenditure, apologised to the King of France for having had anything to do with it, and concluded a secret treaty with him, making himself his infamous pensioner to the amount of two millions of livres down, and three nullions more a year; and engaging to desert that very Spain, to make war against those very Dutch, and to declare himself a Catholic when a convenient time should arrive. This religious King had lately been crying to his Catholic brother on the subject of his strong desire to be a Catholic; and now he merrily concluded this treasonable conspiracy against the country he governed, by undertaking to become one as soon as he safely could. For all of which, though he had had ten merry heads instead of one, he richly deserved to lose them by the headsman's axe.

As his one merry head might have been far from safe if these things had been known, they were kept very quiet, and war was declared by France and England against the Dutch. But, a very uncommon man, afterwards most important to English history and to the religion and liberty of this land, arose among them, and for many long years defeated the whole projects of France. This was WILLIAM OF NASSAU, PRINCE OF ORANGE, son of the last Prince of Orange of the same name, who married the daughter of Charles the First of England. He was a young man at this time, only just of age; but he was brave, cool, intrepid and wise. His father had

this son would have otherwise succeeded armed men to one, and to slit his nose with who educated this young prince. Now, the Prince became very popular, and John De Witt's brother Cornelius was sentenced to banishment on a false accusation of conspiring to kill him. John went to the prison where he was, to take him away to exile, in his coach; and a great mob who collected "My Lord, I know very well that you are on the occasion, then and there cruelly murat the bottom of this late attempt upon my dered both the brothers. This left the government in the hands of the Prince, who was really the choice of the nation; and from this time he exercised it with the greatest yigour, against the whole power of France under its famous generals CONDE and Tu-RENNE, and in support of the Protestant religion. It was full seven years before this war ended in a treaty of peace made at Nimeguen, and its details would occupy a very considerable space. It is enough to say that William of Orange established a famous character with the whole world; and that the Merry Monarch, adding to and improving on his former baseness, bound himself to do everything the King of France liked, and nothing the King of France did not like, for a pension of one hundred thousand pounds a year, which was afterwards doubled. Besides this, the King of France, by means of his corrupt ambassador-who wrote accounts of his proceedings in England, which are not always to be believed, I think—bought our English members of Parliament as he wanted them. So, in point of fact, during a considerable portion of this merry reign, the King of France was the real King of this country.

But there was a better time to come, and it was to come (though his royal uncle little thought so) through that very William, Prince of Orange. He came over to England, saw Mary the elder daughter of the Duke of York, and married her. We shall see by and bye what came of that him. marriage, and why it is never to be for-

gotten.

This daughter was a Protestant, but her mother died a Catholic. She and her sister ANNE, also a Protestant, were the only survivors of eight children. Anne afterwards married George, Prince of Denmark, brother to the King of that country.

Lest you should do the Merry Monarch the injustice of supposing that he was even good-humoured (except when he had every-thing his own way), or that he was high-spirited and honourable, I will mention here what was done to a Member of the House of *Commons, SIR JOHN COVENTRY. He made a remark in a debate about taxing the theatres, which gave the King offence. He agreed with his degitimate son, who had been born and, by cheating and deceiving them, and all abroad, and whom he had made DUKE OF who were attached to royalty, to become described to the control of the cont Monmotories, to take the following merry potic and be powerful enough to confess vengcance. To waylay him at night, fifteen what a rascal he was. Meantime, the King

(Staftholder, it was called) and placed the a penknife. Like master, like man. The chief power in the hands of JOHN DE WITT, King's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, was strongly suspected of setting on an assessan to murder the DUKE OF ORMOND as he was returning home from a dinner; and that Duke's spirited son, Lord Ossory, was so persuaded of his guilt, that he said to him' at Court, even as he stood beside the King, "My Lord, I know very well that you are But I give you warning! father. ever come to a violent end, his blood shall be upon you, and, wherever I meet you I will pistol you! I will do so, though I find you standing behind the King's chair, and I tell you this in His Majesty's presence that you may be quite sure of my doing what I threaten." Those were merry times

> There was a fellow named Blood, who was seized for making, with two companions, an audicious attempt to steal the crown, the globe, and sceptre, from the place where the jewels were kept, in the Tower. This robber; who was a swaggering ruffian, being taken, declared that he was the man who had endeavoured to kill the Duke of Ormond, and that he had meant to kill the King too, but was overawed by the majesty of his appearance, when he might otherwise have done it, as he was bathing at Battersea. King being but an ill-looking fellow, I don't believe a word of this. Whether he was flattered, or whether he knew that Buckingham had really set Blood on to murder the. Duke, is uncertain. But it is quite certain that he pardoned this thief, gave him au estate of five hundred a year in Ireland (which had had the honour of giving him birth), and presented him at Court to the debauched lords and the shameless ladies, who made a great deal of him—as I have no doubt, they would have made of the Devil himself, if the King had introduced

Infamously pensioned as he was, the King still wanted money, and consequently was obliged to call Parliaments. In these, the great object of the Protestants was to thwart the Catholic Duke of York, who married a second time; his new wife being a young lady only fifteen years old, the Catholic sister of the DUKE OF MODENA. In this they were seconded by the Protestant Dissenters, though to their own disadvantage, since, to exclude Catholics from power, they were even willing to exclude themselves. The King's object was to pretend to be a Protestant, while he was really a Catholic; to swear to the bishops that he was devotedly attached to the English Church, while he knew he had bargained it away to the King of France; and, by cheating and deceiving them, and all of France, knowing his merry pensioner well, intrigued with the King's opponents in Parliament, as well as with the King and his

The fears that the country had of the Catholic religion being restored, if the Duke of York should come to the throne, and the low cunning of the King in pretending to share their alarms, led to some very terrible results. A certain Dr. Tonge, a dull clergyman in the city, fell into the hands of a certain Titus Oates, a most infamous character who pretended to have acquired among the Jesuits abroad, a knowledge of a great plot for the murder of the King, and the re-establishment of the Catholic religion. Titus Oates being produced by this unlucky Dr. Tonge and solemnly examined before the council, contradicted himself in a thousand ways, told the most ridiculous and improbable stories, and implicated COLEMAN, the Secretary of the Duchess of York. Now, although what he charged against Coleman was not true, and although you and I know very well that the dangerous Catholic plot was that one with the King of France of which the Merry Monarch was himself the head, there happened to be found among Coleman's papers, some letters, in which he did praise the days of Bloody Queen Mary, and abuse the Protestant religion. This was great good fortune for Titus, as it seemed to confirm him; but better still was in store. Sir EDMUND-BURY GODFREY, the magistrate who had first examined him, being unexpectedly found dead near Primrose Hill, was confidently believed to have been killed by the Catholics. I think there is no doubt that he had been melancholy mad, and that he killed himself; but he had a great Protestant funeral, and Titus was called the Saver of the Nation, and received a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year.

As soon as Oates's wickedness had met with this success, up started another villain, named WILLIAM BEDLOE, who, attracted by a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers of Godfrey, came forward and charged two Jesuits and some other persons with having committed it at the Queen's desire. Oates, going into partnership with this new informer, had the audacity to accuse the poor Queen herself of high treason. Then appeared a third informer, as bad as either of the two, and accused a Catholic banker named STAYLEY of having said that the King was the greatest rogue in once tried and executed, Coleman and two three other men of having committed it. did.

Then, five Jesuits were accused by Oates, Bedloe and Prance together, and were all found guilty, and executed on the same kind of contradictory and absurd evidence. Queen's physician and three monks were next put on their trial; but Oates and Bedloe had for the time gone far enough, and these four were acquitted. The public mind, how, ever, was so full of a Catholic plot, and so strong against the Duke of York, that James' consented to obey a written order from his brother, and to go with his family to Brussels, provided that his rights should never be sacrificed in his absence to the Duke of Monmonth. The House of Commons, not satisfied with this, as the King hoped, passed a bill to exclude the Duke from ever succeeding to the throne. In return, the King dissolved the Parliament. He had deserted his old favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, who

was now in the opposition.

To give any sufficient idea of the miseries of Scotland in this merry reign would occupy a hundred pages. Because the people would not have bishops, and were resolved to stand by their solemn League and Covenant, such cruelties were inflicted upon them as make the blood run cold. Ferocious dragoons galloped through the country to punish the peasants for deserting the churches; sons were hanged up at their fathers' doors for refusing to disclose where their fathers were concealed; wives were tortured to death for not betraying their husbands; people were taken out of their fields and gardens and shot on the public roads without trial; lighted matches were tied to the fingers of prisoners, and a most horrible torment called the Boot was invented, and constantly applied, which ground and mashed the victims' legs with iron wedges. Witnesses were tortured as well as prisoners. All the prisons were full; all the gibbets were heavy with bodies; murder and plunder devastated the whole country. In spite of all, the Covenanters were by no means to be dragged into the churches, and persisted in worshipping God as they thought right. A body of ferocious Highlanders, turned upon them from the mountains of their own country, had no greater effect than the English dragoons under GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE, the most cruel and rapacious of all their enemies, whose name will ever be cursed through the length and breadth of Scotland. Archbishop Sharp had ever aided and abetted all these outrages. But he fell at last; for, when the injuries the world (which would not have been far of the Scottish people were at their height, from the truth), and that he would kill him he was seen, in his coach-and-six coming with his own hand. This banker, being at across a moor, by a body of men, headed across a moor, by a body of men, headed by one John Balfour, who were waiting others were tried and executed. Then, a for another oppressors. Upon this miserable wretch named Prance, a Catholic they cried out that Heaven had delivered silversmith, being accused by Bedloe, was tortured into confessing that he had taken many wounds. If ever a man deserved part in Godfrey's murder, and into accusing such a death, I think Archbishop Sharp

It made a great noise directly, and the Marry Monarch—strongly suspected of having goaded the Scottish people on, that he might have an excuse for a greater army than the Parliament were willing to give him—sent down his son, the Duke of Monmouth, as commander-in-chief, with instructions to attack the Scottish rebels, or Whigs as they were called, whenever he came up with them. Marching with ten thousand men from Edinburgh, he found them, in number four or five thousand, drawn up at Bothwell Bridge, by the Clyde. They were soon dispersed, and Monmouth showed a more humane character towards them than he had shown towards that Member of Parliament whose nose he had caused to be slit with a pen-But the Duke of Lauderdale was knife. their bitter foe, and sent Claverhouse to finish them.

As the Duke of York became more and more unpopular, the Duke of Monmouth became more and more popular. It would have been decent in the latter not to have voted in favour of the renewed bill for the exclusion of James from the throne; but he did so, much to the King's amusement, who used to sit in the House of Lords by the fire, hearing the debates, which he said were as good as a play. The House of Commons passed the bill by a large majority, and it was carried up to the House of Lords by LQRD RUSSELL, one of the best of the leaders on the Protestant side. It was rejected there, chiefly because the bishops helped the King to get rid of it; and the fear of Catholic plots revived again. There had been another got up, by a fellow out of Newgate, named DANGERFIELD, which is more famous than it deserves to be, under the name of the MEAL-TUB PLOT. This jailbird having been got out of Newgate by a MRS. CELLIER, a Catholic nurse, had turned Catholic himself, and pretended that he knew of a plot among the Presbyterians against the King's life. This was very pleasant to the Duke of York, who hated the Presbyterians, who returned the compliment. He gave Dangerfield twenty guineas, and sent him to the King his brother. But Dangerfield, breaking down altogether in his charge, and being sent back to Newgate, almost astonished the Duke out of his five senses by suddenly swearing that the Catholic nurse had put that false design into his head, and that what he really knew about, was, a Catholic plot against the King, the evidence of which would be found in some papers, concealed in a meal-tub in Mrs. Cellier's house. There they were, of course, as he had put them there himself; and so the tub gave the name so the plot. But, the nurse was acquitted on hand Ashlan and it came to nothing.

Lord Ashley, of the Cabal, was now Lord Shaftesbury, and was strong against the succession of the Duke of York. The House of relations, friends, and countrymen, had been Commons, aggravated to the utmost extent, so barbarously tortured and murdered in this may well suppose, by suspicions of merry reign, that they preferred to die, and

the King's complexey with the King in France, made a desperate point of the saids sion still, and were bitter against the C tholics generally. So unjustly bitter they, I grieve to say, that they impeached the venerable Lord Stafford, a Catholic nobleman seventy years old, of a design to kill the King. The witnesses were that atrocious Oates an two other birds of the same feather. He wa found guilty on evidence quite as foolish as it. was false, and was beheaded on Tower Hill. The people were opposed to him when he first appeared upon the scaffold, but, when he had addressed them and shown them how innocent he was, and how wickedly he was sent there, their better nature was aroused, and they said, "We believe you, my Lord. God

bless you, my Lord!'

The House of Commons refused to let the King have any money until he should consent to the Exclusion Bill; but, as he could get it and did get it from his master the King of France, he could afford to hold theme very cheap. He called a Parliament at Oxford, to which he went down with a great show of being armed and protected as if he were in danger of his life, and to which the: opposition members also went armed and protected, alleging that they were in fear of the Papists, who were numerous among the King's guards. However, they went on with the Exclusion Bill, and were so earnest upon it that they would have carried it again, if the King had not popped his crown and state robes into a sedan chair, bundled himself into it along with them, hurried down to the Chamber where the House of Lords met, and dissolved the Parliament. After which he scampered home, and the Members of Parliament scampered home too, as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Duke of York, then residing in Scotland, had, under the law which excluded Catholics from public trust, no right whatever to public employment. Nevertheless. he was openly employed as the King's representative in Scotland, and there gratified his sullen and cruel nature to his heart's content by directing the dreadful cruelties against the Covenanters. There were two ministers named Carona and Cameron, who had escaped from the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and who returned to Scotland and raised the miserable but still brave and unsubdued Covenanters afresh, under the name of Cameronians. As Cameron publicly posted a declaration that the King was a forsworn tyrant, no mercy was shown to his unhappy followers after he was slain in battle. The Duke of York, who was particularly fond of the Boot and derived great pleasure from having it applied, offered their lives to some of these people, if they would cry on the scaffold "God save the King!" But their

did die. The Duke then obtained his merry brother's permission to hold a Parliament in Sextland, which first, with most shameless deceit, confirmed the laws for securing the Protestant religion against Popery, and then declared that nothing must or should prevent the succession of the Popish Duke. After this double-faced beginning, it established an outh which no human being could understand, but which everybody was to take, as a proof that his religion was the lawful religion. The Earl of Argyle, taking it with the explanation that he did not consider it to prevent him from favouring any alteration either in the Church or State, which was not inconsistent with the Protestant religion or with his loyalty, was tried for high treason before a Scottish jury of which the MARQUIS OF MONTROSE was foreman, and was found guilty. He escaped the scaffold, for that time, by getting away, in the disguise of a page, in the train of his daughter, LADY SOPHIA LINDSAY. It was absolutely proposed by certain members of the Scottish Council that this lady should be whipped through the streets of Edinburgh. But this was too much even for the Duke, who had the manliness then (he had very little at most times) to remark that Englishmen were not accustomed to treat ladies in that manner. . In those merry times nothing could equal the brutal servility of the Scottish fawners, but the conduct of similar degraded beings in England.

After the settlement of these little affairs, the Duke returned to England and soon resumed his place at the Council, and his office of High Admiral—all this by his brother's favour, and in open defiance of the law. It would have been no loss to the country if he had been drowned when his ship, in going to Scotland to fetch his family, struck on a sand-bank, and was lost with two hundred souls on board. But he escaped in a boat with some friends, and the sailors were so brave and unselfish that when they saw him rowing away, they gave three cheers, while they themselves were scorned to do so, being innocent of any wrong;

going down for ever.

The Merry Monarch, having got rid of his Parliament, went to work to make himself despotic with all speed. Having had the villany to order the execution of OLIVER PLUNKET, BISHOP OF ARMAGH, falsely accused of a plot to establish Popery in that country by means of a French army—the very thing this royal traitor was himself trying to do at home—and having tried to ruin Lord Shaftesbury, and failed—he turned his hand to controlling the corporations all over the country; because, if he could only do that, he could get what juries he chose, to bring in perjured verdicts, and could get what members he chose, returned to Parliament. These merry times produced and made Chief Justice of the Court of King's Beach, a drunken ruffian of the name of

JEFFEETS; a red-faced, swollen, bleated, horrible oreature, with a bullying rearing voice and a more savage nature, perhaps, than was ever lodged in any human breast. This monster was the Merry Monarch's es pecinil favourite, and he testified his admiration of him by giving him a ring from his own finger, which the people used to call, Judge Jeffrey's Bloodstone. Him the King employed to ge about and bully the corporations, beginning with London; or, as Jeffreys himself elegantly called it, "to give them a lick with the rough side of his tongue." And he did it so thoroughly, that they soon became the basest and most sycophantic bodies in the kingdom -except the University of Oxford, which, in that respect, was quite pre-eminent and unapproachable.

Lord Shaftesbury (who died soon after the King's failure against him), LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, the Duke of Monmouth, LOED HOWARD, LORD JERSEY, ALGERNON SIDNEY, John Hampden (grandson of the great Hampden), and some others, used to hold a council together after the dissolution of the Parliament, arranging what it might be necessary to do, if the King carried his Popish plot to the utmost height. Lord Shaftesbury having been much the most violent of this party, brought two violent men into their secrets—Rumsey, who had been a soldier in the Republican army; and West, a lawyer. These two knew an old officer of Cromwell's, called RUMBOLD, who had married a maltster's widow, and so had come into possession of a solitary dwelling called the Rye House, near Floddesdon, in Hertfordshire. Rumbold said to them what a capital place this house of his would be from which to shoot at the King, who often passed there going to and fro from Newmarket. They liked the idea, and entertained it. But, one of their body gave infor-

Lord Russell might have easily escaped but scorned to do so, being innocent of any wrong; Lord Essex might have easily escaped, but scorned to do so, lest his flight should prejudice Lord Russell. But it weighed upon his mind that he had brought into their council Lord Howard, who now turned a miscrable traitor, against a great dislike Lord Russell, had always had of him. He could not bear the reflection, and destroyed himself before Lord Russell was brought to trial at

the Old Bailey.

ruin Lord Shaftesbury, and failed—he turned his hand to controlling the corporations all hope, having always been manful in the Provent the country; because, if he could only do that, he could get what juries he chose, to bring in perjured verdicts, and could get what members he chose, returned to Parliament. These merry times produced and made Chief Justice of the Court of King's prison, who supped with him on the night Beach, a drunken ruffian of the name of

devotion have made her name imperishable. Of course, he was found guilty, and was sentenced to be beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, not many yards from his coven house. When he had parted from his children on the evening. before his death, his wife still stayed with him until ten o'clock at night; and when their final separation in this world was over, and he had kissed her many times, he still sat for a long while in his prison, talking of her goodness. Hearing the rain fall fast at that time, he calmly said, "Such a rain tomorrow will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day." At midnight, he went to bed, and slept till four; even when his servant called him, he fell asleep again while his clothes were being made ready. He rode to the scaffold in his own carriage, attended by two famous clergymen, Tillorson and BURNET, and sang a psalm to himself every softly, as he went along. He was as quiet and as steady, as if he had been going out for an ordinary ride. After saying that he was surprised to see so great a crowd, he laid down his head upon the block, as if it had been the pillow of his bed, and had it struck off at the second blow. His noble wife was busy for him even then, for that true-hearted lady printed and widely circulated his last words, of which he had given her a copy. They made the blood of all the honest men in England boil.

The University of Oxford distinguished itself on the very same day by pretending to believe that the accusation against Lord Russell was true, and by calling the King, in a written paper, the Breath of their Nostrils and the Anointed of the Lord. This paper the, Parliament afterwards caused to be burned by the common haugman, which I am sorry for, as I wish it had been framed and glazed and hung up in some public place, as a monument of baseness for the scorn of

mankind.

Next came the trial of Algernon Sidney, at which Jeffreys presided, like a great crimson toad, sweltering and swelling with rage. "I pray God, Mr. Sidney," said this Chief Justice of a merry reign, after passing sentence, "to work in you a temper fit to go to the other world, for I see you are not fit for this." "My lord," said the prisoner composedly holding out his arm, "feel my pulse, and see if I be disordered. I thank Heaven I never was in better temper than I am now." Algernon Sidney was executed on Tower Hill, on the seventh of December, one thousand six hundred and eighty three. He died a hero, and died, in his own words, "For that good old cause in which he had the sen engaged from his youth, and for which had so often and so wonderfully declared instalf."

The Duke of Monmouth had been making his uncle, the Duke of York, very jealous, by going about the country in a royal sort of way, playing at the people's games, becoming

gontather to their instance, and even touching for the king's evil, or stroking the faces of the sick to cure them—though for the matter of that, I should say he did them about a nucle good as any crowned king could have done. His father had got him to write a letter, confessing his having had a part in the conspiracy, for which Lord Russell had been beheaded; but he was ever a weak man, and beheaded; but he was ever a weak man, and of it, and got it back again. For this, he was banished to the Netherlands; but he soon returned and had an interview with his father, unknown to his uncle. It would seem that he was coming into the Merry Monarch's favour again, and that the Duke of York was sliding out of it, when Death appeared to the merry galleries at Whitehall, and astonished the debauched lords and gentlemen, and the shameless ladies, very considerably.

On Monday, the second of February, one thowsand six hundred and eighty-five, the merry pensioner and servant of the King of France fell down in a fit of apoplexy. By the Wednesday his case was hopeless, and on the Thursday he was told so. As he made a difficulty about taking the sacrament from the Protestant Bishop of Bath, the Duke of York got all who were present away from the bed, and asked his brother, in a whisper, if he should send for a Catholic priest. The Ring replied, "For God's sake, brother, do." The Duko smuggled in, up the back stairs, disguised in a wig and gown, a priest named HUDDLESTON, who had saved the King's life after the battle of Worcester: telling him that this worthy man in the wig had once saved his body, and was now come to save

his soul.

The Merry Monarch lived through that night, and died before noon on the next day, which was Friday, the sixth. Two of the last things he said were of a human sort, and your remembrance will give him the full benefit of them. When the Queen sent to say she was too unwell to attend him and to ask his pardon, he said, "Alas! poor woman, she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart. Take back that answer to her." And he also said, in reference to Nell Gwyn, "Do not let poor Nelly starve."

He died in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

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MORTON HALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Our old Hall is to be pulled down, and they are going to build streets on the site. said to my sister, "Ethelinda! if they really notion, I confess; but I felt ashamed to agree, pull down Morton Hall, it will be a worse to it all at once, though even as I objected for piece of work than the Repeal of the Corn Laws." And, after some consideration she replied, that if she must speak what was on her mind, she would own that she thought the Papists had something to do with it, that they had never forgiven the Morton who had been with Lord Monteagle when he discovered the Gunpowder Plot; for we knew that somewhere in Rome there was a book kept, and which had been kept for generations, giving an account of the secret private history of every English family of note, and registering the names of those to whom the Papists owed either grudges or gratitude.

We were silent for some time; but I am sure the same thought was in both our minds; our ancestor, a Sidebotham, had been a follower of the Morton of that day; it had always been said in the family that he had been with his master, when he went with the Lord Monteagle, and found Guy Fawkes and his dark lantern under the Parliament House; and the question flashed across our minds, Were the Sidebothams marked with a black mark in that terrible mysterious book which was kept under lock and key by the Pope and the Cardinals in Rome! It was terrible; yet, somehow, rather pleasant to think of So many of the misfortunes which had happened to us through life, and which we had called "mysterious dispensations," but which some of our neighbours had attributed to our want of prudence and foresight, were accounted for at once, if we were objects of the deadly hatred of such a powerful order as the Jesuits; of whom we had lived in dread ever since we had read the Female Jesuit. Whether this last idea suggested what my sister said next I can't tell; we did know the Female Jesuit's second cousin, so might be said to have literary connexions, and from that the startling thought might spring up in my sister's mind, for, said she, "Biddy!" (my name is Bridget, and no one

write some account of Morton Hall; we haven known much in our time of the Mortons, and it will be a shame if they pass away completely from men's memories while we can speak or write." I was pleased with the modesty's sake, it came into my mind how much I had heard of the old place in its former days, and how it was perhaps all I could now do for the Mortons, under whom our ancestors had lived as tenants for more than three hundred years. So at last I agreed: and, for fear of mistakes, I showed it to Mr. Swinton, our young curate, who has put it quite in order for me.

Morton Hall is situated about five miles from the centre of Drumble. It stands on the outskirts of a village, which, when the Hall was built, was probably as large as Drumble in those days; and even I can remember when there was a long piece of rather lonely road, with high hedges on either side, between Morton village and Drumble. Now it is all street, and Morton seems but a suburb of the great town near. Our farm stood where I verpool Street runs now; and people used to come snipe-shooting just where the Baplist Chapel is built. Our farm must have been older than the Hall, for we had a date of fourteen hundred and sixty on one of the cross-beams. My father was rather proud of this advantage, for the Hall had no date older than fifteen hundred and fifty-four; and I remember his affronting Mrs. Dawson, the housekeeper, by dwelling too much on this circumstance one evening when she came to drink tea with my mother, when Ethelinda and I were mere children. But my mother, seeing that Mrs. Dawson would never allow that any house in the parish could be older than the Hall, and that she was getting very warm, and almost insinuating that the Sidebothams had forged the date to disparage the Squire's family, and set themselves up as having the older blood, asked Mrs. Dawson to tell us the story of old Sir John Morton before we went to bed; I slily reminded my father that Jack, our man, was not always so careful as might be in housing the Alderney in good time in the autumn evenings. So he started up, and went but my sister calls me Biddy) "suppose you off to see after Jack; and Mrs. Dawson and

drew nearer the fire to hear the story about Sir John.

Sir John Morton had lived some time about the Restoration. The Mortons had taken the right side, so when Oliver Cromwell came into power he gave away their lands to one of his Puritan followers-a man who had been but a praying, canting, Scotch pedlar, till the war broke out; and Sir John had to The upstart's name was Carr who came to ive at Morton Hall; and, I'm proud to say, we—I mean our ancestors—led him a pretty life. He had hard work to get any rent at all from the tenantry, who knew their duty better than to pay it to a Roundhead. If he took the law to them, the law officers fared so badly, that they were shy of coming out to Morton-all along that lonely road I told you of-again. Strange noises were heard about the Hall, which got the credit of being haunted; but as those noises were never heard before or since that Richard Carr lived there, I leave you to guess if the evil spirits did not know well over whom they had power-over schismatic rebels, and no one else. They durst not trouble the Mortons, who were true and loyal, and were faithful followers of King Charles in word and deed. At last Old Oliver died, and folks did say that on that wild and stormy night his voice was heard high up in the air, where you hear the flocks of wild geese skirl, crying out for his true follower Richard Carr to accompany him in the terrible chase the fiends were giving him before carrying him down to hell. Anyway Richard Carr died within a weeksummoned by the dead or not, he went his way down to his master, and his master's master.

Then his daughter Alice came into possession. Her mother was somehow related to General Monk, who was beginning to come into power about that time. So when Charles the Second came back to his throne, and many of the sneaking Puritans had to quit their ill-gotten land, and turn to the right about, Alice Carr was still left at Morton Hall to queen it there. She was taller than most women, and a great beauty I have heard. But for all her beauty, she was a storn, hard The tenants had known her to be hard in her father's lifetime, but now that she was the owner and had the power, she was worse than ever. She hated the Stuarts worse than ever her father had done; had calves' head for dinner every thirtieth of January; and when the first twenty-ninth of May came round, and every mother's son in the village gilded his oak leaves, and wore them in his hat, she closed the windows of the The Durit the day in darkness and mourn-

his uncle, the did not like to go against her going about cause she was a young and beau- warlike weapons against a woman; his very way, playing at It was said the King got her preparations for forcing an entrance made

court, just as courteness of it she had been the Queen of Sheba, and King Charles, Solo men, praying her to visit him in Jerusalem. But she would not go; not; she !! She lived a very lonely life, for now the King had get his own again, no servant but her nurse would stay with her in the Hall; and none of the tenants would pay her any money for all that her father had purchased the lands from the Parliament, and paid the price down.

in good red gold.

All this time, Sir John was somewhere in. the Virginian plantations; and the ships sailed from thence only twice a year; but his royal master had sent for him home; and home he came that second summer after the restoration. No one knew if Mistress Alice had heard of his landing in England or not; all the villagers and tenantry knew and were not surprised, and turned out in their best dresses and with great branches of oak to welcome him as he rode into the village one July morning, with many gay-looking gentlemen by his side, laughing and talking and making-merry, and speaking gaily and pleasantly to the village people. They came in on the opposite side to the Drumble Road; indeed Drumble was nothing of a place then, as I have told you. Between the last cottage in the village and the gates to the old Hall, there was a shady part of the road, where the branches nearly met overhead, and made a green gloom. If you'll notice, when many people are talking merrily out of doors in sunlight, they will stop talking for an instant, when they come into the cool green shade, and either be silent for some little time, or else speak graver and slower and softer. And so old peo le say those gay gentlemen did; for several people followed to see Alice Carr's pride taken down. They used to tell how the cavaliers had to bow their plumed hats in passing under the unlopped and drooping fancy Sir John expected that the boughs. lady would have rallied her friends, and got ready for a sort of battle to defend the entrance to the house; but she had no friends. She had no nearer relations than the Duke of Albemarle, and he was mad with her for having refused to come to court, and so save her estate according to his advice.

Well, Sir John rode on, in silence; the tramp of the many horses' feet, and the clumping sound of the clogs of the village people were all that was heard. Heavy as the great gate was, they swung it wide on its hinges, and up they rode to the Hall steps, where the lady stood, in her close plain Puritan dress, her cheeks one crimson flush. her great eyes flashing fire, and no one behind her, or with her, or near her, or to be seen, but the old trembling nurse catching at her gown in pleading terror. Sir John was taken aback; he could not go out with swords and te of Albemarle, to ask her to him ridiculous in his own eyes, and he well

know in the eyes of his gay scoraful comrades and courtliness about him, too; so he surped him round about, and bade fancied her was very different there stay where they were, while he rode close to the steps, and spoke to the young lady; and there they saw him, hat in hand, speaking to her; and she, lofty and unmoved, holding her own as if she had been a soveneign queen with an army at her back. What they said, no one heard; but he rode back ery grave and much changed in his look, though his grey oye showed more hawk-like than ever, as if seeing the way to his end, though as yet afar off. He was not one to be jested with before his face; so when he prowish to disturb so fair a lady in possession, he and his cavaliers rode back to the village inn and roystered there all day, and feasted the tenantry, cutting down the branches that had incommoded them in their morning's ride to make a bonfire of on the village green, in which they burnt a figure, which some called Old Noll, and others Richard Carr. and it might do for either, folks said, for unless they had given it the name of a man, most people would have taken it for a forked log of wood.

But the lady's nurse told the villagers afterwards that Mistress Alice went in from the sunny Hall steps into the chill house shadow, and sate her down and wept, as her poor faithful servant had never seen her do before, and could not have imagined her proud young lady ever doing. All through that summer's day she cried; and if for very weariness she censed for a time, and only sighed as if her heart was breaking, they heard through the upper windows-which were open because of the heat-the village bells ringing merrily through the trees, and bursts of chorusses to gay cavaher songs, all in favour of the Stuarts. All the young lady said was once or twice "Oh God!" I am very friendless!"—and the old nurse knew it was true, and could not contradict her; and always thought, as she said long after, that such weary weeping showed there was some

great sorrow at hand.

I suppose it was the dreamest sorrow that ever a proud woman had; but it came in the sh the of a gay wedding. How, the village never know. The gay gentlemen rode away from Morton the next day as lightly and carelessly as if they had attained their end, and Sir John had taken possession; and, by and bye, the nurse came timorously out to market in the village, and Mistress Alice was met in the wood walks just as grand and as proud as ever in her ways, only a little more pale and a little more sad. The truth was, as I have been told, that she and Sir John had each taken a fancy to each other in that parley they held on the Hall steps; she, in the deep wild way in which she took the impressions of her whole life, deep down, as if they were burnt in. Sir John was a gallant-

The way he fancied her was very different--a man'a way, they tell me. She was a beautiful woman to be tamed, and made to come to his beek and call; and perhaps he read in her softening eyes that she might be won, and so all legal troubles about the possession of the estate come to an end in an easy pleasant manner. He came to stay with friends in the neigh bourhood; he wa. met in her favourite wall with his plumed hat in his hand pleading with her, and she looking softer and far more, lovely than ever; and lastly, the tenants were told of the marriage then nigh at hand.

After they were woulded he stayed for a time. with her at the Hall, and then off back to court. They do say that her obstinate recause of their first quarrel; but such fierce strong wills would quarrel the first day of their wodded lite. She said that the court was no place for an honest woman; but surely Sir John knew best, and she might have trusted him to take care of her. Ifowever, he left her all alone; and at first she cried most bitterly, and then she took to her old pride, and was more haughty and gloomy than ever. By and bye she found out hidden conventicles; and, as Sir John never stinted her of money, she gathered the remnants of the old Puntan party about her, and tried to comfort herself with long prayers, snuffled through the nose, for the absence of her husband, but it was of no use. Treat her as he would she loved him still with a terrible love. Once, they say, she put on her waiting maid's dress, and stole up to London to find out what kept him there; and something sho saw or heard that changed her altogether, for she came back as if her heart was broken. They say that the only person she loved with all the wild strength of her heart, had proved talse to her; and if so, what wonder! At the best of times she was but a gloomy creature. and it was a great honour for her father's daughter to be wedded to a Morton. She should not have expected too much.

After her despondency came her religion. Every old Puritan preacher in the country was welcome at Morton Hall. Surely that was enough to disgust Sir John. The Mortons had never cared to have much religion, but what they had had been good of its kind hitherto. So, when Sir John came down wanting a gay greeting and a tender show or love, his lady exhorted him, and prayed over him, and quoted the last Puritan text she had heard at him; and he swore at her, and at her preachers; and made a deadly oath that none of them should find harbour or welcome in any house of his, She looked scounfully back at him, and said she had yet to learn in what county of England the house he spoke of was to be found; but in the house her father purchased, and she inherited, all who preached the Gospel should looking man, and had a kind of foreign grace be welcome, let kings make what laws, and

kinds minions swear what oaths they would He said nothing to this; the worse sign for her; but he set his teeth at her; and in an hour's time he rode away back to the French

witch that had beguiled him.

Before he went away from Morton he set his spies. He longed to catch his wife in his fierce clutch, and punish her for defying him. She had made him hate her with her Puritanical ways. He counted the days till the messenger came, splashed up to the top of in deep leather boots, to say that my lady had invited the canting Puritan preachers of the neighbourhood to a prayer-meeting, and a dinner, and a night's rest at her house. Sir John smiled, as he gave the messenger five gold pieces for his pains; and straight took post-horses, and rode long days till he got to Morton; and only just in time; for it was the very day of the prayer-meeting. Pinners were then at one o'clock in the country. The great people in London might keep late hours, and dine at three in the afternoon or so; but the Mortons they always clung to the good old ways, and, as the church bells were ringing twelve when Sir John came riding into the village, he knew he might slacken bridle; and, casting one glance at the smoke which came hurrying up that if from a newly-mended fire, just behind the wood, the he knew the Hall-kitchen chimney stood, Sir John stopped at the smithy, and pretended to question the smith, and pretended to the took little about his hours, when he took little about his horse's shoes; but he took name heed of the answers, being more occupied by an old serving-man from the Hall, who had been loitering about the smithy half the morning, as folk thought afterwards, to keep appointment with Sir John. When about his horse's shoes; but he took little some appointment with Sir John. When their talk was ended, Sir John lifted himself straight in his saddle; cleared his throat, and spoke out aloud :--

"I grieve to hear your lady is so ill." The smith wondered at this, for all the village knew of the coming feast at the Hall; the spring-chickens had been bought up, and the cade-lambs killed; for the preachers in those days, if they fasted they fasted, if they fought they fought, if they prayed they prayed sometimes for three hours at a standing; and if they feasted they feasted, and knew what

good eating was, believe me.

"My lady ill?" said the smith, as if he doubted the old prim serving-man's word. And the latter would have chopped in with an angry asseveration (he had been at Worcester and fought on the right side), but

Sir John cut him short.

"My lady is very ill, good Master Fox. It teaches her here," continued he, pointing to his head. I am come down to take her to Kondon, where the King's own physician shall prescribe for her." And he rode slowly p to the Hall.

The lady was as well as ever she had been neck.

"It serves me right," she said. "I wedded one of in a few minutes some of those one of my father's enemies; one of those who

whom she esteemed so blighly mound be about her; some of those who had known and valued her father—her dead father, to whem her sorrowful heart turned in its woe, as the only true lover and friend she had ever had on earth. Many of the preachers would have ridden far—was all in order in their rooms, and on the table in the great dining parlour? She had got into restless hurried ways of late. She went round below, and then she mounted the great oak staircase to see if the tower bed-chamber was all in order for old Master Hilton, the oldest among the Meanwhile, the maidens below preachers. were carrying in mighty cold rounds of spiced beef, quarters of lamb, chicken pies, and all such provisions, when, suddenly, they knew not how, they found themselves each seized by strong arms, their aprons thrown over their heads, after the manner of a gag, and themselves borne out of the house on to the poultry green behind, where, with threats of what worse might befall them, they were sent with many a shanneful word—(Sir John could not always command his men, many of whom had been soldiers in the French wars)—back into the village. They scudded away like frightened hares. My lady was strewing the white-headed preacher's room with the last year's lavender, and stirring up the sweet-pot on the dressing-table, when she heard a step on the echoing stairs. It was no measured tread of any Puritan; it was the clang of a man of war coming nearer and nearer, with loud rapid strides. She knew the step; her heart stopped beating, not for fear, but because she loved Sir John even yet; and she took a step forward to meet him, and then stood still and trembled, for the flattering false thought came before her that he might have come yet in some quick impulse of reviving love, and that his hasty step might be prompted by the passionate tenderness of a husband. But when he reached the door, she looked as calm and indifferent as ever.

"My lady," said he, "you are gathering your friends to some feast; may I know who are thus invited to revel in my house? Some graceless fellows, I see, from the store of meat and drink below: wine-bibbers and drunkards, I fear."

But, by the working glance of his eye she saw that he knew all; and she spoke with a

cold distinctness:

"Master Ephraim Dixon, Master Zerubbabel Hopkins, Master Help-me-or-I-perish Perkins, and some other godly ministers, come to spend the afternoon in my house."

He went to her, and in his rage he struck her. She put up no arm to save herself, but reddened a little with the pain, and then, drawing her neckerchief on one side, she looked at the crimson mark on her white

would have hunted the old man to death. I gave may father's enemy house and lands, when his came as a beggar to my door I followed my wicked wayward heart in this instead of minding my dying father's words. Strike again, and avenge him yet

willut he would not, because she bade him: He unloosed his sash, and bound her arms tight, tight together, and she never struggled or spoke. Then pushing her so, that she was coliged to sit down on the bed

side:

"Sit there," he said, "and hear how I will welcome the old hypocrites you have dared to ask to my house -my house and my ancestors' house, long before your father—a canting pedlar—hawked his goods about, and cheated honest men."

And, opening the chamber window right above those Hall-steps where she had awaited him in her maiden beauty scarce three short years ago, he greeted the company of reachers as they rode up to the Hall with such terrible hideous language, (my lady had provoked him past all bearing, you see), that the old men turned wound aghast, and made the best of their way back to their own places.

Meanwhile, Sir John's serving-men below had obeyed their master's orders. They had gone through the house, closing every window, every shutter, and every door, but leaving all else just as it was ;-the cold meats on the table, the hot meats on the spit, the silver flagons on the side-board-all just as if it were ready for a feast; and then Sir John's head-servant, he that I spoke of before, came up and told his master

all was ready.

"Is the horse and the pillion all ready? Then you and I must be my lady's tirewomen: " and as it seemed to her in mockery, but in reality with a deep parpose, they dressed the helpless woman in her riding things all awry, and, strange and disorderly, Sir John carried her down stairs; and he and his man bound her on the pillion, and Sir John mounted before. The man shut and locked the great house-door, and the echoes of the clang went through the empty Hall with an oninous sound. "Throw the key," said Sir John, "deep into the mere yonder. My lady may go seek it if she lists, when next I set her arms at liberty. then I know whose house Morton Hall shall be called.

"Sir John! it shall be called the Devil's House, and you shall be his steward.

But the poor lady had better have held her tongue; for Sir John only laughed, and told her to rave on. As he passed through the village, with his serving men riding behind, the tenantry came out and stood at their doors, and pitied him for having a mad wife,

taking her up to be seen by the King's phy sion. But somehow the Hall got an ugly name; the roast and boiled meats the ducks the chickens had time to drop into dust before any human being now dared to enter in ; or, indeed, had any right to enter in for Sir John never came back to Morton as for my lady, some said she was dead and some said she was mad and shut up in London, and some said Sir John had taken her to a convent abroad.

"And what did become of her?" asked we.

creeping up to Mrs. Dawson.

" Nay, how should I know?" "But what do you think?" we asked, per-

tinaciously.

"I cannot tell. I have heard that after Sir John was killed at the battle of the Boyne she got loose and came wandering back to Morton, to her old nurse's house; but, indeed, she was mad then out and out, and I've no doubt Sir John had seen it coming on. She used to have visions and dream dreams; and some thought her a prophetess; and some thought her fairly crazy. What she said about the Mortons was awful. She doomed them to die out of the land, and their house to be razed to the ground, while pedlars and huxters such as her own people, her fathe had been should dwell where the knightly Mortons had once lived. One winter's night she strayed away, and the next morning they found the poor crazy woman frozen to death in Drumble meeting-house yard; and the Mr. Morton who had succeeded to Sir John had her decently buried where she was found, by the side of her father's grave."

"And when We were silent for a time. was the old Hall opened, Mrs. Dawson,

please?"

"Oh! when the Mr. Morton, our Squire Morton's grandfather came into possession. He was a distant cousin of Sir John's, a much quieter kind of man. He had all the old rooms opened wide, and aired, and fumigated; and the strange fragments of musty food were collected and burnt in the yard; but somehow that old dining-parlour had always a charnel-house smell, and no one ever liked making merry in it—thinking of the grey old preachers, whose ghosts might be even then scenting the meats afar off, and trooping unbidden to a feast, that was not that of which they were baulked. I was glad for one when the Squire's father built another diningroom; and no servant in the house will go an errand into the old dining-parlour after dark, I can assure ye."

"I wonder if the way the last Mr. Morton had to sell-his land to the people at Drumble had anything to do with old Lady Morton's prophecy," said my mother, musingly

"Not at all," said Mrs. Dawson, sharply. "My lady was crazy, and her words not to be minded. I should like to see the cottonand praised him for his care of her, and of spinners of Drumble offer to purchase land the chance he gave her of amendment by from the Squire. Besides, there's a strict

They can't purchase the land if A set of trading pediars would.

I remember Ethelinda and I looked at each other at this word "pedlars;" which was the very word she had put into Sir John's mouth when tannting his wife with her father's low birth and calling. We thought, "We shall see."

Alas! we have seen.

Soon after that evening our good old friend Mrs. Dawson died. I remember it well, because Ethelinda and I were put into mourning for the first time in our lives. A dear little brother of ours had died only the year before; and then my father and mother had decided that we were too young; that there was no necessity for their incurring the expense of black frocks. We mourned for the little delicate darling in our hearts, I know; and, to this dry, I often wonder what twould have been to have had a brother. But when Mrs. Dawson'died it became a sort of duty we owed to the Squire's family to go into black, and very proud and pleased Ethelinda and I were with our new frocks. I remember dreaming Mrs. Dawson was alive again, and crying, because I thought by new frock would be taken away from me. But all this has nothing to do with Morton Hall.

When I first became aware of the greatness of the Squire's station in life, his family consisted of himself, his wife (a frail delicate lady), his only son "little master," as Mrs. Dawson was allowed to call him, "the young Squire," as we in the village always berned him. His name was John Marmaduke. He was always called John; and after Mrs. Dawson's story of the old Sir John, I used to wish he might not bear that illomened name. He used to ride through the village in his bright scarlet coat, his long fair curling hair falling over his lace collar, and his broad black hat and feather shading his merry blue eyes. Ethelinda and I thought then, and I always shall think, there never was such a boy. He had a line high spirit too of his own, and once horse-whipped a groom twice as big as himself, who had thwarted him. To see him and Miss Phillis go tearing through the village on their pretty Arabian horses, laughing as they met the west wind, and their long golden curls flying behind them, you would have thought them brother and sister rather than nephew and aunt; for Miss Phillis was the Squire's sister, much younger than himself; indeed at the time I speak of, I don't think she could have been above seventeen, and the young

When Mrs. Elisabeth, Mrs. Horson's malt, saw us at tea in Mrs. Develop's room, who asked Ethelinda and me if we would not the to come into Miss Phillis's dressing room and watch her dress; and then she is could promise to keep from touching may thing, she would make interest for us to go. We would have promised to stand on our heads, and would have tried to do so too, to carn such a privilege. So in we went, and stood together hand-in-hand up in a corner out of the way, feeling very red, and shy, and hot, till Miss Phillis put us at our ease by playing all manner of comical tricks, just to make us laugh, which at last we did outright in spite of all our endeavours to be grave, lest Mrs. Elizabeth should complain of us to my mother. I recollect the scent of the marechale powder with which Miss Phillis's hair was just sprinkled; and how she shook her head, like a young colt, to work the hair loose which Mrs. Elizabeth was straining up over a cushion. Then Mrs. Elizabeth would try a little of Mrs. Morton's rouge; and Miss Phillis would wash it off with a wet towel, saying that she liked her own paleness better than any performer's colour; and when Mrs. Eliza-beth wanted just to touch her cheeks once more, she hid herself behind the great armchair, peeping out with her sweet merry face. first at one side and then at another, till we all heard the Squire's voice at the door, asking her, if she was dressed, to come and show herself to Madam, her sister-in-law; for, as I said, Mrs. Morton was a great invalid, and unable to go out to any grand parties like this. We were all silent in an instant; and even Mrs. Elizabeth thought no more of the rouge, but how to get Miss Phillis's beautiful blue dress on quick enough. She had cherrycoloured knots in her hair, and her breastknots were of the same ribbon. Her gown was open in front, to a quilted white silk skirt. We felt very shy of her as she stood there fully dressed-she looked so much grander than anything we had ever seen; and it was like a relief when Mrs. Elizabeth told us to go down to Mrs. Dawson's parlour, where my mother was sitting all this time.

Just as we were telling how merry and comical Miss Phillis had been, in came a footman. "Mrs. Dawson," said he, "the Squire bids me ask you to go with Mrs. Sidebotham into the west parlour, to have a look at Miss Morton before she goes." We went 'too, clinging to my mother. Miss Phillis looked rather shy as we came in, and stood just by the door. I think we all must have shown her that we had never seen anything so beautiful, as she was, in our lives before; for she Source her nephew, was nearly ten. I relionatory was the nephew, was nearly ten. I relionatory was the nephew, was nearly ten. I relionatory was nearly

done upstairs ; and then catching hold of her nephow, and insisting that he should dance a negative and mainting that he carriage came, which preposal made him very angry, as it was an insult to his manhood (at nine years old) to suppose he could dance. "It was all very well for girls to make fools of them-seives," he said, "but it did not do for men." And Ethelinda and I thought we had never heard so fine a speech before. But the carriage came before we had half feasted our eyes enough; and the Squire came from his wife's room to order the little master to bed, and hand his sister to

I remember a good deal of talk about royal dukes and unequal marriages that night. believe Miss Phillis did dance with Prince William; and I have often heard that she bore away the bell at the ball, and that no one came near her for beauty and pretty merry ways. In a day or two after I saw her scampering through the village, looking just as she did before she had danced with a royal duke. We all thought she would marry some one great, and used to look out for the lord who was to take her away. But poor Madam died, and there was no one but Miss Phillis to comfort her brother, for the young Squire was gone away to some great school down south; and Miss Phillis grew grave, and reined in her pony to keep by the Squire's side, when he rode out on his steady old mare

in his lazy careless way.

We did not hear so much of the doings at the hall now Mrs. Dawson was dead; so 1 cannot tell how it was; but by and bye there was a talk of bills that were once paid weekly, being now allowed to run to quarter day; and then, instead of being settled every quarter day, they were put off to Christmas; and many said they had hard enough work A buzz went to get their money then. through the village that the poung squire played high at college, and that he made away with more money than his father could afford. But when he came down to Morton, he was as handsome as ever; and I, for one, never believed evil of him; though I'll allow others might cheat him, and he never suspect His aunt was as fond of him as ever; and he of her. Many is the time I have seen them out walking together, sometimes sad enough, sometimes merry as ever. By and bye, my father heard of sales of small pieces of land, not included in the entail; and at last, things got so bad, that the very crops were sold yet green upon the ground, for any price folks would give, so that there was but ready money paid. The Squire at length gave way entirely, and never left the house : and the young master in London; and poor Miss Phillis used to go about trying to see after the workmen and labourers, and save what she could. By this time she would be above thirty; Ethelinda and I were nineteen and twenty-one when my mother died, ness. We would have given him of our best

and that was some years before this. Well, at last the equire died; they do say of a broken heart at his son's extravagance; and, though the lawyers kept it very close, it began to be rumoured that Miss Phillis's fortune had gone too. Any way the creditors came down on the estate like wolves. It was entailed and it could not be sold; but the put it into the hands of a lawyer who was to get what he could out of it, and have no pity for the poor young Squire who had not a reof for his head. Miss Phillis went to live by herself in a little cottage in the village, at the end of the property, which the lawyer. allowed her to have because he could not let it to any one, it was so tumble-down and We never knew what she lived on, old. poor lady, but she said she was well in health, which was all we durst ask about. She came to see my father just before he died; and he seemed made bold with the feeling that he was a dying man; so he asked, what I had longed to know for many a year, where was the young squire? He had never been seen in Morton since his father's funeral. Miss Phillis said he was gone abroad; but in what part he was then, she herself hardly knew; only she had a feeling that, sooner or later, he would come back to the old place; where she should strive to keep a home for him whenever the was tired of wandering about, and trying to make his fortune.

"Trying to make his fortune still?" asked my father, his questioning eyes saying more than his words. Miss Phillis shook her head with a sad meaning in her face; and we understood it all. He was at some French gaming-table, if he was not at an English

one.

Miss Phillis was right. It might be a year after my father's death when he came back, looking old and grey and worn. He came to our door just after we had barred it one winter's evening. Ethelinda and I still lived at the farm, trying to keep it up and make it pay; but it was hard work. We heard a., step coming up the straight pebble walk; and then it stopped right at our door, under the very porch, and we heard a man's breath-

ing, quick and short.
"Shall I open the door?" said I.

"No, wait!" said Ethelinda; for we lived alone, and there was no cottage near us. We held our breaths. There came a knock.

Who 's there ?" I cried. "Where does Miss Morton live -

Phillis ?" We were not sure if we would answer him; for she, like us, lived alone.

"Who's there?" again said I.
"Your master," he answered, proud angry. "My name is John Morton. does Miss Phillis live.?

We flad the door unbarred in a trice, and begged him to come in; to pardon our rudeas was his due from us; but he only listened to the directions we gave him to his stant's, and took no notice of our apologies.

THE CAMP AT HELFAUT.

MECHANICIANS estimate the value of any motive agent which they contrive to invent, by the space which it occupies in proportion to its efficiency. What they want is, an epitome of strength. Cumbrous machinery, falling to pieces by its own weight, and incompable of movement in consequence of its own friction, finds no favour. To obtain the greatest amount of active or resisting power with the smallest quantity of material substance, is the problem which clever heads are every day more and more successfully solving.

a A pinch of gunpowder will kill your game in better style than all the cross-bows, arbaletes, and bird-bolss in the world. A amall dose of cannon-balls will breach you a hole in a fortification sooner and wider than a dozen lumbering catapultas. A few atoms of detonating powder are preferred to solid flint and steel. A single small hydraulic press will screw you down tighter and reduce you more rapidly to the form of a pancake, than countless pairs of the brawniest arms. A steam-engine of a hundred horse power will finish, in no time, a job which two hundred horses strung together could not even Archimedes, with all his touch or begin. boasting, could have done very little with his lever that should move the world; unless It were a lever he could hold in his hand, and

The world he thought of was the world of matter. But there is yet another world to be moved; the world of men, the world of mind. And to stir it, to compress it, to guide it, and to make it grow, miniature apparatus, with springs and levers that are scarcely visible, are getting the victory over costly, enormous, and unwieldy tools.

publicly to decor te St. Omer's market-place, has found instead a refuge and a hiding-place in the museum of the town. But even this form of disgrace shows an improvement in the times. Had the reverse of fortune happened some sixty years ago, the scarcely visible, are getting the victory over roostly, enormous, and unwieldy tools.

These fancies came into my brain as I was leisurely strolling in a foreign land, one thought-compelling spring-tide morning. It is not every idle stroll which has the power of suggesting comparisons to the mind. Critical epochs of the year, peculiar localities, and, still more frequently, the discordant winion of incongruous objects, will often strike with the latent spark with which to light up a fuminous idea.

I had started from the town of St. Omer in the direction of the cemetery, and had mounted the hill on which it lies, commanding a view of considerable interest. Behind, a

Order than the considerable interest. Defining, and the by making them too countries. It is now no hall preserve up to the cathedral, the dingy, red-better than the apothecary's "beggarly action to the Halillis drious and desecrated Jesuit's count of empty boxes;" a boarding-school at The lady who a Yeavy dome of the Hotefide Wille, holiday time; Cambridge during the long ther life, and paid in and held together by a wacation; an actress in her morning dishaten-for in a grammart of fortifications. Green bille a London theatre out of season, with

meadows and swelling hills lead the eye into distant wanderings. Before, rises a table-land, whose broken slope faces you boldly. On its level plain, which forms the horizon, you can just perceive what might be a multitude of gipsy tents; though not enough to accommodate the entire gipsy population of Christendom. That is the famous Plaine des Bruyères, the manœuvring field, or Camp of Helfaut. Unlike our own ephemeral Chobham, this is a permanent institution, performing its functions with more or less of annual vigour, according to the aspect of the times, or the military tastes of the ruling powers. All sorts of reputations within the last forty years have galloped over its sterile surface—from the steady fame of our Wellington to the phantom-like names of Charles the Tenth and the Duke d'Angoulème.

I had crossed the troubled waters of the Aa, wondering at a long wooden trough which stood by the shelving brink of the stream, and was half way up the grassy slope leading to the Helfaut camp. Seen from below its aspect is that of a continuous and far from ugly range of hills; the outline of whose more commanding promontories was faintly traced and gilded by the blossoms of stunted furze bushes. On the topmost knoll, immediately before me, a group of cattle were enjoying the prospect, and calinly ruminating the sweet short herbage on which they had made their morning meal. I could just catch the point of a white stone spire on the summit, apparently belonging to a village church; but really the fleeting monument to a fleeting memory—to Louis Philippe's heir, the Duke of Orleans, whose statue in bronze, intended publicly to decor: te St. Omer's market-place, has found instead a refuge and a hidingplace in the museum of the town. But even this form of disgrace shows an improvement in the times. Had the reverse of colossal duke would have been stamped into

To mount at leisure the green declivity, is even a more agreeable mode of ascent, than to follow the zig-zags of that excellent road. We are on level ground, and can breathe and gaze. The camp is before us, a wide-stretched body, like a ricketty giant with but little soul just now to animate it, and not at all in its Sunday clothes. For at Helfaut the soldiers' dwellings, are not tents, but low huts, or hovels, or wigwams, with clay walls and thatched roofs, a door at each end, mostly, and precious little window. In fact, they are anything but good-looking homes, and do not promise to enervate the men by making them too comfortable. The vast assemblage of permanent tents is now no better than the apothecary's "beggarly account of empty boxes;" a boarding-school at holiday time; Cambridge during the long execation; an actress in her morning dishabille a London theatre out of season, with

EPAUT ...

scaffolding of a mighty building without the edifice rising before it. It is yet too early in the year at present for the men to assemble for summer drill. There it lies, inert and straggling; a nuisance to the ground it of grass, to the detriment of cows and

sheep.

Although the outward panorama is more inviting, let us enter the sleeping city of the absent, and inspect the way in which this awkward piece of mechanism is made to do its fair-weather work. Not a cat, nor a sparrow, nor a dog, nor a chicken, nor even a stray cabbage-stalk, or tossed-out dust-heap are to be seen, in evidence of human life and society. Here is a sort of lane or opening, leading apparently into one of the main streets. But lo! after stepping forward two or three paces, it appears that we, unseasonable visitors, were neither quite alone, nor unobserved. A door opens suddenly, and out of one of the cannibal-like sheds a soldier advances and makes us a bow. We return the bow politely, and walk on, as if nothing had happened. Upon which, the here steps before us and opens his mouth, to the effect that "Monsieur is doubtless aware that entrance to the camp is forbidden."

" Monsieur is a stranger, and is not aware of anything of the kind. Monsieur will turn back with pleasure" (since he cannot help it), "though loath to leave such a cheerful village. Pray, is it permitted to Monsieur to walk round the outside of this lively scene ?;

"Certainly; Monsieur is free to walk round it, and outside, but Monsieur may not enter it." More bows and salutations! I never was so beautifully bowed out in my life.

This is dull work; I have had quite enough of it; and, moreover, have seen quite as much of the attractive spot as any reasonable being, not a spy or a Araitor, can desire to become acquainted with. nothing but an enormous shell without a body; a lobster's claw with no muscle in it; one of the tools for governing the world which a great many people are getting tired of using, especially as they confidently believe that better implements are in existence. Let us turn our backs on the courtly camp-keeper and trot down the hill to that thrifty-looking village yonder, whose buildings bestride the course of the Aa, and rattle with the sound of water-wheels.

There is something there to make up for our disappointment. Read the address of this note, which I happen to have brought:—"To Monsieur Dambricourt, Wizernes.' step and deliver it forthwith. It procures us bows and salutations; but admission also, instead of right-about face.

We enter a light and airy apartment of magic-a hall of wondrous metamorphoses down the centre of which flows an enchanted

not even a rehearsal to enliven it; or the stream, whose three the stream is hidden in the regions abovet Each tub is called an Agitator, from some wooden arms which move wishin it. It is a big-bellied receptacle, constantly in a turmoil, with such a deal of splutter, splash, and noise, and thumping, that I could splash, and noise, and ununping, not help thinking of the late Daniel O'Connection of the late Daniel O'Connection of the late Daniel O'Connection of the late of In its vast interior are stirred about t materials which now constitute one of the world's most available active powers—the innocent-looking tissue which is familiar to the public in general under the everyday name of Paper, and for testimonies to whose efficiency see the London journals passim. As House hold Words has already given an account of the details of paper manufacture, I spare you all the rag-picking and rag-clipping here, the water-wheel of fifty-horse power grinding up old shirts and sheets by means of a cylinder with fifty blades, till they become the finished pulp or raffine. I say nothing about testing the fineness of the pulp in a basin of clear water, of colouring it for fancy work, or leaving it white for fact and fiction-I merely wish to tell you, that by means of a modest ten-horse power steam-engine, an enchanted stream, flowing down a channel something like a yard-and-a-half wide, was, by means of air and water, by blowing up and pressing down, by gauzes of wire and solid rollers, changed in one minute from a fluid to a solid. At second the first, particles of vegetable fibre were floating loose in a liquid medium; at second the sixtieth, they were woven compactly into the convenient sheet on which I now am writing, and were instantly cut by an unseen knife into squares and oblongs of suitable size. Nothing more was required to be done but to examine and fold them, and, in extraordinary cases, to press them, and afterwards to pack and send them away. Altogether, two hundred men, women, and children find amusement, and something better, in the service of this miraculous stream.

Here, thought I, is a rival power to the machinery we left at the top of the hill. We have here an element which furnishes weapons that may one day prevail over military force. With a conscientious and industrious pen, guided by an observant eye, with a printing-press boldly and ably manned, and an abundant supply of this suddenly-created film, it is possible to make even Emperars uneasy, and to cause such magnanimous heroes as Haynau to fear they are not going to have it all their own way. This moderate establishment, backed by one or two others of equal dimensions, analogically employed in forging and sharpening the brilliant armour of the brain, might make way, if there were no others to help them, against the fiercest autocrat in Europe. Their paneply is small but concentrated. One civilian can instruct and persuade a hundred thousand armed warriors, if they only be allowed to listen

to hint-and liston they will,

7.A. few weeks had passed away, and I again took a walk out of St. Omer. Things had greatly changed in the interval—the trees were thickly covered with leaves, the fields were heavily laden with corn. Once more I passed the bridge which spans the bed of the udustrious Aa. The extraordinary trough industrious Aa. was still by its side, and a soldier was busy pumping it full. And then down the opposite hill came troops of horses-two by twoto take the draught which they could not otherwise get without considerable risk of drowning. The blossoms of the furze were gone—no yellow outline defined The knoll on which I had beheld faded and the hills. those tranquil cows chewing the cud, was now occupied by a numerous herd of animals of quite a different species and family. Drummer boys were perched all over it, on the summit of every anthill and clod, practising rataplan and the devil's tattoo, till I have no doubt their wrists had enough of it. They do not prevent the silly sheep from feeding quietly just below, any more than the rumours of war make nations rise to put down great conquerors. I drove up the zig-zag road, meeting omnibuses in the service of the camp, baggage carts, canteen vehicles, soldiers in their shirt-sleeves out fo a little amateur reservoir-making, mounted officers in full a friend, or the fragment of a battalion; uniform, and officers' wives come to give their opinion. By the way, what very capital fellows those French officers' wives do seem to be! On the hill-side were men toiling with wheelbarrows full of mould and green turfall for amusement's sake, as will be seen by and bye; others were laboriously causing to mount milk-white blocks of chalky limestone.

The camp at last has changed its aspect; all is flutter and fanfaronade. The hovels are full; the streets are crowded; a stranger is no longer looked on with suspicion. An extempore chapel has been raised, more like a large summer-house open in front than usual religious edifices, before which the troops may see mass, if, as is probable, they cannot hear it. But fun, rather than devotion, is the order of the day, not even excepting duty. What an alteration in the externals of the place! Scarcely a single shed can be seen that has not its own little garden before it. This indeed displays true wisdom, to make yourselves as comfortable as you can, even in an adverse and temporary fix. One stout-hearted Australian discoverer, whenever he halted for the night in the desert interior, used to convert his sleeping-place into a lessy bower, and to plant lilies before the door, although he knew that in all proba-That was the height of adaptive philosophy. Here, there are ten thousand men placed in power of inspecting both the ore, the a strait which most folks would call uncom-roughly-smelted metal, and the glittering fortable, sleeping on hurdles covered with a ornaments of diamond-like steel. But camps

mattrass, and consenting to things which ap furnished apartments on earth would have the face to propose to a tenant; and net their care is judiciously bestowed on the embellishment of their narrow and shorttenured lodging. The tiny parterres at the camp therefore are not only admirable specimens of toy gardens, they are excellent examples and practical lessons of the art of making as good a use as possible of the circumstances under which we happen to be placed.

These little horticultural plots lie just before the door of each shed or cabin. Let us walk along the front row of huts, and we mark an infinite variety of taste and style. Flowers, fountains even, sun-dials, "Laramé," (a sort of pantaloon) with his mill, and other mills; fortifications mounted with chalk cannon and tenanted by little chalk houses; miniature streams turning water-mills; ornaments tastefully cut in chalk; A l'Empereur and A l'Impératrice, in ornate white letters laid on the turf; sanded walks; mountains serving as the reservoirs of hidden springs to supply the aforesaid fountains and streamlets; eagles, crosses of honour, hearts, and what-nots neatly carved in turf and brought out into relief with moss and gravel; greenhouse plants; monumental gardening with inscriptions to the memory of a general, patriotic and military mottoes-Honneur et Patrie, Valcur et Discipline.

The camp is gay; but after all it is imperfect, though less so than our own display at Chobham. There, there was hardly a single thing to remind the visitor of the shady side of warfare. But the plain of Helfaut holds beneath its busy surface one hint that all has not been always so bright. The commune of Wizernes still possesses a number of caves (though many are closed) called muches, in which the inhabitants used to hide themselves when war was made in real earnest. In the eighth and ninth conturies these compulsory retirements became so frequent, that the very cattle got to know the meaning of the alarm-bell, and came to the muches of their own accord as soon as they heard the warning signal. But English ideas about peace and war would be considerably modified if Great Britain were, for once in a while, the scene of an actual and business-like battle. Helfaut, I repeat, is incomplete; Chobham was more so.

For, this is my view of the case :-- An exhibition of any art or process, in order to approach perfectness as a means of in-struction, must give a series of facts and things, and not the mere surprising result. We must have, as at the Crystal Palace, the raw silk and the power-loom as well as the resplendent brocade. We ought to have the

like these of Chebham and Helfaut are mothing but the rose and blossom of war. We see nothing of the hidden root and origin mostly the pernicious ambition of individuals; nothing of the thorns and branches; private sorrows and international bitternesses; nothing of the fruit and produce; ignorance, impoverishment, and debt. Helfaut, imbibing the sunshine, and listening to the military band which was dashing off a polka with almost superhuman precision; in spite of the luxury of the scene, my thoughts could not help wandering. It was not that, at a distance, to the right and the left, other bands were triumphantly attracting other groups of listeners; it was not the curious intermittances of rhythm and melody produced by a bar of a waltz crossing a bar of a march, on its passage over the breezy plain; nor was it recollections of the silent and halfdead Trappist convents just visible on the cloud-like hills of the Monts des Cats and Trinité. It struck me that something was wanting here. The camp was far too onesided a specimen. To give the people a correct idea of war, other details were

requisite. Years ago, in Belgium, I had visited the citadel of Antwerp, a few months after the siege was raised. The remembrance of that siege was raised. place of horrors often haunts me to this very day; and yet it was not worse, nor so bad as many other places of the kind. The den in which the wounded were deposited, to die, be amputated, or take their chance of surgical aid, was the thing I wished to bring to Helfaut, and myself exhibit to the holiday crowd. Of course, a faithful duplicate would also have to be sent to England. It was a low gloomy shelter, in which you could not stand upright-four or five feet high, perhaps. To form a correct appreciation of the whole scene, one sense only was necessary. I should like to read a description of that dismal den, dictated by some blind traveller. Remember, it was now several months after the siege, and the stench was still insufferable. Thisa necessary appendage of war; as necessary as the glittering camp—this was the refuge to which human beings were brought, that their souls might depart from their bodies-in peace! A monstrous abomination! Jackals and wolves, with the slightest practice, would scent it at the distance of a league or two. But who, I ask, will venture to say that, with no hint or specimen of a state of siege, the display at the camp suggested the whole truth? Such as this, and not Chelsea Hospital nor the Invalides, is the fate of the majority of wounded soldiers.

Another embellishment was wanting, too. We gazed upon hundreds of young, strong, healthy conscripts; but we saw nothing of the relations they had left behind them.

tortuned by the thought the suffer; of girls, whom the forest shows their not faithless sweethearts hindered fi marrying; of fathers, though worn out wi toil, struggling still to teil for seven year service should give back again, to their ow As I lay on my back upon the heather of little bit of land, the much-needed help of pair of willing and vigorous arms. With no domestic groups like these, with nothing but music, glitter, and show, of what value is the teaching of the camp to him who desires to look to the bottom of things? Nor would I. allow to be omitted a choice hospital-museum collection of remarkable gun-shot wounds and fractures.

By a curious but true coincidence, I had in one pocket an English newspaper, giving a charming account of the merry pranks which our soldiers played on and in Virginia Water. Ducks and drakes; soft water bath, so delightful in August. Who would not learn to swim, if he might but take part in such pretty sports as these? Warfare, really, after all, must be a most entertaining profession. My other pocket, however, contained a pendant to this amusing picture. It was simply a number of Household Words. Another camp was the scene of the episode, where they also played at soldiers, though sometimes in a regular style. Napoleon, while practising his flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne, did not scruple to drown a couple of hundred men.

And what is the end of all this camping? the lesson which it leaves most firmly impressed upon the mind? The General of Division, Aide de Camp to the Emperor, Superior Commandant of the camp at Helfaut, tells us what it left upon his. He thus takes leave of his dispersing comrades :-"When one has had the honour of commanding such soldiers as you are, the most ardent wish one can entertain is to be called to lead them to the enemy." But what enemy, in an empire of peace? Suppose that there exists no enemy? Never mind; we will try and find one. What is the use of a carvingknife, when there is no mutton to cut up with it?

The camp at Helfaut with its cumbrous machinery is stopped until next summer. But Monsieur Dambricourt's paper mill weeks all the year round. Huzza for Dambricount! If we only bestowed on the organisation of peace one quarter of the time and trouble, and one-sixteenth portion of the treasure which we squander on the trappings and tools, of glorious war, how much wiser and happier we should be? But restless spirits abroad will not allow us to be wise and happy. are obliged to keep up a warlike assault against them. Would that the Czar and the Sultan when dull, and in want of a little exwould have had, within easy reach, a select citing diversion, would try a paper war; each encampment of weeping mothers, with hearts engaging a private tutor to perfect them in

pould ever have conceived beforehand.

SONG FOR NOVEMBER.

THE brown fogs are rising. The yellow leaves failing, The song birds are silent, The harsh winds are wailing ; The days have shrunk shorter, The nights have grown longer; Warmth becomes weaker, Cold waxes stronger; Yet, in close darkness Which no eye can sever, The World-strength is shaping Blossoms for ever.

Life is fast sinking, Sun-like and bright; As out of the heavens Falls the great night? Yet, fear I never Leaving this earth-place Knowing the grave is Also a birth-place; And the soul, growing With God-power vernal, Will it not burst into Blossoms eternal?

KENSINGTON CHURCH.

In some moods of the mind the juxtaposition is very painful of a churchyard and a public way. It looks as if death itself were no escape from the turmoils of life. We feel as if the noise of carts and cries were never to be out of one's hearing; as if the tears, however hidden, of those who stood mournfully looking at our graves, were to be mocked by the passing crowd of indifferent spectators; as if the dead might be sensible of the very market going on with all its night-lights and bustle (as it does here on Saturdays); of the noise of drunken husbands and wives persisting in bringing a curse of misery into the last home.

On the other hand, the sociable man may cometimes be disposed to regard with complacency this kind of posthumous intercourse with the living. We may feel as if the dead were hardly the departed; as if they were still abiding among their friends and fellowcreatures; not displeased even to hear the moise and the bustle; or at least, as if in ceasing to hear our voices, they were still, so to speak, reposing in our arms. Morning, somehow, in this view of the case, would seem to be still theirs, though they choose to lie in bed; cheerful noon is with them, without their aving any of the trouble of it; mes may be read on their tombstones as familiarly as they used to be at their know when it was first built. But the altedoors; children play about their graves, unrations, for the most part, appear to have thinkingly indeed, but joyously, and with as been as bad as what they altered. They little thought of irreverence as butterfiles; beat the silk stocking, the repeated mendings

is much more amusing pastime than, they from his party, breather a jovial instead of a full over have conceived beforehand. knew them. Perhaps he has been joining in one of their old favourite glees by Callcott on Spofforth, the former of whom, by the way, was a Kensington man, and the latter of whom lies buried here, and is recorded at the church door. And assuredly the dead Spofforth would find no fault with his living remembrancer.

In quiet country places there is, in fact, a sort of compromise in this instance between the two feelings of privacy and publicity, which we have often thought very pleasing. The dead in a small sequestered village seem hardly removed from their own houses. The last home seems almost a portion of the first. The clergyman's house often has the churchyard as close to it as the garden; and when he goes into his grave, he seems but removed into another room; gone to bed, and to his sleep: He has not left. He lies there with his family still, ready to waken with them all, on the heavenly morning.

This however is a feeling upon the matter, which we find it difficult to realise in a bustling town. We are there convinced upon the whole, that whether near to houses or away from them, the sense of quiet is requisite to the proper idea of the churchyard. The dead being actually severed from us—no longer visible, no longer having voices—all sights and words but of the gentlest and quietest kind seem to be impertinences towards them; not to belong to them — quiet being the thing farthest removed from cities—and what we imagine to pervade all space, and the gulfs between the stars, is requisite to make us feel that we are standing on the threshold of heaven.

Upon the whole, therefore, we cannot approve of churchyards in noisy thoroughfares, and thus must needs object to the one in the place before us; though there are portions of it to the north and west of the church, more sequestered (for a small remove in these cases makes a great difference), and in those portions the most noticeable of the graves are situate. They are not many; nor have we much to say of persons lying in the church itself, or in the church vaults.

But first, we must return to the church itself. From what we have said of it, the reader will conclude that it is remarkable as an edifice for nothing but the smallness and homeliness of its appearance; but it has this curious additional claim to consideration; namely, that what with partial re-buildings and wholesale repairs, it has been altered, since the year sixteen hundred and eighty-three, nearly a dozen times. often before then, we cannot say; nor do we

of which turned it into worsted. They were always worsted—bally darned. They resembled the scapegrace relation of the famous Penn, whom our punning ancestors described as a pen that had been "often cut, but never mended." What were improvements or requirements in some respects became defacements in others, or things to be wished away. The painted window was meagre; the galleries clogged up a space already too little, and looked as if they would slide into the pews; the pews themselves were too tall, and aggravated that sense of closeness and crowding, to which the increasing population naturally tended, and which is still the first thing that strikes a visitor of the church. While writing this article, however (for the church is now undergoing another repair), we have the pleasure of observing that the pews are in the act of being made lower; and we hail this undoubted improvement as an evidence of the better taste which new authorities have at last brought even into Kensington parish church, and which indeed was to be expected from what they have done in other respects. We must add, that its psalmody appears to have been for some time past superior to that of most churches, owing, it would seem, to the accomplished family of the Callcotts, who have long been residents of the parish, and one of whom, no great while ago, was organist. Nor should the writer omit that the parish authorities, both clerical and laical, and their servants also, do justice to the example at their head, and are as courteous as becomes their position.

Here, in church or churchyard, among other less noticeable persons, have been buried:-

Imprimis, in the year fifteen hundred and ten, Philip Meawtis, son and heir of John Meawtis; which said John Meawtis, described in a pardon granted by Edward the Fifth as "John Meawtis of our town of Calais, clerk, otherwise called John de Meautis, lately of London, gentleman, otherwise called John de Meawtis, lately of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, otherwise called John de Mewtice, of the town of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex. yeoman, or under whatsoever name he may be registered, is forgiven and absolved from outlawry and all other consequences of neglects, contempts, concealments, conspiracies, extortions, murders, (murdra!) and whatsoever other felonies and enormities he may have been guilty of." Probably it was a pardon from Richard, the poor little king's uncle, upon the understanding that an enemy of the house of York was to become a friend; an expectation which did not hinder John Meantis or his son Philip (we know not which) from becoming secretary to Kings Henry the Seventh and Eighth. We notice the name for two other reasons; first, because it was that of Bacon's faithful secretary Sir Thomas Meawtis, who raised the charac-l pleasant letters to him on the subject of birds,

teristic statue to the philosopher which sits thinking on his monument at Saint Alban's; second, to observe that the alies of Meantis or Mewtice (the name being obviously of French origin) renders it probable that there is more propriety in the vulgar pronuncia-tion of Bewfort for Beaufort, than might otherwise be supposed, especially as we retain it in the word beauty, the English of beauté. There is reason to believe that it was the real old French pronunciation. We have read in some book, but forget where, that the existing mode of speaking French (which has so frittered and clipped it, and rendered its prosody such a puzzle to English readers) is not older than the time of Louis the Fourteenth's boyhood.

The next distinguished burial we meet with is that of one Sir Manhood Penruddock; a gentleman whose peremptory bap-tismal name, joined to his chivalrous rank and to the nature of his death, appears to insist on attention to his memory, upon pain of a challenge from his ghost. He was "slain at Notting Wood" (saith the parish register) "in fight;" that is to say, we take it, in a duel; for it was in the year sixteen hundred and eight, during the pacific times of King James the First. Sir Manhood was King James the First. Sir Manhood was most likely some hot-headed Welshman, the son of a corresponding father, who had thus christened him by way of injunction to up-

hold the fame of his ancestors.

From Sir Manhood we are horne over a considerable interval of time, and brought to Addison's Earl of Warwick, who died in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, at the age of four-and-twenty. He was son of the countess whom Addison married, and was the youth to whom the novelist is said to have addressed the famous words, "See how a Christian can die." A statue of him in marble, and in good condition, is still remaining in the church, on the right-hand side of the principal entrance from the street. It s under his epitaph; leaning on an urn ; has an aspect which, at first sight, you hardly know whether to be male or female. This is owing partly to the delicate smooth face and flowing hair, and partly to the robe, which has something of the look of a lady's gown. On turning to the legs, and finding them in ancient sandals, you discover that the gown is a Roman toga, Either the face is unlike, or the compliment to its manliness (strangely paid in the first person—virile nescio quid) is clearly unde-served. The whole epitaph indeed is contradictory to the tradition handed down respecting the rakery of this young noble-man; probably on no better foundation than Addison's dying words, which have supposed to imply some special moral necessity for them on the part of his hearer, Writers complimented the earl on his virtues while he was living; and Addison, in some

of his "more severe studies," and of common friend, Virgil. The probability in that he was of a delicate constitution and of a lively enough mind, and that his attention had been drawn to the writings of Shaftesbury and others, with a vivacity that

Addison thought fit to repress.

Francis Colman, in seventeen hundred and thirty-three, father and grandfather of the two George Colmans, the dramatists, both buried here also. He was sometime British Minister at the Court of Tuscany. The dramatic propensity of the family appears to have commenced with this gentleman, who interested himself in operatic affairs, and wrote the words of Handel's Ariadne in Naxos. He was an intimate friend of Gay.

Dr. John Jortin, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy, aged seventy-one. Author of the Life of Erasmus; an elegant scholar, critic, and theologian. He lies in the churchyard under a flat stone, which is surrounded with iron rails, and briefly inscribed with his name, age, and the day on which he ceased to be mortal (mortalis esse desiit). Among the unprovements which the authorities here are making, we trust we shall see these good words rescued from the dirt which has obscured them. There were some curious inconsistencies in Jortin. He was a goodmatured man, with unattractive manners; was a writer of elegant sermons, which he read very badly; and was always intimating that he ought to have had greater preferment in the Church, though he was suspected, not unreasonably, of differing with it on some maints held essential to orthodoxy. His Life rus written by Dr. Disney, the Unitarian. The doctor's book ought to have been more amusing, considering that Jortin had the reputation of being a wit.

Mr. Thomas Wright, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. One of those didactic gentlemen who cannot leave off the habit of faultfinding even in their graves, but must needs lecture and snub the readers of their tombstones. This posthumous busybody-who informs us that his own head is quiet-seems determined that the case shall be different with ours. The following is his epitaph in

the churchyard :-

. "Farewell, vain world! I've had enough of thee; I value not what thou can'st say of me; Thy smiles I value not, nor frowns dou't fear; All's one to me; my head is quiet here; What faults you've seen in me take care to shun; Go home, and see there 's something to be done."

Of course there is. But why could not Mr. Thomas ... right let us have a little quiet as kimself? Did he despair of being to give us any pleasure in his company, live or dead? The Rev. Martin Madan, seventeen hun-

was a Cowper, and want of the peat. He made himself comprouous in his day, and very ma-popular with the religious world, by writing a curious book called Thelypthora (female ruin), in which, upon the strength of the Mosaic law, he recommended polygamy as remedy for seduction. His arguments were learned and acute; but were accompanied with so much bigotry, that, in conjunction with the usual repugnance of the community to touch upon one of the sorest of social questions, they left him at the mercy of opponents who might otherwise have found them very puzzling.

George Colman the elder, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, aged sixty-one. Author of The Jealous Wife and other comedies: joint-author with Garrick of the Clandestine Marriage; with Bonnell Thornton of the periodical work The Connoisseur; and translator of Terence's Plays and Horace's Art of Poetry. An elegant scholar, and lively and amusing, but in no respects great writer. He comes much nearer to Murphy than to Vanbrugh and Farquhar. He saw pleasantly into the surface of things, but

little further.

Dr. Warren, in seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, aged sixty-six. The elder of two celebrated physicians of that name, father and son, Dr. Warren seems to have been a model of his class. He was no formalist, but imbressed and interested his patients with the most sterling qualities, both professional and personal; and had the art (a very great: and important art in a physician) of entertaining them, and keeping up their spirits. We have heard it said, on the best of all anthorities on such a point—that of an amiable and intelligent woman—that the "finest eyes in the world" were hereditary in the Warrens; so that, under all the circumstances, the reader will not wonder to be told that Mrs. Inchbald, who was one of his patients, was secretly in love with him, and would pace Sackville Street after dark purely to have the pleasure of seeing the light in his window. A pleasant answer is recorded or him to Lady Spencer. Her ladyship questioned whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently embittered by the reflection, that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. Dr. Warren "The balance between thought otherwise. satisfaction and remorse must," he considered, "be greatly in favour of satisfaction;" and as an instance of it, he hoped he should have the pleasure of curing her ladyship "forty times before he killed her."

James Elphinstone, in eighteen hundred and four, aged eighty-eight. The good dominie before mentioned; translator of Martial. The marble tablet inscribed to his memory. on the outside of the eastern wall, was set up: by his wife, which reminds us of an omi in our former notice of him ; to wit, that after: and ninety, aged sixty-four. His mother his return from a visit to France, when a

young man, he never altered his dress. It was a suit of drab colour, with beg-wig and tourse, all made according to the fushiou which prevailed at the time. Latterly, howes, he more than once offered to make any change in it "which Mrs. Elphinstone might deem proper;" but the good lady's eyes had been so accustomed to see her husband as he was, that she could not bear the thought of beholding him otherwise; or, to use the more emphatic language of one of his pupils (the late Mr. R. C. Dallas, the novelist), his virtues and worth had so "sanctified" his appearance in her eyes, "that she would have thought the alteration a sacrilege." It appears also, from accounts given us by the same gentleman, that the worthy schoolmaster, to his zeal for the purity of the English language, added no less for that of the appearance of the ladies: for Mr. Dallas tells us, that when any were in company, whose sleeves were at a distance from their elbows, or whose bosoms were at all exposed, he would fidget from place to place, look askance with a slight convulsion of his left eye, and never rest till he approached some of them; and, pointing to their arms, would say, "Oh yes, indeed! it is very pretty; but it betrays more fashiou than modesty;" or some such familiar phrase, after which he became very good-humoured. One faucies good Mrs. Elphinstone bridling up at these times in the consciousness of her own well-covered charms, and approving her husband for thus combining his admiration of ladies' beauties in the abstract, with objections to the fair challengers of it in the particular.

But we shall forget the place of which we are talking; though, indeed, to speak of such deceased people as the Elphinstones is the next thing to looking at children playing over their graves. Their smiles excuse one's own.

The ensuing record on a stone in the churchyard recalls all our gravity?-

CAROLINE NELSON BIANCHI, Died June 28, 1807, aged 5. Also, Francesco Bianchi, di Cremona, died 27 November, 1810, aged 59.

We mention both these names for the affecting reason that they record a father who died broken-hearted for the loss of his child. He was a distinguished musical composer, and wrote operas that were favourites with the Billingtons of his day. It hardly nsed be added that he was a most annable and benevolent man. What a death he must have died! Three years of wasting ecrow! Yet death thus loses its sting; and in the last moments there is the blusful hope of rejoining the object of affection. Those are great payments of their kind; great pristileges; unable as the sufferer must be, till sure of dying, to rejoice in their pos-keep late hours. The painter (harring cor-porate jealousies) can live as quiet as a

Elizabeth Inchhald, before mention eighteen hundred and twenty-one. She lies at the western extremity of the churchyard, close to a son of Canning, the verses on whee tombstone by his father have little merit beyond that of conventional elegance. They are not unaffecting; for if Nature speaks at all, she must speak to some purpose, whatever be her language; but compared with it in other respects the plain prose tribute to Mass. Inchbald is characteristic of the prevailing difference in the minds of the two personsthat to the woman being truth itself, while the statesman's is truth after a tashion : and the fashion addresses itself to one's attention as much as the truth.

Sacred to the Memory

of

ELIZABETH INCHBALD; Whose Writings will be cherished While Truth, Simplicity, and Feeling Command Public Admiration: And whose Retired and Exemplary Life

Closed, as it Existed,

In Acts of Charity and Benevolence.

"Existed" is hardly the right word. It should have been "was passed," or something of that kind. But it is intelligible, and was true. We take the opportunity of observing, in addition to our previous notice of this lady, that although we have spoken but of the latest and profoundest of her two novels, the Simple Story; the other, Nature and Art, is also full of genius, and would alone have rendered the steps of her pilgrimage in this life worthy the tracing. It is one of theearliest works of fiction in this country that sounded in the ears of the prosperous the great modern note of Justice to All. reader of the least reflection can forget impression made on him by the trial of the, poor girl, whose crime was owing to the very judge on the bench that sentences her to death.

Reginald Spofforth, the glee composer, in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, aged thirty-seven. There is a tablet to his memory on the left-hand side on the outer wall of the church, close by the principal anti-Bacon has compared the fragrance of flowers out-of-doors to the coming and going of the warbling of music. The crescences and samenueralos in Spotforth's beautiful composition. Health to my Dear, always remind us of that charming simile. Musicians, for the most part, are not as long-lived as painters, or even as poets, though the latter are so excitable a race. The reason is not perhaps an much that the musical art is of the more sensuous nature, as that musicians owing to the demands of their profession, continue all their lives to go more into company and to

mit, and the poet from the habit of seelague much in everything that he looks on, makes a refuge for himself against vicissitude out of his books and his fireside.

James Mill, in June, eighteen hundred and thirty six, aged sixty-two, the historian of British Iudia. He has a tablet on one of the pillars in the church. Mr. Mill persuaded himself that a man who had never been in India, and who knew none of its languages, was better qualified to write a history of that country than one who had. The consequence of this paradox was, that after his death the bookseller found it necessary to employ one of the persons thus described as less compatent for the purpose of correcting the mistakes of his predecessor. Nevertheless, Mr. Mill's history was a work so remarkable for its ability, that although he had found great fault with the East India Company, they, much to the credit of their feelings or their policy, appointed him to a considerable office in their establishment. Would to Heaven they had empowered him to give the unfortunate millions under their government fewer reasons to curse their officers in general, and a little more salt to their rice.

George Colman the younger, in October, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, aged seventyfour; a more amusing though not so judicious a dramatist as his father. His ex-cellence lay in farce. His greatest defect was in sentiment, for which he substituted noise or common-place. In the decline of life he attained to a very unlucky piece of prosperity. He was appointed dramatic censor; that is to say, reviser, under government, of plays offered to managers for performance; and in the exercise of this office, with a ludicrous and unblushing severity he struck out of the pieces submitted to him every the least oath and adjuration, with which his own plays had

been plentifully garnished.

"A. H. C., eighteen hundred and thirtyseven, aged three years and eight months;" and "T. F. C., eighteen hundred and fiftyone, aged twenty-one years." We know not who the C's were; we notice them, because their grave, the only one in the churchyard so distinguished, is adorned with flowers. A printed tablet requests people not to pluck the flowers; and the request appears to be attended to. Human kind are disposed to be reasonable and feeling, if reasonable appeal is made to them, and a chord in the heart is touched. The public cemeteries, which we have imitated from the French, appear to have brought back among us this inclination to put flowers on graves. The custom has prevailed more or less in almost all parts of a world according as nations and religious have been kindly. It is the Puritans who seem to have done it away in England and Scotland. Wales, we believe, is the longer than was customary, and thus been enly part of the island in which it has never induced to speak. We violate no delicacy in

and desirable. It does not follow that those who are slow to psume it must be unfeeling. any more than that those who are quie must of necessity be otherwise. A variety of thoughts on the subject of death itself may produce different impressions in this respect on different minds. But, generally speaking, evidence is in favour of the flowers. You are sure that those who put them think of the dead somehow. Whatever motives may be mixed up with it, the respectful attention solicited towards the departed is unequivocal; and this circumstance is pleasing to the living, and may benefit their dispositions. They think that their own memories may probably be cherished in like manner; and thoughtfulness is awakened in them, towards living as well as dead. It is the peculiar privilege too of flowers to befit every place in which they appear, and to contribute to it its best associations. We had almost said, they are incapable of being put to unworthy use. The contradiction would look simply monstrous, and the flowers be pitied for the insult. No butcher would think of putting them in a slaughter-house; unless indeed they could overpower its odour. No inquisitor was ever cruel or impudent enough to wreathe flowers about a rack. Flowers, besides being beautiful themselves, are suggesters of every other kind of beauty-of gentleness, of youthfulness, of hope. They are evidences of Nature's good-nature; proofs manifest that she means us well, and more than well; that she loves to give us the beautiful in addition to the useful. They neutralize bad with good; beautify good itself; make life livelier; human bloom more blooming; and anticipate the spring of heaven over the winter of the grave. Their very frailty, and the shortness of their lives, please us, because of this their indestructible association with beauty; for while they make us regret our own like tran-sitory existence, they soothe us with a consciousness, however dim, of our power to perceive beauty; therefore of our link with something divine and deathless, and of our right to hope that immortal thoughts will have immortal realisation. And it is for all these reasons that flowers on graves are beautiful, and that we hope to see them prosper accordingly. But we have two more reasons for noticing the particular grave before us. One is, that when we saw it for the first time, a dog came nestling against it, as if with affection; taking up his bed (in which we left him) as though he had again settled himself beside a master. The other, that while again looking at the grave, and thinking how becomingly the flowers were attended to, being as fresh as when we saw them before, a voice behind us said gently. "Those are my dear children!" It was the mother. She had seen us perhaps, looking been discontinued. The custom is surely good mentioning the circumstance. Records on

tombetones are introducers of the living to the dead; makers of mortal acquaintances; and "one touch of nature," in making the "whole world kin," gives them the right of speaking like kindred to, and of, one another. It is a pleasure to see the flowers so well kept, and for so long a time. The mother said they would be so as long as she lived. It is impossible not to respect and sympathise with feelings like these. We should say, nevertheless (and as questions of this kind are of general interest, we address the remark to all loving survivors), that although a life-long observance of such attentions could do anything but dishonour to living or dead, the discontinuance of it after a certain lapse of time would not, of necessity, be a reproach to either: for the practice concerns the feelings of the one still more than the memory of the other; and in cases where it might keep open the wounds of remembrance too long and too sorely, no loving persons, while alive, could wish that their survivors should take such pains to hinder themselves from being relieved. It is natural for some time, often for too long a time, to associate with the idea of the departed the bodies in which they lived and in which we loved them. Few of us can so spiritualise their new condition all at once, as to visit them in thought nowhere but in another world. We have been too much accustomed to them bodily in this. In fact, they are still bodily with us; still in our world, if not on it; and for a time we must reconcile that thought to ourselves as well as we can; warm it with our tears; put it on an equality with us, by means of our very sorrow, from which, whatsoever its other disadvantages, it is now exempt; give it earthly privileges of some kind, whether of flowers or other fondness.

Returning from the church into the High Street there presents itself, not many yards further, on the right side of the way, a curious looking brick edifice, at once slender and robust (if the reader can imagine such a combination); or tall and sturdy; or narrow, compact, and thick in the walls. Over the second story is a square tower, probably intended to hold a bell; and originally there was another tower above that, which must have made the whole edifice appear unaccountably tall. Finally, to adopt the convenient word of that late eminent antiquary, Mr. John Carter, there stands on each side of the first story, the "costume statue of a charity-child.

It is the old Kensington Charity School, built by Sir John Vanbrugh; now a savings bank, with a new school-room by the side

Sir John, as is well known, was a wit full of mirth in his comedies, and an architect full of gravity in his buildings. He was the son of a Dutchman by a French mother. A

mirth nor his gravity were so good, wrote a jesting epitaph on Sir John, the final couplet of which has become famous :-

> " Lie heavy on him, earth, for he Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, was opinion that Vanbrugh's style was misconstrued, and that it was very poetical and noble. The present building has certainly contrived to look heavy, even though it is narrow; but nobody who looks at it can doubt that it was built to endure. If suffered to remain it will, even now, probably outlast the whole of Kensington. Look at it, reader, as you go, with an eye to this supposition. Think also what interest a celebrated name can attach to a homely structure; and wonder to reflect that he who built it was the same Captain Vanbrugh, a man of wit and pleasure about town, who wrote the characters of romping Miss Hoyden and the dandy Lord Foppington.

Next to Sir John Vanbrugh's old edifice is the new Vestry Hall, a building lately erected in the style that prevailed in the reign of James the First, and which has acquired a natural popularity in this suburb from the presence of Holland House. There is something in the style too very suitable to the British climate, its bow windows largely admitting the light, while the comparatively blind and solid walls are characteristic of warmth and snugness. The warm colours also of yellow and red that prevail in the exterior of these buildings, and the bricks of which they are composed in preference to stone and stucco, are far better for us than the cold whites of the latter. Honest old red is the best of all. The most miserable object in England on a rainy day (next to the pauper that inhabits it) is a tumble-down hut of lath and plaster.

CHIPS.

CHINESE PLAYERS.

In the Chinese quarter of George Town, Prince of Wales Island, there is of course a Pagoda. It is a spacious building, with several courts and temples containing grotesque idols. Two granite lions, shaped fantastically, guard the entrance. Now the Chinese in Now the Chinese-in Prince of Wales Island, at any rate-do not allow their idols to be selfish; they borrow the use of their temples from them for mundane purposes of pleasure, and they themselves eat at least half of the good things they place upon the tables of the gods. I first entered the George Town Pagoda during Chinese in the In front of it a theatre had been erected under the open sky. Its entertainment had been offered gratuitously-in the promensage certain Dr. Evans who was addicted to the like form-to the public, who were invited also to extremes in literature, though neither his purchase refreshments from stalls in the

des; which stalls were, in fact, the alters e gods.

I did not hear or see the beginning or end of the play. The middle, I must own, puzzled me exceedingly. The affair was complicated. There were some spectators who had paid for a few special privileges, one of which was a right, if they could secure it, to establish a seat on the stage; but the stage was very small, and the number of actors was very great, and the spectators on the stage had a good deal of by-play with each other, so that it was really hard to tell what belonged to the piece, and what did not. Then, though the story required us to suppose many changes of place, the scene, whether it represented palace, forest, camp, or dungeon, was always one and the same saloon, with a door at each side and a throne in the middle, flanked by musical instruments. The play was, nevertheless, gorgeously got up, according to Chinese fashion; that is to say, no expense had been spared in the dressing of the actors. Chinese managers pay lavishly when they desire to set up a piece so as to produce a great sensation; they pay their money, however, not to the scene-painters, but to the tailors. The story of the play about which I am speaking seemed to concern a Chinese boy, magnificently costumed as a princess; boys, as formerly in Europe, representing always female characters. This senting always female characters. This princess pined in prison, but was about to be delivered by a knight who sang a song, -heart-rending, I dare say, ear-rending I know—and was on the point of success when the vigilant keeper of the tower moved the princess down into a dungeon, deeper and darker than ever, with two side doors and a throne in the middle, upon which throne teacups were placed; and the princess, the jailor, the knight, a brave army of twelve, and eighteen people who were sitting on the stage, drank tea together in a most confusing manner. The great body of spectators looked at the whole performance very reverently. The Chinese respect the dignity of the stage much more than that of the altar, I should think; there were no loud plaudits or hand clappings—only subdued moans and sighs expressed the admiration and the interest of the whole animated multitude.

The Chinese drama is sustained by actors who are very perfect masters of pantomime, and by pieces written with considerable care. The comedies differ from the tragedies chiefly in being more interspersed with music, and in treating of everyday life; pagedies treat commonly of events that took place under the dynasties before the

Percent is another kind of play delightful to have been kind hinese ragamufin to whom a would seem to houns off to hazard it at double for a whiff of opium when one of her fishyand Scotland. a playfellow; nobles and eyed admirors offered her the pipe. A hand-

the gratification of it as a religious duty. The British Government, in eighteen handred and ten, closed all the public gambling houses in George Town, and snacted penalties against the gamblers. In the first sight years after the enactment came into force as many as one thousand four hundred Chinese were indicted for gambling, some of whom were convicted even for the ninth time. In the main, however, Chinese cunning has been more than a match for the police, the cunning being aided by all the machinery that can be brought into its service by the secret associations called the Congis. Congis embody a class of Chinamen whose character is so bad that their interests run altogether counter to good government. They are at the bottom of a great deal of dishonesty, and excite also many a disturbance, especially on the occasion of the Loya festival-a period of Saturnalia during which the Loyas, at all other seasons contemned outcasts, are feasted and venerated as though they were prophets. It happens, therefore, through the aid of these secret associations, that very few gamblers are convicted in Penang, though George Town is full of "hells," and so is Singapore.

I went to one of them. Was led out of the strect into a long dark passage, and then suddenly pushed through a door into a large dirty room well lighted by lanterns. It had no windows, and no other outlet except by a flight of stairs that led up to 1 know not what. A great number of Chinese were at play found a roulette table. I was told that in their game cheating was impossible, and therefore wondered very much that almost everybody lost except the banker. Ifollowed out of the room a Chinese hand-labourer, who had lost all but a small fragment of his week's wages. He went to the opium inn.

There, behind mosquito-curtains, a few Chinamen lay stretched upon a hard com with their heads resting on pillows made of plaited cane. A lamp burned on a table near them, and there lay near it a few paper kindlers, a small jar of opium (in the shape of a juice thicker than molasses), and an opium pipe. Every now and then one of the dozers raised himself on one arm drowsily, smeared a little juice over the hollow of his pipe, set light to it, and inhaled a mouthful or two of smoke, then handed the pipe to his neighbour as he sank back into blissful stupefaction. The dull eyes of these men stared, empty of thought, from pale and sunken faces. One of them was poring over a blank sheet of paper, as though he were reading from it interesting matter. A dirty Malay girl sat between two others, smoking a cigar, and occasionally putting aside the tobateo only part of the estates and lands; and the some fresh-coloured young fellow in the been discontinuously their passion by describing corner sat in a state of amazed intoxication.

73/2

It was the first of his visits to the piace perhaps; and, unhappily, it would not be

AN ANCIENT TARIFF.

'MERCHANTS and traders must, I think, have been dreadfully confused in the superexcellent old days of restrictive Customs' duty, when a tariff was as uneven as a shrew's temper, and on the whole as hard upon its victims, and as unaccountable in all its whims and changes. Two great financiers, one following another's lead, have in our own days done Petruchio's work on Mistress Tariff so effectively, that one more bridegroom will reduce her wholly, perhaps, to the laws of reason. It is dreadful to think of how it was with her, two hundred years ago. Then, the space between the Tower and London Bridge, atill occupied by what are called the legal quays, was the whole space appropriated to the lading and unlading of goods. "Certaine orders, &c., for the guidance of merchants and officers of the crown," set forth that "The marchants trading into the Port of London have free libertie to lade and unlade their goods at any the lawfull keyes and places of shipping and landing goods between the Tower of London and London Bridge." . This order is from a book dated sixteen hundred and forty-two, setting forth the "Subsidie granted to the king of tonnage, poundage, and other summes of money payable upon Marchandize imported and exported, according to a Book of Rates agreed unto by the honourable House of Commons, and " says the title of the book, "hereunto annexed." A peep into this book of rates gives a full view of Madame Tariff in her tantrums.

Tariff meddled in the first place with two hundred and ninety drugs; not many more were to be found in shops. Some of those were of an edifying kind ;-such - Scorpions, paying duty by the piece, Oil of Scorpions, Crab's eyes, Pig's bread, Aspalathus and Gum Taccamabaccee. I dare say the last was good for something, its name sounds tre-

mendously powerful.

What enlightened nation in those days of ignorance sent Alphabets to England? and why did the spiteful tariff tax them at five shillings "the set containing twenty-foure." treating A, B, C like dominoes, and making them pay more than twopence a-piece as imported articles? Was there ever a trade in contraband letters, and were there people in those days whose very handwritings were smuggled?

Babies were let in easily: at thirteen and four-pence for the gross of twelve dozen, so that four-and-twenty babies paid less duty than an alphabet of four-and-twenty letters. There was, however, a somewhat restrictive duty upon bables heads; they were not admitted under ten shillings the dozen. It may be proper to or horses. See coals paid an export duty on explain that the babies were such children's the chaldron by Newcastle measure of eleven

babies as any brought more midaya ou our bazaers from fairy-land; though mot, it map-pose, so transcendantly beautiful mer so clear in their complexions; for the babies or pur pets' heads paying tempence a-piece duty things of earth, that is to say, earther.

Babies bring with them thoughts of cape.

The duty charged on children's caps was to a pound a dozen, and on the mature, "doubte or cockared caps," two pounds eight shillings: Satin or velvet nightcaps—horrible things—three pounds a dozen. There was a heavy duty too, levied on gloves; gloves silk knit were fined two pounds the dozen; and gloves of "Canary, Millen, Venice or French, wrought with gold or silver," four pounds the dozen pair.

Another bit of polite hand-furniture, the hawk, had of course duty to pay. Upon a goshawk the tariff levied three pounds six and eightpence, upon a falcon four pounds, and upon a ger-falcon four pounds teu, and so on, every hawk being taxed according to its kind. There being some supposed connexion existing between a hawk and a handsaw, I come next very naturally to metal work. The duty paid by imported armour was not excessive. On a plain morion five shillings, on an engraved morion twice as much, upon a cuirass or "curat" twelve and sixpence, and a pound on a complete corselet.

Feminine daggers, pins, were freely imported; and the duty payable was thirty shillings for twelve thousand of them. Ladies' silk ribbon was four pounds the pound, and silk stockings were taxed-by a tariff envious of all grace and beauty, horrible to relate-

at the rate of four pounds the pair.

Ladies and gentlemen, and the public generally, were however much better off in one respect than we are now; so far as tariff is concerned. There was no more than a reasonable duty upon foreign wines. French wines paid three pounds the ton in every port but London; where they paid thirty shillings more. Sack paid by the pipe thirty shillings everywhere; but in London fifteen shillings more, and so forth. There was a favour shown to British importers. Merchant strangers bringing wine to England paid thirty shillings a ton extra for the privilege, beside Southampton dues upon Levaptine wines, and upon all wines the "antient daty of butlerage," kept up out of respect to ats

antiquity.
The bad habit of making differences between ourselves and our neighbours is now gradually falling out of favour. The tariff of those days let in the tobacco of our own plantations at about the same duty that it now pays; but prohibited foreign tobacco by a duty of three pounds sterking on the pound weight. The tariff also dreaded loss of warmth and exercise. It was a fearful thing for any one to send out of the country coals or horses. Sea coals paid an export duty on

nation. Upon each horse, gelding, or nag, there was an export duty of sixty-six pounds and two six-and-eightpences, and upon each mare a duty of one hundred and twenty-six pounds and two six-and-eightpences. The six-and-eightpences in all these cases are so many little hyphens which connect such tariff charges with the majesty of British law.

In picking my way over this book I have become suddenly bogged among such articles as Dugeon, Duretty and Dutties. Being quite out of my depth, I vanish.

A LITTLE REPUBLIC

· WE were once strolling along the principal street of Old Cairo that runs parallel to the river, and looks with its small houses or cottages on either hand—their lines broken by drooping trees-something like the rough thoroughfare of a green English village, when seeing us stop at a brook leading down to the waterside, a lad came up and asked us if we wished to cross over into the island of The Englishman there, he said, e glad to see us. These Easterns would be glad to see us. have delightful notions of hospitality. had did not know that we had already visited Mr. Tucker, the most comfortable gardener in the whole world some years before; and on the occasion of this visit had neglected to renew our call. Our consciences smote us; so we went down to the ferry-boat—the suggestion was made in view of a piastre—and submitted to be rowed across. Once affoat there came a revelation. Mr. Tucker was no longer at Rhoda; he might come back; but of that no one was sure. His house was temporarily inhabited by another Englishman, who of course would be equally delighted to receive us. We were not quite so sure of that. However, the first step having been taken, retreat would have been pusillanimous.

. As we had not taken the ordinary ferryboat we had to row down the stream a little way to a flight of stone steps, by which the steep side of the island was to be ascended. There are few strips of water more beautiful than that branch of the Nile, bordered by white villas graceful kiosques, palms, sycamores, terraces; and dotted with long painted barges gently bending under sails that spread out on either hand like the wings Bandignagian sea-gull. Even a Venetian not surpass it. We felt almost boatman to continue his melancholy chaunt been two whole hours in this basket; I proand take us elsewhere. There was a great mise never to steal any more bananas; and I galley full of Levantine women coming up plead for the intercession of this stranger."

ands six shillings and sightpence, and on whether, among the bright eyes that were the chaldron by London measure of eight glancing in our direction, there was not a pair, pounds and two six-and-eightpences. Horses were kept at home with even more determination. Upon each horse, gelding, or nag, ladies, as could be divined by the baskets of provisions, had come out with a very definite purpose. They were pick-nicking—bound for some landing-place higher up, some secluded nook of the garden, perhaps some walled-off Paradise where they could doze and dream in the shade. A pleasant day to them; for the lad who has kidnapped us signals the Englishman smoking his pipe under an Indian Gaut on the water side.

The Englishman turned out to be a Frenchman; but this was not apparent at first, for he was dressed in native costume, exactly like a Turk of the old school, minus the turban. Most Frenchmen exhibit a marvellous alacrity in adopting the easy drapery and easier manners of the East. M. Armoire was quite a Turk in externals. He received us with a grave salute and an irreproachable saluam. "Inglese," cried the lad, on whose invitation we came, using the universal medium of the East. The gentleman, who seemed to have prepared himself to astonish and overawe a countryman, at once set aside his dignity and said in French that he was charmed by our visit. We threw the whole of the blame of the intrusion on the ferry-boy, who was rowing off with his plastre. The hunran heart is inscrutable; but really M. Armoire seemed sincere when he forbade us to apologise.

"Cimber," said he to a little black imp coiled up in the sun not far off, "go and fetch my great pipe." The imp was away and back before we had recovered from our per-Cimber was not an Arab name plexity. that we knew of. Perhaps it was a coincidence in the language of Bagirmet or Dar Fertyt. Whilst we were meditating, M. Armoire inquired, quite naturally, "Is Scevola preparing the coffee?" "Aiwa," replied the imp as he stooped down to blow the cinder upon my pipe; but we observed that the young rascal's face glowed as much with a grin as with the glare of the charcoal. If we had been the hero of an Arabian tale admitted to hospitality only on condition of discretion, we could not have remained silent any longer, had not a still stranger circumstance attracted our notice. There was a large basket at the foot of a neighbouring palm; the cover popped suddenly off and up jumped a little nigger, with huge frightened eyes and a mouth so vast that it seemed about to swallow the head to which it belonged. This strange thing clapped its hands and uttered sounds that we soon guessed to be meant for "Vive la liberté! Vive la République!" "Ya inclined to forego our visit, and order the seedi," added the dark child, in Arabic, "I have galley full of Levantine women coming up plead for the intercession of this stranger." against stream; and we began to reflect "Spartacus," replied mine host gravely, "thou

art pardoned; but beware how you offend again." "Master Spartacus" face at once brightened into a miraculous laugh; and rolling out of his prison he came and kissed his lord's hand, and then squatted down by At this moment apthe side of Cimber. peared Scevola, also a black, with a tray of sweetmeats.

All these things must have given us a puzzled appearance; for, anticipating our curiosity - for which we were grateful, since there is nothing so polite as to answer a question before it is asked—M. Armoire having cleared his lungs of a vast cloud of smoke observed, "You see I am taking the first step towards civilising these savages, by giving them decent Christian names, and inoculating them with notions of independence." Our eyes glanced towards the maket. "What you are about to remark is very true," continued the lord of Rhoda, "but somebody has said that the best preparation for liberty is to learn obedience; besides, in my Republic, I shall not allow gluttony and theft; and Spartacus has every abominable instinct that a child is capable of. Not a day passes that he does not commit some petty villany or other; and the more I punish him, the worse he seems to become."

The worthy gentleman's commonwealth was forgetting his beginning. We did not, however, make the observation. He was one of those pedants of progress so often met with among Frenchmen-and in other countries too-who believe they have done a great deal when they have given new names to men and things; and are yet, in the prac-tical relations of life, reduced to act like all other vulgar mortals. M. Armoire, in his small, harmless way, was an exact type of all the reformers whom the Great Pasha gathered around him. They taught him to use the vocabulary of civilisation; and must have been surprised at the ingenuity with which he applied their fine words to the pieces of his barbarous mechanism.

M. Armoire was one of those St. Simonians who, after the dispersion of that celebrated school, went to seek their fortunes in Egypt. He did not, however, belong to the first invasion which went about with their long flowing locks in search of the Free Woman; but had already given up all those extravagances before he saw the Nile. He remained, however, fervently attached to ideas of liberty; and, although he did express his feelings in a grotesque manner, quite touched us by his enthusiasm. The pleasantest thing, however, was to see that the little black triumvirate-in spite of prison baskets and oddities - were sincerely attached to the worthy gentleman. This could be divined by their looks as well as by the eagerness with which they obeyed the slightest hint. even nominally emancipating them.

Whilst we were smoking our pipes a great black fellow-who answered to the name of Mansoor, and had probably rebelled against, being newly baptised—came out from under the trees with a whip of hippopotamus bide in one hand and three slates in the sother. The three little niggers at once began to look very serious. School-hours had begun; and it was evident they would have preferred; basking all their lives in the sunshine without knowing the shape of a letter. However, they obediently squatted down in a semicircle and did not giggle very much whilst their master, who had a great turban on his head as big as a millstone, and looked like a true Wezeer of some Arabian tale, set theretheir copies. "You see," observed my host, "that I take care of their intellects as well as their morals. They are tolerable proficients in reading; but of what use is it to a miserable Mahommedan to learn to read after all? They have not a notion of the

beauty of republican principles.

We said he might choose a more useful book; which he doubted. After a few more puffs he asked us to go with him and be We complied, exintroduced to his lady. pecting to see a second Madame Roland. The house was a neat little cottage in a seari-European style; but, as we approached, there was a regular Eastern hurry-scurry of women at sight of a stranger. M. Armoire, however, stopped the retreat by calling out in a stern voice, "Fatimah!" We thought he had married a Moslem woman, and wondered he had not new-named her. Portia or Cornelia would have agreed with his notions. Fatimah came forward, however, looking very foolish in her embroidered jacket and muslin trowsers. We at once saw through the disguise; and recognised a regular Provençal beauty. eccentric Armoire, forgetting his principles, had discarded the common appellatives of Marie Françoise to adopt the more romantic and cuphonious Fatimah. He half apologised by saying it was a fancy or whim, "an isolated fact!" as he expressed it.

We soon knew that Armoire, after having spent some years in Egypt, had found that in that country especially it is not good for man' to be alone. His friends had proposed various native matches; but, as he said, he thought it more safe to send home for second-cousin, whom he had made love to formerly, and who had not seemed very "antipathic to his person." Fatimah blushed and looked pretty. So it was a love-match. None the worse for that. The young lady's parents had at first objected; but what woman wills—at any rate there she was, and there also was a little fellow about a year old scrambling on the floor in a little feat without a tassel. We asked his name. The father became very red; the mother laughed; It is unnecessary to add that they were and the hopeful son himself betrayed the slaves; for M. Armoire had never thought of dreadful secret. He was called "Jean," otherwise " Jack."

tiwes easy to guess who had chosen We determined not to resopen the and so began to talk of France, there is a large coffee mem passed What more fertile topic in such company I laid on brick arches; there is a se thought of moving. Seevola came in to say that the soup was on the table; and they compelled me to stop and take my share. There was good Bordeaux; and we absolutely drank healths-France, England, and the progress of humanity. Spartacus even slipped in with a piece of a cocoa-nut shell and insisted on joining in the last toast. Fatimah in vain objected, that Mansoor would be angry next day if his disciple tasted wine. M. Armoire could not resist the cry of " Vive là République," pronounced in a theatrical attitude by the horrid little black wretch, who I now saw was a favourite and therefore likely to be ruined. He tossed off his shellfal and wanted more; but Fatimah chased him out of the room with a fly-flapper, and the dinner ended cheerfully. When we rose to depart, M. Armoire reminded us that we had not seen the new improvements at Rhoda -a hint to return which assuredly we did not neglect. We found that our friend had only a small portion under his care; but it was elegantly planted. "You remind us of Coriolanus," said we to M. Armoire finding him with tucked up sleeves trimming a tree. That word completed the conquest of his heart.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE Houses that Jack has taken to build lately are extremely flimsy houses, very much after the pattern of Adeliza Castle, described in a recent page. They are built of brickwork so thin, that they sometimes tamble down about our ears. Or they have so little material which can resist fire, that they are always in danger of being barned down. Or they are so wretchedly drained as to give vent to offensive odours, and thus invite dangerous diseases. Or they have fire-places and chimneys so perverse, that the smoke which is desired to ascend, will persist in descending. Or—thanks to the window-tax of past times—they have windows so few and so small, and so inefficient, that their inmates can hardly obtain a breath of air without fighting for it. Or they bave so much lath and so little solid material, that lumps of plaster are continually tumbling down about their ears.

Jack is, however, let us not deny it, beginning to build his houses a little better. He contrives his model lodging-houses with comforts and conveniences which are, as yet, denied to theme who pay five times as much model model lodging-house in George Sireet, for example, though mainly of brick and wood, is not without those modern improvements in material and arrangement which call forth commendation. There every dwelling, down to the basement; a is a bath, supplied with hot and cold water; joint-stock dust-shaft, and universal water

well-ventilated with first Hours flew by; and it was dark before we with iron railing, rendering the building a the more fire-proof; there is a ventilating that at one end of every room, and also up the staircase, which can be supplied with warm air if necessary; there is gas carried up to every room; there are washing-clonets on each floor, with slate linings and japanned or enamelled iron basins; there are iron badsteads in the dormitories, very few of wood having been admitted. Analogous in many respects are the workmen's dwellings ("modellodging-house" ought new to be abandoned; and some other designation selected) in Pancras Road, in Baguigge Wells Road, Spitalfields, St. Giles's, and in other parts of town. Another and later example is the building in the immediate vicinity of Messrs. Goding's brewery, near Golden Square; the first stone of which was laid in the spring. The structure has a neat frontage, with stone copings and three entrances; and the interior has, or is to have when completed, all those judicious arrangements to enable a family to live in privacy, and to carry out all the measures of family neatness, in complete independence of the other dwellers under the same roof.

A brave attempt is that now made at Birkenhead. The workmen's dwellings erected by the Dock Company almost shame the London edifices. The whole group is divided into six ranges by five parallel avenues; which avenues are well drained, well paved, and have handsome iron gates at each end. Each avenue has, on one side, the front of one row of houses, and the back of another row on the opposite side; so that there are front and back entrances to every house. The back entrance has within it a stone passage, with a stone staircase leading up to the several stories. These stories, four in number, comprise two sets of rooms each; and each set, consisting of the apartments requisite for a complete dwelling, has an outer door (which practically constitutes a street-door) opening upon the stone staircase. Almost everything in and about the house is made of brick, iron, and stone, wood being sparingly employed. Even this woodwork is so backed by less combustible materials, that a destructive fire would seem to be impossible. There is an immense advantage in this matter alone, irrespective of all others; for a fire-proof workman's dwelling is better than an inflammable palace. Eight tenements, or sets of rooms, thus form a house; and each dwelling comprises a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, with such a supply of all necessary conveniences and comforts as will enable any careful housewife to keep her house clean and tidy. There is good drainage for

This top of each house is terrac tite tied houses of the Bast; with po pegs and lines for hanging clothes a protesting parapet of sufficient height dwellers to botanise with a few flower-pots, and to sit and chat, and smoke, and breathe fresh air. The sewerage, the dust, the water, and the gas, are not left to the carelessness of each family. One system manages the whole of these matters for the whole of the dwellings; and a trifling expenditure of time and trouble by a central authority, suffices to maintain good order in these very cusential particulars. Ventilation is ensured by the use of air-bricks, ventilating shafts, and by windows made of cast iron, hung upon pivots and glazed with plate glass, such as can be opened with ease and readiness. Such are the workmen's dwellings built by the Birkenhead Dock Company with the intention of letting each complete dwelling at a rent varying from three to five shillings a week, and with a view of obtaining a fair but not large interest for the capital expended.

The house that Jack built, however, or is about to build, or ought to build, in the regular streets of a regular town, is in many respects not so curious as that which is required in the new lands of the west and south. Of Canvas town, a community living under and around tents, we have more recently had an example at Chobham; and of a still more remarkable Canvas Town in the vicinity of Melbourne, the reader will remember a notice in the three hundred and sixty-first page of our seventh volume. But let us see how Jack builds his go-ahead houses in wood

and iron and papier maché ! The problem to be solved is, how to build a house in England, to take it to pieces, to pack it in a box or into a compact mass, to convey it on shipboard to the New World, and then to set it upright again on its feet in a morning. Now this is done very cleverly indeed. Sometimes a cunning artificer makes a cart. so shafted and wheeled and tilted, that it will furnish the emigrant with a snug sleepingroom for the first few nights of his sojourn at his new home; while, on the voyage, it does duty as a packing-case, in which his traps may be stowed away. Sometimes a carpenter so fashions a wooden house, that the flooring-boards form a large box into which the whole of the rest of the house is packed. We must not say that a man, after having finished his breakfast some fine morning, could take up his floor, wrap up his house in it, and carry it off on his shoulders; but the truth makes as near an approach to shis state of things as any reasonable person could desire. Sometimes the builder goes a little beyond the region of timber, and furnushes his portable house with ridge-pieces of grooved iron, and zinc plates and felt to form

a roofing.

its matiness, after the di eighteen hundred and forty the construction of large and buildings, Jack assisted by his co than found by a stroke of genius a hou built to his hands. Among the skips, went to San Francisco was one of a thou tons burthen. No sooner did it cast and than the sailors jumped ashore and scampes off to the diggings as fast as their legs could carry them. The captain, left alone with mobody to "start" and nobody to navigate his ship, bethought him of turning it into a shop. He purchased such commodities as his small capital placed within his reach, and opened shop in his ship; which formed a storehouse, paying neither rent nor rates nor taxes. In China, ship-shops are not such impromuta matters; the rivers, and canals, and harbours bear a floating population who wholly live on the water; the boats are their shops, warehouses, sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, and kitchens. There is in this something analogous to the pedlar's cart; the Chinese and the pedlar bring the shop to the customers; whereas, in the ordinary course of everyday life, the customers go to the shop. Jack now uses sheet iron to house his emi-

grants. It is said that the iron-house manufactory at Bedminster, near Bristol, owed its establishment to the endeavours of the proprietor to build an iron house for his own son when about to depart for Australia. He succeeded so well as to establish by degrees a business in that department of manufacture, now occupying a large number of busy workmen. There are three groups of subjects to which attention is here paid-the ironwork, the woodwork, and the ventilation. The ironwork (galvanised corrugated sheet iron) comprises the walls, root, and ridge capping, and is well protected from the rusting action of the weather. The woodwork (the framing, sills, doors, sashes, &c.) undergoes a seasoning process in a hot room heated to a higher temperature than any to which the house will be exposed in the region to which it is to be transported. The ventilation is insured by leaving a space of three inches or so between the iron walls and the wood lining; through which space the air can circulate. By this construction, too, the interior of the building is very much shielded from summer heat and winter cold; and this equalising tendency is further aided by the employment of felt as a non-conductor of heat. The corrugating and the galvanising of sheet iron are really most advantageous inventions for all such purposes: the one gives strength, and the other preserves the metal from rust.

An iron church for Australia was built about half a year ago; and a engrt little church it is. It comprises a nave, two side aisles, pulpit, reading-desk, baptistry, vestry, and tower, mostly of iron. It is seventy fest long by forty-eight feet wide. The outside When California was in the first throes of consists entirely of galvanised corrugated

new church is a fine specimen of the corrugated iron style. It has sittings for seven hundred persons, and was, it appears, built in five weeks, at a cost of about a thousand pounds. And if iron will suffice for a church, why not for other public buildings, and for private dwellings? A parsonage-house for Melbourne has been sent out, valued at two hundred and fifty guineas—a wondrously small price for a parsonage-house. No less personage than the auditor of Melbourne has caused to be sent out to him a house of four rooms, with an entrance hall, a detached kitchen, Venetian blinds to every window, Melbourne can also, by this time, boast of its heon hotel, comprising fourteen bedrooms, to constructed as to divide into four com-partments each; thus enabling the owner to make up fifty-six beds. The iron ware-houses of Melbourne and the diggings are in many cases very large; for, as we know by many recent railway structures, corrugated sheet iron can be spread about for walls, and roofs to an almost endless extent; and, by packing the sheets so that the convexities of one may fall into the concavities of another, an extraordinary surface of iron walling and roofing may be transported in a very small bulk. We have only to remember the iron ball-room at Balmoral, to convince us that the uses of iron are only beginning to be dereleped. We are not aware that the veteran Green has yet ascended in a galvanised corrugated sheet-iron balloon; but there is nothing very ridiculous in the thought; for the material is light enough and thin enough. Rely upon it that we shall yet see more of iron houses, not only for Australia and California, but for diggings much nearer home.

Sometimes Jack builds houses as he would spin cotton or stamp buttons; in a large factory where the division of labour is fully carried out, and where steam engines and exquisite machines are employed. Such is lar. Cubitt's place at Pimlico—a regular house factory—where twenty acres of ground are covered with workshops and workyands; where four large steam engines give motive power to we know not how many scores of machines; where the smoke from all the furnaces ascends a chimney so handsome, as to the macre like au Italian campanile than anything else; where there are tanks of water interest part for the extinguishing of any accident fire; where one range of workshops is for floors, another for street doors, and another for inner doors, and others for makes and halustrades, and so on; where there is a magnification to room for seasoning the timber, and beautiful machines for sawing.

The roof is also of iron, with a listing of calvet, paper, and inotopius felt. The order of architecture is neither lonic, Corinthian, nor Composite, but this new church is a fine specimen of the corrugated iron style. It has sittings for seven hundred persons, and was, it appears, built in five weeks, at a cost of about a thousand pounds. And if iron will suffice for a church, why not for other public buildings, and for private dwellings? A parsonage-house for Melbourne has been sent out, valued at two hundred and fifty guineas—a wondrously mall price for a parsonage-house. No less a personage than the auditor of Melbourne has a cost of Melbourne has been sent out to him a house of learn how to build a really good, substantial, distributed in the property window. In the sent of the property window, house sensible, wholesome, and creditable listchen. Venetian blinds to every window.

"A papier-maché village for Australia!" is an attractive heading for a newspaper paragraph. It appears that a Mr. Seymour -about to take up his abode in the land of nuggets-commissioned Messrs. Biolefield to construct a number of portable houses, mainly with that material which they have been so instrumental in rendering publicly useful, papier-maché! * The paper village, when made, was temporarily set up in the grounds of the factory. It consisted of ten houses. One of these was a villa with nine rooms; each twelve feet high; another was a storehouse, eighty feet long, with a sittingroom, kitchen, and two bed-rooms attached; while the rest were small houses varying from two to six rooms each. The villa had a drawing-room, and a dining-room, each with a bay window, a hall, several bed-rooms, two closets, and a kitchen. The chief material of all the houses is papier-maché, rendered waterproof by a patented process. It is not the simple papier-maché as ordinarily used, but contains an admixture of rags not reduced to pulp, which enables it to solidify as hard as a board. The walls are double to ensure ventilation; the partitions have a strength and durability which will put to shame the lath and plaster mockeries of too many of the London houses that Jack built. The roofs are nearly flat, just inclined sufficiently to throw off ram-water. The flooring, with the joists attached, is made in large square pieces; and, like the walls and the ceilings, is so planned as to be transported with ease and rapidly set up. It was found on trial, that one of the smaller houses could be pulled down and built up again in four hours. If, as is stated, this paper and rag building material can be advantageously used for barracks, and park-lodges, and shootingboxes, and billiard-rooms, we see no reason why Australia should monopolise these paper houses.

This is the last house that Jack built; what his next house will be built of we wait to see.

^{*} See Volume iv. of this Miscellany, page 208,1214

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS

斯华 192.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853.

(Page)

LITTLE CHILDREN.

* No man can tell," wrote that good Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, whose elevation to the mitre in an unbelieving and profitgate age is at least one jewel of pure water in the besmirched diadem of Charles the Second, "No man can tell," wrote Jeremy Taylor,
"but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges. Their childishness, their stammering, their little anger, their innocence, thei imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society." With all due respect and reverence to my beloved author of the "Golden Grove," the "warbler of poetic prose," I must dissent from his first proposition. A man who loves children can tell, without necessarily having any of his own, how delightful is their society, how delicious are their accents, their persons, their little ways. It may be I write these lines in a cheerless gai ret, my only friends my books, the only other thing beside me that has life, my lamp; yet do you not think that I can sympathise with, without envying, the merry party at the merry house over the way? the house with all the windows lighted up, the broughams and hack cabs the door; the prim, white neckclothed visitors taking off their paletots in the passage; the smiling, ringletted, rosy cheeked, rosy ribboned young person who attends to the ladies' bonnets and the tea and coffee; the jangling of Collard and Collard's piano; the tinkling of Erard's harp; the oscillations in their upstairs passage of the negus glasses; the singing, the dancing, the flirtation, and the supper. Yet, I know nothing about Mrs. Saint-Baffin and her evening party. She never invited me to it: she does not know, very probably, of my existence; yet I am sure I wish most smoorely that her "at home" may be perfectly satisfactory and successful; that every body may get as much as he wants to eat and drink

may have been heard before; that the right men may secure their right hats and fight wrappers; that all the young ladies may depart duly shawled and bonnetted, to the defiance and confusion of the demon cold; that all mammias may be placable; all true lovers satisfied with their innocent firtations; all stolen camellias, scraps of ribbon and odd gloves warmly prized; that years to come there may be little children laughing and playing round papa and mamma, all unconscious that papa with mammas first thought of love and courtable and matrimony over lobster salad, iced champagne, or the valse à deux temps at Mrs. Saintlaffin's "at home."

THE WORLD STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

Come! Though I am not bidden to the banquet—though there be no cover laid for me at the table matrimonial—may I not feast (though in no ogre fashion) upon little children? Some day perhaps Hymen's table d'hôte may lack guests; and, messengers being sent out into the highways in quest of the lame, the halt, and the blind, I may have a chance.

I might speculate upon little children in a purely negative fashion for some time. For instance: as regards the child being father to the man: of men being but children of a larger growth. These are both very easy things to say; and we get them by heart pat, and somewhat in the parret manner; and we go on repeating our pet phrase, over and over, backwards and the phrase, over and over, backwards and the wards, time after time, till we firmly believe it to be true; and, if any one presume to argue or dissent, we grow indignant, and cry "turn him out;" as the member of the Peace Society did the other day, which and the whole hog proposition that, the world was to be pacificated, and universal factority established, by the lambe sheating the wool off their backs, and taking it to the wolves in a neat parcel, with a speech about arbitration.

satisfactory and successful; that every body may get as much as he wants to eat and drink at supper; that the supply of lobster salad and iced champagne may not run short; that I say that he is not. Can you persist he may be sung by that young lady amid general this little sportive, prattling, loveable child, applause; that all General Fogey's stories may tell, and that none of young Miller's jokes

supplication and prayer; with cherry nurse and villfy the doctor? Men have the playthings, it is true, and comewhat resemble thanksgiving and love; with arms that oug to embrace; with eyes beaming confor a blue ribbon, an embroidered garter, ing thanksgiving and love; with arms that long to embrace; with eyes beaming confidence, joy, pity, tenderness:—am I to be told that this infant is father to you hulking, sodden, sallow-faced, blue-gilled, crop-haired, leaden-eyed, livid-lipped, bow-shouldered, shranken-legged, swollen-handed convict in a hideous grey uniform, branded with the broad arrow; with ribbed worsted hose and fetters at his ancles, sullenly skulking through his drudgery under the rattan of an overseer and the bayonet of a marine in Woolwich dockyard ! Is the child whom I love and in whom I hope, father to you wretch with a neck already half-dislocated with fear, with limbs half-drad, with heart wholly so, who droops on his miserable pallet in Newgate cell, his chin on his breast, his hands between his knecs, his legs shambling; the stony walls around him; the tacitum gaolers watching him; a bible by his side, in whose pages, when he tries to read, the letters slide and fall away from under his eye? Is thus the father to-can this ever become that?

Not only in your world-verbiage must the child be father to the man, but the man is men and women, I should agree with you The evil example of you had men and women begins to corrupt boy and guls early enough, Heaven knows; but do not brand the child -you know when infancy begins and childbood terminates-with being but your own wickedness seen through the small end of the class. The man a child of larger growth bid you ever know a man of smaller growth -a child-to discount bills at forty per cent., and offer you to: the balance half cash, and the rest poison (put down in the bill as "wine") and opera stalls! Did you ever know a child to pawn his sister's play-things, or rob his playmate of his pocket money to gamble, and to cheat while gambling, and to go hang or drown himself when he had lost his winnings and his stolen capital? Could you ever discern a hankering in a child to accumulate dollars by trading in the flesh and blood of his fellow-creatures? Did you ever know a child to hoard halfpence in a rag on a teapot, to store rinds of mouldy choose in secret, or to grow rich in rotten apple purings? Did you ever hear a child express an opinion that his friend Tommy must starfully be burnt, for not holding exactly the same religious opinions as he, Billy, did, Are children fulse swearers for hire, liars for gain, parasites for profit? Do pethooks and hangers, do they libel their tales—in the axistence of ogres, fairles, giants

silver cross dangling to a norsel of red silk, or a gilt walking stick. But will the child crawl in the gutter for the blue ribbon, or walk barefoot over broken bottles for the garter, or wallow in the mire for the gilt walking stick? I think not. Give him a string of red beads, a penny trumpet, or a stick of barley sugar, and he will let the Try to perribbons and garters go hang. suade, with your larger growth theory, one of your smaller men to walk backwards down a staircase before the King of Lilliput. Persuade Colonei Fitz Tommy, aged four, to stand for five hours on one leg behind the King of Lilliput's chair in his box at the Try to induce little Marionette Theatre. Lady Totsey, aged three, to accede to the proposal of being maid of honour to her doll. Tomany and Totsey leave such tomfooleries to be monopolised by the larger children.

We have another school of axiomatic philosophers; who, abandoning the theorem that manhood is but the cularged identity of infancy, maintain that the child is an intelmerely a child of a larger growth. I deny it. lectual negation—nothing at all physically or Some boys are tyrants, bullies, hypocrites, mentally. The enlightened M. Fourier has and liars for fear of punishment; thieves also, denied children the possession of sex, calling through ill-example, of times—Some girls are them Neuters; and numbers of philosophers, tall-tales, jealous, spateful, slanderous, vain and with their attendant schools of disciples, have giddy, I grant. If you were to tell me that pleased themselves by comparing the child's bad boys and gills often grow up to be bad mind to a blank sheet of paper; innocent, but capable of receiving moral caligraphy good or bad. The mind of a child like a blank sheet of Bath post? The sheet is fair, botpressed, undefiled by blot or erasure if you will, but it is not blank. In legible meffaceable characters thereupon, you may read Faith and strong belief The child believes without mental reservation; he does not require to be convinced; and if even, now and then, some little struggling dawn of argumentative scepticism leads him to doubt faintly, and to ask how bogey can always manage to live in the cellar among the coals; how the black dog can be on his shoulder, when he sees no dog there; why little boys should not ask questions, and why the doctor should have brought baby with him under his cloak-he is easily silenced by the reply that good children always believe what is told them; and that he must believe; so he does believe. His faith was but shaken for a moment. Belief was written too strongly in his little heart to be eradionted by his little logic. Would that when he comes to be a child of larger growth, forsooth, no subtle powers of reasoning should prompt him to dissect and anatomise his body of belief, till nothing but dry bones remain, and it fall into a pit of indifference and scepticism!

That child has a mained child-mind who. does not believe implicitly in all the fairy

and dwarfs. I dere say thousands will read this who have lain a-bed as children, awake, and quaking lest Hurleythrumbo, or the dread Giant Bloodybones, or the wolf that devoured little Red Riding Hood should enter unto them and devour them. How many do I address who have cherished one especial beanstalk in the back garden as the very identical beanstalk up which Jack clomb; and, in the slightness of their childish vision, deemed that the stalk grew up and up till it reached the wondrous land—who, also, have firmly believed that the huge pack the old Jew pedlar carried on his back was full of naughty children; that from parsley-beds, by menns of silver spades, marvellous fruits were procured. I remember having when a an engraving of the Parc of St. (Touch after) Faith and strong belief! How is the Turner; but I asseverate that I firmly, child to distinguish between the Witch heartly, uncompromisingly behaved then, of Endor and the Witch of Edmonton; bethat angels' trumpets were like those fire- tween Goliah whom David slew, and the done over a half smeared-out game of oughts the child's mind as you will, feed him with and crosses, with a morel of slate pencil, diagrams and clothe him with Euclid's Eletwo sticks a halfpenny. Yet I and she and ments before he is breeched, the innute belief all of us believed in the fairyland she drew. that is in him, even though draped in imagina-We could pluck the golden suit on the tions and harmless fictions, will best your boughs, and lear the silver-voiced birds, and logic and philosophy hollow.

see the fairy elves with their queen (drawn on that blank sheet of paper to which you very possibly with a head like a deformed compare a child's mind, I find yet more words oyster) dancing beneath the big round moon written that all may read. I find truth, upon the yellow sands. I am sure my Prone to believe the most extravagant fictions, sister believed her doll was alive and pecu-because his belief is induscriminate by inno-liarly susceptible to catching cold from cence, he is yet essentially and legibly a truth-draughts 1 am certain that I never questeller and is logically true. If he objects to you tioned the animated nature of the eight day clock on the staircase that ticked so awfully If asked to assign a reason for his dislike, he in the hot silent summer nights, and gnashed answers as candidly: "Because you are oldhis teeth so frightfully when his weights were moved. My aunt promised everything when her ship came home; and I believed in the his new nurse he tells her so plainly. Here is ship that was always coming and never did come, without one spark of scepticism. I believed in, and shuddered at, all the stories about that famous juvenile (always held up to us as a warning and example, and alluded to as "there was once a little sugar-plum," and holds out his hand. Years how who") who was always doing the to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and the storing letters, and attribute his want. thin that was always coming and never boy who") who was always doing the to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, said things he ought not to have done; and write begging letters, and aitribute his went was, in consequence, so perpetually being of sugar-plums to the hardness of the times,

whipped, caught in diffe fambs and suspended in the air by mant pames and sus-pended in the air by mant pender, eaten up naive by wild beaut, burns to death in our-sequence of playing "with Tunning at lighting straws," that I have often wondered, so many have been his perils, by flood and weld, that there should be any of that little buy left. He is alive though, never the less, and still implicitly believed in. I was under the necessity the other day of relating a horrible misadventure of his to a little nephow, showing how the little boy reached over a dining table to put his digits into a sugar dish, and came to signal shame by knocking over a tumbler and cutting lis. means of silver spades, marvellous finits were procured. I remember having when a very little child two strong levers of behef. One was a very bright fire-place with a very bright free-place with a very bright free-place with a very bright coloured rug before it. I can see them now, all polished steel, brass and gay worsted work—all of which I was a certain steel engraving in an allum, a landscape with a lake, and swan and landscape with a lake, and swan and ladies with parasois I know the fire-place pow to have been a mere register stove an engraving of the Parc of St. (loud after Faith and strong belief! How is the strong belief! How is the faith and strong belief! When children play at King or Queen, or Castles or School, they believe that they are in verity the persons they enact. We children of a larger growth yawn through our parts, requiring a great deal of prompting, and waiting, now and then, for the proper appurtenances, and the picture insteady the play to be a deception. fingers therewith; and I am happy to state

irons, and that the gay rug, and the pretty Guant whom Jack killed? Let him believe it landscape was an accurate view if not on all in his happy believing childhood, I say, actual peep into Fanyland itself A little Do not think I wish to propagate or endead sister of mine used to draw what courage error. But that young flowret is too we called fairyland on her slate 'Iwas tender yet to bear the crude blast of uncomatter all, I dare say, but a vile children serawl, promising fact. And battle with error in

or me he tells us candidly, "I don't like you." because you are ugly—because you smell of snuff." If he likes his old nurse better than no cogging, no qualifying, no constructive

or to his having to "take up a little bill." So blunt is his truthfulness that it frequently becomes inconvenient and embarrassing. He makes the most alarming revelations, in all innocence and unconsciousness, respecting the malpractices of the servants, and the criticiams passed by his relatives upon the appearance and manners of their friends and acquaintances. He suffers in the flesh for this, and is a martyr to his truthfulness. Not strong enough in purpose to hate, he is yet afraid and ashamed to lie. He blushes and stammers over an untruth. Tis practice makes the liar perfect. The infant knows the truth and its seat, for it is in his heart, and he has no need to go wandering about the earth in search of it, like that mad fellow, who, hearing that Truth lay at the bottom of a well, jumped into a well and was drowned; finding indeed Truth at the bottom-for he found Death. You, foolish, cockering mothers, teach your children to lie, when you aid them in denying or concealing their faults from those who would be You, unreasoning, imstern with them. petuous parents, nourish lying scorpions in your bosom, when you beat your children savagely for an involuntary accident, for a broken vase, or a torn frock. You give the child a motive for concealment; you sow lying seed that will bear black fruit; you make truth to mean punishment, and falsehood impunity.

In letters as large and bold, as beautiful and clear to view, is written on the sheet of paper you are pleased to call blank in little children's minds the word charity. Large-hearted, open-handed, self-denying charity. Unreason-ing, indiscreet, indiscriminate, perchance, but still charity of the Christian sort, which, done in secret shall be rewarded openly. I am compelled to admit that little children know nothing about the Mendicity Society and the indefatigable Mr. Horsford; that they have never perused the terrific leaders in the Times against street mendicancy and the sin of indiscriminate alms-giving; that they would, if they could read bad writing, become an easy prey to begging letter impostors, and would never be able to steel their hearts against the appeals to the benevolent in the newspapers. I must own, too, that their charity does not stop at humanity but extends itself to the animal creation. I never saw a child feed a donkey with macardons; but I have seen one little girl press pound-take upon a Shetland poney, and another little girl give half of her cake to a fourfooted acquaintance of the Newfoundland breed. I have watched the charitable instincts of children from babyhood to schoolhood, when hopes and cankering fears, desire of praise, solicitude for favour and lust of gain begin, shutting up charity in an iron-bound strong box of small-worldliness. Children love to give. Is it to feed the ducks in the task, or slide warm pennies into the them. And, chiefer still, they love that large

palsied hands of gripples or drop them into the trays of blind men's dogs, or pop them smiling, into the slits of money-boxes, or ad-minister eleemosynary sustenance to Bunny and Tiny the rabbits, or give the pig a "poon" —to give is indeed their delight. They want no tuition in charity: it is in them, God-sent. Yonder little chubby sheet of blank stationery who is mumbling a piece of parliament in his nurse's arms, has scarcely consciousness of muscular power sufficient to teach him to hold the sweetmeat fast; yet, if I ask baby half by word half by gesture to give me a bit, this young short-coated Samaritanwho not long since began to take notice, and can only just ejaculate da-da, ma-ma-will gravely remove the parliament from his own lips and offer it to mine. Were he a very few months older he would clutch it tighter in his tiny hand, and break a piece off, and give it me. Is not this charity? He does not know. this young neophyte, that the parliament is moist and sticky with much sucking and mumbling; that I am too big to eat parliament; and that it is mean and paltry in me, a great, hulking, able-bodied, working man, to beg cates of him, a helpless infant. But he knows in his instinctive sapience that he cannot fill my belly with wise saws, or with precepts of political economy. He cannot quote Adam Smith, Ricardo, or S. G. O. to me; he 'administers, in his instinctive charity, corporeal sustenance to my corporeal necessity. The avaricious infant is a monster.
What word is that that shines so brightly

-whose letters dance and glitter like precious gems on the so-called blank scroll? Love. Instinct of instincts, inborn of all innate things, little children begin to love as soon as they begin to live. When mere flaccid helpless babes their tiny faces mantle with smiles -ah! so full of love and tenderness-in their sleep. The first use they make of their arms is to clasp them round the neck of those they love. And whom will they not love? If the witch Sycorax had nursed Miranda and Caliban had been her foster-brother, the little monster and the little maiden would have loved each other, and Prospero's little child would have kissed and fondled her hideous nurse. The first words children utter are words of love. And these are not necessarily taught them; for their very inarticulate ejaculations are full of love. They love all things. The parrot, though he bites them; the cat, though she scratches: the great bushy blundering house-dog; the poultry in the yard; the wooden-legged, one-eyed negro who brings the beer; the country lout with clouted shoon who smells so terribly of the stable; the red-faced cook, the grubby little knife-boy, the foolish fat scullion, the cross nurse. They love all these; together with

man with the gruff voice, the blue rough chin, the large eyes, whose kness comprise such an inexhaustible supply of cock-horses always standing at livery, yet always ready to ride post-haste to Coventry: they love papa. And, chiefest of all, they love her of the soft voice, the smiles, the tears, the hopes, the cares, the tendemness-who is all in all, the first, the last to them in their tender fragile

happy childhood.

Mamma is the centre of love. Papa was an after acquaintance. He improves upon acquaintance, too; but mamma was always with them to love, to soothe, to caress, to care for, to watch over. When a child wakes up hot and feverish from some night dream, it is upon his mother he calls. Each childish pain, each childish grief, each childish difficulty is to be soothed, assuaged, explained by her. They have no secrets; they understand each other. The child clings to her. The little boy in the Greek epigram that was creeping down a precipice was invited to his safety, when nothing else could induce him to return, by the sight of his mother's breast.

You who have little children and love them -you will have borne patiently with me, I know, through all these trivialities. And you, strong-minded philosophers who "celibate, sit like a fly in the heart of an apple," and dwell indeed in perpetual sweetness, but sit alone and are confined and die in singularity, excuse my puerility, my little theme, my smaller argument, my smallest conclusions. Remember the Master suffered little children to come unto him; and that, strong-minded philosophers as we are, we were all of us, once, but little helpless innocents.

MORTON HALL

IN TWO CHAPTERS,-CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Ur to this time we had felt it rather impertinent to tell each other of our individual silent wonder as to what Miss Phillis lived on: but I know in our hearts we each thought about it, with a kind of respectful pity for her fallen low estate. Miss Phillis, that we remembered like an angel for beauty, and like a little princess for the imperious sway she exercised, and which was such sweet compulsion that we had all felt proud to be her slaves; Miss Phillis was now a worn, plain woman, in homely dress, tending towards old age; and looking-(at that time I dared not have spoken so insolent a thought, not even to myself)-but she did look as if she had hardly the proper nourishing food she required. One day, I remember Mrs. Jones the butcher's wife -(she was a Drumble person) —saying in her saucy way, that she was not surprised to see Miss Morton so bloodless and pale, for she only treated herself to a Sunday's dinner of meat, and lived on slop and I am afraid of to this day—and said, "Mrs. Jones, do you suppose Miss Morton can eat your half-starved meat! You do not know how choice and dainty she is, as becomes one born and bred like her. What was it we had to bring for her only last Saturday from the grand new butcher's in Drumble, Biddy ?"
—(We took our eggs to market in Drumble every Saturday, for the cotton-spinners would give us a higher price than the Morton

people; the more fools they!)

I thought it rather cowardly of Ethelinds to put the story-telling on me; but she always thought a great deal of saving her soul: more than I did, I am afraid, for I made answer, as bold as a lion, "Two sweetbreads, at a shilling a-piece; and a fore-quarter of house-lamb, at eighteenpence a pound." So off went Mrs. Jones in a huff, saying "their meat was good enough for Mrs. Donkin the great millowner's widow, and might serve a beggarly Morton any day." When we were alone, I said to Ethelinda, "I'm afraid we shall have to pay for our lies at the great day of account," and Ethelinda answered very sharply—(she's a good sister in the main)—" Speak for yourself, Biddy. I never said a word. I only asked questions. How could I help it if you told lies? I'm sure I wondered at you, how glib you spoke out what was not true."
But I knew she was glad I told the lies in her

After the poor Squire came to live with his aunt, Miss Phillis, we ventured to speak a bit to ourselves. We were sure they were pinched. They looked like it. He had a bad hacking cough at times; though he was so dignified and proud he would never cough when any one was near. I have seen him up before it was day, sweeping the dung off the roads, to try and get enough to manure the little plot of ground behind the cottage, which Miss Phillis had lot alone, but which her nephew used to dig in and till; for, said he, one day, in his grand slow way "he was always fond of experiments in agriculture." Ethelinda and I do believe that the two or three score of cabbages he raised were all they had to live on that winter, besides the bit of meal and tea they got at the village shop.

One Friday night I said to Ethelinda. " It is a shame to take these eggs to Drumble to sell, and never to offer one to the Squire, on whose lands we were born." She answered, "I have thought so many a time; but how can we do it ? I, for one, dare not offer them to the Squire; and as for Miss Phillis it would seem like impertinence." "I'll try at

" said I.

So that night I took some eggs-fresh yellow eggs from our own pheasant hen, the like of which there were not for twenty miles round—and I laid them softly after dusk on one of the little stone seats in the porch of bread-and-butter all the rest of the week. Miss Phillie's cottage. But, alas! when we Ethelinda put on her severe face—a look that went to market at Drumble, early the next

and splashed, making an ugly yellow pool in one night." the road just in front of the cottage. I had meant to have followed it up by a chicken or so : but I saw now that it would never do. Miss Phillis came now and then to call on us; she was a little more high and distant than she had been when a girl, and we felt we must keep our place. I suppose we had affronted the young Squire, for he never came near our

Well! there came a hard winter, and provisions rose; and Ethelinda and I had much ado to make ends meet. If it had not been for my sister's good management, we should have been in debt I know; but she proposed that we should go without dinner, and only have a breakfast and a tea, to which I agreed,

you may be sure.

One baking day I had made some cakes for tea-potato-cakes we called them. They had a savoury hot smell about them; and, to tempt Ethelinda, who was not quite well, I cooked a rasher of bacon. Just as we were sitting down Miss Phillis knocked at our door. We let her in. God only knows how white and haggard she looked. The heat of our kitchen made her totter, and for a while she could not speak. But all the time she looked at the food on the table as if she feared to shut her eyes lest it should all vanish away. It was an eager stare like that of some animal, poor soul! "If I durst," said Ethelinda, wishing to ask her to share our meal, but being afraid to speak out. I did not speak, but handed her the good hot buttered cake; on which she seized, and putting it up to her to speak audibly. I needed no second word. lipe as if to taste it, she fell back in her chair,

erying.

We had never seen a Morton cry before;

We stood silent and aghast. She recovered herself, but did not taste the food; on the contrary, she covered it up with both her hands, as if afraid and gold, now doubly shabby in its fall from of losing it. "If you'll allow me," said she, in its former estate. On it lay Miss Phillis, a stately kind of way to make up for our having seen her crying, "I'll take it to my nephew." And she got up to go away; but she could hardly stand for very weakness, and had to sit down again; she smiled at us, and said she was a little dizzy, but it would soon go off; but as she smiled, the bloodless lips were drawn far back over her teeth, making her face seem somehow like a death's "Miss Morton," said I, "do honour head. us by taking ten with us this once. The Squire, your lather, once took a luncheon with my father, and we are proud of it to this day." I poured her out some ten, which she drank; the food she shrank away from as if the very sight of it turned her sick again. But when she rose to go she looked at it with her sail wolfish eyes, as if she could not leave it; and at last she broke into a low cry, and said, "Oh, Bridget, we are starving ! we'are starying for want of food! I can bear

morning, there were my eggs all shattened he suffers! Let me take him food for this

We could hardly speak; our hearts were in our throats, and the tears rea down our cheeks like rain. We packed up a backet, and carried it to her very door, never venturing to speak a word, for we knew what it must have cost her toway that. When we left her at the cottage we made her our, usual deep courtesy, but she fell upon our necks, and kissed us. For several nights after she hovered round our house about dusk; but she would never come in again, and face us in candle or fire-light, much less meet us by daylight. We took out food to. her as regularly as might be, and gave it to. her in silence, and with the deepest courtesies we could make, we felt so honoured. We hadmany plans now she had permitted us to know of her distress. We hoped she would allow us to go on serving her in some way as became us as Sidebothams. But one night she never came; we staid out in the cold bleak wind looking into the dark for her thin worn figure; all in vain. Late the next afternoon the young Squire lifted the latch, and stood right in the middle of our houseplace. The roof was low overhead; and made lower by the deep beams supporting the floor above; he stooped as he looked at us, and tried to form words, but no sound came out of his lips. I never saw such gaunt woe; no, never! At last he took me by the shoulder, and led me out of the house.

"Come with me!" he said, when we were in the open air, as if that gave him strength We entered Miss Phillis's cottage; a liberty I had never taken before. What little furniture was there it was clear to be seen were cast-off fragments of the old splendour of Morton Hall. No fire. Grey wood ashes lay on the hearth. An old settee, once white

very pale; very still; her eyes shut.
"Tell me!" he gasped. "Is she dead? I think she is asleep; but she looks so strange—as if she might be—" He could not say the awful word again. I stooped, and felt no warmth; only a cold chill atmosphere

seemed to surround her.

"She is dead!" I replied at length. "Oh, Miss Phillis! Miss Phillis!" and, like a. fool, I began to cry. But he sate down without a tear, and looked vacantly at the empty hearth. I dared not cry any more when I saw him so stony sad. I did not know what to do. I could not leave him; and yet I had no excuse for staying. I went up to Miss Phillis, and softly arranged the grey ragged locks about her face.

"Aye!" said he. "She must be laid out... Who so fit to do it as you and your sister,. children of good old Robert Sidebotham.'

"Oh! my master," I said, "this is no fit, it; I don't mind; but he suffers, oh, how place for you. Let me fetch my sister to sit;

un with me all night; and dienour us by

sleeping at our poor little cottage."

I did not expect he would have done it; but after a few minutes' silence he agreed to I hastened home, and told my proposal. Ethelinda, and both of us crying, we heaped up the fire, and spread the table with food, and made up a bell in one corner of the floor. While I stood ready to go I saw Ethelinda open the great chest in which we kept our treasures; and out she took a fine Holland shift that had been one of my mother's wedding shifts; and, seeing what she was after, I went upstairs and brought down a piece of rare old lace, a good deal darned to be sure, but still old Brussels point, bequeathed to me long ago by my god-mother, Mrs. Dawson. We huddled these things under our cloaks, locked the door behind us and set out to do all we could now for poor Miss Phillis. found the Squire sitting just as we left him; I hardly knew if he understood me when I told him how to unlock our door, and gave him the key; though I spoke as distinctly as ever I could for the choking in my throat. At last he rose and went; and Ethelinda and I composed her poor thin limbs to decent rest, and wrapped her in the fine Holland shift; and then I plaited up my lace into a close cap to tie up the wasted features. When all was done we looked upon her from a little distance.

"A Morton to die of hunger!" said Ethelinda solemnly. "We should not have dared to think that such a thing was within the chances of life; do you remember that evening, when you and I were little children, and she a merry young lady peeping at us from behind

her fan?"

We did not cry any more; we felt very still and awe-struck. After a while I said, "I wonder if after all the young Squire did go to our house. He had a strange look about him. If I dared I would go and see." I opened the door; the night was black as pitch; the air very still. "I'll go," said 1; and off I went, not meeting a creature, for it was long past eleven. I reached our house; the window was long and low, and the shutters were old and shrunk. I could peep between them well, and see all that was going on. He was there sitting over the fire, never shedding a tear; but seeming as if he saw his past life in the embers. The food we had pre- a one was bidden to the funeral who might pared was untouched. Once or twice, during have looked after her a little more in her lifemy long watch (I was more than an hour away), he turned towards the food, and made as though he would have eaten it, and then shuddered back; but at last he seized it, and tore it with his teeth, and laughed and rejoiced over it like some starved animal. I could not keep from crying then. He gorged himself with great morsels; and when he could eat no more it seemed as if his strength for suffering had come back; he threw him-self on the bed, and such a passion of despair of asking him to take the head of the coffis. for suffering had come back; he threw him-I never heard of, much less ever saw. I

could not bear to witness it. "The dead Miss Phillis lay calm and still the trials were I would go back and watch with Ethelinds.

When the pale grey morning dawn stole in, making us shiver and shake after our vigil, the Squire returned. We were both mortal: afraid of him, we knew not why. He looked quiet enough—the lines were worn deep be-fore—no new traces were there. He stood and looked at his aunt for a minute or two. Then he went up into the loft above the room where we were; he brought a small paper parcel down; bade us keep on our watch yet a little time. First one and then the other of us went home to get some food. It was a bitter black frost; no one was out, who could stop indoors; and those who were out cared not to stop to speak. Towards afternoon the air darkened, and a great snow-storm came on. We durst not be left, only one alone: yet at the cottage where Miss Phillis had lived there was neither fire nor fuel. So we sate and shivered and shook till morning. The Squire never came that night nor all next day.

"What must we do?" asked Ethelinda, broken down entirely. "I shall die if I stophere another night. We must tell the neigh-

bours and get help for the watch."

"So we must," said I, very low and grieved. I went out and told the news at the nearest house, taking care, you may be sure, never to speak of the hunger and cold Miss Phillis must have endured in silence. It was bad enough to have them come in, and make their remarks on the poor bits of furniture; for no one had known their bitter straits even as much as Ethelinda and me, and we had been shocked at the bareness of the place. I did hear that one or two of the more ill-conditioned had said, it was not for nothing we had kept the death to ourselves for two, nights; that to judge from the lace on her can there must have been some pretty pick-Ethelinda would have contradicted this, but I bade her let it alone; it would save the memory of the proud Mortons from the shame that poverty is thought to be; and as for us, why we could live it down. But on the whole people came forward kindly; money was not wanting to bury her well, if not grandly as became her birth; and many time. Among others was Squire Hargreaves from Bothwick Hall over the Moors. He was some kind of far-away cousin to the Mortons. So when he came he was asked to go chief mourner in Squire Morton's strange absence, which I should have wondered at the more if I had not thought him almost crazy when I watched his ways through the shutter that night. Squire Hargreaves. "Where is her nephew?" asked he.

last Thursday morning.'

"But I saw him at noon on Thursday said Squire Hargreaves with a round oath. "He came over the moors to tell me of his aunt's death; and to ask me to give him a little money to bury her, on the pledge of his gold shirt-buttons. He said I was a cousin, and could pity a gentleman in such sore need. That the buttons were his mother's first gift to him; and that I was to keep them safe, for some day he would make his fortune and come back to redeem them. He had not known his aunt was so ill, or he would have parted with these buttons sooner, though he held them as more precious than he could tell me. I gave him money; but I could not find in my heart to take the buttons. He bade me not tell of all this; but when a man is missing it is my duty to give all the clue I can."

And so their poverty was blazoned abroad! But folk forgot it allein the search for the Squire on the moor side. Two days they searched in vain; the third, upwords of a hundred men turned out hand-in-hand, step to step, to leave no foot of ground unsearched. They found him stark and stiff, with Squire Hargreaves' money, and his mother's gold buttons, safe in his waistcoat pocket.

And we laid him down by the side of his poor Aunt Phillis.

After the Squire, John Marmaduke Morton, had been found dead in that sad way on the dreary moors, the creditors seemed to lose all hold on the property; which indeed, during the seven years they had had it, they had drained as dry as a sucked orange. But for a long time no one seemed to know who rightly was the owner of Morton Hall and The old house fell out of repair; the chimneys were full of starlings' nests; the flags in the terrace in front were hidden by the long grass; the panes in the windows were broken, no one knew how or why, for church." the children of the village got up a tale that the house was haunted. Ethelinda and I went sometimes in the summer mornings, and gathered some of the roses that were being strangled by the bind-weed that spread over all; andwe used to try and weed the old flowergarden a little; but we were no longer young and the stooping made our backs ache. Still we always felt happier if we cleared but ever such a little space. Yet we did not go there willingly in the afternoons, and left the garden always long before the first slight shade

We did not choose to ask the common people many of them were weavers for the Drumble manufacturers, and no longer decent hedgers and ditchers—we did not choose to ask them, I say, who was squire now, or where he lived. But one day, a great London lawyer came to the Morton Arms, and made a pretty stir. He came on behalf of a Gen-Baby, as they called her, when they were by

"No one has seen him since eight o'clock eral Morton, who was squire now, though he was far away in India. He had been written to, and they had proved him heir, though he was a very distant cousin; farther back than Sir John, I think. And now he had sent word they were to take money of his that was in England, and put the house in thorough repair; for that three maiden sisters of his, who lived in some town in the north, would come and live at Morton Hall till his return. So the lawyer sent for a Drumble builder, and gave him directions. We thought it would have been prettier if he had hired John Cobb, the Morton builder and joiner, he that had made the Squire's coffin, and the Squire's father's before that. Instead, came a troop of Drumble men, knocking and tumbling about in the Hall, and making their jests up and down all those stately rooms. Ethelinda and I never went near the place till they were gone, bag and baggage. And then what a change! the old casement windows. with their heavy leaded panes half overgrown with vines and roses, were taken away, and great staring sash windows were in their stead. New grates inside; all modern, newfangled, and smoking, instead of the brass dogs which held the mighty logs of wood in the old Squire's time. The little square Turkey carpet under the dining table, which had served Miss Phillis, was not good enough for these new Mortons; the dining-room was all carpeted over. We peeped into the old dining-parlour; that parlour where the dinner for the Puritan preachers had been laid out; the flag parlour as it had been called of late years. But it had a damp earthy smell, and was used as a lumber-room. We shut the door quicker than we had opened it. We came away disappointed. The Hall was no longer like our own honoured Morton Hall,

'After all, these three ladies are Mortons," said Ethelinda to me. "We must not forget that: we must go and pay our duty them as soon as they have appeared in

Accordingly we went. But we had heard and seen a little of them before we paid our respects at the Hall. Their maid had been down in the village; their maid as she was called now; but a maid-of-all-work she had been until now, as she very soon let out when we questioned her. However, we were never proud; and she was a good honest farmer's daughter out of Northumberland. What work she did make with the Queen's English! The folk in Lancashire are said to speak broad; but I could always understand our own kindly tongue, whereas when Mrs. Turner told me her name, both Ethelinda and I could have sworn she said Donagh, and were afraid she was an Irishwoman. Her ladies were what you may call past the bloom of youth; Miss Sophronia—Miss Morton, properly—was just sixty; Miss Annabella, three years younger; and Miss Dorothy (or

themselves), was two years younger still. Mrs. Turner was very confidential to us, partly because I doubt not she had heard of our old connexion with the family, and partly because she was an arrant talker, and was glad of anybody who would listen to her. So we heard the very first week how each of the ladies had wished for the east bedroom; that which faced the north-east; which no one slept in in the old Squire's days; but there were two steps leading up into it, and said Miss Sophronia, she would never let a younger sister have a room more elevated than she had herself. She was the eldest, and she had a right to the steps. So she bolted herself in for two days while she unpacked her clothes, and then came out looking like a hen that has laid an egg, and defice any one to take that honour from

But her sisters were very deferential to her in general; that must be said. They never had more than two black feathers in their bonnets; while she had always three. Mrs. Turner said that once, when they thought Miss Annabella had been going to have an offer of marriage made her, Miss Sophronia had not objected to her wearing three that winter; but when it all ended in smoke, Miss Annabella had to pluck it out, as became a younger sister. Poor Miss Annabella! she had been a beauty (Mrs. Turner said), and great things had been expected of her. Her brother, the General, and her mother had both spoilt her, rather than cross her unnecessarily, and so spoil her good looks; which, old Mrs. Morton had always expected, would make the fortune of the family. Her sisters were angry with her for not having married some great rich gentleman; though, as she used to say to Mrs. Turner, how could she help it. She was willing enough, but no rich gentleman came to ask her. We agreed that it really was not her fault; but her sisters thought it was: and now that she had lost her beauty, they were always casting it up what they would have done if they had had her gifts. There were some Miss Burrells they had heard of, each of whom had married a lord; and these Miss Burrells had not been such great beauties. So Miss Sophronia used to work the question by the rule of three, and put it in this way-If Miss Burrell, with a tolerable pair of eyes, a snub nose, and a wide mouth, married a baron, what rank of peer ought our pretty Annabella to have espoused? And the worst was, Miss Annabella-who had never had any ambitionwanted to have married a poor curate in her youth; but was pulled up by her mother and sisters reminding her of the duty she owed to her family. Miss Dorothy had done her best-Miss Morton always praised her for it. With not half the good looks of Miss Annaballs, she had danced with an honourable at Harrogate, three times running; and, even now, she persevered in trying; which was choose, even Erench werbs. Yes, Cordelia,

more than could be said of Miss Annabella

who was very broken apirited as I do believe Mrs. Turner told us all this before we had ever seen the ladies. We had let them know, through Mrs. Turner, of our wish to pay them our respects; so we vertured to go up to the front door, and ran-modestly. We had reasoned about it before, and agreed that if we were going in our, everyday clothes, to offer a little present of. eggs, or to call on Mrs. Turner (as she had asked us to do), the back door would have been the appropriate entrance for us. But going, however humbly, to pay our respects, and offer our reverential welcome to the Miss Mortons, we took rank as their visitors, and. should go to the front door. We were shown up the wide stairs, along the gallery, up twosteps, into Miss Sophronia's room. She put away some papers hastily as we came in. We heard afterwards that she was writing a book, to be called "The Female Chesterfield, or Letters from a Lady of Quality to her niece." And the little niece sate there in a high chair, with a flat board tied to her back. and her feet in stocks on the rail of the chair, so that she had nothing to do but listen to. her aunt's letters; which were read aloud to-her as they were written, in order to mark their effect on her manners. I was not sure whether Miss Sophronia liked our interruption; but I know little Miss Cordelia Mannisty did.

"Is the young lady crooked?" asked Ethelinda during a pause in our conversation. 1 had noticed that my sister's eyes would rest on the child; although by an effort she sometimes succeeded in looking at something else

occasionally.

"No! indeed, ma'am," said Miss Morton.
"But she was born in India, and her backbone has never properly hardened. Besides, I and my two sisters each take charge of her for a week; and, their systems of education-I might say non-education-differ so totally and entirely from my ideas, that, when Miss Mannisty comes to me, I consider myself for tunate if I can undo the—hem!—that has been done during a fortnight's absence. Cort delia, my dear, repeat to these good ladies the geography lesson you learnt this morning ?"

Poor little Miss Mannisty began to tell us. a great deal about some river in Yorkshire of which we had never heard, though, I dare say we ought to, and then a great deal more about the towns that it passed by and what they were famous for; and all I can remember -indeed could understand at the time-was, that Pomfret was famous for Pomfret cakes, which I knew before. But Ethelinda gasped for breath before it was done, she was so nearly choked up with aston hment; when it was ended, she said, "Pretty dear!, it's wonderful!" Miss Morton looked as they can. And to be good is better than to he pretty. We don't think about looks here. You may get down, child, and goo into the garden, and take care you put your bonnet on, or you'll be all over freckles." We got up to take leave at the same time, and followed the little girl out of the room. Ethelinda fumbled in her pocket.

"Here's sixpence, my dear, for you. Nay, I am sure you may take it from an old woman like me, to whom you've told over more geography than I ever thought there was out of the Bible." For Ethelinda always maintained that the long chapters in the Bible which were all names were geography; and though I knew well enough they were not, yet I had forgotten what the right word was, so I let her alone; for one hard word did as well as another. Little Miss looked as if she was not sure if she might take it; but I suppose we had two kindly old faces, for at last the smile came into her eyes-not to her mouth-she had lived too much with grave and quiet people for that; and, looking wistfully at us, she said :

"Thank you. But won't you go and see Aunt Annabella?" We said we should like to pay our respects to both her other aunts if we might take that liberty; and perhaps she would show us the way. But, at the door of a room, she stopped short, and said sorrowfully, "I mayn't go in; it is not my week for being with Aunt Annabella;" and then she went slowly and heavily towards the garden

A ASSES

"That child is cowed by somebody," said I to Ethelinda.

"But she knows a deal of geography"-Ethelinda's speech was cut short by the opening of the door in answer to our knock. The once beautiful Miss Annabella Morton stood before us, and bade us enter. She was dressed in white, with a turned up velvet hat, and two or three short drooping black feathers in it. I should not like to say she rouged, but she had a very pretty colour in her cheeks; that much can do neither good nor harm. first she looked so unlike anybody I had ever seen, that I wondered what the child could have found to like in her; for like her she did, that was very clear. But, when Miss Annabella spoke, I came under the charm. Her voice was very sweet and plaintive, and suited well with the kind of things she said; all about charms of nature, and tears, and grief, and such sort of talk, which reminded me rather of moetry—very pretty to listen to; as plain comfortable prose. Still I hardly know why I liked Miss Annabella. I think I was sorry for her; though, whether I should have been if she had not put it in my head, I don't know. The room looked very comfortable; a spinnet in a corner to amuse herself with, and a good sofa to lie down called-and yet long enough to have passed upon. By and bye, we got her to talk of her into Mis Annabella's week—I saw Miss her little niece, and she too had her system Cordelia in a corner of the church green,

of education. She said alle hoped to develope the sensibilities, and to cultivate the tasts While with here her darling niece read works of imagination, and acquired all that Miss Annabella could impart of the fine arts. neither of us quite knew what she was hinting at at the time; but afterwards, by dint of questioning little Miss, and using our own eyes and ears, we found that she read aloud to her aunt while she lay on the sofa; Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector, was what they were deep in at this time; and, as it was in five volumes and the heroine spoke broken English-which required to be read twice over to make it intelligible-it lasted them a long time. She also learned to play on the spinnet; not much-for I never heard above two tunes; one of which was God save the King, and the other was not. But I fancy the poor child was lectured by one aunt, and frightened by the other's sharp ways and numerous fancies. She might well be fond of her gentle, pensive (Miss Annabella told me she was pensive, so I know I am right in calling her so) aunt with her soft voice, and her never ending novels, and the sweet scents that hovered about the sleepy room.

No one tempted us towards Miss Dorothy's apartment when we left Miss Annabella; so we did not see the youngest Miss Morton this first day. We had each of us treasured up many little mysteries to be explained by our

dictionary, Mrs. Turner.

"Who is little Miss Mannisty?" we asked in one breath, when we saw our friend from the Hall. And then we learnt that there had been a fourth—a younger Miss Morton, who was no beauty, and no wit, and no anything; so Miss Sophronia, her eldest sister, had allowed her to marry a Mr. Mannisty, and ever after spoke of her as "my poor sister Jane." She and her husband had gone out to India; and both had died there; and the General had made it a sort of condition with his sisters that they should take charge of the child, or else none of them liked children except Miss Annabella.

"Miss Annabella likes children!" said I. "Then that's the reason children like her."

"I can't say she likes children; for we never have any in our house but Miss Cordelia; but her she does like dearly.

"Poor little Miss!" said Ethelinda, "does she never get a game of play with other little girls?" And I am sure from that time Ethelinda considered her in a diseased state from this very circumstance, and that her knowledge of geography was one of the symptoms of the disorder; for she used often to say, "I wish she did not know so much geography! I'm sure it is not quite right."

Whether or not her geography was right I don't know; but the child pined for companions. A very few days after we had rilaying with awkward humility, along with as the kneeling down of the rough village girls, who were as thought I would to expert at the game as she was unapt and "Will you take my dear?" said I. to her.

"How do you, my dear?" I said." "How come you here, so far from home?"

She reddened, and then looked up at me

with her large sérious eyes.

"Aunt Annabel sent me into the wood to meditate-and-and-it was very dull-and I heard these little girls playing and laughing-and I had my sixpence with me and-it was not wrong, was it ma'am ?-I came to them and told one of them I would give it to her if she would ask the others to let me play with them."
"But my dear, they are—some of them-

very rough little children, and not fit com-

panions for a Morton."

"But I am a Mannisty, ma'am!" she pleaded, with so much entreaty in her ways that, if I had not known what naughty bad girls some of them were, I could not have resisted her longing for companions of her own age. As it was, I was angry with them for naving taken her sixpence; but, when she had told me which it was, and saw that I was soing to reclaim it, she clung to me, and said :-

"Oh! don't, ma'am-you must not. I

gave it to her quite of my own self."
So I turned away; for there was trath in what the child said. But to this day I have nover told Ethelinda what became of her sixpence. I took Miss Cordelia home with me while I changed my dress to be fit to take her back to the Hall. And on the way, to make up for her disappointment, I began talking of my dear Miss Phillis and her bright pretty youth. I had never named her name since her death to any one but Ethelinda—and that only on Sundays and quiet times. And I could not have spoken of her to a grown-up person; but somehow to Misso Cordelia it came out quite natural. Not of her latter days, of course; but of her pony, and her little black King Charles's dogs, and all the living creatures that were glad in her presence when first I knew her. And nothing would satisfy the child but I must go into the Hall garden and show her where Miss Phillis's garden had been. We were deep in our talk, and she was stooping down to clear the plot from weeds, when I heard a sharp voice cry out, "Cordeha! Cordelia! Dirtying your frock with kneeling on the wet grass! It is not my week: but I shall tell your Aunt Annabella of you."

And the window was shut down with a jerk. It was Miss Dorothy. And I felt almost as guilty as poor little Miss Cordelia: for I had heard from Mrs. Turner that we had given great offence to Miss Dorothy by not going to call on her in her room that day on which we had paid our respects to her sisters; and I had a sort of an idea that seeing Miss Cor-

as the kneeling down on the wet grass. So I thought I would take the bull by the horna. "Will you take me to your Aunt Dorothy,

The little girl had no longing to go into her aunt Dorothy's room, as she had so evidently had at Miss Arabella's door. On the contrary, she pointed it out to me at a safe distance, and then went away in the measured step she was taught to use in that house; where such things as running, going upstairs two steps at a time, or jumping down three, were considered undignified and vulgar. Miss Dorothy's room was the least prepossessing of any. Somehow it had a north-east look about it, though it did face direct south; and, as for Miss Dorothy herself, she was more like a "Cousin Betty" than anything else; if you know what a Cousin Betty is, and perhaps it is too old-fashioned a word to be understood by any one who has learnt the foreign languages: but when I was a girl, there used to be poor crazy women rambling about the country, one or two in a district. They never did any harm that I know of; they might have been born idiots, poor creatures! Or crossed in love, who knows? But they roamed the country, and were well known at the farm-houses; where they often got food and shelter for as long a time as their restless minds would allow them to stay in any one place; and the farmer's wife would, maybe, rummage up a ribbon, or a feather, or a smart old breadth of silk, to please the harmless vanity of these poor crazy women; and they would go about so be-dizened sometimes that, as we called them always "Cousin Betty," we made it into a kind of proverb for any one dressed in a fly-away showy style, and said they were like a Cousin Betty. So now you know what I mean that Miss Dorothy was like. Her dress was white, like Miss Annabella's; but, instead of the black velvet hat her sister wore, she had on, even in the house, a small black silk bonnet. This sounds as if it should be less like a Cousin Betty than a hat; but wait till I tell you how it was lined-with strips of red silk, broad near the face, narrow near the brin; for all the world like the rays of the rising sun, as they are painted on the publichouse sign. And her face was like the sun; as round as an apple; and with rouge on, without any doubt : indeed, she told me once, a lady was not dressed unless, she had put her rouge on. Mrs. Turner told us she studied reflections a great deal; not that she was a thinking woman in general, I should say; and that this rayed lining was the fruit of her study. She had her hair pulled together, so that her forehead was quite covered with it; and I won't deny that I rather wished myself at home, as I stood facing her in the doorway. She pretended she did not know who I was, and made me tell all about myself; and then it turned delia with me was almost as much of a fault out she knew all about me, and she hoped

I had recovered from my fatigue the other,

What fatigue?" asked I, immovably. Oh! she had understood I was very much fired after visiting her sisters; otherwise, of course. I should not have felt it too much to come on to her room. She kept hinting at me in so many ways, that I could have asked her gladly to slap my face and have done with it, only I wanted to make Miss Cordelia's peace with her for kneeling down and dirtying her frock. I did say what I could to make things straight; but I don't know if I did any good. Mrs. Turner told me how suspicious and jealous she was of everybody, and of Miss Annabella in particular, who had been set over her in her youth because of her beauty; but, since it had faded, Miss Morton and Miss Dorothy had never ceased pecking at her; and Miss Dorothy worst of all. If it had not been for little Miss Cordelia's love, Miss Atnabella might have wished to die; she did often wish she had had the smallpox as a baby. Miss Morton was stately and cold to her, as one who had not done her duty to her family, and was put in the corner for her bad Miss Dorothy was continually behaviour. talking at her, and particularly dwelling on the fact of her being the older sister. Now she was but two years older; and was still so pretty and gentle looking, that I should have

forgotten it continually but for Miss Dorothy. The rules that were made for Miss Cordelia! She was to eat her meals standing, that was one thing! Another was, that she was to drink two cups of cold water before she had any pudding; and it just made the child loathe cold water. Then there were Then there were ever so many words she might not use; each aunt had her own set of words which were ungenteel or improper for some reason or another.
Miss Dorothy would never let her say "red;" it was always to be pink, or crimson, or scarlet. Miss Cordelia used at one time to come to us, and tell us she had a "pain at her chest" so often, that Ethelinda and I began to be uneasy, and questioned Mrs. Turner to know if her mother had died of consumption; and many a good pot of current jelly have I given her, and only made her pain at the chest worse; for—would you believe it?— Miss Morton told her never to say she had got a stemach-ache, for that it was not proper to say so. I had heard it called by a worse name still in my youth, and so had Ethe-linda; and we sat and wondered to ourselves how it was that some kinds of pain were genteel and others were not. I said that old families, like the Mortons, generally thought it slowed good blood to have their complaints are high in the body as they could—brainevers and headaches had a better sound, and

did perhaps belong more to the aristocracy. I thought I had got the right view in saying

If there is one thing I do dislike more than another, it is a passest saying something on the other side when I am trying to make upon my mind—how can I reason if I am to be up But though I tell all these peculiarities of

the Miss Mortons, they were good women in the main; even Miss Dorothy had her times of kindness, and really did love her little niece, though she was always laying traps to catch her doing wrong. Miss Morton 1 got to respect, if I never liked her. They would ask us up to tea; and we would put on our best gowns; and taking the house-key in my pocket, we used to walk slowly through the village, wishing that people who had been living in our youth could have seen us now, going by invitation to drink tea with the family at the Hall—not in the housekeeper's room, but with the family, mind you. But since they began to weave in Morton, everybody seemed too busy to notice us; so we were fain to be content with reminding each other how we should never have believed it in our youth that we could have lived to this day. After tea, Miss Morton would set us to talk of the real old family, whom they had never known; and you may be sure we told of all their pomp and grandeur and stately ways; but Ethelinda and I never spoke of what was to ourselves like the memory of a sad, terrible dream. So they thought of the Squire in his coach-and-four as High Sheriff. and Madam lying in her morning-room in her Genoa velvet wrapping-robe, all over peacock's eyes (it was a piece of velvet the Squire brought back from Italy, when he had been the grand tour), and Miss Phillis going to a ball at a great lord's house and dancing with a royal duke. The three ladies were never tired of listening to the tale of the splendour that had been going on here, while they and their mother had been starving in genteel poverty up in Northumberland; and as for Miss Cordelia, she sate on a stool at her Aunt Antabella's knee, her hand in her aunt's, and listened, open-mouthed and unnoticed, to all we could say.

One day, the child came crying to our house. It was the old story; Aunt Dorothy had been so unkind to Aunt Annabella! The little girl said she would run away to India. and tell her uncle the General, and seemed in such a paroxysm of anger, and grief, and despair, that a sudden thought came over me. I thought I would try and teach her something of the deep sorrow that lies awaiting all at some part of their lives, and of the way in which it ought to be borne, by telling her of Miss Phillis's love and endurance for her wasteful, handsome nephew. So from little, I get to more, and I told her all; the child's great eyes filling slowly with tears, which brimmed over and came rolling down her cheeks unnoticed as I spoke. I scarpely needed to this, when Emelinda would put in that she noticed as I spoke. I scarcely needed to had often heard of Lord Toffey having the make her promise not to speak about all this gout and being lame, and that nonplussed me. to any one. She said, "I could not—no! not pasient, and more silently helpful in the strange household among whom she was coht : 1

By and bye, Miss Morton grew pale and grey, and worn, amid all her stiffness. Mrs. Tuener whispered to us that for all her stern, unmoved looks, she was ill unto death; that she had been secretly to see the great doctor at Drumble; and he had told her she must set her house in order. Not even her sisters knew this; but it preyed upon Mrs. Turner's mind and she told us. Long after this, she kept up her week of discipline with Miss Cordelia; and walked in her straight. soldier-like way about the village, scolding people for having too large families, and burning too much coal, and eating too much butter. One morning she sent Mrs. Turner for her sisters; and, while she was away, she rum-aged out an old locket made of the four Miss Mortons' hair when they were all children; and, threading the eye of the locket with a piece of brown ribbon, she tied it round Cordelia's neck, and kissing her, told her she had been a good girl, and had cured herself of stooping; that she must fear (tool and honour the King; and that now she might go and have a holiday. Even while the child looked at her in wonder at the unusual tenderness with which this was said, a grim spasm passed over her face, and Cordelia ran in affright to call Mrs. Turner. But when she came, and the other two sisters came, she was quite herself again. She had her sisters in her room alone when she wished them goodbye; so no one knows what she said, or how she told them (who were thinking of her as in health) that the signs of near-approaching death, which the doctor had foretold, were upon her. One thing they both agreed in saying-and it was much that Miss Dorothy agreed in anything-that she bequeathed her sitting room, up the two steps, to Miss Annabella as being next in age. Then they left her room crying, and went both together into Miss Annabella's room, sitting hand in hand, (for the first time since childhood I should think,) listening for the sound of the little hand-bell which was to be placed close by her, in case, in her agony, she required Mrs. Turner's presence. But it never rang. Noon became twilight. Miss Cordelia stole in from the garden with its long, black, green shadows, and strange ecrie sounds of the night wind through the trees, and crept to the kitchen fire. At last, Mrs. Turner knocked at Miss Morton's door. and hearing no reply, went in and found her cold and dead in her chair.

I suppose that sometime or other we had told them of the funeral the old Squire had; procession of tenantry half-a-mile long to follow and their house was to be a kind of home for him to the grave. Miss Dorothy sent for me her Aunt Annabella, who was getting tired of

even to Aunt Annabella." And to this day to tell her what tenantly of her brother's she never has named it again, not even to could follow Miss Morton's coffin; but what men but she tried to make herself more with people working in mills and land having passed away from the family, we could but muster up twenty people, men and women and all; and one or two were dirty enough to be paid for their loss of time.

Poor Miss Annabella did not wish to go into the room up two steps; nor yet dared she stay behind; for Miss Dorothy, in a kind of spite for not having had it bequeathed to her, kept telling Miss Annabella it was her duty to occupy it; that it was Miss Sophronia's dying wish, and that she should not wonder if Miss Sophronia were to haunt Miss Annabella, if she did not leave her warm room, full of case and sweet scent, for the grim north-east chamber. We told Mrs. Turner we were afraid Miss Dorothy would lord it sadly over Miss Annabella, and she only shook her head; which, from so talkative a woman, meant a great deal. But, just as Miss Cordelia had begun to droop the General came home, without any one knowing he was coming. Sharp and sudden was the word with him. He sent Miss Cordelia off to school; but not before she had had time to tell us that she loved her uncle dearly, in spite of his quick hasty ways. He carried his sisters off to Cheltenham; and it was astonishing how young they made themselves look before they came back again. He was always here, there, and everywhere; and very civil to us into the bargain; leaving the key of the Hall with us whenever they went from home. Miss Dorothy was afraid of him, which was a blessing, for it kept her in order; and really I was rather sorry when she died, and, as for Miss Annabella, she fretted after her till she injured her health, and Miss Cordelia had to leave school to come and keep her company. Miss Cordelia was not pretty; she had too sad and grave a look for that; but she had winning ways, and was to have her uncle's fortune some day, so I expected to hear of her being soon snapt up. But the General said her husband was to take the name of Morton; and what did my young lady do but begin to care for one of the great mill owners at Drumble, as if there were not all the lords and commons to choose from besides? Mrs. Turner was dead; and there was no one to tell us about it; but I could see Miss Cordelia growing thinner and paler every time they came back to Morton Hall; and I longed to tell her to pluck up a spirit. and be above a cotton-spinner. One day, not half a year before the General's death. she came to see us, and told us, blushing like a rose, that her uncle had given his consent; and so, although "he" had refused to take the name of Morton, and had wanted to marry her without a penny, and without her uncla's leave, it had all come right at Miss Phillis's father, I mean. He had had a last, and they were to be married at once:

thing perpetually on the ramble with the

You must like him. I am sure young lady, he is so handsome, and brave, and good. Do you know, he says a relation of his ancestors lived at Morton Hall in the time of the Commonwealth."

"His ancestors?" said Ethelinda. "Has he got ancestors? That's one good point about him, at any rate. I didn't know cotton-spinners had ancestors."

"What is his name?" asked I.

"Mr. Marmaduke Carr," said she, sounding each r with the old Northumberland burr, which was softened into a pretty pride and effort to give distinctness to each letter of the beloved name.

"Carr," said I, "Carr and Morton! Be it so! It was prophesied of old!" But she was too much absorbed in the thought of ner own secret happiness to notice my poor

sayings.

He was and is a good gentleman; and a feal gentleman too. They never lived at Morton Hall. Just as I was writing this, Ethelinda came in with two pieces of news. Never again say I am superstitious! There is no one living in Morton that knows the tradition of Sir John Morton and Alice Carr; yet the very first part of the Hall the Drumble builder has pulled down is the old stone dining-parlour where the great dinner for the preachers mouldered away—flesh from flesh, crumb from crumb! And the street they are going to build right through the rooms through which Alice Carr was dragged in her agony of despair at her husband's loathing hatred is to be called Carr Street!

And Miss Cordelia has got a baby; a little girl; and writes in pencil two lines at the end of her husband's note to say she means

to call it Phillis.

Phillis Carr! 4 am glad he did not take the name of Morton. I like to keep the name of Phillis Morton in my memory very still and unspoken.

NOW.

ARISE! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armour,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—Of gaining a hard fought field;
Of storning the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!),
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise 1 If the gust detain you,
Her summline and stooms forget;
No chains as passorthy to hold you.
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler surfe to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last;
And, from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken, and find it past.

A SENSIBLE TOWN.

Ir ever you desire to spend a pleasant, week in France, and to see that wondered the civilised world, a wholesome town, go to Amicus in the valley of the Somme. In Amicus there is to be found a wise municipality; there is no room for sanitary agitation: there is everything that there should be for the health and satisfaction of the people. Its valley is a happy valley. You see now and then short reaches of the Somme; and, if your taste be in the least agricultural and rural, you admire the rich alluvial soil which throws up, as out of a cornucopia, flax, hemp, and cameline, acres of fragrant bean-blossom and scarlet poppy, rich in oil, and wheat, and a whole Gizeh of apples. You come among stacks of turf and see the water standing in the black holes under trees, out of which, or near which, they have been dug. In those ponds are the richest eels and pike; and over them fly wild ducks.

The first public thing I did when I first went to Amiens was to mount the very curious and disproportioned spire of the cathedral, which an Englishman has likened to a giant-in repose, and a Frenchman to a vast poem. When I visit any town I always make it my first business to go up the greatest number of stairs open to the public, and begin my survey with a general view; just as I glance over the table of contents before I read a volume. From the top of Amiens' spire I had not very much to see, always excepting the cathedral roof. I had seen the whole misty marvel of London this side of the Surrey hills (London beyond the hills will soon be added) from the top of St. Paul's; the purple Campagna and the quicksilver stripe of the Mediterranean visible in the horizon from St. Peter's, at Rome; the Gulf of St. Malo, from Coutances, with Jersey for a distant object, and the incomparable twin spires close at hand; nor am I ashamed to name with these impressive sights the fen panorama which surrounds the tower of Ely. From Amieus' spire I saw a mass of grey-looking houses uniformly spread

beneath me, without any very noticeable fractions or streamlets, each, of which has at to belong to the upper, and another to the lower town. I observed at once, however, one agreeable arrangement; almost every house has its own little garden. I was told, too, that the houses are almost all occupied by single families. In a population of nearly sixty-five thousand, there must be many exceptions to the rule, but there are in Amiens no suffocating cellar dwellings, as at Dunkerque, Lille, and St. Omer. In one part of the town, too, there is quite a mass of green. Now, without setting myself up for a town guide, I should like to point out to those who are interested in their own health, or in the health of towns, one or two facts concerning Amiens. The ground on which the town is built, let me first say, generally slopes to the river; society accommodates itself to that convenient slope; the upper classes live in the upper town, the middle in the middle, and the lower in the lower; the lowest being next the mud upon the river banks.

The Somme, as it enters Amiens, is a beautiful stream, "strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." One of my first walks was to follow its course through the town. Beginning at the Port d'Amont, or Eastern port, and following the Rue de la Voirie, I came upon the "Chinese Baths," authenticated by a picture of a Chinaman; a swimming school, authorised by the Mayor; and the baths at the sign of "The First Waters" -clear waters they are, too; decidedly preferable to such Last Waters as I have scooped my way over among the stagnant porridge of a Venetian canal. Then I went on by a twisting road among the famous little gardens of the Somme-a wilderness of pumpkins and asparagus beds, of canals, wide and narrow; pollard willows, ducks and drakes; of currant and gooseberry bushes, fruit trees now and then meagrely, but gracefully festooned with vines; of celery, of the superbest salad, leeks; of little ponds, and of reed fences, of roomy flat-bottomed high-prowed boats that were often filled with gorgeous heaps of what the painters would call "still life," and beside the road that brought us through these pleasant things were hospitable benches placed at welcome intervals. The road ended at a ferry on the Somme. All this good soil supported nothing but a wood some thirty years ago, a pleasant place for children, who played hide and seek, and a perfect mine of faggots. The towing path on the other side of the river is fringed now by a continuous row of aspens; and, as the eye looks up and down stream, it rests everywhere upon such masses of sparkling verdure that one may feel there as tranquil as a Dutchman.

Then I took another walk, beginning at the before-mentioned Port d'Amont, to make some observations on the splitting up and subdividing of the river by the men of Amiens. subdividing of the river by the men of Amiens, supply of pure water from springs near The integral stream is split into twelve the town. From the springs to the river

difference of level, althoughtone part is said least a score of duties to perform ; they are all torn and broken upon wheels among which they rush, and rour, and splutter same becoming stained, as with ink; other transping from the work with a strong small of hides upon them. The canals cut the land up into little islands. Louis the Eleventh called Amiens "his little Venice;" but there is more real life in one Amiens canal than in all the Venetian waters put together. The comparison was not bad for a king; but there is not much sense in it. The Venetian waters are like beasts of burden; they just carry what is put upon them. The Picard rivulets work with intelligence, earn money by their active power, put out for the benefit of their masters skilfully. Following their course through the streets-Cow's Tail Street, or Great Turnip Street-and crossing a few of their innumerable bridges, I determined that though union makes strength, division may sometimes beget-activity. This separation of the waters of the Somme is but of short continuance. With the exception of two or three canals, the mouths of which are carried further tiown stream because they have been doing filthier work than the rest, the streams are again united at the l'ridge of St. Michael just below the town. The river, restored to its natural dimensions, forms the Port which is called d'Aval, or of the west.

Standing on St. Michael's Bridge, and looking down the stream, that is, with my back to the town, there were pointed out to me, on the right and left bank respectively, two very important edifices-the gas-works, and the abattoir, or general slaughter-house, where only animals may be killed. The outscourings of the abattoirs, and also the gas-oozings from the opposite side, as well as the foul brooks which have served the uses of the dyer and the tanner all enter the stream below, and surely may as well do that as run into it, through it, and round about it. The Amiens baths are, on the other hand, above the town, and catch the freshest waters. It is quite possible, however, to imagine a congregation of human beings, say even a Body Corporate, who shall, through chance, want of fore-thought, or obstinate individual selfishness, place the slaughter-house, the gas-works, and the dyeing-offices at the inlet, and the baths at the outlet of a stream passing through the midst of their camp. It is not so at Amiens. The Somme at Amiens is the best used river in Me world. I have not yet named all the services extracted from it. At St. Michael's Bridge it supplies the people for whose benefit it has been toiling with pure water; not, of course, its own. In the middle of the bridge stands a square solid building known as the hydraulic machine. Of this the river is the motive power, and by it there is poured into reservoirs in the upper town an abundant

they still separate the anburbs from the parent audeus of fresh air parent seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred private water customers. Constant high pressure water supply to every house is one of the good things yet to come even in Amieus; but the water as it is, is pure and plentiful. The principal reservoir is roofed with brickwork, vaulted like a cellar, and supported internally by columns, so that the water is completely sheltered against soot and dust, and all defilement.

The principal streets of Amiens have been lately repaved, with underground drains, foot-pavements, and a surface which is highest in the centre; in others the gutter runs down the middle, with no footpath, in old-fashioned style. I saw no street with a small stream of slean water constantly flowing through it, like that refreshing current which passes dawa Trumpington Street, from Hobson's Conduit at Cambridge.

And now I will catalogue some of the treasures of the townspeople. They have a Garden of Plants, just large enough to aid and encourage any taste for botany; of which the grounds form also a pleasant walking-place, open gratuitously to the public. A museum attached to the garden contains a small collection of natural history specimens. Then the town is peculiarly rich in Boulevards: it is almost perfectly encircled by them. From whatever quarter the wind may blow, inhabitants of Amiens can drive or walk under fine rows of horse chestnuts, elms, limes, or aspens, and catch the breeze, as it sweeps in upon them from the open country.

In the fourteenth century Amiens was surrounded, not with these delicious groves, but with ditches and fortifications, which included the suburbs. The walls were flanked with towers, and four gates were pierced through In the seventeenth century, these them. ramparts, reckoned among the best and handsomest in France, occupied a breadth of eleven yards, and a length of nearly twenty thousand paces. Of all this mass of fortifications nothing remains except one picturesque old fragment of wall, which has been suffered to stand, out of fear lest the removal of it might disturb certain springs that supply the hydraulic machine with water. On the site of the old ramparts are now planted the Boulevards, defending against a thousand encinies to health with a stout wall of living green. The railway runs in the old moat; and rows of trees and sloping gardens form the outon the aide of the old ditch and over ofunnels are all open to the public.

But your size against sickness. It is

and reach an opening which gives him, to the Hotoie, a noble park, one of the best possesses as sions of the town. Marie de la Hotoie gave, it in the fourteenth century, for the Picard youth to make merry in. Its plan, by Lean notre, is quite simple, and old-fashioned. long straight central avenue shoots far away... down to the open country. Among the trees on either side are four angular and prim spaces of well-trodden turf, devoted to the exercise of four national games. There is, on one side, the tennis green-within the limits of which the ball is retained by temporary nets-and the foot-ball ground; on the . other side there are spaces for ball-play and the jeu de tamis, in which latter game a small ball, made of leather and egg-shells, is struck with a sort of wooden boxing-glove. cricket, the Freuch have not a notion.

Cross-roads, that run like vaults under the trees, conduct from the centre of this park to lateral avenues, which had branched, rightand left, from the main trunk promenade at its entrance; and these side walks, after making a slight bend, run boldly out into the distant perspective. The end of all those walks or rides (for they are also carriage ways) is an exactly circular lake, containing two exactly circular islands and a pair of milk-white swans. Round the lake is a circular drive-the ring of Amiens under a zone of trees.

From this part of the park a foot-bridge leads over a stream of water to the Little Hotoie, where the promenader, tired of trees, may wander among flowers, flanked in the distance by a few acres of beet-root. entrance to this garden is a lodge built like a Swiss cottage, and called the Chalet. There dwell maids with milking-pails, and there are kept the cows, who eat the beet-root growing in the distance, and with whose milk the promenaders can refresh themselves.

There are even occasions on which the municipality of Amiens allow the holiday folks a gratuitous supply of syllabub from this establishment. The wanderer among the flowers may return by another foot-bridge to the trees of the Great Hotoie, and all the sunshine, all the air, and all the beauty of the Hotoies is his own; the poorest may walk there and is required only to respect the grass and trees.

The plan of the Hotoic demanded regularity; and, after all was finished, one little strip of ground remained unused. Of that, u. convenient market was eventually made-a. Your futvery young town crowned in market quite out of the town-for pigs, cows, Of homearland of green boulevards, sheep, and bullocks. No droves of animals. ever appear to create confusion in the streets: Or needle town outgrows them, and of the most sensible town of Amiens. The

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cattle market is not only to of the town, but having made his purchase in the market, goes at once to the adjoining slaughter-ground, and so the animals are brought into the town only as meat. In the heart of the town, though there is no Smithfield, there is a handsome covered fruit and vegetable market, a legacy left of old time to the community by one of its rich citizens.

There is another thing to be said about this well ordered town, in which they have placed the baths up-stream, the slaughterhouse down-stream; the theatre half-way up the principal street; the fruit-market in the town, the brute-market out of it; in which the dyers and fell-mongers have canals to themselves; and every body has green walks and parks in addition to his own private and

domestic garden.

How do the people of Amiens bury their dead? Sensibly, of course. There are no intramural grave yards. The cemetery is not, indeed, within a stone's throw of the living. If the visitor would walk thither he must take up his staff and stretch out quite into the country. It is to be found by the side of a swelling hill, where it has been established on a subsoil of chalk, that the beds of the sleepers may be dry. One sees but little of it from the road. Trees and shrubs, with a not too gay admixture of flowers, screen the tombs from the eyes of passers by.

To make the story quite complete, let me now follow the prevailing fashion, and show my hotel bill to the public. The railway fare from Boulogne to Amiens is eight shillings and one half-penny, second-class; and secondclass travelling in France is very comfortable, the seats and backs of the carriages are stuffed, the number of places is limited, and smoking is forbidden under a fine. I had been recommended to an inn at Amiens, the Hôtel de l'Ecu de France, by a friend who knew that I wished for every reasonable comfort, but that I could not afford to be extravagant. My party consisted of four persons-my sister, her daughters, and myself. The ladies occupied a double-bedded room. We were not thrust into out-of-theway back apartments; but our windows (we had two in each bedroom) looked into the handsome little Place St. Denis—a neat square, with a statue in the middle, and bordered round the edge by rows of clipped acacias. These apartments were well furnished, with arm-chairs, marble-topped tables, and so forth, and with bedding, as I have always found it in the north of France, of the most scrupulous purity and neatness. For these accommodations, I was charged a franc a bed. breakfasts were twenty-five sous, or a shilling, a head; for which we were supplied with coffee, railk, and sugar, eggs and ham, beef-steak and wonderfully well-fried potatoes,

bill of fare on the last day of our dining there was this, vermicelli soup, bolled fowis with exquisite white sauce, fried seles admirably executed, a brace of partridges, apple con-serve and cream tarts, followed by a dessert of Gruyère cheese, pears, and sugar biscuits. Beer at discretion was included in the charge; and, still more marvellous, two of my ladies-one seven years of age, the other a young miss in her teens-were set down in the bill as having but one head between them. The cookery in general was first-rate; for the cook, who almost always sang over his work; was evidently happy in his mind, and frame of mind always operates very much on the result of work done by all artists. The wine that we took was, of course, an extra. We had very good light Bordeaux for fifteen-pence the bottle.

During our stay, I invited to dinner a Frenchman who had obliged me, and we fraternised with a bottle of champagne (four shillings), and a more sumptuous dinner and dessert than usual. I had told the landlady that I should not be nice about the spending of a few francs, if she would but do her best for me. We were served accordingly, and had grapes, peaches, fresh figs, and other dainties. For this grand, epicurean outbreak, I had only to pay twenty-pence a head. On that occasion, and on the day of our arrival, it being market-day, we had a small diningparlour to ourselves. At other times, we ate in the public room. We spent five days at Aniens. My bill on leaving, which was made to include, with wine and all extras, the service of the house, amounted to less than four pounds English! Go, therefore, O Briton needing rest, to Amiens for a

holiday, to Amiens in the happy valley of the Somme.

CHIPS.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

THE life and adventures of the Cornish clergy during the eighteenth century would form a graphic volume of ecclesiastical lore. Afar off from the din of the noisy world. almost unconscious of the badgewords, High Church and Low Church, they dwelt in their quaint gray vicarages by the churchyard wall, the saddened and unsympathising witnesses of those wild fierce usages of the west, which they were utterly powerless to control. The glebe whereon I write has been the scene of many an unavailing contest in the cause of morality between the clergyman and his flock. One aged parishioner recals and Our relates the run, that is the rescue, of a corgo of kegs underneath the benches and in the a head; for which we were supplied with tower stairs of the church. "We bribed Tom coffee, railk, and sugar, eggs and ham, beef-steak and wonderfully well-fried potatoes, according to the caprice of appetite. Our Saturday night. The parson did wonder at dinners were fifteen-pence a head, and our the large congregation, for divers of them

were not regular church-goers at other times, and if he had known what was going on he could not have preached a more suitable discourse, for it was 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.' One of his best sermons; but there it did not touch us you see, for we never tasted anything but brandy or gin. Ah! he was a dear old man our parson, mild as milk, nothing ever put him out. Once I mind, in the middle of morning prayer there was a buzz down by the porch, and the folks began to get up and go out of church one by one. At last there was hardly three left. So the parson shut the book and took off his surplice, and he said to the clerk, 'There is surely something amiss.' And so there certainly was, for when we came out on the cliff there was a king's cutter in chase of our vessel, the Black Prince, close under the hand, and there was our departed congregation looking on. Weil, at last Whorwell, who commanded our trader, ran for the Gullkoch (where it was certain death for anything to follow him), and the revenue commander sheered away to save his ship. Then off went our hats, and we gave Whorwell three cheers. So, when there was a little peace, the parson said to us all, 'And now my friends, let us return and proceed with divine service.' We did return; and it was surprising after all that bustle and uproar to hear how Parson Trenowth went on, just as if nothing had come to pass:— Here beginneth the Second Lesson."

But, on another occasion, the equanimity and forbearance of the parson were sorely tried; he presided, as the custom was, at a parish feast, in cassock and bands, and had, with his white hair and venerable countenance, quite an apostolic aspect and mien. On a sudden, a busy whisper among the farmers at the lower end of the table attracted his notice, interspersed as it was by sundry nods and glances towards himself. At last, one bolder than the rest, addressed him, and said that they had a great wish to ask his reverence a question if he would kindly grant them a reply; it was on a religious subject that they had dispute, he said. The bland cold man assured them of his readiness to yield them any information or answer in his power. "But what was the point in debate?"

"Why, sir, we wished to be informed if

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there were not sins which God Almighty would never forgive?" Surprised ind somewhat shocked, lie told them "that he trusted there were no transgressions, common to themselves, but if repented of and abjured they might clearly hope to be forgiven." But, with a natural curiosity, he inquired what kind of iniquities they had discussed at too vile to look for pardon. "Why, sir," replied their spokesman, "we thought that if a man should find out where run ging was deposited and should inform the gament, that such a villain was too bad for mere.

How widely the electrical discussions of those days differed from our own ... Let me. not, however, suppose that all the clergy were as gentle and unobtrusive as old Parson Trenowth. A tale is told of an adjacent parish, situated also on the sea-shore, of far-more stirring kind. It was full sea in the evening of an autumn day when a traveller arrived where the road ran along by a sandy beach just above high-water mark. The stranger, who was a native of some inland town and utterly unacquainted with Cornswall and its ways, had reached the brink of the tide just as a "landing" was coming off. It was a scene not only to instruct a townsman, but also to dazzle and surprise. At sea just beyond the billows, lay the vessel well moored with anchors at stem and stern. Between the ship and the shore boats laden to the gunwale passed to and fro. Crowds assembled on the beach to help the cargo ashore. On the one hand a boisterous group surreunded a keg with the head knocked in, for simplicity of access to the good Cognac, into which they dipped whatsoever vessel came first to hand; one man had filled his On the other side they tought and d. cursed and swore. Horrified at shoe. wrestled, cursed and swore. what he saw, the stranger lost all self-command, and oblivious of personal danger, he began to shout, "What a horrible sight! Have you no shame? Is there no magistrate at hand ! Cannot any justice of the peace be found in this fearful country?"

"No. Thanks be to God," answered a hoarse, gruff Voice, "none within eight miles."

"Well then!" screamed the stranger, "Is there no clergyman hereabout? Poes no minister of the parish live among you on this coast?

"Ave! to be sure there is," said the same

deep voice.

"Well, how far off does he live? Where is he?"

"That 's he, sir, yonder, with the lanthorn." And sure enough there he stood, on a rock, and poured, with pastoral diligence, the light of other days on a busy congregation.

SENTIMENTAL GEOGRAPHY.

Anthony Van Diemen, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa who was governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favoured a poor young sailor-a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skilful in his business; but who had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen that such a villain was too bad Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had

brought matters to so serious a pass, that the who very quickly recognised it is a portion proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight: the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but, at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Wan Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the

command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642; and, like an enamoured swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered-a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very wellknown English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the southeastern extremity of the new land. land-Van Diemen's Land-we have of late begun very generally to call after its discover, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the eighteenth of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moodenare's (Murderer's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reached, after some days the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland, Staten Land; but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria. For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honour in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced y one or two more discoveries, Tasman by one or two more discoveries, came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favour, rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook, any more. Dangerfield, the only other one

of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailer.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLIV.

KING JAMES THE SECOND Was a man so very disagreeable, that even the best of historians has favoured his brother Charles, as becoming, by comparison, quite a pleasant character. The one object of his short reign was to re-establish the Catholic religion in England; and this he doggedly pursued with such a stupid obstinacy that his career very soon came to a close.

The first thing he did, was, to assure his council that he would make it his endeavour to Preserve the Government, both in Church and State, as it was by law established; and that he would always take care to defend and support the Church. Great public acclamations were raised over this fair speech, and a great deal was said, from the pulpits and elsewhere, about the word of a King which was never broken, by credulous people who little supposed that he had formed a secret council for Catholic affairs, of which a mischievous Jesuit, called FATHER PETRE, WAS one of the chief members. With tears of joy in his eyes, he received as the beginning of his pension from the King of France five hundred thousand livres; yet, with a mixture of meanness and arrogance that belonged to his contemptible character, he was always jealous of making some show of being independent of the King of France, while he pocketed his money. As-notwithstanding his publishing two papers in favour of Popery (and not likely to do it much service, I should think) written by the King, his brother, and found in his strong box; and his open display of himself attending mass—the Parliament was very obsequious, and granted him a large sum of money, he began his reign with a belief that he could do what he pleased, and with a determination to do it.

Before we proceed to its principal events, let us dispose of Titus Oates. He was tried for perjury a fortnight after the coronation, and besides being very heavily fined, was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn two days afterwards, and to stand in the pillory five times a year as long as he lived. This fearful sentence was actually inflicted on the rascal. Being unable to stand after his first flog-ging, he was dragged on a sledge in Newgate to Tyburn, and flogged as he was drawn along. He was so strong a villain that he did not die under the torture, but lived to be afterwards pardoned and re-warded, though not to be ever believed in

of that crew left alive, was not so fortunate. He was almost killed by a whipping from Newgate to Tyburn, and, as, if that were not punishment enough, a ferocious barrister of Gray's Inn. gave him a poke in the eye with his cane, which caused his death; for which the ferocious barrister was deservedly tried and executed.

As soon as James was on the throne, Argyle and Monmouth went from Brussels to Rotterdam, and attended a meeting of Scottish exiles held there, to concert measures for a rising in England. It was agreed that Argyle should effect a landing in Scotland, and Monmouth in England, and that two Englishmen should be sent with Argyle to be in his confidence, and two Scotchmen

with the Duke of Monmouth.

Argyle was the first to act upon this contract. But, two of his men being taken prisoners at the Orkney Islands, the Government became aware of his intentions, and was able to act against him with such vigour as to prevent his raising more than two or three thousand Highlanders, although he sent a fiery cross, by trusty messengers, from clan to clan and from glen to glen, as the custom then was when those wild people were to be excited by their chiefs. As he was moving towards Glasgow with his small force, he was betrayed by some of his followers, taken, and carried, with his hands tied behind his back, to his old prison in Edinburgh Castle. James ordered him to be executed, on his old shamefully unjust sentence, within three days, and appears to have been anxious that his legs should have been pounded with his old favourite the boot. However, the boot was not applied; he was simply beheaded, and his head was set upon the top of Edinburgh Jail. One of those Englishmen who had been assigned to him was that old soldier Rumbold, the master of the Rye House. He was sorely wounded, and within a week after Argyle had suffered with great courage, was brought up for trial, lest he should die and disappoint the King. He, too, was executed, after defending himself with great spirit, and saying that he did not believe that God had made the greater part of mankind to carry saddles on their backs and bridles in their mouths, and to be ridden by a tew, booted and spurred for the purpose in which I thoroughly agree with Rumbold. The Duke of Monmouth, partly through

being detained and partly through idling his time away, was five or six weeks behind his friend when he landed at Lyme, in Dorset: having at his right hand an unlucky nobleman called Lord GREY OF WERK, who of his standard in the market-place, and pro-

fire to London, and poisoning the late King. Raising some four thousand men by these means, he marched on to Taunton, where there were many Protestant dissenters who were strongly opposed to the Catholics. Here, both the rich and poor turned out to receive him, ladies waved a welcome to him from all the windows as he passed along the streets, flowers were strewn in his way and every compliment and honour that could be devised was showered upon him. Among the rest, twenty young ladies came forward, in their best clothes and in their brightest beauty, and gave him a Bible ornamented with their own fair hands, together with other presents.

Encouraged by this homage, he proclaimed himself King, and went on to Bridgewater. But, here the Government troops, under the EARL OF FEVERSHAM, were close at hand; and he was so dispirited at finding that he made but few powerful friends after all, that it was a question whether he should disband his army and endeavour to escape. It was resolved, at the instance of that unlucky Lord Grey, to make a night attack on the King's army, as it lay encamped on the edge of a morass called Sedgemoor. horsemen were commanded by the same unlucky lord, who was not a brave man. He gave up the battle almost at the first obstacle — which was a deep drain; and although the poor countrymen, who had turned out for Monmouth, fought bravely with scythes, poles, pitchforks, and such poor weapons as they had, they were soon dispersed by the trained soldiers, and fled in all directions. When the Duke of Monmouth himself fled, was not known in the confusion; but the unlucky lord was taken early next day, and then another of the party was taken, who confessed that he had parted from the Duke only four hours before. Strict search being made, he was found disguised as a peasant, hidden in a ditch under fern and nettles, with a few pells in his pocket which he had gathered in the fields to eat. The only other articles he had upon him were a few papers and little books; one of the latter being a strange jumble, in his own writing, of charms, songs, recipes, and prayers. He was completely broken. He wrote a miserable letter to the King, beseeching and entreating to be allowed to see him When he was taken to London, and conveyed bound into the King's presence, he crawled to him on his knees, and made a most degrading exhibition. As James never forgave or relented towards any body, he was not likely to soften towards the issuer of the Lyme proclamation, so he

himself would have ruined a far more pro-himself would have ruined a far more pro-told the supplicant to prepare for death.

On the lifteenth of July, one thousand six hundred and eighty-five, this unfortunate favourite of the people was brought out to die on Tower Hill. The crowd was immense, and the tops of all the houses were covered with gazers. He had seen his wife, the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, in the

Tower, and had talked much of a lady whom he loved far better—the Lady HARRIET WENTworth—who was one of the last persons he remembered in this life. Before laying down his head upon the block he felt the edge of the axe, and told the executioner that he feared it was not sharp enough, and that the axe was not heavy enough. On the executioner working that it was of the proper kind. replying that it was of the proper kind, the Duke said, "I pray you have a care, and do not use me so awkwardly as you used my Lord Russell." The executioner, made nervous by this, and trembling, struck once and merely gashed him in the neck. Upon this the Duke of Monmouth raised his head and looked the man reproachfully in the face. Then he struck twice, and then thrice, and then threw down the axe, and cried out in a voice of horror that he could not finish that work. The sheriffs, however, threatening him with what should be done to himself if he did not, he took it up again and struck a fourth time and a fifth time. Then the wretched head at last fell off, and James, Duke of Monmouth, was dead, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was a showy, graceful man, with many popular qualities, and had found much favour in the open hearts of the English.

The atrocities committed by the Government which followed this Monmonth rebellion, form the blackest and most lamentable page m English history. The poor peasants, having been dispersed with great loss, and their leaders having been taken, one would think that the implacable King might have been satisfied. But no; he let loose upon them, among other intolerable monsters, a COLONEL KIRK, who had served against the Moors, and whose soldiers—called by the people Kirk's lambs, because they bore a lamb upon their flag, as the emblem of Christianity—were worthy of their leader. The atrocities committed by these demons in human shape are far too horrible to be related here. It is enough to say, that besides most ruthlessly murdering and robbing them, and ruining them by making them buy their pardons at the price of all they possessed, it was one of Kirk's favourite amusements, as he and his officers sat drinking after dinner, and toasting the King, to have batches of prisoners hanged outside the windows for the company's diversion; and that when their feet quivered in the convulsions of death, he used to swear that they should have music to their dancing, and would order the drums to beat and the trumpets to play. The detestable King informed him, as an ac-knowledgment of these services, that he was "very well satisfied with his proceedings." But the King's great delight, was in the proceedings of Jeffreys, now a peer, who went down into the west, with four other judges, to try persons accused of having had any others, and he sold pardons wholesale to fill share in the rebellion. The King pleasantly his pockets. The King ordered, at one time, called this "Jeffreys's campaign." The people a thousand prisoners to be given to certain

down in that part of the country remember

down in that part of the country remember it to this hour as The Bloody Assize. It began at Winchester, where a poor deaf old lady, Mrs. Alicia Listis, the widow of one of the judges of Charles the First (who had been murdered abroad by some Royalist assassins), was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Three times the jury refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into that false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said, "Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty;"-as I dare say he would, He sentenced her to be burned alive that very afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others interfered in her favour, and she was beheaded within a week. As a high mark of his approbation, the King made Jeffreys Lord Chancellor; and he then went on to Dorchester, to Exeter, to Taunton, and to Wells. It is astonishing, when we read of the enormous injustice and barbarity of this beast, to know that no one struck him dead on the judgment seat. It was enough for any man or woman to be accused by an' enemy, before Jeffreys, to be found guilty of high treason. One man who pleaded not guilty, he ordered to be taken out of court upon the instant, and hanged; and this so terrified the prisoners in general that they mostly pleaded guilty at once. At Dorchester hanged eighty people, besides whipping, transporting, imprisoning, and selling as slaves, great numbers. He executed in all two hundred and fifty or three hundred.

These executions took place, among the neighbours and friends of the sentenced, in thirty-six towns and villages. Their bodies were mangled, steeped in caldrons of boiling pitch and tar, and hung up by the road sides, in the streets, over the very churches. The sight and smell of heads and limbs, the hissing and bubbling of the infernal caldrons, and the tears and terrors of the people, were dreadful beyond all description. One rustic, who was forced to steep the remains in the black pot, was ever afterwards called "Tom Boilman." The hangman has ever since been called Jack Ketch, because a man of that name went hanging and hanging, all day long, in the train of Jeffreys. You will hear much of the horrors of the great French Revolution. Many and terrible they were, there is no . doubt; but I know of nothing worse, done by the maddened people of France in that awful time, than was done by the highest judge in England, with the express approval of the King of England, in The Bloody Assize. Nor was even this all. Jeffreys was as

fond of money for himself as of misery for

of his favourites, in order that they might bargain with them for their pardons. Those young ladies of Taunton who had presented the Bible, were bestowed upon the maids of honour at court; and those precious ladies made very hard bargains with them indeed employing a Quaker to drive the said argains. When The Bloody Assize was at its most dismal height, the King was diverting himself with horse-races in the very place where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. When where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. Jeffreys had done his worst, and came home again, he was particularly complimented in the Royal Gazette; and when the King heard that through drunkenness and raging he was very ill, his odious Majesty remarked that such another man could not easily be found in England. Besides all this, a former sheriff of London, named Cornish, was hanged within sight of his own house, after an abominably conducted trial, for having had a share in the Ryc House Plot, on evidence given by Rumsey, which that villain was obliged to confess was directly opposed to the evidence he had given on the trial of Lord Russell. And on the very same day, a worthy widow, named ELIZABETH GAUNT, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a wretch who himself gave evidence against her. She settled the fuel about her with her own hands, so that the flames should reach her quickly; and nobly said, with her last breath, that she had obeyed the sacred command of God, to give refuge to the outcast, and not to betray the wanderer.

After all this hanging, beheading, burning, boiling, mutilating, exposing, robbing, transporting, and selling into slavery, of his unhappy subjects, the King not unnaturally thought that he could do whatever he would. So, he went to work to change the religion of the country with all possible speed; and what

he did was this. .

He first of all tried to get rid of what was called the Test Act, which prevented the Catholies from holding public employments, by his own power of dispensing with the penalties. He tried it in one case, and eleven of the twelve judges deciding in his favour he exercised it in three others, being those of three dignitaries of University College, Oxford, who had become Papists (which such people never do now, I believe), and whom he kept in their places and sanctioned. He revived the hated Ecclesiastical Commission, to get rid of COMPTON, Bishop of London, who manfully opposed him. He solicited the Pope to favour England with an ambassador, which the Pope (who was a sensible man then) rather ratifilingly did. He flourished Father Petre before the eyes of the people on all possible occasions. . He favoured the establishment of convents in several parts of London. He was delighted to have the streets, and even the court itself, filled with Monks and Friars in the babits of their orders.

endeavoured to make Catholics of the Protestants about him. He held private interviews, which he called "closetings," with those Members of Parliament who held offices, to persuade them to consent to the design he had in view. When they did not consent, they were removed, or resigned of themselves, and their places were given to Catholics. He displaced Protestant officers from the army by every means in his power, and got Catholics into their places too. He tried the same thing with corporations, and also (though not so successfully) with the Lord Lieutenants of counties. To terrify the people into the endurance of all these measures, he kept an army of fifteen thousand men, encamped on Hounslow Heath, where mass was openly performed in the General's tent, and where priests went among the soldiers endeavouring to persuade them to become Catholics. For circulating a paper among those men advising them to be true to their religion, a Protestant clergyman, named Jourson, the chaplain of the late Lord Russell, was actually sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and was actually whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. He dismissed his own brother-in-law from his Council because he was a Protestant, and made a Privy Councillor of the before-mentioned Father Petre. He handed Ireland over to RICHARD TALBOT, EARL OF TYRCONNELL, a worthless, dissolute knave, who played the same game there for his master, and who played the deeper game for himself of one day putting it under the protection of the French King. In going to these extremities, every man of sense and judgment among the Catholics, from the Pope to a porter, knew that the King was a mere bigoted fool, who would undo himself and the cause he sought to advance; but he was deaf to all reason, and, happily for England over afterwards, went tumbling off his throne in his own blind way.

A spirit began to arise in the country, which the besotted blunderer little expected. He first found it out in the University of Cambridge. Having made a Catholic, a dean, at Oxford, without any opposition, he tried to make a monk a master of arts at Cambridge: which attempt the University resisted and defeated him. He then went back to his favourite Oxford. On the death of the President of Magdalen College, he commanded that there should be elected to succeed him one Mr. Anthony Farmer, whose only recommendation was, that he was of the King's religion. The University plucked up courage at last, and refused. The King substituted another man, and it still refused, resolving to stand by its own election of a Mr. House. The dull tyrant, upon this, punished Mr. Hough and five-and-twenty more, by causing them to be expelled and declared incapable of holding any church preferment; then he pro-He constantly ceeded to what he supposed to be his highest

ster, but to what was, in fact, the last plunge head foremost in his tumble off his throne.

He had issued a declaration that there should be no religious tests or penal laws, in erder to let in the Catholics more easily; but the Protestant dissenters, unmindful of church in opposing it tooth and nail. The King and Father Petre now resolved to have this read, on a certain Sunday, in all the churches, and to order it to be circulated for that purpose by the bishops. The latter teck council with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was in disgrace; and they resolved that the declaration should not be read, and that they would petition the King to cope with; his preparations were extraors against it. The Archbishop himself wrote out the petition, and six bishops went into the King's bod-chamber the same night to present it, to his infinite astonishment. Next day was the Sunday fixed for the reading, and it was only read by two hundred clergymen out of ten thousand. The King resolved against all advice to prosecute the bishops in the Court of King's Bench, and within three weeks they were summoned before the Privy Council and committed to the Tower. As the six bishops were taken to that dismal place, by water, the people who were assembled in immense numbers fell upon their knees, and wept for them, and prayed for and the Prince, with a splendid retinue of them. When they got to the Tower, the officers and men, marched into Exeter. But officers and soldiers on guard besought them the people in that western part of the country for their blessing. While they were confined had suffered so much in The Bloody Assize, there, the soldiers every day drank to their that they had lost heart. Few people joined release with loud shouts. When they were him, and he began to think of returning, and brought up to the Court of King's Bench for publishing the invitation he had received their trial, which the Attorney-General said was for the high offence of censuring the Government, and giving their opinion about joined him; the Royal army began to falter; affairs of state, they were attended by similar an engagement was signed, by which all who multitudes, and surrounded by a throng of set their hand to it, declared that they would noblemen and gentlemen. When the jury support one another in defence of the laws went out at seven o'clock at night to consider and liberties of the three Kingdoms, of the of their verdict, everybody (except the King) Protestant religion, and of the Prince of knew that they would rather starve than Orange. From that time, the cause received yield to the King's brewer, who was one of them, and wanted a verdict for his customer. When they came into court next morning, after resisting the brower all night, and gave a verdict of not guilty, such a shout rose up in Westminster Hall as it had never heard before; and it was passed on among the people away to Temple Bar, and away again to the Tower .. It did not pass only to the east. but passed to the west too, until it reached the camp at Hounslow, where the fitteen thousand soldiers took it up and echoed it. And still, when the dull King, who was then with Lord Feversham, heard the mighty roar, asked in alarm what it was, and was told that it was "nothing but the acquittal of the bishops," he said, in his dogged way, "Call you that nothing? It is so much the worse for them."

Between the petition and the trial, the

Father Petre rather thought was owing to Saint Winifred. But I doubt if Saint Winifred had much to do with it as the King's friend, inasmuch as the entirely new prospect of a Catholic successor (for both the King's daughters were Protestants), determined the EARLS OF SHREWSBURY, DANSE, and DEVONSHIRE, LORD LUMLEY, the BISHOP OF LONDON, ADMIRAL RUSSELL, and COLONEL SIDNEY to invite the Prince of Orange over to England. The Royal Mole, seeing his dauger at last, made, in his fright, many great concessions, besides raising an army of forty thousand men; but the Prince of Orange was not a man for James the Second dinarily vigorous; and his mind was resolved.

For a fortnight after the Prince was ready to sail for England, a great wind from the west prevented the departure of his fleet. Even when the wind lulled, and it did sail, it was dispersed by a storm, and was obliged to put back to refit. At last, on the first of November, one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, the Protestant east wind, as it was long called, began to blow; and on the third, the people of Dover and the people of Calais saw a fleet twenty miles long sailing gallantly by, between the two places. On Monday, the fifth, it auchored at Torbay in Devonshire, from those lords, as his justification for having come at all. At this crisis, some of the gentry no check; the greatest towns in England began, one after another, to declare for the Prince; and he knew that it was all safe with him when the University of Oxford offered to melt down its plate if he wanted any money.

By this time the King was running about in a pitiable way, touching people for the King's evil in one place, reviewing his troops in another, and bleeding from the nose in a third. The young Prince was sent to Portsmouth, Father Petre went off like a shot to France, and there was a general and swift dispersal of all the priests and friars. One after another, the King's most imper tant officers and friends deserted him and went over to the Prince. In the night, his daughter Anne fled from Whitehall Palace; and the Bishop of London, who had once been a soldier, rode before her with a drawn sword in his hand and pistols at his Queen had given birth to a son, which saddle. "God help me," cried the miserable

King: "my very children have forsaken me!"
In his wildness, after debating with such lords as were in London, whether he should or should not call a Parliament, and after naming three of them to negotiate with the Prince, he resolved to fly to France. He had the little Prince of Wales brought back from Portsmouth; and the child and the Queen crossed the riverto Lambeth in an open boat, on a miserable wet night, and got safely away. This was on the night of the ninth of December.

At one o'clock on the morning of the eleventh, the King, who had, in the meantime, received a letter from the Prince of Orange, stating his objects, got out of bed, told LORD NORTHUMBERLAND who lay in his room not to open the door until the usual hour in the morning, and went down the back stairs (the same, I suppose, by which the priest in the wig and gown had come up to his brother), and crossed the river in a small boat sinking the great seal by the way. Horses having been provided, he rode, accompanied by SIR EDWARD HALES, to Feversham, where he embarked in a Custom House Hoy. The Master of this Hoy, wanting more ballast, ran into the Isle of Sheppy to get it, where the fishermen and smugglers crowded about the boat, and informed the King of their suspicions that he was a "hatchet-faced Jesuit." As they took his money and would not let him go, he told them who he was, and that the Prince of Orange wanted to take his life; and began to scream for a boat; and then to cry, because he had lost a piece of wood on his ride which he called a fragment of our Saviour's cross. He put himself into the hands of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and his detention was made known to the Prince of Orange at Windsor—who, only wanting to get rid of him, and not caring where he went so that he went away, was very much disconcerted that they did not let him go. However, there was nothing for it but to have him brought back, with some state in the way of Life Guards, to Whitehall And as soon as he got there, in his infatuation, he heard mass, and set a Jesuit to say grace at his public dinner.

The people had been thrown into the strangest state of confusion by his flight, and had taken it into their heads that the Irish part of the army were going to murder the Protestants. Therefore, they set the bells ringing, and lighted watch-fires, and burned Catholic Chapels, and looked about in all directions for Father Petre and the Jesuits, while the Pope's ambassador was running away in the dress of a footman. They found at Jesuits; but a man, who had once been a frightened witness before Jeffreys in court, saw a swollen drunken face, looking through a window down at Wapping, which he well remembered. The face was in a sailor's dress, but he knew it to be the face of that accursed Judge, and he seized him. The people, to their lasting honour, did not tear

him to pieces. After knocking him about a little, they took him, in the basest agonies of terror, to the Lord Mayor, who sent him, at his own shricking publicant to the Toyler for safety. There, he died.

Their bewilderment continuing, the people now lighted bonfires and made rejoicings, at if they had any reason to be glad to have the King back again. But, his stay was very short, for the English guards were removed from Whitehall, Dutch guards were marched up to it, and he was told by one of his late ministers that the Prince would enter London next day and he had better go to Ham. He said, Ham was a cold damp place, and he would rather go to Rochester. He thought himself very cunning in this, as he meant to escape from Rochester to France. The Prince of Orange and his riends knew that, perfectly wellsand desired nothing more. So, he went to Gravesend, in his royal barge, attended by certain lords, and watched by Dutch troops, and pitied by the generous people, who were far more forgiving than he had ever been, when they saw him in his humiliation. On the night of the twenty-third of December, not even then understanding that everybody wanted to get rid of him, he went out, absurdly, through his Rochester garden, down to the Medway, and got away to France where he rejoined the Queen.

There had been a council in his absence, of the lords, and the authorities of London. When the Prince came, on the day after the King's departure, he summoned the Lords to meet him, and soon afterwards, all those who had served in any of the Parliaments of King Charles the Second. It was finally resolved by these authorities that the throne was vacant by the conduct of King James the Second, that it was inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be King and Queen during their lives and the life of the survivor of them, and that their children should succeed them if they had any. That if they had none, the Princess Anne had none, the heirs of the Prince of Orange.

On the thirteenth of January, one thousand six hundred and eighty nine, the Prince and Princess, sitting on a throne in Whitehall, bound themselves to these conditions. The Protestant religion was established in England, and England's great and glorious Revolution was complete.

Ireparing for Publication, THE THIRD VOLUME
(to complete the Work) of

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Collected and revised from "Household Words."

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FAIRYLAND IN 'FIFTY-FOUR.

O, BROTHERS GRIMM; O, Madame D'Anois, O, Sultana Scheherazade and Princess Codadad, why did you die? O, Merlin, Albertus Magnus, Friar Bacon, Nostradamus, Doctor Dee, why did I implicitly believe in your magic; and then have my confidence utterly abused by Davy, Brewster, Liebig, Faraday, Lord Brougham and Dr. Bachhofiner of the Polytechnic Institution? What have I done that all the gold and jewels and flowers of Fairyland should have been ground in a base mechanical mill and kneaded by you ruthless unimaginative philosophers — into Household Bread of Useful Knowledge administered to me in tough slices at lectures and forced down my throat by convincing experiments? Are the Good People, the Brownies, the Leprechauns, the Banshees, the Witchwolves, White Ladies, Witches, Pixies, Wilis, Giants, Ogres, Pairy god-mothers, Good Women in the Wood, Genii, Ghoules, Afrites, Peris, Elves, to give up the ghost; and am I to be deprived of all the delicious imaginings of my childhood and have nothing in their stead?

"By no means," answers a burly Djin in a white hat and a frock coat with a huge hly gardens of the Hesperides a howling waste. You shall see, through my crystal, so far into the past, that the retrospection shall not end until the world before the flood is revealed to you, with the fat, slimy, scaly monsters which then had life upon it. You shall be made as well acquainted with an Egyptian tomb as you are with St. Clement's churchyard, and shall wander into the cella of a Nubian temple as familiarly as you would enter your own parish church. You shall sit ave-struck on the steps of an Assyrian palace; you shall draw hard breath in a Grecian temple; you shall slake your thirst at the fountain in a Byzantine court; you shall tread on the prayer-carpet in a Moorish that the state of the prayer carpet in a Moorish to the prayer carpet in a Moorish to the prayer carpet in a Moorish to the prayer middle of the great magic crystal. mosque; you shall wag your beard in the Don't look about you - don't seek to

hall of a Mediæval castle; and you shall be hospitably entertained in a Pompeian house. You shall see, in their habits as they were, the heroes and sages of all time. and the Art of all time and the skill of all nations. You shall be transported in one minute from this, your native cold and wet, to the warm and spicy airs of the tropics; and, in one step, you shall exchange your own hedge thorn and stunted herbage for the gigantic palms and rich grasses of the East. You shall range over the earth's surface and cull the choicest trees and fruits and flowers; you shall behold the lion in his native lair and the tiger in his jungle. Only look through my crystal long enough; and, beginning as ignorant as a Hottentot, you shall end wiser a hundred fold than Solon. Enter!"

The magician is right; but as Beauty's chamber was guarded by griffins, and all enchanted castles are defended by dragons, so is Fairyland guarded by gnomes; blue, and uncompromising. One occupies a little crypt on either side of the door by which visitors are admitted to Fairyland in Crystal. To judge from the costumes of these gnomes you would take them to be plain constables of the Metropolitan Police; but, my word for it, in the button-hole, "Come with me, and I will they have all the gnomical etectoras beneath conjure for you, by the aid of my crystal (a their uniform and oilskin. The entrance to million times bigger and clearer than the Fairyland is not effected by rubbing a lamp, they have all the gnomical etceteras beneath their uniform and oilskin. The entrance to crystal of Raphael the astrologer), a fairy or clapping the hands three times, or by palace with fairy terraces, and fairy gardens, exclaiming "Open Sesame;" but, as a conand fairy fountains, compared to which the cession to the non-magical tendencies of some palace of Sardanapalus was a hovel, and the of the visitors, a commutation is accepted in of the visitors, a commutation is accepted in the shape of five shillings current money of the realm. These may be paid in the very palpable and business-like shape of two half crowns; but you may be sure they no sooner enter the exchequer of Fairyland than they change into dry leaves. In a like spirit of concession to mundane prejudices, you undergo a ceremony, apparently that of signing your name in a book; but which is doubtless the braining to having your horoscope cast. So also you are presented with a document ostensibly resembling a passcheck, but which is a talisman of the Abracadabraic

penetrate yet into any one of the Fine Art Courts into which this fairy crystal is divided, but hurry up the very first staircase. Pursue its geometrical windings up, and up and up, till you can mount no further. Then approach the railing of the topmost, endmost gallery. Grasp the balustrade firmly; suppress whatever sudden impulse may come over you to turn giddy, to faint away, or to throw yourself headlong from the gallery. Set your lips firm, and look straight aheadalong the glorious length and breadth of the nave of the Crystal Palace. Messrs. Aladdin, Vathek, and Company, built very magnificent palaces in their time; but this one is immeasurably beyond them. Castles of steel, brass, cedar, adamant, amber, and chalcedony, hide your diminished heads! Grand Cairo, Stamboul, Bagdad, Ispahan, Tyre, Sidon, Rhodes, Ninevel, you possessed-all of you -some very magnificent structures; your architectural glories will last as long as human knowledge, yet this thought never struck you. You never could combine magnificence, strength, lightness, space, perspective, colour, out of glass and iron, deal boards and zinc louvres. Your fairies were clumsy architects compared with the great magician of the lily. "Not a frieze, nor a pediment, nor a portico," sighs Viruvius. "Not a single Corinthian pilaster or a Doric entablature," grumbles Palladio. "Where are the Parian marbles, the mahogany, the carving, the gilding, and the enriched mouldings!" roars Orlando Gibbins. "It's very nice and very pretty, but it's only a perpetual repetition of a column, a girder, a truss, a gallery, a window, and a ridge-and-furrow roof." "Of course," answers Cosmos Murchison, "could it be otherwise? Isn't it a crystal? and isn't a crystal an agglomeration of identical forms. Split a crystal, and will not the fractures be precisely of the same shape as the parent piece?" It is this very Fairy-like repetition, this geometrical painting, if I may call it so, that constitutes, in my mind, the chiefest beauty of Crystal Fairy-land. The repetition of girder and gallery and column; the multifarious intersections of shaft and girder, quadrangle following quadrangle, nave and aisles, transept and wings, courts and galleries interlacing, intercepting, in such admirably regular irregularity—in such rigid yet fan-ciful perspective; all, when taken singly, patterns of sublimity; all, when combined into a whole, a grand spectacle of artistic

rious nave. Can you have any doubt of this all his dynasties. Here is the god Aunbis. head in the far, far distance. That only nities; hieroglyphics, sarcophagi, strange thead in the far, far distance. That only mities; hieroglyphics, sarcophagi, strange marks the centre of the nave. Gaze at the doorways with winged summits, beetling working fairies below, tinkling and hammer massive columns with palm tree capitals. ing, and the Palace growing, it would seem, Where are the priests of Isis, to teed the visibly beneath their fingers. They seem few sacred crocodiles upon cakes of flour and

there are four thousand of them employed about Fairyland. You come on them un-awares—a nail is being driven here, a rivet fastened a sash fitted there; but from the gallery the nave looks a vast solitude. It being a fairy palace, the visitors and the workmen are swallowed up in its im-

mensity. Very wonderful is the nlixture of familiar things with those that in their grandeur approach the sublime. The hall of the Fairy Palace is strangely strewn with tools and fragments of planking and old ropes. look above, and the eye wanders through maze after maze of bright but harmonious colours. We look below, and the eye falls on brick pits (like neat family graves), being built for stoves, or for the reservoirs of fountains; on yawning caverns, disclosing neat arrays of anything but supernatural gas and water pipes; on mounds of bricks (some thousands in each doubtless), which look from the lofty gallery no bigger than dust-heaps; and, stranger than all, in the midst of all this finished and unfinished beauty, the dusky fairies sprinkle themselves about in their fustian and cordurov.

Descend. Down, and down, and down, we follow the windings of the corkscrew staircase; iron, as what is not that is to be strong in this wonderful place? We are on the ground floor. Glancing above, straightway we see a giddy scatfolding and a forest of poles, and columns, and girders, the skeleton of another wing of the Fairy Palace yet unglazed and incomplete. And without too, through the transparent walls we see towering high, a gigantic elaboration of our acquaintance the corkscrew staircase, winding up and up, and hugging, like a scrpent, a lofty campanile. This is to be the enchanted tower of the Fairy Palace, which is to give water power to those grand fountains which are to laugh the vaunted grandes eaux of Versailles to scorn, and cause the statue of the grand monarque to hide his diminished wig. Passing yet along, elbowed by sheds, plankings, travelling paint-pots, locomotive steam engines, poles and ladders, we see too, another scaffolding, and passing it we shudder, and think of the scaffolding that fell the other day; when all the wisdom of the magician, and all the subtlety of the contractors could avail nothing against the stern will of the demon Gravity.

We pass a fustian fairy who is delibecontrivance, which dias left the mark of the modern magician's wand.

Gaze yet your fill up and down this glo-ln Egypt. Here is Rameses, and here are and far between, these working fairies, yet honey? Where is old Herodotus, to sit upon

diverting lies? Where is Bharaoh's butler, and where Pharaoh's baker? Yonder is the frowning, gigantic, towering, enigma-tical head of the sphinx. Where is the Where is the desert, and where are the pyramids, and the Hebrew brickmakers, and the straw, without which they could not make the bricks? Yonder are the legs of Memnon; where is his temple, where the plain of Thebes, where Memphis, where the labyrinth of Moris, and the mysteries?

Rub your eyes. Dear me! dear me! This is not Egypt; but merely a court of the Fairy Palace, representing the progress of Egyptian art. The sphinx is only plaster of Paris, and two Italian modellers in dusty moustaches and biouses, flaked with white like the frost of a twelfth cake, are giving the finishing touch to the legs of Menmon. So from Egypt into Nineveh, from Nineveh into Greece, laughs at the scythe of Time, and the fury from Greece into Rome, from Rome to the Renaissance, from the Renaissance to the which has survived—and will, through all Louis Quatorze. We wander from court to ages, even though it be only in a shattered court, each firmly stamping in our mind's oye the use and progress, and culmina ion and decadence of every school, losing ourselves in the mazes of antiquity, and finding every now and then in wonders of art and architecture, from the winged lions of Ninevel to Rauch's great statue of Bavaria; colossal Victorys sculptured for the tomb of of embodied thought, purifies and culightens, Napoleon; from the Discobolus, the Dying clevates and emobles our intellects and Gladiator, the Medicean Venus, to Maroour hearts. These plaster casts are monuchetti's statue of Washington.

splendid courts of art will exhibit the finest and pantheists; but of a surety, even though collection of models of sculpture in the world. Every museum in Europe has been ransacked, have touched the strings of these men's souls; and the cream of each has been brought to Fairyland to teach the English people to have been in them, with them—in their understand, to appreciate, to love art. I say, plastic fingers, with their fervent hearts when to teach them. They are teachable, docile, they moulded these forms and faces—immorcager even to learn; but they have not been tal, unapproachable, save by the human taught as yet. They shall leave the penny plain frames whose most exquisite conditions they and twopence coloured style, and the smooth album landscapes and poonah exteriors, and smirking heads; the highly finished enpigtails, and dukes upon the tops of doors, -aye, and read to a glorious purpose.

A curious population may be noted in this department of l'airyland. Hirsute men with leaved account book, in which he has refaces full of stern determination are busily quested the authorities of Fairyland to putting together, and finishing, and furbishing up great statues, and busts, and groups Fairyland begins to assume a pantomimic

the plinth of this huge statue and tell us of animals. Giacomo Perugio, from Bologna, perchance, is skilfully adjusting, in an anatomical manner the arm of the Farnese Hercules; while Bartolomeo Guari is peacefully heating plaster of Paris in a homely iron saucepan wherewith to fasten on the head of the Erycinian boar. Huge, baker-like sacks, containing the flour of article snowy gypsum of which these goodly sculpture loaves are moulded—are strewn; about, with their plain canvas and ruddlede sides in curious propinquity to the most exquisite creations of Phidias and Praxiteles. to the mysterious aspirations of the nameless but deathless sculptors of Babylon and Egypt. Diana the huntress, and Antinow, and the Gladiator, and the Fawn dancing, and the Fawn laughing. Grecian and Roman Fairyland holds them all. They are all here, breathing that immortal life of beauty and poetry which laughs at the scythe of Time, and the fury torso or a mained limb—the fanaticism of the iconoclast, the antiquarian sacrilege of the Christian, the shells and gunpowder of the barbarous Turk. These Fine Art Courts of ourselves in the Crystal Palace again. Lost the Fairy Palace not only carry the mind every now and then in wonders of art and back thousands of years—to the Forum and the Acropolis, to Semiramis and Sennacherib. to Alcibiades and Augustus; but, by the from the triumphs of Sesostris to Pradier's mere potency of their beauty and refinement somebody tells me, that in 'lifty-four, these totypes were chiselled, doubtless, by pagans unknown to them, a breath from heaven must the lux, the light, the fire of genius, must delineate.

Fairy-land behind the scenes! ders of the Forum and the Acropolis standgravings of stags ripping up one another's ing on wooden plinths (afterwards to be entrails with their horns, the colossal statues plasterified) labelled "Fragile, with care, of kings without stirrups, and kings with this side up." Greece and Athens have come to Sydenham by railway. The Emperor and admirals on the tops of masts. Here, in the Fairy Palace of our modern magician, Josephus Liliensis, will be spread before them a banquet culled from the choicest treasures of the Louvre, the Vatican, the Motor Borbonico the Pitti Palace and the Laccoon has been delivered by Messrs. Museo Borbonico, the Pitti Palace, and the Pickford as if he had been a grand piano-Glyptotheca, and as they run they will read forte or an engine boiler. Brought to the very portals of Fairyland by a burly carter, with a brass-clasped blotting-paper-inter-

Rome, our minds saturated with classical associations, we saunter along, looking back with something quite like regret and gentle love on the days of the Gradus ad Parnassum, and trochees, and daetyls, and spondees. The mystic numbers of the As in præsenti float though our memory like strains of bygone music; we sigh to toil once more over the arches of the Pons asinorum, when, presto, we are in the midst of steam engines, hot water pipes, fairies in fustian, and bricks the pestilence of burning sparks, the swallowand tiles.

Tiles, certainly; but somebody points out houses, city and all. to us that we have not quite done with the classics yet. These tiles, as somebody commends to our attention, are of a peculiar shape and make. They were fashioned very probably by a simple Teddy the Tiler, or some other industrial equally innocent of some other industrial equally innocent of spiders watching over the intricacies of the the classics, for a special and very classical great, web; and here they sit in their parpurpose. For that—no less—of tiling the lours: but they do not follow the example

city of Pompeii.

Into which, through as unadulterated an English hoarding door as ever had " no admittance except on business" inscribed upon Roman maiden, the saloon of a Pompeian became sensible of this fact when approachfamily, or the study of an old world student, ing its precinct; I am confirmed in my
The walls are alive with forms and colours of opicion by most woful experience when enchanting brightness. Cupids, peeping I leave the halls of the Fairy Palace archly out of bowers; mimic bird-cages, to traverse the park and gardens of Fairywith high recking at the wires strang from land. Somebody as we descend ranges of with birds pecking at the wires, strung from the roof with threads of paint; reclining fauns; satyrs, twinkling fun out of their roguish eyes, and bacchantes dancing on slack a scale of one-cighth the dimensions of Niagara; where the *d fresco* statues; where into the room, and make you careful not to run against their true perspective. Then, in the open court, beside the family fountain (sweet substitute for the Englishment) of a scale of one-cighth the dimensions of Niagara; where the *d fresco* statues; where the famous lake now being excavated, in whose waters—by means of this same castless are to be medically as a scale of one-cighth the dimensions of Niagara; where the *d fresco* statues; where the open court, in the famous lake now being excavated, in the open court, beside the family fountain (sweet substitute for the Englishment). (sweet substitute for the Englishman's fireside) how eloquent, how classical, how poetical, how sentimental one might be in this Roman house! Now is the time to think about the atrium, the sedilia, the cothurnus, the toga virilis, amphore, the Street of Tombs and the house of the Tragic Poet. Yet now is also the time to content ourselves with contemplating the fairy aspect of this Roman house; the open courtyard with no blue Italian sky above, but the glass ridges and furrows and iron girders of Josephus Liliensis; the narrow little bed-chambers all around, which the fairy artists (mostly foreigners) are decorating with anciful arabesques; the gilded columns, the rose, when we approach the terminus of our brick mural, paintings-triumphs of fairypolychromy-and, superintending all, an intelligent foreigner smoking a cigar and morasses, quagmires, cart-ruts and ditches? attired in a cut-away coat and a wide-awake We are bound for, and at last arrive at a long hat. Why doesn't be wear the toga virilis? low shed, where there is a furnace, several tons Why isn't his name Quintus' Curtius of modelling clay, several modellers, a book Max ?

appearance—so many and so sudden are loveliness with the sudden horrors of the transitions. Delighted with Greece and swallowed city. Now is the time to swallowed city. Now is the time to #6member the skeleton clutching the bag of gold, the dead soldier in his fetters, the breastof the dancing girl pressed against the askes, the mark of the wine-cup on the marble counter. Now is the time to see the molten lava welling and creeping up the gorgeous walls; to picture Vesuvius vomiting forth fire and stones; the flaming river of lava rushing down the sides of the mountain: the shower of red hot ashes, the plague of stones. ing up alive of Pompeii, men, women, children.

We lose ourselves for a while in a maze of corridors of unpretending deal boards, containing innumerable pigeon-holes; -- offices devoted to officials superintending different departments of Fairyland. These are the house of a Roman gentleman in the Roman of the spider in the popular ballad, by asking the flies or visitors to walk in-"Private being the rule over the doors, and admittance

the exception.

The vicinity of Fairyland is not without it, we speedily intrude into the chamber of a that extremely mundane attribute, mud. I land. Somebody, as we descend ranges of noble terraces, shows me where the magnificent fountains that are to surpass Versailles are to be; where the waterfall laid down entire space. While admiring the vastness of the gardens, the vivid beauty of the velvety sward, the taste with which every path and plot, every alley and avenue have been laid out; while gloating over the blue distance of the most beautiful landscape near London, I cannot help wishing that the weather had not been quite so moist lately; that the fairy soil was not quite so stiff in some parts and so sloppy in others; and finally that I had not forgotten to bring American evershoes or a pair of mudlark's boots with me to Fairyland.

walk; which is through a wood, and across several planks over gulleys, and through many for us to sign our autographs in, an astute Now too is the time to contrast all this Triton in hessian boots and low-crowned

1

The world before the flood. Yes. Ages, perhaps, before Noah's ark was built, or amnehed, or thought of. In this shed the Triton known as Waterhouse Hawkins has conspired with the King of Animals, Professor Owen, to bring back those antediluvian days when there were giants in the land. Pre-Adamite, perhaps; pre-Noahite, certainly. Modelled according to some subtle theory, admirably carried out into practice; the marvels of what we may call scientific art -plasticity applied to comparative anatomy -are the great monsters and reptiles of the fossil world. The ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the megatherium, the mastodon, igua-arneton; gigantic creatures of lizard, toadlike, froglike, beastlike form grin at you, erawl at you, wind their hideous tails round you. Here is a monster within whose monstrous feet the Triton, Waterhouse, intends to give a dinner to twentytwo persons; and a bearded assistant, coolly squatted between the monster's forelegs, is as coolly giving him a coat of a ales with his modelling tool. All these antediluvian monsters, which will finally be executed placed on the shores of two artificial islands in the lake; one exhibiting the secondary, the other the tertiary epochs of the world. There, among reeds and slime, the great fish bzards crawl, and higher up the great Irish elk reposes. All of which is explained to us in a little studio, where sepia sketches of elks and mastodon, and megatheria mingle with vlay sketch models and easts of skulls and temurs of fossil mammalia and reptiles.

In 'fifty-four-when the nave and aisles, transepts and courts, gardens and parterres, of this gigantic Palace are all swept and garnished, the floor laid, the cumbrous materials of industry removed, the interior tinted to the harmonious hues proposed by the Colour King. Owen Jones; when the temperatures of half the climates of the globe are imitated; when specimens of the vegetation of half the world are brought to flourish, here, within seven miles of London; when the loveliest flowers of the world bloom in this great crystal; when the great fountains send up their silver spray; when almost everything that is beautiful in Nature, in Art, in Industry has here its type, its representative, its imitation; when its halls are thronged by thousands of every class and shade of class-when it shall be recognised as a palace and a pleasure ground for those whose lot it is to labour, as well as for those who sit in ivory chairs and ride in golden coaches: when the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and its railways, its electric telegraphs, its banqueting halls for every grade of mortals from the lavish noble to the economical artisan, are completed, do you think I shall

hat (possibly, his conch-shell), several rats, and it Fairyland? In calling its accomplished inventor a magician? In declaring that magic and magicians are not dead when such structures exist as the Crystal Palace, and such men are among us as the Djin, Josephus Liliensis, otherwise Sir Joseph Paxton?

THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE

AT the beginning of the Winter of 1850 I was working quietly in Sydney, by no means dissatisfied with my position, when a vague rumour reached the city that gold had been found in the Bathurst district of the colony. As one result of the excitement that succeeded, it only concerns me now to state that the following advertisement which appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald emanated from the writer of these pages :--

Having written the above advertisement I, on the same day, resigned my situation.

In the course of the next morning, there came three replies. The first was from a in a composition as hard as stone, will be recent emigrant, or what in Sydney parlance is known commonly as a "new chum." certainly would know too little of colonial life. The second was from a gentleman who, as I more than suspected, knew too much to be either an agreeable associate or an eligible partner. The third came in the form of a very short note, requesting an interview at a certain time and place, on the subject of my advertisement. I liked the look of it, and at the hour named by my correspondent, duly called at a boarding house appointed as our meeting. So I met with the person who became my partner.

He was singularly handsome; very dark, but darkened as I thought by exposure chiefly, though he must have been originally dark, for he had raven hair and a completely black moustache. His eye, large, black, and restless, never-became fixed on anybody; that I grew afterwards to notice, when I noticed also that his manner-which was generally lively and at all times that of a gentlemannow and then fell by a sudden change from gaiety into a perfect pit of gloom. I shall call this partner of mine Browden. We agreed without delay upon the terms of partnership, and commenced together preparations for a start.

Winter was then rapidly approaching, but we were bold and were unwilling to delay. My partner, alike careless and confident, caused me to feel young in his company, because he went to work with so much cool indifference. To me, red-hot with excitement, his cold manner was quite unintelligible, and I could not refrain on one occasion from expressing my sense of his self-possession, upon the eve have been guilty of exaggeration in calling of a change that surely was an epoch in our

lives. He replied very gloomily, that there excepting that instead of the belt which was nothing in life worth making a fuss about.

Our preparations were made under his apperintendence with much care. Three months' allowance of flour, tea, and sugar, a good cradle, and mining implements, cooking utensils, and everything necessary for the gipsey life we were about to lead; a calico tent, and finally a strong spring cart with a tilted cover, for the carriage of our goods and chattels, were provided. Then we got a horse that we called "Bony" for its leanness; and engaged lastly an intelligent lad in whom I was interested, as tent keeper and cook. He was to have liberal wages, and the doueeur of a small "lay" or share in the whole me cheerfully; we had a merry breakfast and product of our labours.

My partner, who was jack of all trades, master of all, a host in himself, conducted everything, and gave me enormous satisfaction; all went well and the evening previous to our actual start at last arrived. The packing of the cart, the last duty to be done in Sydney, was performed by him in the courtyard of his house by candlelight, with so much skill and expedition, that I fancied for a moment his trade was discovered, and that he must have been a carrier or a packer all his life, but that idea was dispelled when I observed the equally professional style in which he proceeded to feed and groom down

Bony. It was a moonlight night, clear, sharp, and bracing. After drinking a glass of grog to the success of our enterprise, I walked briskly across the racecourse to my lodgings at Woo- his shoulders. loomooloo Bay. We had agreed to meet and start at sunrise the next morning. I felt happy. The moonlit air, and the scene gave exaltation to my feelings. The moon was shining brightly on the bay, transforming it into a perfect lake of silver, while the dark rocks and the trees upon the shore stood out in bold relief, black, crisp, and defined against the background of a blue sky crowded with stars. The change, the uncertainty, the novelty of the adventure before me, the present scene mingled with memories of England, all helped to throw me for the night into a state of feverish excitement.

Before the dawn I started from my bed, and began for the first time to don my digger's costume, which consisted of a particularly bright scarlet shirt, secured at the waist by a broad belt, a Californian felt hat, strong anoleskin trowers, with leather leggings up to the thighs and boots more durable than elegant. There belonged to my personal equipment also a pair of good stout blankets, an opossum rug, two or three blue shirts, a cechange of outer raiment and a stout pilot coat.

I found my partner not only equipped himself, but finishing the loading of the cart to which he had already harnessed Bony. He was dressed in much the same style as myself, have us to suppose; but carried on their

secured my shirt, he wore round his waistda very long and handsome crimson silk sash, with the fringed ends hanging down on each side of his person. It contained a large and formidable knife. I could not help feeling at the first glance that in my personal appearance, which before I had seen him I flattered myself was rather telling, I was after all immeasurably behind Browden, whose picturesque costume sat upon him as though he had been accustomed to it all his life, while mine, as I felt painfully conscious (at any rate until the gloss was taken out of it) made me look fitter for a fancy dress ball than a piece of carnest business. Browden received set off, my partner driving, I and the boy bringing up the rear.

There is nothing between Sydney and Penrith-a little town thirty-five miles distant, situated at the foot of the Blue Mountains-worth dwelling upon here. The road is a continual succession of gentle ups and downs with fences and trees at the sides, and in most places cultivated land and grazing

paddocks. We had plency of company upon the road. An occasional omnibus bound for Sydney dashed past, and the passengers indulged in jokes at our expense, for the "diggings" were in those days only half believed in. There , were were many besides ourselves, however, bound for the same bourne, travelling in groups of three or four, and often singly, stick in hand, along, each man carrying his "swag" across

The travellers on that part of their route seemed to be taking their work easily. The verandahs of every public-house we passed (and there were plenty of them) contained groups of blue-shirted pilgrims, with a few reds; a red shirt was at that time the mark of the "gentleman digger." These all fraternised with us and we with them right merrily. There was another set of pilgrims moving in the opposite direction, not by any means so cheerful. Weary and foot-sore, dirty and depressed, we now and then met with "returning diggers," plodding back to Sydney with their golden visions scattered. Hope made great fun of disappointment on the road. "Have you sold your cradle, Jack?" was for a long time the standing question, addressed by those going up to others coming down. The answer often was a mocking laugh, or else a discharge of the most horrible predictions as to the result of the inquirer's own adventure. For the most part, however, these returns were persons who had neither the manner nor the means of prospering. Many had not even reached the mines at all; but had lost heart half-way upon the journey. Some had started without money, tools, or provisions; and a few, we whispered to each other, were not quite so poor as they would

mersons secretly the satisfactory results of a few days' efficient labour.

Plodding along a few yards in the rear of our cart, while the boy drove, Browden and Leceversed cheerfully on various topics, but chiefly of course on the (to us) engrossing one of all—the newly discovered gold field, and our prospects in connection with it. I found that, in intelligence and practical experience, I had not overrated my companion's power; but in the course of our talk I was surprised, and even fidgetted to hear only then for the first time that he had been in California. forget exactly how the fact came out; but I remember asking him point blank if it were not so, and being struck with the odd way in which he replied to so natural a question. His eyes wandered restlessly from me to the ground, and his words sounded more like the confession of a crime than the acknowledgment of a plain fact. He was not long embarrassed, and soon told me with his usual carelessness that he had been unfortunate in California, had lost in the gambling saloous of San Francisco all that he earned at the mines; therefore he hated the place and abhorred its very name. In short, he never wished to have it again mentioned. He then abruptly changed the subject; but, after a few minutes, fell silent and seemed to retire within a cloud.

Towards afternoon we passed through Paramatta, where we only stopped to buy some mutton. Four or five miles onward beyond the Paramatta toll-bar we encamped in the bush, as became us vagrants after gold. We made a bedstead of the cart, and as Browden was not talkative over the mutton, tea and damper, I very soon turned in and left him brooding in the moonlight over the great fire. I awoke once in the night and found my partner sleeping by my side, but scarcely seeming to enjoy his rest. He tossed his arms and murmured incoherently, while I lay somewhat oppressed with the general dreariness of my bush bedroom. A sound of horses' hoofs coming along the road at a short trot attracted my attention. A patrol of mounted police rode briskly past with their long dark cloaks waving behind them, and their steel sabre scabbards rattling loudly as they went. They had a right, I suppose, to create a disturbance in our bedroom, but they broke the slumbers of my partner, who woke with a scream. I spoke to him, and reassured by my voice he muttered something about nightmare, and turning on his side was soon asleep again. I lay for some time wondering un-comfortably. The wild wood perhaps helped to put into my head that my companion's scream was an uncanny sound, not to be accounted for by any common nightmare theory. Well, never mind, I went to sleep, and the next morning we had breakfast and went on again towards the gold. We rested at noon under a gum tree. Towards evening we humour of the party. passed through Penrith, and crossed soon length on the grass, in the full blaze of the

afterwards a ferry on the river | Nepean, which accommodated five or six loaded teams with any number of foot-passengers. This ferry-since the gold-digging fever set inhad turned out to its owner, as he told me himself on my way across, "better than digging by long chalks." Having crossed the river we were at the edge of the large tract of open country lying at the base of the Blue Mountains, called Emu Plains, an extensive and cultivated flat, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, dotted with cottages and farm-houses. The lofty and rugged mountains rising abruptly out of such a plain, formed the best bit of scenery we had yet met with. We were anxious to camp before it became quite dark. There were unpleasant symptoms too of an inclination to a change in the weather, which had so far favoured us. A dense mass of lurid-looking clouds hung threateningly over the crests of the mountains and obscured the last beams of the sun. The air, which had been during the day almost umaturally oppressive for the season, had now become disagreeably cold; and the bleak wind swept with momentarily increasing violence over the wide and unsheltered On arrival at our camping-place (almost at the foot of the mountains) we found a complete little settlement of a dozen teams or more, with at least thirty or forty persons belonging to them, bivouacking on the ground. Some had already pitched their tents, lighted their fires, hobbled their horses, and were in the full enjoyment of their suppers. Others, more recently arrived, were hurrying their own day's labours to a close. We lost no time in imitating their example. It was dark by the time we had made ourselves snug for the night, and were boiling our pots and cooking our suppers on the huge fire which burnt in the centre of the encampment ;—a joint-stock fire established on the equitable principle that each party using it should fetch his share of fuel. It was a very dark and wild and winterly night. To windward of the immense fire-which now rose blazing high into the air, and now sent roaring and spitting myriads of sparks before the fury of the blast-were sitting or reclining the assembled party, almost every man glowing in the red firelight, and the whole forming a group which with its strong lights and deep shadows, the surrounding accompaniments of tents and horses, and with the dark mountains rising like ghosts in the background, would have been extremely welcome to Salvator Rosa. We were very merry, and after suppers had been all dis-We were very. cussed, pannikins of spirits were produced and handed round, stories were tolk jests were attempted, and songs sung, perhaps little coarser than such things even in such assemblies generally are.

Browden and I of course fell in with the Extended at his

himself the best carouser of us all. He roared out jovial songs, spun humourous varns, and made jokes; he evoked thundering choruses, or uproars of laughter, or of exclamation. As the evening wore away, under the influence of rushes of a few yards at a time made progress, another "tot," the spirits of the party mounted Bony exerted himself to the utmost, and to a wilder and more frantic pitch. Not a star twinkled in the cloudy sky; the wind any notion of ease in the work before him, blew with increasing violence; but my be still tugged and strained at his harness partner had grown merrier than ever. most magnanimously. His imperial nick-namesake in his celebrated passage of the mirth. A gloomy frown settled upon his face, Alps could not have evinced more energy and and he went off moody and reserved to his absolute determination. Evidently he was roost in our cart.

I had been noticing him, for he vexed and puzzled me. Long after I had gone to roost beside him I lay wondering, while he was fast asleep. The wind had lulled, and the rain poured down on the cart-cover; but it did not wake him, or appear to wake him, for that he often shammed sleep I was certain. I tried to make out what had caused the sudden alteration in his manner, and gradually remembered a brisk conversation between two "old hands" of the party, who had been talking, not at all penitently, of the causes of their having been "sent out." The darkest crimes were talked of by those worthies cosily and man. Theft, forgery, and burglary seemed to be in their eyes just so many modes of doing business. One crime, how- from day to day, dragged its slow length over they refused to look at in a business Light; and that was murder.
What I says is this," I remembered the most rascally-looking of the two to have

observed, with an oath, "when you have a nurderer among you, peach on him; when he is rabbed hang him."

he is nabbed, hang him.

That was the last remark uttered before my partner left the party, of which he had previously been the leader. I fell asleep that night with the vague horrible thought that very possibly I had a murderer for bedfellow. range we had to pass, was the worst tug of The aspect of affairs, when I looked out of all and the most dangerous adventure. Never the cart about daybreak next morning, certainly did not do much to remove the disagreeable and uncomfortable impression with which I had gone to sleep. It was miscrable weather; the rain poured incessantly, The wet was streaming through our canvas roof warranted water-tight) and soaking us. The fires were out, and the miserable-looking horses huddling together for shelter in the ice of the tents and drays, looked most disconsolate. Seeing, however, that the other men were up and moving, I aroused my partner, and in the active preparations necessary for another start, soon recovered elasticity of spirits. We all contrived to get, sufficient fire to boil our kettles, and having break- suddenly a golden hue over the scene, that

fire with his head supported by his hand, my rain and fed our horses, set off together (nine partner lay with not a vestige of depression teams in all) up Lapstone Hill, beginning our in his manner. He had drunk freely of the ascent of the Blue Mountains. That was at spirits which had circulated, and had proved first comparatively easy work, but as we rose, the acclivity grew steeper and the ground worse; we skirted gulleys, cracked whips, and blasphemed; waded knee-deep in mud, pushed carts, chocked wheels, and by little Bony exerted himself to the utmost, and although by this time doubtless disabused of not a horse to jib. If we found it hard work to get up Lapstone Hill, we afterwards discovered it to be as ardnous an enterprise to get down Mount Victoria; the difficulty being, not as before, to get the horse to lift the cart, but to prevent the cart from carrying away the horse. With wheels carefully skidded, and with a large, rough tree drag-ging behind us, not to speak of our own exertions spent in keeping the cart back, we reached the bottom in safety. At the foot of the mountain we found once more cultivated country, and a short stage further took us through a little nondescript collection of houses called the town of Hartley. This enough, and rather as so many branches of a little glimpse of civilisation and this taste of good profession than as offences against God level roads we soon again lost, and began ascending a new range of still more formidable mountains. Our onward journey then, along, five or six miles being sometimes a full day's journey. Carcases of horses and bullocks, in all stages of decomposition, lay by the waysides; miserable weather had set in, and had it not been for Browden's energy, I frankly own that I should certainly myself have jibbed before reaching this stage, taking the friendly advice to "go back!" so frequently and earnestly pressed upon us by

crowds of backward-bound adventurers. The ascent of Mount Lambie, the highest mind it. On we went. Solitary Creek, the Green Swamp, and at last the green plains in which the town of Bathurst stands, were duly passed; and after sixteen days of this sort of work, with a broken shaft, with Bony lame and almost dead-beat, and ourselves in not much better condition, we at last reached within five or six miles of our journey's end. But no fatigue could subdue the pride and clation with which, one evening a little before dusk, we caught, from the top of a high hill (our last descent), a view of the Turon River winding beneath us. The sun—its only appearance for many days-had shone out from the clouds just before sinking, and threw fasted uncomfortably enough in the soaking suited well our notion of the soil we had been

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of all shapes and sizes, many of which had gay flags fluttering in the breeze, formed lines that appeared to us quite martial. The white smoke wreathing upwards from the hundreds of fires before the tents marked the meandering course of the river as far as the eye could reach, with a pale bluish shade, that contrasted finely with the dark tint of the trees.

Down-hill, and forward for a mile or two, and we were fairly on the Turon. Too tired to notice much, we picked out a convenient spot for the erection of our tent, near to Commissioners' Hill; and, after an hour or so of work in fixing it, were glad to rest

under its shade and go to sleep.

The next day we became Turonites; and I shall now describe generally the character of a day spent among the Turon diggings. Early morning and the work of the day not commenced. Bright and clear in the first sunbearse the stream, yet undisturbed, "runs placidly along. In half-an-hour the cradles will be playing, and the pure current taking the colour of pea-soup. Turn where you will the ground is opened up and burrowed into by the gold-seekers. In the river itselt, wherever the stream will allow them, holes are sunk, and these are only to be kept workable by the incessant use of pumps and bailers. "Bed Claims," as they are technically called (though often very rich), are troublesome in full proportion to their richness. On the river banks, which are in some places precipitous and elsewhere slope gently upwards, the dry diggings at least furnish equal proof of energy and industry. Excavations dug of every size and shape, and sometimes of immense depth, are to be seen or tumbled into on all sides. From these "bank claims," which are often two or three hundred yards from the spot where the cradles are fixed, the washing stuff is carried down by steps and passages to the water side. In some places I saw that the diggers had preferred the more dangerous plan of careless tunnelling. Afterwards that became the usual practice, and some serious accidents occurred, two or three lives being lost through the falling in of top stuff upon labourers below. I went to see a set of Germans-Burra Burra miners from Adelaidewho had in this way dug a subterranean gallery, and were, as I was told, doing a great stroke. They were at work by candle light, and though impressed with admiration of their skill and energy, I was not sorry to escape out of their hole.

But to go back to my day's programme. It is early morning, and as yet the only labour going on bears upon breakfast. The air is perfumed with the scent of mutton, for pans of chops are being fried at every fire down all the miles of tent that line the river. Stretched on the grass, with the pots of tea the fine gold from escaping. A glance in the by their sides, and with huge cuts of damper evening at the different pans will enable us to

seeking. Along the banks of the river tents covered with mutton in their fists, the diggers breakfast. As the sun makes its appearance over the Wallaby Rocks the morning meal comes to an end, and the men walk of to their claims and cradles; the tools left in the holes last night are taken up, and in a short time the gold hunters are filling the whole place with noise. Those at work in the claims wield picks, shovels, and crowbars; others, who carry washing stuff from the holes to the cradles, trot continually backwards and forwards with the precious dirt, either contained in bags hung over their backs or in buckets slung by a yoke from their shoulders. Those whose duty it is towash the stuff so brought to them are not less busy, and the air resounds with the load clatter of hundreds of cradles in full play. The sun rises brighter and higher, and its heat makes the severe labour oppressive; but though the perspiration pours from the diggers' brows, good humour prevails, and the work is carried on with a gaicty that robs the really hard life of its worst fatigues. Occasionally, high above the rattle of the cradles or the echoing strokes of pick and crowbar, rises a hearty laugh begotten of a rough practical joke perhaps, or a soing shouted at the top of the voice in time to the movement of the rockers, unlooses a chorus of imitative tongues all down the river. At noon a general cessation of labour. Eight bells is struck upon a prospecting pan by some nautical digger, doubtless a runaway sailor. Nature is again perfumed with muttou; damper, tea, and chops are again consumed. On Sundays the aftempt at cookery is generally more ambitious—a joint of meat baked in the camp oven is sometimes substituted for the usual fried mutton, and a plumduff or pudding is also a common luxury upon the day of rest. An hour at the most is allowed on work-days for the dinner and a draw at the pipe; labour is then recommenced. The afternoon passes away: the sun begins to cast long shadows. When it altogether disappears behind a range of hills our work is over-the diggers in the holes throw down their tools and take up their serge shirts; the cradles are washed out for the last time, and men in groups begin to saunter to their tents, conversing as they go on what each may have done. There is one duty still incomplete, namely, the washing in large pans of the stuff that has remained at the bottoms of the cradles, and that contains of course the gold produced from all the soil passed through during the day. This "panning out," as it is termed, is a delicate operation. The pan is dipped into the stream by the operator, shaken, worked, and sifted about in a peculiar manner; and the gold being thus driven to the bottom, the lighter soil is allowed to run off with the water. It requires both knack and practice to prevent

see how every man's day's labour has turned out. Such inspection proves the lottery-like character of the employment. Here is a pan half-full of gold. As the soil and small pobbles are skilfully washed out, and the yellow metal appears glistening beneath, the panner's eyes flash back upon it, glistening no less. There cannot be less than ten or twelve ounces in this washing. It is however from a rich hole, and its worker belongs to a lucky party. Look on the other hand at the poor fellow who, with bent body and eager look, is washing at a few yards' distance lower down the river. Out of two or three hundred buckets of stuff passed through the cradle with incessant labour during the day, a few miserable pennyweights of gold are all his gain. His eye devours every small atom and speck as it becomes visible; and when he has got through his task, and the result is evident, he looks despondingly into his neighbour's pan, and with a sigh of disappointment wanders moodily up the bank to his tent, where he will soothe his sorrow and

beget fresh hopes over a quiet pipe. At sunset, volleys of fire-arms are discharged up and down the river, and are to be heard obstinately echoing among the rocks and hills. By some men this is done simply to make a noise; by others it is meant as a hint that there are pistols in their tents ready for use if necessary. Then the eternal tea, damper, and mutton is again discussed under the name of supper, firewood is brought in and stacked; one of each party is employed in the manufacture of fresh damper, while the rest, stretched at full length by their fires, enjoy themselves as they are able. When night has closed in, and the moon perhaps begun to silver the white tents, the trees, and the water that runs clear again, the scene grows very picturesque. Hundreds of fires, with dark figures clustering round them, burn red and bright in the obscurity. It is the digger's hour of relaxation. The guitar and banjo, violin and flute, heard at greater or less distances, people the night with sounds. At one part of the diggings, high on a range, some musical Germans encamped there used in my time to indulge hundreds of their fellow-diggers nightly with a vocal concert. Their harmonizing voices, and the noble music that they sang, heard in a scene like that at such a time, possessed for me a wondrous it grows later, the moon dips behind the hill, the groups round the fires thin till they disappear, the sounds of music die away, and there is nothing to be heard but the rustle of the trees—the howling of the watch-dog c-or the dismal cry of his wild brethren in Within the recesses of their the distance canvas dwellings, the tired gold-seekers wrapped up in their blankets sleep noundly, dreaming perhaps of ounces, or perhaps of home and friends!

Our own part in these labours can be very briefly told. At first we roamed about the stream from place to place, "prospecting for a good hole without success. This "prospecting "-which commonly means nothing more than turning up the ground to the depth of a few inches or at the most of one or two feet and trying a panful of the stuff—was a bad method of setting to work. The gold was seldom come upon so near the surface. and when not immediately found, impatient and inexperienced "prospectors" generally abandoned their newly opened claims to repeat the same useless operation again and again with the same success. A far better plan was to dig boldly and perseveringly down, trying the different layers of soil come to in the descent, but never deserting the work until the very bottom or bed rock was reached, when if nothing was by that time discovered, of course it only remained to try again in a fresh place. This course we afterwards pursued and dug at the least from fifteen to twenty holes, some of them the same number of feet in depth, but still found

nothing which would pay us for the working. In this way three or four months passed away, our provisions were almost eaten, only our chamois leather gold bags were exempt from wear and tear; I grew rather despondent, but a glimpse of sunshine came with the returning spring to our relief. A discovery was made of some rich diggings on the banks and in the bed of a stream running into the Turon, called Oakey Creek; and, taking advantage of the first intelligence, we shifted bag and baggage and removed our quarters to a spot between one and two miles from its junction with the river. Here we at once "set in" at a likely spot in the bed and at a bend of the creek. After a day or two of hard work, we began to get a daily yield of from one to two ounces, which although no great thirgs, was a vast improvement on our previous doings.

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There was one main discomfort. I have already said that from some strange peculiarities of manner, and certain incidents on the road, I had imbibed a strong and irresistible suspicion as to the past life of my partner. He, on his part, perceiving the natural restraints which such suspicions produced in my manner towards him, became gloomy, sullen, and reserved. So it was, that even before we arrived at the mines, our

partnership had become one of mere business and necessity.

Whatever we thought of each other, we did not allow our private sentiments to interfere with our joint efforts. We worked hard together, and during the active hours of labour, no one could possibly display more life and energy than Browden. When, however, day was over, and the melancholy night closed in around us, the excitement ended and he sank into a state of pitiable despondency.

There was a secret and disagrecable consciousness of some vague cause of dislike between us which it was impossible to shake off, and which, ill defined as it was, quenched everything like cordiality. This state of everything like cordiality. This state of things could not last long, nor was it my wish that it should; so that when one Sunday morning he abruptly told me after breakfast that the time of our agreement had expired, and that he proposed a separation of our fortunes, I received the intimation without raising any difficulties or expressing much regret. He added that it was his purpose to engage a labourer and work for himself higher up the creek. He was embarrased while expressing this determination; but I took it cheerfully, the dissolution was agreed upon, and the rest of the day employed in making division of our property, provisions, tools, &c. That we effected to our mutual satisfaction. It was agreed that he should keep possession of his share of the tent until he had obtained another and decided upon the spot where he would have it pitched. At daybreak the next morning he set of alone with pan and pick on a "prospecting" ex-pedition. I got up shortly afterwards, had breakfast, and taking the boy down with me went to work as usual. It was a very bright, close, cloudless morning; and, shut in as we were by hills on all sides, there was a feeling of suffocation in the atmosphere which rendered our work more than usually oppressive. Not a breath of air forced its way through the narrow gully, and during the day the heat was almost intolerable. worked on, however, to the end. I had my supper earlier than usual, and was sitting by the fire cleaning and drying the day's gold before adding it to the main store, when the unusual darkness of the evening attracted my attention. A violent storm was impending. A dark mass of lead-coloured clouds was rapidly shutting out the blue sky and emitting as it spread flashes of forked lightning; low peals of distant thunder rolled along the creek; large drops of rain were already falling slowly, and pattering at intervals on the top of my tent; the trees, which had during the the atmosphere, were swept with fitful gusts of wind, and had set up a melancholy

I went out to watch the coming of the covered crimes which had been perpetrated storm, and saw the coming of two men who in the mines and towns of California. One climbed the bank and ran towards the tent. of the two strangers related, among others,

They were even more than usually grim with the wild luxuriance of beard, whiskers, and moustaches, out of which indeed very little more than the extreme points of their noses could be seen with anything like positive distinctness. Appearances, however, go for nothing at the mines. These were both tall, strapping fellows, and were dressed in the extreme of digging costume, for even at the diggings there are fashions. They looked so jaunty, wore such hats and such silk sashes, and displayed their knives so ostentatiously, that by their dress as well as figure I assumed at once that they must be Americans bred in the Californian school. When they spoke no doubt remained upon that head. They told me that they had been prospecting in the newly discovered creek, were tired out with the day's walk, and wished to take shelter till the storm was over. Of course I did the honours of my tent; and, after furnishing my guests with a supper, brought out the bottle of spirits kept only for particular occasions. I found them good company, their conversation principally turning on their own wild lives. The evening ran on, and as there was no lull in the storm, my new acquaintances determined to remain where they were for the night. I supplied them with blankets, and all stretching ourselves upon the floor of the tent we continued smoking and conversing for some time. Soon afterwards the covering to the aperture of the tent was thrust aside and my partner came hastily in. He was dripping wet, and said little either to me or to the two strangers; but pouring out with an unsteady hand a large quantity of spirits, he divested himself of his wet clothes, wrapped himself up in his blankets, and seemed as usual desirous of being left to his own meditations.

We had before been talking upon other matters, but it so happened that, when he came in, the Americans were talking about California. I knew that this topic was distasteful to my partner; but it did not matter then, for he seemed to be deaf or indifferent to everything that was said. From the spot where I lay I could see him indistinctly in his dusky corner of the tent, with his head averted, and to all appearance fast asleep. The candle burnt down in the neck of the bottle (which served us for a candlestick), and still the loquacious Californians kept up a running fire of wonderful adventures in which they had been engaged, and in which grisly bears, Cordilleras, Spaniards, montetables, Judge Lynch, vigilance committees, bowie-knives and revolvers played the most conspicuous parts. The thunder still rolled day remained motionless in the dead calm of heavily, and every now and then the tent was illuminated brightly by the lightning; but we did not heed it.

Late in the night we were discussing undis-

an occurrence which had come within his own experience.

Separated from his party, he had been, he said, for several days exploring the north fork of the American River, a wild, desolate, and almost uninhabited part of the country, in search of new "placers." One evening, about sunset, a storm among the mountains had overtaken him, far from his own camping place. For some time he had looked in vain for shelter, and was beginning to make up his mind to find a cave for the night, when he saw half way up the side of a range the welcome gleam of a light, evidently belonging to some tent or hut. On coming nearer he found that it was burning in a small black covered tent. As the American paused for a moment, when he had said so much, to struggle with his pipe, I heard a stiffed sound, and when the next flash of lightning came I saw that my partner's face was turned towards us.

Wet and tired as he was, the man went on to tell us, he lost no time in crossing an intervening gully and began to climb towards the tent. He was picking his way in the darkness, among loose rocks and stones scattered about, when he was suddenly startled by a shriek of terror or of passion or of pain, followed at once by the report of a pistol in the tent. Then there was dead silence. While looking upward undecidedly he saw a figure muffled in a cloak suddenly leave the tent and climb very swiftly up the hillside. He either faded away in the darkness of the night, or disappeared over the top of the range. At all events he saw no more of him.

I can hardly account for the instinct by which I was urged to look, while this was being told, towards Browden. I saw through some chance flashes that he had raised him-self on his arm, and that his face was full of horror; that he was listening to the American's tale as though his very life depended on it.

Drawing his knife from its sheath, the man said, he went resolutely up the hill, and at once entered the tent. There he found no living cfeature. Stretched upon the ground in a large pool of blood lay the corpse of a tall man hideously mutilated and yet warm. His face was so completely shattered, by the close discharge of the pistol, that not a feature could be recognised. His hand still grasped a dagger; and some gold and coin, as well as a pack of monte cards, lay strewn about upon the ground.

Preferring storm and rain to shelter in such company, the digger left the body to itself and made his way to Auburn, which is a village about one mile from the river.
What became of the murderer—whether the body was ever found, or whether it rotted away, undiscovered and unrevenged, he knew not. It was better, he said (in Cali-

and he had never cared to speak about the matter there. Having told his story, the American proceeded to dilate, for our satisafaction and his own, upon the horrid aspect of the mutilated body. He always thought of it, he said, on stormy nights. When he had quite done we were all silent for a time, and I saw by the next flash that Browden lay completely muffled in his blanket. The instant afterwards a clap of thunder seemed to burst immediately over our heads, and it was followed by a prolonged human cry—to me, believing that I knew the cause of it—most wild and terrible. It brought us quickly to our feet. A light was struck, and Browden was found to be struggling in a fit. For hours he continued violent during the paroxysms, moaning and sobbing in the pauses between the attacks. It sometimes required the strength of us all to hold him down upon his stretcher. At length, however, in the very early dawn he sank into uneasy slumber; I made no effort to sleep, but feeling feverish and troubled went outside the tent. The air after the storm was fresh, and I was soon again brisk enough to set about preparing breakfast. The two men thought nothing of Browden's fits, and my suspicions were based on the vaguest inferences. Yet they were to me as certain knowledge. I was not sorry when my guests, abruptly rising, shouldered their picks and shovels, wished me good morning and departed. Left to myself, I for a long time meditated on the course I should pursue. After some consideration, I resolved that, as our total separation was already decided upon, I must leave Browden to follow his own fate, and for my own part go to work as usual. My late partner was still in a deep lethargy, from which I did not attempt to rouse him. I intended, however, to come myself, or to send the boy from time to time up from the claim in case the attacks of the previous night should return upon him. After working for an hour or two, accordingly, the boy was sent up to look after him. He came running down to me in a few minutes, and told me that the tent was empty and my partner gone. From that hour to this I never again saw him. He was not a partner to forget, and many months, afterwards he was especially called to my memory by a paragraph upon which I lighted while looking through some back numbers of. the Bathurst Free Press. I cut it out for I believe that it relates to Browden.

"BODY FOUND .- Last evening the remains of a tall man, in an advanced stage of decomposition, were discovered and taken out of the Macquarrie River a few miles below Bathurst by a person who was fishing near the spot. He was dressed as a gold-digger, were a scarlet shirt, red silk sash, with a large. sheathed knife and high boots. He has not been identified, and had been too long in the water for his features to be at all recognisable. An inquest was held on the body, when no evidence as to the formin particularly), to let such affairs alone; manner in which he same by his death being forth1.374.19

coming, a verdict of Found drowned was returned. No marks of external violence would be discovered on the body."

have no certain evidence that this was Browden's body, just as I have no evidence that he was guilty of the crime that I im-puted to him. But I have told, plainly and truly, those things which led me to believe that my trip to the Turon Diggings was made in such company as few men would have cared to choose, and that my partner reposes in a murderer's grave.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

SONG TO AN IRISH TUNE.

HER blue eyes they beam and they twinkle; Her lips have made smiling more fair ; On cheek and on brow there 's no wrinkle, But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little-you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age; And lady, or baby, to call her, Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her walk is far better than daucing, She speaks as another might sing ; And all by an innocent chancing, Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskilled in the airs of the city, She's perfect in natural grace; She's gentle, and truthful, and witty, And ne'er spends a thought on her face

Her face, with the fine glow that 's in it, As fresh as an apple-tree bloom : And O! when she comes, in a minute, Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature, How many will sigh for her sake ! I wonder, the sweet little creature, . What sort of a wife she would make!

KENSINGTON WORTHIES.

NEARLY opposite the new Vestry Hall, in the house now occupied by Mr. Wright, an ironmonger, lived for some years the once celebrated political writer, William Cobbett.

Cobbett, as many of our readers may remember, was a self-taught man of great natural abilities, who-from excess of selfesteem, defect of sympathy out of the pale of his own sphere, and a want of that scholarly "discipline of humanity," of which such men stand particularly in need-went from one extreme in politics to another with anything but misgiving; injured the good which he otherwise did to Reform, by a long course of obliquy and exaggeration; brought his courage, and even his principles into question, by retreats before his opponents, and apparent compromises with Government; and ended a life of indomitable industry, by obtaining the reputation rather of a powerful liked others to be to himself; but a good

and amusing the estimable of leating writer. Readers of his Political Register will not easily forget how he lorded it over public men, as if they knew nothing and he knew everything; or what letters he addressed to them, in a style beyond the unceremonioussuch as those to the Bishop of London be-ginning "Bishop," and to Sir Robert Peel," whom he addressed as "Peel's-Bill-Peel," and saluted simply by his surname :--

"To PEEL'S-BILL-PEEL.

" PEEL," &c.

Hazlitt said of him, that, had everything, been done as he desired, in Church and State, he would have differed with it all next day, out of the pure pleasure of opposition.

Cobbett's worst propensity was to exult over the fallen. His implied curses of the hapless George the Third, who had nothing to do with the fine and imprisonment which produced them, are too shocking to be repeated. He crowed unmercifully over the suicide of Lord Castlereagh; and, ridiculously as ungenerously, pronounced Walter Scott, during his decline, and after the bankruptey which he laboured so heroically to avert to have been nothing but a "humbug!

But the vigour which he thus abused was not to be denied. Bating an occasional parade of the little scholarship which he had acquired, and which sometimes betrayed him into incorrectnesses even of the grammar which he professed to teach, nothing could surpass the pure, vigorous, idiomatical style of his general writing, or the graphical descriptions he would give both of men and things, whether in artificial life, or in matters connected with his agricultural experience. A volume of select passages from his writings, chiefly of this kind, might be of permanent service to his name; which otherwise will be stifled under the load of rubbish with which he mixed it.

At the back of his house at Kensington, in ground now devoted to other purposes, and also at a farm which he possessed at the same time, not far off (at Barn Elm), Cobbett cultivated his Indian corn, his American foresttrees, his pigs, poultry, and butchers' meatall which he pronounced to be the best that was ever beheld: but the aristocratic suburb did not prove a congenial soil; and he quitted it, a bankrupt. He appears, nevertheless, to have succeeded, upon the whole, in the worldly point of view, and ultimately made his way into Parliament—a triumph, however, which was probably the death of him, owing to the late hours and bad air for which he exchanged his farming habits of life. At all events he did not survive it long, Like many men who make a great noise in public, he seems to have been a good, quiet

husband and father; a pleasant companion; and his family seem to have heartily lamented him when he died-the best of all testimonies to private worth. His appearance (to judge by his portraits, for we never saw him,) was characteristic of the man, except as regarded vanity. He dressed plainly and unaffectedly, was strong and well-built, and had a large forehead, and roundish and somewhat small features for the size of his cheeks-a disparity betokening greater will than self-control.

Cobbett said little of Kensington, considering the time he lived there. It was not to be expected, indeed, that he could be fond of a place which had a palace at one end of it, the mansion of a Whig lord at the other, and in which he did not find himself either welcome or prosperous. What he does say chiefly There are concerns his corn and his trees. but one or two passages characteristic of the locality, and those are more so of himself, and not unamusing. In one of them he speaks of wind;" but he does it rather to rebuke than to pity them. He could not get them to work for victuals instead of money, not taking into consideration that the poor rack-rented the Yankees, who have raised a fleet, the excreatures could not pay their landlord without it. A correspondent proposed to pay Cobbett himself in victuals for his Weekly Register-two pounds of mutton per quarter; but the rebuker of the Irish is very angry at this; and—assuming, with a somewhat Irish and self-refuting logic, that this man, not approving of payments in meat, must be addicted to slops, and have a dirty complexion—calls him a "teakettle reptile" and a "squalid wretch."

The other passage gives us his opinion of the reviews in Hyde Park, and their consumption of gunpowder. His compliments to American economy in the use of that material are hardly flattering to a great nation; but everything was excessive in the praise and blame which he bestowed, and consequently was in the habit of undoing itself.

Speaking of the Duke of Clarence's appointment to the office of Lord Iligh Admiral, he says, that when he first heard of it, he was "very much pleased, because he thought it would tend to break up the Scotch phalanx, which appeared to him to be taking the whole navy by storm."

"The manner of executing the office was a thing which I," continues Cobbett, "had Little time to attend to; but I must confess, that I soon became tired of the apparent incessant visiting of the seaports, and the firings of salutes. I see the Americans getting forward with a navy fit to meet us in war, without more noise than is made by half-a-dozen mice, when they get into a pantry or cupboard. These Yankees have an education wonderfully well calculated to make them economical in the affairs of war. I never saw one of them in my life,

man or boy, shoot at any living thing without killing it. A Yankee never discharges his gun at anything, until he has made a calculation of the value of the thing; and if that value does not exceed the value of the powder and the shot, the gun remains with the charge in it until something presents itself of value surpassing that of the charge. In shooting at partridges, quails, squirrels, and other things of the land kind, they always count the number of shot they put into the gun, and will put in no more than they think the carcass of the animal will pay for, leaving a certain clear profit, after the cost of labour. These are most excellent principles to be imbibed by those who are destined to conduct the affairs of war; and when I, being in a sea-port, hear bang, bang, bang, on one side of me, answered by other bangs on the other side, and find no soul that can tell me what the noise is for; or when I, being at Kensington, hear, coming from Hyde Park, pop, the poor Irish, who stand at the corners of pop, pop—pop, pop—pop, pop, pop, pop, the the streets, "their rags dancing with the cause of which I remember but too well; wind;" but he does it rather to rebuke than when I hear these sounds, I cannot help lamenting that our commanders, by sea and land, did not receive their education among istence of which we shall one day have to rue; and I should not be afraid to bet all I have in the world, that they have done it without wasting one single pound of powder."

Cobbett's premises at the back neighboured those of a small mansion, Scarsdale House, which he must have considered an eyesore, for it belonged to a noble family and was then a boarding-school: a thing which he hated, for its inducing tradesmen's and farmer's daughters to play on the piano-forte. He saw the dangers attending the elevation of ranks in society, but none of its advantages, except in regard to eating and drinkmg; and those he would have confined to his own beef and bacon. A little onward from Mr. Wright's door is Wright's Lane, which turns out of High Street, and containing Scarsdale House and Scarsdale Terrace, leads round by a pleasant sequestered corner into the fields, and terminates this point of Kensington with the New Workhouse. Scarsdale House, now no longer a boarding-school, appears to have returned into the occupation of the family that are understood to have built it; for its present inmate is the Hon. E. Curzon, one of the gentlemen who contributed to the collection of cabinet work at Gore House. From an intimation, however, in Faulkner, it would seem as if it had been called Scarsdale House before the creation of that title in the Curzon and Howe-Curzon families; in which case, it was probably built by the Earl of Scarsdale, whose family name was Leake; the Scarsdale celebrated by Pope and Rowe for his love of the bottle and of Mrs. Bracegirdle:-

Each mortal has his pleasure :—none deny Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham pie.

Darty was Dartineuf, or Dartiquenave, a fignous epicure.)

> Do not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim Thy bright, thy reputable flame To Bracegirdle the brown; But publicly espouse the dame, And say G. D. the town.

Earl Leake, by other accounts besides these, does not appear to have been a person whom " Bracegirdle the brown," the charmer of the age, would have thought it any very desirable honour to marry. We hope, therefore, that the more respectable Scarsdales—the Curzons -were always possessors of the house; and that in displacing the boarding-school they illustrate, as in greater instances, the injunction of their curious motto—" Let Curzon hold what Curzon held."

The corner, above-mentioned, of Wright's Lane contains a batch of good old family houses, one of which belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, though it is not known that he ever lived in it. A house in which he did live we

shall come to by and by.

The Workhouse, at which you arrive in turning by this corner, is a large, handsome brick building in the old style before mentioned, possessed of a garden with seats in it, and looking (upon the old principle of association in such matters) more like a building for a lord than for a set of paupers. Paupers, however, by the help of Christianity, have been discovered by the wiser portion of their fellow-creatures to be persons whom it is better to treat kindly than contemptuously; and hence, as new workhouses arise, something is done to rescue the pauper mind from its worst, most hopeless, and most exasperating sense of degradation, and let it participate some taste of the good consequences of industry and refinement.

Returning into the road, we here quit the High Street, and have the Terrace on our left hand, and Lower Phillimore Place on the

other side of the way.

Terrace, in this, as in so many other instances in the suburbs, is a ridiculous word; for the ground is as flat as any around it, and terrace (a mound of earth) implies height and dignity.

May thy lofty head be crown'd With many a tower and terrace.-MILTON.

- High The structure, skill of noblest architects, With gilded battlements conspicuous far, Turrets, and terraces, and gluttering spires.

The modern passion for fine names and foreign words "hath a preferment in it." It is one of the consequences of the general rise in society. But people would do well to learn the meanings of the words before they employ thing very acceptable, or even with acquithem; not to christen young ladles Blanche, who are swarthy; cry brave (brave he!) to next step in this direction might be to repre-

female singers; nor give the appellation of heights to houses on a level with a valley.

In Kensington Wilkie the painter passed the greater part of his life, after quitting Scotland, and chiefly in Lower Phillimore Place. For nearly three years, beginning with the autumn of eighteen hundred and eleven, he dates his letters from Number Twenty-nine, which was the abode of a friend; but he then took one of his own, Number Twenty-four, in which he resided with his mother and sister, till the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when he removed with them into the house on the terrace, called Shaftesbury House, which has since been rebuilt on a larger scale. Why it is called Shaftesbury House we cannot learn : perhaps because the third earl of Shaftesbury; the author of the Characteristics, who was a visitor at the Palace, occupied it for a while before he took his house at Little Chelsea. Probably there is not an old house in Kensington, in which some distinguished person has not resided, during the reigns in which the court was held there.

Whice was a gentle, kindly, considerate man, with a figure not insignificant though not elegant, an arch eye, and a large goodhumoured mouth. Such, at least, was his appearance during the time of life at which we remember him. He had an original genius for depicturing humble life, and could throw into it a dash of the comic; though he did not possess the Flemish and Dutch eye for colour; and there was altogether more truth than enjoyment in his style, sometimes a tendency to dwell on moral and even physical pains, the sufferers of which neutralised the sympathy which they needed by a look of

sordid dulness.

Hazlitt, out of resentment against the aristocracy for giving their patronage to this kind of art at the expense of higher, of which he thought them jealous (and perhaps also in order to vex Wilkie himself, who was very deferential to rank), called it the "pauper style." The appellation, we suspect, produced the vexation intended, and was one of the causes of Sir David's efforts to rise into a manner altogether different; in which he was not successful. His notion that the persons in the Old and New Testament should all have the native, that is to say, the Syrian or Judaical look, showed the restricted and literal turn of his mind. He fancied that this kind of truth would the more recommend them to the lovers of truth in general; not seeing that the local peculiarity might hurt the universality of the impression; for though all the world feel more or less in the same manner, they are not fond of seeing the manner qualified by that of any one particular nation; especially, too, when the nation has not been associated in their minds with anyescence in the impression to be made.

sent St. Paul as a man of an insignificant presence, because the apostle so describes himself; or to get a stammering man to sit for the portrait of Moses, because the great lawgiver had an impediment in his speech. is not what Raphael did when he painted Paul preaching at Athens, with mighty, uplifted arms; nor what Michael Angelo did, when he seated Moses in the chair of Sinai, indignantly overlooking all beneath him, and ready to hurl down the tables of stone, like thunderbolts, on the heads of his unbelieving followers. We do not mean to say that lovers of truth might not be found who would accord with Sir David's opinion, and let good consequences take their chance; but he did not look at the matter in this comprehensive light. He thought that there was no risk of chance, remote or immediate, except in not making the local history local enough; and he did not see that this could have endangered the object he had in view, and served to contract instead of extending it.

Though Wilkie never married, one of the best features in his character was domesticity. He was no sooner rich enough than he brought his mother and sister from Scotland, in order that they might partake his pros-perity in the way most agreeable to family affections. He was also careful to give them news of himself before they came. pleasant to know the daily habits of distinguished men, we give the following account of his life at Kensington from one of his

letters to his sister :-

"The anxiety my mother has laboured under about my health, on seeing that I had not with my own hand directed the newspaper, is entirely groundless. I am as well now as I have been for a very long time, and am going on with the painting in my usual moderate way. I am sometimes glad to get anybody to direct the newspaper on the Monday forenoon for the sake of saving time, which is an important consideration in these short days. Everybody I meet with compliments me on the improvement of my looks; and I am taking all the means in my power to retain my improved appearance. I dine, as formerly, at two o'clock, paint two hours in the forenoon and two hours in the afternoon, and take a short walk in the park or through the fields twice a day. In the evening, I go on with the mathematics, which I take great delight in; and I have also begun a system of algebra, a study I should like to learn something of too."

When his mother and sister came, the good artist took care that as much as possible of the a household furniture, to which their eyes had been habituated, should come with them from Scotland; and he said (his biographer informs us), that "if he were desired to dame the happiest hour of his life, it was when he saw his honoured mother and much-little interest but to little antiquaries, con-

painting.

The "short walk through the fields!" must have been in those between Kensington, Brompton, and Little Chelsea, new fast disappearing before the growth of streets.

In Shaftesbury House the sunny portion of Wilkie's life terminated in clouds that gathered suddenly and darkly upon him his mother dying; his sister losing the man she was about to marry; his eldest brother dead in India; a second brother coming home to die, from Canada; a younger brother involved in commercial difficulties; and the artist himself, who was too generous not to suffer in every way with his family, losing further money by the failure of houses, and failing in his own health, which he never recovered. Such are the calamities to which comic as well as tragic painters are liable, in order that all men may share, and share alike, till "tears can be wiped from off all faces." Wilkie subsequently removed to Vicarage Place, in Church Street; and this, his last abode in Kensington, was also his last in England. He travelled for health's and study's sake, in Italy, Germany, and Spain; returned and travelled again, going to Palestine and other dominions of the Sultan, whose portrait he painted; made other ineffectual attempts to become an artist out of his first line; and, with a strangely romantic end for one who began with the line which he ought never to have forsaken, died on his way home, and was buried off Gibraltar in the great deep.

After all, there was in Wilkie's character, as there is in most men's, however amusing they may be, a grave as well as comic side, corresponding with the affectionate portion of it; and this very likely it was, that in conjunction with the provocations given him by Hazlitt, and by jealous brother artists, led him to attempt higher subjects, and a deeper tone in painting. He also appears to have had a delicacy of organisation, tending to the consumptive; though prudence and prosperity kept him alive to the age of fifty-six.

"Nature is vindicated of her children." The sensibilities of a man of genius turn to good account for his fellow-creatures, com-pared with whom he is but a unit. Wilkie pared with whom he is but a unit. himself enjoyed as well as suffered: he had a happy fireside during the greater part of his life; he had always an artist's eye, which is itself a remuneration; and he knew that ages to come would find merit in his productions.

Turning northward out of the high road, between Lower and Upper Phillimore Place, is Hornton Street, at the furthest house in which, on the right hand, resided for some years Doctor Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the sprightliest of bibliomaniacs. He was not a mere bibliomaniac: he really saw, though not very far, into the merit of the books which he read. He also made some big books of his own, which, though for the most part of Foved sister sitting beside him while he was tain passages amusing for their animal spirits and enjoyment. When the Doctor

visited libraries on the continent, he dined of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purmac of inspecting a set of old ones, the meeting was what he delighted to call a "symposium; that is to say, they ate as well as drank, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of writers, in plain calf, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old gentleman would have carried it hollow. He would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harm-less, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom (for though a Reverend, and a Doctor, we can hardly think of him seriously) was a good-natured fellow, not very dignified in any respect; but he had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate sum of money was bequeathed him by Douce; and he said he thought he deserved it, from the "respectful attention" he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking; yet he tells us, that being in company, when he was young, somebody whether the son resembled him: Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow.

This same father was the real glory of supplying her with more companionship, and Tom; for the reader must know that Captain giving her more to do for her companions. Dibdin was no less a person than the "Tom | The poor souls in these places appear to need Bowling " of the famous sea-song :-

"Here a sheer bulk lies poor Tom Bowling, The darling of our crew."

Captair. Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of scamen; and an admirable songster was Charles, and a fine fellow in every respect the brother thus fondly recorded by him. "No more" continues the song, for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind-

- "No more he'll hear the tempest howling, For death hath broach'd him to.
- " His form was of the manliest beauty, His heart was kind and soft; Faithful below he did his duty, But now he 's gone aloft."

Dr. Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

The Doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him, which he considers equal to any "romance of real life." This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking in

every little thing. As the circumstance. with the manks and others who possessed however, is complete of its kind, and the them, and made a feast-day of it with the galety kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of everyday occurrence, it may be worth repeating :- A hand. some widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. A retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow, paid his. addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair. showers of such houses—" Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?"—and, after 3: courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections at Kensington Church, the Doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable; the bridegroom was a collector of books; and the books were accompanied by a cellar-full of burgundy and champagne,

We are not aware of any other distinguished name connected either with Lower or with Upper Philimore Place, or with the Terrace, to which Wilkie removed. But continuing our path on the Terrace side of the way, we come to Leonard's Place and to Earl's Court Terrace, in both of which Mrs. Inchbald resided for some months in boarding-houses: with an elderly gentleman who knew his in the former, at a Mrs. Voysey's; in the father, and the gentleman being asked by latter, at Number Four. Boarding-houses, though their compulsory hours of eating and "Not at all," was the answer; "Captain drinking did not suit her, she found more agreeable than other lodgings, owing to their it. Speaking of the kind of hospital at Mrs. Voysey's in the summer of eighteen hundred and eighteen, she says, "All the old widows and old maids of this house are stretched upon beds or sofas with swollen legs, nervous head-aches, or slow fevers, brought on by loss of appetite, broken sleep, and other dog-day complaints; while I am the only young and strong person among them, and am called upon to divert their Blue Devils from bringing them to an untimely end. I love to be of. importance, and so the present society is flattering to my vanity.

She was then sixty-five. What a godsend to the poor creatures she must have been! A woman of genius, very entertaining, full of aneclote and old stories; and, though so young in mind, yet of an age bodily to keep, them in heart with themselves, and make them hope to live on.

At the back of Earl's Terrace was, and is, a curious prefty little spot called Edwardes Square, after the family name of the Lord Kensingtons; and in this square Mrs. Inchbald must often have walked, for the inhabitants of the Terrace have keys to it, and it, gives them a kind of larger garden. superlatives, and expressing amazement at have called the spot curious as well as pretty,

and so it is in many respects; in one of them contradictory to the prettiness; for one side of the square is formed of the backs and garden-walls of the Earl's Terrace houses and the opposite side of its coach-houses, and of little tenements that appear to have been made out of them. The whole of this side, however, is plastered, and partly overgrown with ivy, so as to be rather an ornament than an eyesore; but what chiefly surprises the spectator, when he first sees the place, is the largeness as well as cultivated look of the square, compared with the smallness of the houses on two sides of it. The gardener's lodge also is made to look like a Grecian temple, really in good taste; and, though the grass is not as thick and soft as it might be, nor the flowers as various, and the pathways across the grass had better have been straight than winding (there being no inequalities of ground to render the winding natural), yet upon the whole there is such an unexpected air of size, greenness, and even elegance in the place, especially when its abundant lilacs are in blossom, and ladies are seen on its benches reading, that the stroller who happens to turn out of the road and comes upon the fresh-looking sequestered spot for the first time, is interested as well as surprised, and feels curious to know how a square of any kind, comparatively so large. and at the same time manifestly so cheap (for the houses, though neat and respectable, are too small to be dear), could have suggested itself to the costly English mind. Upon inquiry we find it to have been the work of a Frenchman. The story is, that the Frenchman built it at the time of the threatened invasion from France, and that he adapted the large square and the cheap little houses to the promenading tastes and poorly-furnished pockets of the ensigns and lieutenants of Napoleon's army, who, according to his speculation, would certainly have been on the look-out for some such place, and here would have found it. Here, thought he, shall be cheap lodging and fête champêtre combined; here, economy in doors, and Watteau without; here, repose after victory; promenades; la belle passion; perusal of newspapers on benches; an ordinary at the Holland Arms; a French Arcadia, in short, or a little Palais Royal in an English suburb. So runs the tradition: we do not say how truly; though it could hardly have entered an English head to invent t

It was allowable for French imaginations in those days to run a little wild, on the strength of Napoleon's victories. We do not repeat the story for the sake of saying how wild. We believe that both frenchmen and Englishmen at present, for reasons best known to all governments not actually out of their senses, are for keeping their own localities as quietly as possible to themselves; and we devoutly hope they may continue to do so, not only for the sake of the two days before us, and as our stroll about the.

greatest nations in Europe, but for that of the security of advancement. For it is better to advance gently, he wever slowly, than to be incessantly thrown back from one extreme to another; and the world and right opinion will progress as surely as time does, whatever efforts despots and higots may make to put back the clock.

It is said in Kensington that Coloridge once had lodgings in Edwardes Square. We do not find the circumstance in his biographies, though he once lived in the neighbouring village of Hammersmith. Perhaps he was on a visit to a friend; for we are creditly informed that he used to be seen walking in the square. A lady, who was a child at the time, is very proud of his having spoken to her, and given her a kiss.

IN THE DARDANELLES.

Our man-of-war, the Modeste, entered the Dardanelles surrounded by a fleet of merchant vessels. When the breeze over the highland caught our sails we ran ahead; when a deep current rushing round some headland caught our hull we fell astern; and we were enjoying the excitement of a grand regatta when, at the narrowest part of the strait between the inner castles of Europe and Asia, a heavy shot from the fort came right across our bows. The captain was below at the moment, and just as he got on deck and was giving orders to shorten sail another shot fell astern and ricocheted close alongside, sending showers of spray over the gangway. could see a crowd of officers at a house in the fort, and others were at the same There was time busy laying other guns. no misinterpreting the hint. We accordingly bore up, and in the midst of a heavy squall of wind and rain anchored off the consular offices at the town of the Dardanelles.

Our consul soon coming on board, from him we learnt that all men-of-war must have a firman, or permission to pass, from Constantinople before they are suffered to ascend We knew nothing of this the Dardanelles. regulation, since by some chance no notice had been taken of it in the general orders to the squadron. It was clear that the Pacha in command of the fort had exceeded his instructions, as the rules are that in a case like ours two blank cartridges shall be first fired. and then followed up by shot if necessary. The captain accordingly went ashore to call upon the Pacha and demand an explanation. His apology was the truth, that he thought we wished to pass him in defiance of the regulations, and had an idea that we looked. as if blank cartridge would not stop us. We were obliged to wait until a letter could be written to and answered from Constantinople. It was Tuesday, no steamer would go up, before Thursday, and no answer be had before Saturday. Accordingly we had five

town quite satisfied our curiosity, I agreed with a friend to trot over the classic ground of Troy. The brother of our consul was an old acquaintance and a local merchant; he volunteered to go with us, taking his bervant, anyoung Jew, to look after our horses. On Wednesday afternoon, therefore, we hired a caique to take us to the village at the entrance of the Dardanelles. There we proposed to sleep. We had a very pleasant run down with the current, and landed just outside the outer castle of Asia in a sandy bay. That was the bay in which the Greek galleys had been drawn up at the siege of Troy, if ever there was such a siege. If never, there was one Homer made it real, and I believe in it as steadily as in the death of Nelson. Close by our landing-place was a pyramidal mound of stones called the Tomb of Achilles, and there was another some two hundred yards further inland, in which lie, or ought to lie, the bones of Patroclus. As usual in such cases, there is a dispute as to which tomb is which, or whether the two friends were not both buried in a single heap. We were not disposed to vex ourselves with doubt; and as we stood on the summit of the chief mound with the Hellespont at our feet, we thought of Hector's challenge to the Greeks, and his promise that if he conquered the body of the vanquished should be sent to their navy :-

"Green on the shore shall rise a monument; Which when some future mariner surveys, Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas, Thus shall be say: A valiant Greek lies there, By Hector slain, the mighty man of war; The stone shall tell the vanquish'd hero's fame, And distant ages learn the victor's name."

There rose up in our minds also other associations, and we endeavoured vainly to seize, while on the spot, the mysterious link by which those plains are connected with the Troy weight known to us in boyhood. The sun was setting behind Imbros and Samothrace, and throwing its last beams over the plains of Troy; while in the distance Mount Athos stood out sharply as a pyramid in the western horizon. We saw with a proper amount of feeling Tenedos laved by the surges, and rocky Imbros break the rolling wave. Between the two islands are ragged islets, any one of which may have contained the cave at which Neptune put up his chariot when on his way to save the ships of the Greeks from their assailants. I recollected a severe caning that I had received when young which had immediate connection with that very incident. Jackals have grubbed for themselves holes in the tomb of Achilles, and nest there, just as commentators make their nests now in the works of Homer; our Jewish companion proposed that we should. smoke one out. Plenty of dry furze about the place gave a practicable look to his suggestion; but as we did not see wherein the fun of the proceeding would consist, we Trons. Round about the village, there were

wandered on along the shores and thought about the venerable Chryses, the bright Chryseis, and other people of that set. Here, we thought, where the peasant now sleeps in his mud hut on a bed of rushes were the tents of the Grecian host. The smoke of the fire yonder which cooks somebody's meal let us call fumes from the altars of Phoebus piled with hecatombs of bulls and goats; or let us imagine that it rises from the decks of burning galleys. We undertook to suppose that the hills were covered with the "lofty towers of wide extended Troy." We supposed ourselves, to be favoured by the jackals and the owls with echoes-or traditions preserved on the spot-of ancient battle cries. The evening breeze we proposed to consider heavy with the souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain. In the blue mist rising from the Hellespont, we determined to see Thetis rising from her crystal throne, and all her Nereids getting up out of their pearly bells to follow the unhappy mother up the Trojan strand. Not until we had paid our debt to sentiment did we allow ourselves to think of supper.

A walk of a few minutes past a multitude of windmills brought us to a village of mad huts at the top of the hill, built upon the site of the ancient Sigeum. We made at once for the house of a Greek known to our friend Calvert, and sent down to the boat for our luggage. Each of us had taken a large blanket, a change of linen, and the necessaries of the toilet; for all else we looked to fate. The Greek gave us no reason to regret our trustfulness. His house was one of the largest in the village, built with walls of mud dried in the sun, having outside stairs also of mud, and an interior divided into two stories by a wooden floor. The house roof was of tiles. There was a large courtyard surrounded by a mud wall, the resort of oxen, goats, and geese, and fowls. were also some out-houses filled with chaff, of which the flat roofs formed a terrace. Upon that we took up our quarters, very much preferring open air on a fine starlight night in August, to close air and fleas. There was a good supply of large fresh rushes, which, when spread out, formed the best of beds, or a chair or a couch, when heaped together. On some fish just caught and fried, some boiled eggs, and a most delicious melon, we supped like Trojans before we retired to our respective blankets, using stars for hight candles.

The clarious of innumerable Trojan cocks awoke us before daylight, and we prepared betimes for our day's march. The horses hired the night before had, however, to be shod, breakfast had to be eaten, and our blankets packed upon an extra horse that was to be ridden by a guide. We were not fairly off till six o'clock. The plains of Troy were then before us, and our first object was to ride across them to the ruins of Alexandria

fields in stubble of barley and maize, there were others covered with dwarf vines, then bearing ripe fruit; and in other places melous or pumpkins straggled over the parched

ground.

As we passed on the signs of cultivation disappeared, and we rode over what is evidently marsh in winter, but in summer dry and fissured mud. Here and there a pool of stagnant water still supported a small colony of snipe and wild duck, and twice on our ride we passed a corn-growing tract. In such places, the old Homeric threshing-floor was to be seen in full activity. We rode at a slow pace, and according to the custom here, in a line, the guide first; the rest following hour. It was past eleven before we had cleared the shore of Besika Bay, and crossed had dined. revived, we continued our ride over some hilly is the chief produce of the country, the cup the bay and the surrounding hilly country. There are numerous foundations of houses formed of a hard limestone, frequent traces of the city walls, a few sarcophagi, the towers of a pateway, and a singular structure called the Palace of Priam.

We enjoyed a couple of hours' rest and a light huncheon among those Roman ruins, fanned by a cool fresh breeze, and shaded by the oak trees which have sprung up on all sides. .. At about four o'clock we started hills to see a granite quarry in which were of the Scamander, odious to schoolboys. some large columns ready cut. Our track passed not a house or a living thing for some the space of about an acre there are forty miles, except one party of shepherds with points at which the water gushes, cool and their dogs and flock. A ride of about two clear, from fissures in the limestone rock, hours brought us to a ridge of granite. At The small streams trickle about ill they thesvery top of the ridge, on one side of the unite and form a tolerable brook surrounded hill, is an old quarry, and there were the by luxuriant vegetation. Numbers of tortoises seven columns as they were finished when and many large fish were to be seen swimming the town was alive, all ready for removal about in the muddy brook; water-cresses We measured them with our walking sticks grow upon its surface, and a large vegetable and did what else was necessary, then went on.

village of Kotsciola Bashy, most picturesquely situated on a slope near the summit of one of those granite-capped hills. Its white maret forms a beautiful object in contrast with the heavy background of the granite of the original Old Troy. with a Jew broker in the service of our these heights is a pyramid of loose stones friend, who was on an annual tour about the called the Tomb of Hector. The situation is country, purchasing vallonia for exportation to England. He procured us quarters in a and beneath a rich covering of grapes trained seen extending to the Hellespont; while, in

over trellis work, No meat could be produced, but our host promised us a Turkish dinner and served it to us in the garden quickly. The new moon appeared above the hills, the stars shone out, a delightful breeze played with the vine leaves, and the trickling fountain soothed us by its murmur. With such lights and music, we sat down before a low stool, on which a circular tin tray formed a table-cloth. The feast was then served to us by turbaned genii. First came a pillau of rice; then a thick soup made of the jelly of. rice, with milk and minced eggs, the whole flavoured with vegetables; next, a dish of stewed bagnioles; then eggs fried in butter; and lastly, a sort of pancake, eaten dipped in at a breakneck pace of about three miles an honey; a dessert of melon and grapes wound up the entertainment. We slept where we

some rising ground which brought us down apon the harbour of Alexandria Troas. There our horses found the refreshment of a fountain, we the refreshment of a melon. So thicker to convey vallonia to the shore. This ground covered by the vallenia oak to the print of the acorn being the only part of this oak cipal remains of the city. These are on the sent to Europe; the acorn itself is used by summit of a hill which commands a very fine the people of the place as food for cattle. view of the islands of Tenedos and Imbros, The cup is packed in woollen bags and sent to Mr. Calvert's chief warehouse for exportation. A large tree in a good season will produce as much vallonia as is worth three. pounds, on the spot; but, taking tree for tree, perhaps the annual average is not above a dollar. However, very little care seems ever to be bestowed upon the trees. They do not belong to government, but to a number of small peasant proprietors. The walk and breakfast over we were off again by aix, o'clock for the village of Bournabashy, which again, in the same order as before, over the is near the site of Old Troy and the sources

In about three hours and a half we arrived was over hills givered with vallonia, and we at the low land where this river rises. In garden, surrounded by a blackberry hedge, About half a mile from this quarry is the fills the valley formed by the divisions of the stream. I found Scamander water-cresses very good. The village of Bournabashy is just above this river source, upon a hill which we passed on our way to the heights

The first thing to be seen on the top of magnificent. It is on one side of a deep ravine, through which the Simois winds in its garden close to the mosque, and we spread course from Mount Ida to join the Scamander out our blankets upon mats beside a fountain in the Trojan plains. The plains are to be

up all the scene. A bout fifteen square stones, laid together without mortar, are the sole remains, or supposed remains, of the walls of Troy. We sat on them and talked moralities. A little further on the sides of the ravine become precipitous and at one spot almost perpendicular. Down that abyss, tradition tomb of Hector, and we led our horses down Chiffik, or the Marsh farm, which is occupied interest. He was not scholar enough to know whether the bones were Greek. The farm buildings at this place are extensive, and it is probable that the plain will yield rich harvests of corn. 'In winter the shooting both of woodcock, snipe, water-fowl, and hares is excellent. After a couple of hours' rest, and a luncheon of meion, cheese, and barley bread, the sole provision of the farm people, we rode on to the village of Ranqui, where Mr. Calvert has a country house and a large storehouse for vallonia. We arrived at sunset, having been eight hours on horseback, much riding for sailors. On our way, in a narrow path, we had met another party. First came a horse laden with two large travelling trunks, then another carrying a guide armed to the teeth; then the traveller, provements in stoves, and grates, and cooking an Englishman, with a straw hat and um-brella; lastly, his travelling servant; and dinary fuel? Read the ironmongers' bills, though in passing we even had to touch each and look into their shops, and remove your other in the midst of a wild, desolate doubt. Here is the Cottager statove, standing country, not a word, or smile, or bow was exchanged between the children of Britannia. have behaved in Piccadilly.

Mr. Calvert's house at Ranqui is situated on a hill that overlooks the Dardanelles from the entrance up to the inner castles. The vallonia warehouse there established is a large building, used not only as a storehouse, but as a sort of factory, for there they separate the acorn from the cup; a process which provides employment for some fifty women and children. About three thousand tons are shipped annually from this warehouse. The price per ton varies between twelve and seventeen pounds, and the freight to England costs about two pounds per ton. is the Kitchener, in which one oven will reast It is principally shipped to Liverpool by while another bakes; in which the hot schooners and small brigs, carrying from one closets may do duty as pastry ovens; in hundred to one hundred and fifty tons. Thus which the back is formed by a boiler capable our tanners find bread for the Trojans of of containing fifty gallons of water; in which

the opposite direction, mountain ridges fill pleased with our excursion. We had thought. about the past and seen the present; the deeds of Achilles, and the trade in acorn-cups.

POT AND KETTLE PHILOSOPHY.

THERE are two branches of philosophy. says, the Trojans threw the wooden horse, connected with pots and kettles; the one Nothing more was to be seen, and we gastronomic, and the other pyrotechnic; the departed. The descent is steep beneath the one relating to the food to be cooked, and the other to the arrangements for cooking. It to cross the river at a ford about a mile is the latter of these on which the reader is. below. Then we made for a farm, called about to be addressed. In our first volume, a few gentle hints were given on the imperby Mr. Calvert. Near this farm is a tumulus fectious of popular cookery; on the desirawhich popular tradition holds to be the bleness of young ladies learning to boil burial-place of the Greeks killed at the potatoes and broil chops as well as to emsiege of Troy. Mr. Calvert had it opened broider slippers and crochet anti-macassars. lately, and did really find in it a thick Here, however, we do not intend to find stratum of burnt bones, but nothing else of fault with any one. We would rather discourse on the numerous and ingenious contrivances for applying heat economically in cooking processes, and for doing many things at once in a small space. There are not only improved forms of grates, stoves, and ovens, heated by ordinary coal; but there are contrivances for obtaining fuel-like action from wood, from charcoal, from artificial fuel, from hot water, from steam, from spirit, and from gas; and there are kitchens portable, and kitchens club-like, such as the old school of cooks knew nothing about. It is not through want of coal that these novelties appear; but economy in coal is itself one of the producing causes of a very essential and desirable condition of things-cleanliness.

Do you doubt that we are making imupon four legs. It has a square iron case, within and near one end of which is a fire-We behaved at Troy as well as we should pot, the top of which opens into a flue to carry off the smoke; the rest of the vacant space constitutes an oven, while there is a boiler attached to the end nearest to the fire, and a hot plate and open cavity at the . top for stewing, and frying, and boiling, and sundry other processes in cookery. Here is an assemblage of grate, oven, boiler, hot-plate, hobs and trivets, so set in a framework that it may be fixed into any sized. fireplace, large or small, without setting; for the throat, or opening to the flue, is formed in the iron-work of the range itself, and is thus at once determinate in size and shape. Here to-day. From Ranqui no very long ride the top is so adapted, that the cook may brought us, the next morning, back to the village of the Dardanelles. We were well one time; and in which every vagrant atom.

of heat is caught in the act of running away, and made to do useful work in some way or other. Here is another range of formidable dimensions, which claims credit for its Stourbridge fire-clay back, its frontage susceptible of variation in size, and its bars hung on hinges to facilitate cleansing. Here is another, adapted to the wants of boys or girls in a boarding school; it has a formidable array of sixteen spits, on which sixteen joints of meat may be impaled at once; and the bars, instead of being solid rods, are hollow tubes filled with water, as a means of economising heat. Here is a range in which the inventor has sought to indulge the Englishman in what he so much loves, an open cheerful fire, and at the same time to have the means of speedily converting it into a closed fire to economise fuel. Then we have stoves, in which fire lumps are used: that is, slabs or bricks of Stourbridge clay are built into the sides and back of the stove, for the sake of the great power which this substance pos-sesses of retaining heat. Then we have the American Improved Excelsior, a sumptuous name for an air-tight double oven "cookery stove; in which the hot air, instead of being allowed to roam about hither and thither, is brought to work in a definite way at a definite spot. Every imaginable mode is adopted, in these various ranges, and grates, and stoves, and ovens, to effect this heateconomy; if the heat is not required to act directly upon the food, it is made to heat a vessel of water, or a cavity which may serve as a baking oven, or a plate of iron which may be useful as a hot plate for dishes. Only save the heat, and you may be certain of finding it a useful servant in some way or other.

Commend us forthwith to this ingenious roasting-jack, called the Automaton. See how, in front of the range, is placed a sort of hemispherical even; how a hollow tube projects from the lower part of this oven; how this tube thrusts itself into an opening beneath the fireplace of the range; how, by the heat in the interior of the oven, a current of air is sucked through the tube; how this current sets in rotation a vane wheel; and how this wheel twirls round the hooks to which the joint of meat is suspended. Let not material philosophers think that they alone understand the production of a current of wind by rarefaction due to the action of heat; here we have it all, in this roastingjack. And see, in another instance, how Mr. Bemington brings the theory of reflected heat to throw dignity upon his reasting-*jack. Look at the concave metallic reflectors above and below, reflecting the otherwise wast? heat upon the savoury joint; look at the curning attle hole in the middle of the lower reflector, to let the rich essence drop from the meat into a little cup below; and look at the similar hole in the upper reflector simple in use, it is free from disagreeable through which the essence may be poured odour, it enables you to make your coffee down to bacta the ment. They was down to baste the ment. They use a concave on your breakfast table, it boils the coffee

metallic speculum, with a hole in the middle for the reflecting telescopes; and so they some for these reasting jacks; therefore, &c. do, 1233 The bachelor's kettle is a crafty means for

inducing a man to remain a bachelor, by making his life as easy as a glove. See what a he can obtain for three shillings. He asks his landlady, or Polly the housemaid, to purchase one penny-worth of patent, firewood; which firewood consists of a sort of wheel or a sort of gridiron mysteriously formed of small pieces of wood, resined to make them One of these more captious and peppery. structures he places in a little stove or grate: he kindles it; he places the stove on the bob to give the smoke and the chimney a chance. of becoming acquainted; he surmounts the pile by a flat tea-kettle containing water; and by the time the farthing wheel or gridiron has burned itself out, there is boiling water enough to make moderate coffee for a moderate man. And if he will consume two patent firewoods instead of one, and has a little flat. pan adapted to his apparatus, he can manage to dish up a steak or chop while the coffee is brewing. Bachelorship apart; there is really something in this power of making a cup of coffee for one's self, say before starting by the six o'clock train on a winter's morning, and before fires are lighted or housewives stirring.

A coffee-pot is not a coffee-pot now: it is a mechanical pneumatico-hydrostatic piece of apparatus. Let us not for one instant imagine that making a pot of coffee is a trifling affair, beneath the dignity of scientific cookery. Ask the inventor to explain the action of his coffeepot. "Sir," (he will thus discourse) "there are here different vessels or receptacles, which come successively into use. This glass vase, at the top, is furnished with a long narrow tube descending nearly to the bottom of this metallic urn. We put boiling water into the vase; it descends through the tube into the urn. We put the ground coffee upon a small perforated silver plate within the urn. We apply a spirit lamp beneath, and -" "Oh, I see; the water boils up through the tube to the coffee." "Pardon me, Sir, it does not boil up; it is driven up. Steam, formed on the surface of the boiling water in the urn, forces by its elasticity the water up the tube into the glass vase, where it acts properly upon the ground coffee. We then remove the lamp; the formation of steam ceases; a partial vacuum is formed in the urn; and the external air, pressing on the liquid in the open vase, forces it first through the coffee, grounds, and then through the perforated silver-plate, into the urn below." "Oh, indeed!" "Yes, in a cheaper apparatus we boil on an open fire; but the urn with the spirit-lamp is a much better contrivance. The apparatus is elegant in design, it is very

sufficiently to extract the essence, and yet advantages of applying boiling water and leaves the aroma untouched by too fierce a heat, and it filters so rapidly as to lose neither heat nor flavour.

A crown of laurels for the maker of the Wolverhampton coffee-pot is the least that Talk not of the forcingcan be awarded. pump being merely a hydraulic apparatus: it is a cooking apparatus also. See how the forcing-pump here makes coffee. The pump, of necessity very small in dimensions, is fixed to the coffee-pot near the handle; the boiling water is poured into the pump, the ground coffee is put into a perforated vessel in the middle of the coffee pot, and the water is forced through the infinitesimal coffee into the receptacle beneath.

Some persons try to cook by the aid of boiling water; or they try to enable other persons to try to cook by such means. An inner vessel is placed within an outer one; the space between them is filled with water; and this water, being heated to the boiling point, similarly heats the space within the inner vessel. But there is one permanent and effective limit to the use of such a system; water will not rise to a higher temperature than two hundred and twelve degrees of Fahrenheit, unless enclosed in formidable iron casings unsuitable for kitchen arrangements; and this temperature, though suitable for boiling and some other processes, will not suffice for roasting or baking. We can imagine, however, that a cook would often be thankful for the means of ensuring a temperature limited exactly to this amount.

Cooking by steam is something of a puzzler. It is a great thing for a school-boy to mount up to the knowledge that a pound of feathers weighs as much as a pound of lead; and it requires an analogous degree of sagacity to perceive that a pound of steam is as heavy as a pound of hot water. But when we have attained that height, we are still at a loss concerning the advantage or economy of steam The truth is, however, that notwithstanding this equality in weight, a pound of steam contains very much more heat than a pound of the hottest of all possible hot water; the makers of steam-engines know this, and they laugh at all other caloric engines; and the makers of cooking-engines know this, and have sought to cook by steam. Somehow or other, it must nevertheless be owned, these steam-cookery affairs have scarcely held their ground; we seldom hear of their having attained a practical degree of efficiency; a vessel may be enveloped in hot steam, and may thereby be rendered equally hot; but steam, like boiling water, cannot be it, because it disturbed all her old ideas about readily raised to so high a temperature as to be available for many of the more important operations of cooking. Steaming potatoes over a vessel containing boiling water is another affair; this is really a sensible project, for it is making good use of heat which The gas-apparatus has been removed, and the

steam to the food itself, we offer no opinion: it does not belong to our present pot-andkettle philosophy.

Who can enumerate all the varieties in the arrangement of gas-cookery apparatus? Here is an arrangement with a fire-place of gas-jets in the centre, and pots and kettles enow around it to cook a dinner for fifty guests. Here is another, of which the inventor claims for it a power of cooking for a hundred guests at once. Here is a maker, who has a gas-cooking range, with roaster, oven, copper boiler, and stewing-plate, "capable for a dinner of sixty persons;" an apparatus for stewing by jets of gas mixed. with atmospheric air; a gas gridiron for broiling chops and steaks; and a gas apparatus for toasting bread. A "pocket stove" is a conundrum not easily solved; but if by pocket be meant portable, there is a nice little affair entituled the "pocket stove for cooking by gas;" this gas seems to be generated in some way from heated spirits, and in so far the stove is a humble relation to the "magic" affair of M. Soyer. chef de cuisine, just named, was once employed in cooking a monstrously-large piece of meat, to assist some jolly farmers in mourning over the effects of free trade, at an agricultural dinner in Devonshire; he employed gas; and it is asserted that by an expenditure of five shillings in this aerial fuel, and five hours of time, he cooked a baronial joint of beef weighing five hundred and sixty-five pounds. Another inventor presents us with a handbill, in which is a picture of a gas stove as beautiful as a cabinet, and not much unlike it in shape; he tells us that by this apparatus a joint weighing twenty-five pounds may be roasted for less than one penny; that it requires no servant and no basting; and that we may have the pleasure of seing joints of meat under process of roasting daily at his premises. The efficiency or non-efficiency of gas-cooking is among the controversies of the day. We know an establishment in the west of London, consisting of a large number of persons, who make a very observable impression on several large joints of meat every day. Until a year ago or so, there was a fine old range in the kitchen, and a fine fat old cook to attend to it; and the beef and mutton were done "to a turn;" but the expenditure of coal was awful; and the owners, willing to march with the age, spent about one hundred guineas in fitting up a gas-cooking apparatus. Twelve months sufficed to rain the reputation of the new-comer; cook was dissatisfied with cookery; and the diners were dissatimied with it, because they said all the food seemed sodden, and neither baked, nor rossted, nor boiled properly; and the owners were dissatisfied because the others were dissatisfied. else would be dissipated. As to the relative kitchen-range restored. We offer no judgment on this, simply because we do not know who were to blame the people or the apparatus; but it is only fair to state the matter, in juxtaposition with the Devonshire farmers

great piece of beef.

Whether the renowned Alexis Soyer has not gone somewhat beyond the range of ordinary mortals in his magic stove is a knotty question. Certainly this copper-bright piece of apparatus as far excels the bachelor's kettle in price, as the great Alexis excels Martha Muggins in cook-like science. But it is really a very cleverly planned stovesomething chemical and flamboyant about it. Let us been in mind that there are two lamps, and two reservoirs containing spirit or naphtha. Let us then suppose that one lamp is lighted; that the heat from this lamp-flame warms the second reservoir; that the spirit in this reservoir gradually rises to such a temperature as will enable it to give off spirit-vapour; that this vapour pours out through a tube as a continuous stream, and impinges upon the flame of a second lamp; that this flame, rendered much more intense by such spirituous feeding, very speedily heats a copper pan or kettle; and that such pan or kettle contains the liquids or solids which are to be cooked—if we can picture all this, then can we picture the magic stove. It is a stove which blows its own bellows, the wind of the bellows being composed of spirit vapour. This is the stove which will inevitably "supersede every contrivance which ingenuity has hitherto devised for the rapid preparation of a comfortable meal;" which will entail "a cost of only three-farthings to dress a cutlet;" which will enable you to "cook as comfortably with it in the middle of a stiff nor'wester as if the sweet south were wooing your cheek in June;" which affords the means to "dress a mutton-chop by it in six minutes." All this has been said concerning it in print, and therefore of course must be true. A compact little affair it is, too; for the Maestro has so planned some forms of the apparatus, that a stove, lamps, stewpan, frying-pan, saucepans, plates, dishes, tea-kettle, and coffee-pot -sufficient mechanism to prepare a dinner for half a dozen persons—can be packed within of little boxes and vessels to contain salt the space of a cubic foot.

There are several small cooking vessels in which the heat is produced by some kind of spirit, such as alcohol or naphtha; but generally speaking they are more costly than apparatus in which solid fuel is employed. There are also forms of stove in which artificial fuel is burned, and which make a very desperate effort to consume their own smoke; but somehow they fail in their attempt, and it is not yet been found prudent to allow a stove to be without a chimney or flue of some | Shortly before Christmas will be Publis

kind or other.

Pot-and-kettle philosophy extends beyond the stoves and vessels themselves, it applies sise to the kitchens in which the culinary operations are conducted. Some of the

modern kitchens are chemical laboratories nothing less; all the apparatus is adjusted and laid out and fittell is Professor Funday would adjust his retorts, stills, rederent, alembies, and so forth. Great was the wonder when a dozen years ago or so, the kitchen of the Reform Club House became displayed before the eyes of gastronomists. In this marvel of a kitchen very little window is to be seen; wallspace is too valuable, and sky-lights mainly fulfil the duty of windows. Two formidable long stoves form the nuclei of the apperatus they have much brick in their construction, to economise heat; and they have whole regiments of round openings at the top to accommodate saucepans and stewpans, and all other pans. Most of the cookery is effected by the heat of charcoal, to obtain a strong fire without flame or smoke, while, by a clever arrangement of flues, the deleterious carbonic acid gas generated by the combustion of the charcoal is safely carried away. As the skin of a cook's face is as valuable as the skin of any other man's face, and as this skin is liable to be scorched and converted into a kind of crackling by exposure to too much heat, there is a clever arrangement of tin screens, so armed and jointed that they can be brought before any open fires in the twinkling of an eye, and as these screens are brightly polished on the back, they reflect much of the heat which falls upon them, and thereby render this heat available in the cookery. Then there are two huge roasting stoves or grates-not unprofitably deep from, front to back, as most of our kitchen stoves are, but having a great height with a depth of only four or five inches, thereby bringing all the heat to the front, where it is alone wanted; and the bars, instead of being horizontal, are vertical; hinged, moreover, to facilitate the cleansing of the interior. The joints which revolve on their several spits in front of these fires! How nicely the distance is regulated, according to the size and delicacy of the joint! The kitchen-table is itself a stroke of genius, with its scooped out hollows in which the cooler may stand; its sponges and water to keep all clean, its army pepper, and so forth, and its steam-heated iron receptacle for hot plates. The scullery with its large steam boiler; the larder with its indescribably neat contrivances for keeping meat sweet and cool; the tube by which a clerk in the upper regions communicates orders to the king of the kitchen below; and the lifting apparatus whereby the savory viands are made to ascend to the dining-room. -all are subsidiary to this mighty kitchen.

THE CHRISTMAS HUMBER HOUSEHOLD

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BY CHARLES

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NEAR CHRISTMAS.

ALL the year long we have been travelling towards Christmas; I, and my old wife, our children, and our grandchildren; not all by the same road, not all with the same expectations, but all looking out alike for the first glimpse of its smoke rising above the wintry landscape of the year. Now we can see how near it is by the grey towers of its minster, towards which our faces have been set for days: we almost fancy that we hear the chiming of its famous bells-all Christmas towns are famous for their bells-and we know that we shall soon be at our inn. If life be a journey, and each year a stage upon the road, I do not know where else a sensible man would stop for the recruiting of his strength than in the fine old Christmas towns. There, if anywhere, men are to be found living together merrily; the inns are warm, the cheer is good, the amusements are of the heartiest, and the society is of the best. I have been through many a Christmas town-for I have travelled far-and I have rested thoroughly in each. I never found two of them alike; of late they have been much greyer and quieter than they used formerly to be; indeed, I could tell wonderful things, if I dared, of the great Christmas cities far away, that I passed through when I was a bos Nobody, however, would believe how full they were of lights and bells, how they were inhabited by merry conjurors, had beautiful things hung out of all the windows, and were carpeted with snow that became sugar when eaten. I do not think that I have been less happy in the quiet towns at which I have of late years rested. Let me confess so much. As for those about me who declare them to be not quiet, by any means, but perfectly uproarious with jollity, I do not interfere with their opinions; chilthen so easily deceive themselves, it is enough for me that I am old enough to see things as they are. If my curly-headed grandson, Master Wattie, could but have seen one particular great city that I have passed through in my time—a city sixty stages distant from no new he would not have thought last ear's Christmas town so wonderfully bril-

could already perceive, was in a shockingly neglected state-covered with ivy, a sure sign that the inhabitants about it are a quiet race, and I am glad of it, for I like quiet—" very likely," he said; "that is the town for me. I know what it will be, O don't I!"

" Nice and quiet, certainly."

"Quiet! Whoop!" and he stood up in the carriage, trying—the spoiled boy—to urge on the horses, though he knows that they are steady roadsters, never varying their pace for anybody. "Quict! Why, I can already hear the bells clashing as if they were mad with fun—and so can grandmother." He was safe in that appeal, because my dear old woman, if she is not younger than I am, will not consent to be as old, and owns to no defect of sight or hear-"Grandmother hears them," cried the boy, " and if she can't see the illumination, 1 can."

"But it is bright noon, my boy."

"Noon and illumination too. The lamps are as bright as if the sky were pitch dark, and the sun blazes as if it had an ox to roast, though it don't blaze any heat but only merriment. I know what the town will be! I've dreamt of it ten nights running. It will beat the magic city that you've often told us of."
My old woman having famil in children's dreams, asked for some information. "Well." he said, "do you see that stile under a holly bush?—that where the path ends that leads from Athéney Hall where brother Tom is at school? And just as we get there he'll jump over the stile with a great cricket bat in his hand and go into the town with us; and when he jumps over the stile he'll knock down the top bar and bring it with him, and we shall eat it, he and I, for it is nothing but a gingerbread affair. I tell you what, too, I shall eat all the holly that I see, for it's pure sugar." "My dear boy," said his grandmother, "surely it will give you a sore throat, if you eat alt the holly."—" O," he said, "I know all about that. It's like snap-dragon, may hurt a bit, but it's all entable. There's a great pond of snap-dragon just outside that town on the green where the turkeys are. But wait a bit; we haven't got there yet. After Tem comes lists and bate and bates are bates are bates are bates and bates are bates a

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crossbows, breastplates, swords, pistols, cakes and oranges in bags, theatres, shuttlecocks and trumpets hanging from the branches; whatever I whistle at will tumble down into my hands, and there will be flocks of kites wheeling about in the air like crows, with their strings hanging down so that any one may catch them. That grove leads to the town, which is walled round with plum pudding and has no gates; every one makes a breach through with his teeth, and enters at it. As soon as we get in all the bells will ring, and all the chimneys will pour out volumes of smoke like silver to look at, beautifully scented; and the silver smoke will run together into silver bells that shall be tinkling up above us everywhere, and sound as if they were singing Christmas carols. Almost everybody will be indoors, and every house will be full of coloured windows, beautifully lighted; and we shall see all the walls shake with the laughing and dancing that goes on inside. Then we shall meet a big man in a pea coat with silver beils dancing about his head like guats, and with one side of his hat and coat pasted with sugar; he will laugh and take me up upon his shoulder and be my horse, for that's papa. And laughing and put custardy arms round my neck; that will be sister Lou. Then there prancing on hobby-horses; and there will be a whole week in the town, and nobody will be cross, and there will be blindman's buff played all day long in the streets, and the pond on the green will be ablaze, and that's where I shall go and dance with Lou every day after dinner, for we both of us like snapdragon."

"You are a wild little boy," I said, "and those are childish dreams that you have had." "Indeed," said my old woman, "quite ridiculous; but certainly these Christmas towns are very wonderful."

"Of course they are," said the boy, "and

beautiful."

Tes, always beautiful—to you with home faces, frolic, and good cheer-in other ways to others-in some way to all," exclaimed the old lady. "It was at a Christmas town, a long way back, that grandfather first came

"And the year before that happened." said the old woman, "I walked into a Christ, mas city at the end of a long stage, very tired, and quite alone. A very strange thing.

"Tell us all about it, grandmother,"

shouted the boy.

"That was the saddest town of the kind I had seen; though, to be sure, I had not seen so many as twenty."

"Oh! but you know," said Master Walter, "that was a good deal. I only properly remember six. Come now! I'm not so very

young. "Well, venerable child, I thought that city a dreary one; there was a fog about it: nobody came near me whom I knew, and I was afraid at first to go in alone to any of the inns. I could just see the light from the great cathedral window shining through the mist, as I went by, and I heard a Christmas

anthem being played upon the organ. So I

went and sat down in the church."

"I know," cried the boy, triumphantly.
"You went to sleep. I should myself."

"I listened to the music, and joined in the prayers; but when they were over, and I looked up, waiting for the sermon, then a little girl will run from round a corner I was blinded by the light, and turning to us and tumble over a great stone of sugar aside, also because I felt that somebody's candy into a puddle of custard, and get up hand was upon mine, I saw that it was my mother who was touching me, and that ske and my father sat by me just as they will come down the High Street a procession had done in the old pew at home, with a of all our uncles, aunts, and little consins little brother on the other side asleep, just as he ured to go to sleep, with his head always a great deal of fun with them, and I shall get against my arm. I had thought them all up behind Uncle Stephen and pick tops, and dead; but there they were, just as they used string, and nails, and little bradawls and to be, simply their own dear selves, not lookparliament cake out of his pocket as we are ing at all like ghosts or angels, only happy. all taken in procession to the principal inn. There were many faces of old friends, too, in There we shall go into a room with walls of the church, and everything I saw made me holly and a roof of misletoc, and a great feel happier and happier. We went out of steam of roast beef in the air. We shall stay church together, my father and mother church together, my father and mother walking that before me, and little Harry trotting by my side, holding my hand, not as if we had all suddenly met, but as if we had gone to church in company, and were quietly returning to our Christmas dinner. And we really did go home. How it came to be in that town I cannot tell; but back down that High-street, Christmas Town, we went, to the old cottage in Devonshire, and talked there as we used to talk, but with less laughter and more happiness. After dinner Harry fetched in somebody out of the cold : that was your grandfather, and my father and mother looked at him; and my father said, 'He is a good man, Kitty,' and my mother came and kissed me on the lips. I had not seen grandfather a dozen times before. Then I lay down my head upon the table and cried for joy; and when I and kissed me."

"Of course," said Walter, "under the misdusty room, with only a name of the course, and walter, "under the misdusty room, with only a name of the course, and walter, "under the misdusty room, with only a name of the course, and the course of the course, and the course of the course, and the course of the c looked up 1 was in a very dull and

dined with friends, and at the very same time after dinner that my father had said he was a good man and my mother had kissed me, I happening to be on the stars, grandfather came and kissed me without any misletoe and spoke to me, and asked whether I would marry him. Upon the stairs! I was obliged to answer quickly, and said at once to him,

"Yes; because you are a good man, Stephen."
"Well, "said Walter, "that's a tolerable story. I should have liked your father and mother better, granny, if they had been ghosts. But there are the old Christmas towers coming closer and closer. If my dream isn't to come true I wonder what we really shall find under their shadow.

"At least," I said, "an inn of rest, and the society of fellow-travellers." "Besides plenty of fun," said Walter; "and I see Tom at the stile, waiting to go in with us. That's the beginning of my dream. We shall soon get under the Christmas trees and hear the chiming."

MR. WISEMAN IN PRINT.

Mr. WISEMAN is one of those inestimable personages who have a "vigw." As the world cannot go on, nor society be governed, but by means of somebody's "views," surely such men as Mr. Wiseman are the would's benefactors — furnishing views without fee or reward—asking nothing, in short, but appreciation. Mr. Wiseman, however, has found the world ungrateful. It gives him no appreciation: neither is it possible that it should; for it has thus far given him no hearing. Mr. Wiseman thinks he can prove to demonstration that, if only society could be brought to attend to this "view" of his for one single hour, all minds must necessarily embrace it, and the total regeneration of society would follow of course. Mr. Wiseman modestly declines to say how soon this would occur how long precisely it would take to annihilate the very last and most tenacious of social evils; but, a few months more or less are of no great destiny of mankind; and he honoured her consequence in comparison with the centuries of human woe that lie behind us; and he, for one, will have patience with some slight and fifty-one. postponements of social perfection when once his view is universally admitted.

He thought himself fairly on the way to success when, twenty-five years ago, a letter explanatory of his "view," and signed with his name at full length, appeared in a local newspaper in Cornwall; but the world was not so struck with it as he expected, and it took no effect. This he ascribed at the time to the very small print in which the letter appeared, and to the editor not having in any way directed particular attention to it.

Hè was sure the Americans would be less torpid, and he made sail for New York, to see what could be done there. He found, indeed,

but there were two difficulties which destroyed his hopes in that hemisphere most of the Americans were too busy to sit down quietly for the one hour which was necessary for making disciples of them; and again, the few who were willing to under-take the regeneration of society had, every one of them (it is a curious circumstance, but each man's view was wholly incompatible with every other. Nearer home Mr. Wiseman's disappointments were no less signal. In Italy, he found there was no press or free speech. In Spain, nobody had any social ideas at all. In Germany, there seemed a flattering prospect of success; but his disciples rose into such ecstasies of delight at their own prodigious amplifications of his view, that he trembled lest his solid scheme should go off in vapour, and disperse in thin air; which it presently did. In Holland his failure was clearly owing to his inability to express himself fluently in Dutch; for he could, on his side, make nothing of the objections proposed by solid friends at Amsterdam. He ventured into Russia, conceiving that, whenever Russia should become mistress of Europe his view would pervade Europe, if only he could get it established in Russia. first; but, after the very first opening of his mouth to empty his heart, he was glad to take a certain little hint from a certain official personage, and to quit European Russia by the western frontier instead of the northeastern. France was the great land of promise after America, and he went to Paris. He had nearly concluded a negotiation (I may be excused from saying of what nature, for the sake of certain citizens who might be endangered by further disclosure), when the coup d'état occurred ; bringing forward very prominently another social view, not entirely reconcileable with Mr. Wiseman's. 'He decided that, on the whole, it build be best to give another chance to dear Old England-a chance of distinguishing herself by taking the first great step in the regeneration of the shores by setting foot on them (at Folkstone) on the tenth of February, eighteen hundred

I shall be silent on what has occurred since, up to this very week. Posterity will know, Mr. Wiseman says, by a fitting record, the labours, sacrifices, and sufferings through which its benefactor has passed in its service; and to posterity I will leave his culogium, for which I am sure he will show abundant cause. I proceed at once to the eventful Monday evening which disclosed to the great man's vigilant eye a bright and glorious prospect. He told me in my car, as we came away together from that evening party, that Monday would henceforth be the day of the week to him.

Mr. Wiseman was standing in his usual that the Americans were anything but torpid; dignified isolation—now lost in reverie, and

gandism-when he was impressed and deeply moved by the aspect of one head in the crowd in which he discerned tokens of all the qualities that do honour to human nature: and his emotion was increased when he was informed that this was the very head which edited a morning newspaper. To obtain an introduction was the work of a moment; and it was necessary that we should be quick, as the hour had arrived for the editor to vanish to his duties. I shall ever bear tesand to the suavity of his manner. When he heard that Mr. Wiseman was a gentleman who had a "view," he did not change countenance; and, when informed that Mr. Wiseman's wish was to communicate that view, he at once invited that gentleman to send him a calling him by one which, though much less outside of the printing-office wall, into the deserving of celebrity, was better known in room where the types are composed. Through editorial circles. The mistake, however, was this tube the editor uttered his order that no fault of Mr. Wiseman's. What it behoved Mr. Wiseman's article should be printed as him to do he did. He instantly returned soon as possible: and immediately a boy aphome, had his lamp replenished, and spent the night in preparing that lucubration which he felt to be the most important emanation of his life.

As I was posting the packet in the morning, having left Mr. Wiseman to enjoy a few hours of sleep, brightened by dreams of hope, it struck me that it would be highly agreeable to him to see his "leader" in process of preparation for the public eye; and, by diligence and some importunity, I obtained from an acquaintance a promise that he would accompany me at night to the office of the paper in question, that I might see that important institution in full operation. So, Mr. Wiseman and I presented ourselves at the office-door at ten o'clock that evening.

eager glances descried the very manuscript live in the morning, to receive early dispatches on the editor's own desk, close by his elbow. We had before agreed that, in the pressure of such critical business, it was no time to engage the editor in the discussion of any view, even Mr. Wiseman's. We had agreed to preserve a respectful silence; and to do another sleep. I own I should not much like that now was easy, for the article was not to have such an act of judgment to go through only there, but the editor's imprimatur on first waking as to decide whether any was discernable in the corner. I saw the thrill which pervaded Mr. Wiseman's frame as these initials met his view. From that monant his cares were at rest, and mine for him; and we could devote ourselves to the spectacle before us with free minds, at full leisure for observation, and in that happy mood which is the natural result of success after long protracted effort.

As the editor did not refer to the "leader,"

now contemplating the surrounding coun- we did not. He courteously pointed out to senances in the speculative mood of propa- us the peculiarities of his position, among documents gathered, as it were, from all parts of the world. At his right were several piles of manuscript: and he was in the act of reading one when we entered. At his left was a great heap of unopened letters, showing a diversity of post-marks. There were letters aspiring to publication; sheets full of tabular statements, which had to be sent elsewhere for arrangement and condensation; reports of markets and of companies, operatickets, and much besides. Next to these lay timony, happen what may, to the good nature a pile of proof-sheets-leaders kept waiting of that gentleman's countenance and voice, for a suitable opportunity, like shotted guns, to be discharged when there was a mark to be hit. I had a momentary apprehension that Mr. Wiseman's might be thus delayed; but I need not have feared. There were four mouth-pieces at the editor's right hand, belonging to tubes which communicated leader or two; which, if consonant with the with different parts of the establishment. principles of his paper, might be of public One, we were told, was carried under the floor benefit. I discovered, when too late, that the of the room we stood in, and down to the editor had mistaken Mr. Wiseman's name; ground, and out into the street, and up the peared, and the file that was handed to him was that which contained Mr. Wiseman's leater. It was a proud moment for Mr. Wiseman. Having glanced at the row of new books waiting on the editor's desk to be reviewed, and all shining in green, red, blue and gilding; and having noted that there were among them some French, some Italian, several American, and a few German works, we took our leave of the editor. Another gentleman engaged at another desk in the same apartment, had the courtesy to accompanyous into the next room, and to give us some interesting information. He told us of the artingements for having some one always on the spot, to receive telegraphic messages, and all kinds of sudden communications. When we entered the editor's room our A gentleman sleeps there, who is roused at -there being just time to insert any remarkable news before the final printing off for the morning mails. If there is anything worthy of insertion, he must rise and prepare it for press; if not, he may turn round and have rumour of war or political change be wild or substantial, silly or serious-the credit of the paper and one's own continuance in office hanging on the wisdom of the conclusion. Such is this functionary's duty, however. In the after part of the day, his business is to select and arrange the matter for the evensing issue of the same paper under another name.

In the next room, which is well lighted-

and ventilated, we found two gentlemen comfortably established at a table under a dainp; snother table containing a pleasantlooking tea-service. One was writing a notice of a concert-musical criticism being his department. The other was busy compiling and abridging law reports; and in the next apartment was an editor surrounded by provincial newspapers, from which he was compiling country news. No great deal is gathered in this way, as everything of importance, or worthy of any particular notice at all, is specially sent to the office from the different towns whence the local journals are sent.

Leaving these gentlemen to their quiet inbours, we mounted a long flight of stairs leading to that very interesting apartment, the reporters' room. It was quiet enough, compared with what it is during the parliamentary session. Then, there is a perpetual rush during any important night of debate. Cabs are dashing backward and forward between the House and the office, the whole night. The first reporter, who has plenty of time before him, sits for threequarters of an hour taking notes. notes occupy three or four hours to write out; the next in succession sit half an hour; and the later ones twenty minutes - they having less time for writing out the speeches. Each must be punctually on the spot to relieve his predecessor, and must afford precise notice to him who is to follow. Arrived in the room, they sit at the desks which extend round three sides of the apartment, and begin to copy from their short-hand on slips of paper, each of which is headed by the writer's name, and numbered, thus, for instance:—"Smith follows Jones. 1." The next slip is headed "Smith, 2;" the next, "Smith, 3," and so on. At the foot of the last is written the name of the reporter who is to follow; as, for instance, "Brown;" and he heads his first slip with "Brown follows Smith. 1." which are delivered last in a long debate. If | the paper has to be printed to be dispatched by the morning trains before five o'clock,! what can be done with the speeches that are which happens pretty often. They are, to say the truth, most marvellously condensed -those latest speeches. For a master in the art of condensation, commend me to a nowspaper reporter at four in the morning. What a scene that room must be at such an hour, with its hot atmosphere where the gas has been burning all night, and the haggard faces, and the scrawled papers! As we saw it, it was pleasant enough-airy and spacious, with only two reporters at workone returned from a great dinner and now copying out the speeches; the other from a public meeting he had been attending in the longer. country, whence he had just arrived by the express train.

In another room were persons employed in matters of various detail; one putting the numbers to the share list of the day, another arranging the law notices for the next day, and a third dealing with "flimsy." Flimsy'is the thin paper used in the manifold writer, and employed by penny-a-liners, who communicate their facts to various papers, and save labour and time by writing all their copies at once.

By this time we began to be rather awestruck with the sense of the quantity of wit, energy, and toil on the part of many, to supply the matter of one day's newspaper. We had seen many gentlemen, and heard of many more, diligently busy in intellectual labour, which we knew to be continued for six nights per week throughout the year, with the exception of the short autumn holiday allowed to each. We knew that every night, except Saturday, they were to be found here thus employed till very late into the night, and the editors until from three to four in the morning: and we were deeply impressed.

To us the aspect of the composing-room was even more striking; for we could trace the progress of Mr. Wiseman's leader. we met it, cut up into no less than thirteen pieces, and distributed among as many compositors. Bringing their little contributions of type to the "galley," or long tray in which it was collected, they joined their respective morsels together, numbering each with chalk on the margin as it was deposited. Mr. Wiseman was evidently congratulating them in his mind on the honour of having a hand in publishing his great "view." There were above half-a-hundred compositors; and the only cause of concern was that so few could share that honour. One was composing the list of births, marriages, and deaths; another a report of a trial, and so on that our attention was engrossed by the larger type in which leaders are printed. When the whole of Mr. Wiseman's precious document was The wonder is what is done with the speeches set, two or three slips were "pulled off;" one for the "reader," of course, and one, at my respectful request, for Mr. Wiseman, who buckled it into his pocket-book with a coun-tenance expressive of intense satisfaction. not concluded at three or four !-- a thing | He had now seen his leader in print, and was happy. He was at liberty to admire the ingenuity of one of the compositors, to whom belongs the honour and glory of having achieved the perfect ventilation of the composing-room when many doctors in the art had failed. With fifty or sixty men in it, and gaslights in profusion, the air was fresh and cool as need be; and the healthful and cheerful appearance of the compositors was very striking. Nearly all of them have been employed many years at this office; and there was nothing in their aspect to occasion a doubt of their remaining for as many years

Next, we visited the "readers" - three pairs in as many rooms; one of each pair

other corrected the press. I had seen a boy carefully collect the pieces of Mr. Wiseman's manuscript in the composing-room, and put them into a basket hung in a corner. We now found them again in the hands of a reader. I saw that the monotonous loud tone of the reader jarred somewhat upon the nerves of Mr. Wiseman, who would doubtless have enjoyed a style of elocution susceptible of more emphasis, sympathy, and perhaps pathos: but he could now afford to let this pass, and even to make allowances on account of this kind of work being certainly as onerous as any that was going forward on the premises. Not only is the work far from being merely mechanical; but, as the hero of the night observed, much of it must be frivolous, and in every way uninteresting; as, for instance, the report of a cause about a patent, upon which the second pair of readers were en-

One remarkable apartment remained to be visited—a large room, in which the advertisements are ranged in type; those which are ordered for insertion so many times a week for a year, being deposited in long lines across the whole width of the room. One advertiser, we were told, pays to this office alone eight shillings and sixpence a day for every week day of the year. Here we saw the standing title of the paper engraved on brass; and this was, as far as I remember, the last peculiarity of the establishment. We looked into the boiler-room under the engine, and saw the engine and printing presses; but there was nothing very peculiar about them, and they were not at work. The first batch of newspapers must be ready, as I said, for the morning trains, at a quarter before five; and another for the mails at seven, after an interval which germits the insertion of any fresh news. The types then stand till the afternoon; the evening version of the paper this I retained to my friend. being printed soff at three, and the whole

type broken up at five.

When we were about to leave the establishment, and were once more admiring the fresh and cheerful appearance of the corps, it suddenly occurred to us, that though we now, at midnight, too sensibly felt that the end of our day was come, that of the compositors was only half over. They did not rise till four in the afternoon. When their work was done, those who live in the suburbs (which several of them do) would not reach home till eight, when they would go straight to bed for seven or eight hours sleep; thus hardly ever seeing dayin undwinter. Mr. Wiseman's great knew something about vigils for the benefit the Mormons. In case of failure thereof mankind; and now, he might go home, which is however not rationally to be antiof mankind; and now, he might go home, and taste the sleep of the successful benefactor of mankind.

and I am glad he did, as it enabled him the against the indulgence of a too sanguine

reading aloud from the manuscript, while the better to sustain the shock of the next meri ing. I was with him when the newspaper was brought in, and I caught his smile of triumph when his first glance assured him that his leader was there. But the second glance! To my latest day, I shall never lose the impression of that moment. Mr. Wiseman's statement of some social evils was preserved; that is, in a manner, with some omissions and changes of phrase: but the main part-all that contained Mr. Wiseman's "view"-was cut out! Not one syllable was left that could convey the slightest idea of the real object of the article. In fact, the remnant-for it was a mere remnant-occupied little more than half a column!

As soon as I had satisfied myself that Mr. Wiseman could sustain the shock, and might be left alone with his heroism, I snatched my hat and repaired to the editor's residence. He was not up; and his wife was evidently anusyed at the vehemence of my knock and pull at the bell. There was no use in waiting, as he would not rise for two or three hours. Late in the afternoon, I caught him at one of the clubs. His explanation was given with all-courtesy; but it was inexpressibly vexatious. I have already mentioned a mistake in the name, when his introduction to Mr. Wiseman took place. It appears, that supposing the leader to be written by the gentleman for whom he had mistaken Mr. Wiseman in the first instance, he had sent it to the composing room before reading it. The "view" was one which, he said, could not be reconciled with the principles of his journal: yet he had virtually promised its admission. There was therefore but one thing for him to do; to use the part which was, as he expressed it, "harmless," and to omit the rest. One thing more he did. He referred me to the cashier of the journal for a cheque to the amount usually paid for a leader; and with

I found him deriving, as usual, consolation from his own indomitable energies. He was stooping over some maps, exploring the route to the Great Salt Lake. He is so persuaded that, of all existing societies, the Mormons are the most likely to appreciate his "view," that he has nearly made up his mind to goamong them and ascertain the real amount of their intelligence. The only doubt indeed is (as he assured me, after contemptuously flinging the cheque into the fire) whether to make trial first of the Mormons, or of the new Chinese Christians. The reformation now going forward in China appears to afford a fine opening. My advice on the whole however is-as Mr. Wiseman does me the Fork had been done the night before. He honour to desire my opinion—to begin with cipated-the route to China by California will ctor of mankind.

So we believed; and such sleep he enjoyed; itself, perhaps—But I am apt to preach lested.

disposition; and I will not—nor shall Mr. Wiseman if I can help it—look beyond the Great Salt Lake till we are in its shores.

PROTÉGÉS OF THE CZAR.

THE world is sometimes astonished at the number of books produced for its instruction and amusement. It would be much more astonished, if it knew of the vast number more that are hanging perpetually over its head, in the state of project or of manuscript, waiting only for encouragement or opportunity to come forth. Every political event produces or brings to light a whole body of literature. We have just laid hands on a formidable manuscript-the result of great research and personal experience on the history, geography, and manners of the present seat of war, Bulgaria-which adds considerably to the current information on that part of the world.

We have already described the country that lies between Routchuk and Schumla, and mentioned the ordinary calculations made as to the population of the country. present authority considerably reduces the number of the inhabitants of Bulgaria Proper, making them to be no more than two millions; but adds, that the Bulgarian family has pushed vast colonies into Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus; which accounts for the common statement—which still seems exaggerated-that they number four millions and a half. About one-third of the population of Bulgaria professes Islamism. The Turks are generally collected in cities and villages occupying important positions; but the other Mos-lems are disseminated all through the country. They include a colony of Arabs taken prisoners in eighteen hundred and thirty-two, during the war between the Saltar Mahmoud and the Pacha of Egypt, who are settled in the districts of Babadag and Kastengi, and furnished with everything that was necessary to carry on the agricultural operations to which they had been accustomed. This little establishment has prospered well, and the traveller is pleased, as he proceeds along the valley of Dobritza, with the sight of a large village composed of houses nicely built, and called by the people of the neighbourhood Arapkivi, or the Village of the Arabs. On the banks of the Danube, towards Silistria, there is a very small colony of Tartar Cossacks, who occupy themselves almost exclusively in fishing; but it is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the whole province of Dobritza is inhabited by these wild people. Over its plains and valleys wander, among others, three thousand shepherds, who have come from Transylvania attracted by the richness of the pasturages, and are known under the name of Mokans. They enjoy the right of feeding their flocks without interference, in virtue of a special convention entered into between Turkey and Austria. The latter power protects them, on condition that they shall not only submit to the jurisdiction and surveillance of its consuls, but shall sell all the wool of their flocks to Austrian traders. Every individual, moreover, is obliged to pay annually to the consuls tax of four florins for his written permission to remain. This is a curious instance of the state of things which exists in various forms throughout Turkey; where there are a multitude of tribes and families enjoying a semi-independence, or forming, as it were, adjuncts to distant countries.

In the same district of Dobritza is found a small colony of Greek shepherds from Phocis. who came there formerly, like the Mokans, attracted by the excellence of the pasturages. For a long time this colony was diminished and renewed in a curious manner. Young boys used to beg their way across the whole of European Turkey; and, on arriving, took service with some relation who had already acquired a considerable flock. In three or four years they became possessed of a few sheep, bought with their savings, and then rapidly increased their fortunes; until, giving place to new arrivals, they could return home comparatively rich. Many, however, marry in the country, and those that were there when the Greek revolution broke out became subjects of the Porte and were never mo-

In the most populous and trading towns of Bulgaria, several thousands of Armenians have taken up their abode, but few Jews have thought it worth while to establish themselves in the country; and, most of those who are there, follow the trade of timmen. A good many Zigans or Gypsics wander from village to village doing blacksmith's work. They have probably escaped from Wallachia, where their fellows are kept in the state of degrading bondage we have already described in a former article.

Two-thirds of the population of Bulgaria are, however, Christians belonging to the Greek Church. It is a singular mistake to count them as members of the Sclavonic family. It is true that they speak a Sclavonic dialect; but they are a tribe of Tartar origin who were converted to Christianity long after their arrival in the country they now occupy. It is not well known at what period the Tartar language went completely out of use, nor how it happened that a Sclavonic dialect took its place. It is certain, however, that the conversion of the Bulgarians took place before the schism of Phocias, and that they separated from the Catholic Church at the same time with all the other Orientals.

We have already remarked that there are comparatively few well-peopled fities in the country. The Bulgarians prefer living in the little villages which are spread through the vast plains and valleys that descend, as it were, by a continual slope from the Balkan range to the Danube. They are a robust

sind fine looking people; their manners are included in the luxury of red moreoco, and simple; and hospitality is one of their add embroideries of white silk or shells virtues. Amongst them the religious feeling arranged in quant figures. simple; and hospitality is one of their virtues. Amongst them the religious feeling is strongly developed, and sometimes allied to extreme superstition. In the villages, where no churches are found, the Bulgarian thinks he has fulfilled his religious duties on Sunday and on other solemn days of the year, if he burns before the images of the saintsamongst which must always be that of the Virgin and child—as many little tapers as there are members in his family. These tapers are made by the women from the yellow wax which they possess in abundance; for every house has its bee-hive. The images of the saints are suspended, as in Russia, in some conspicuous place within the house, so that they may be seen immediately by those who enter. A pious person always takes off his cap and makes the sign of the cross before saluting the master of the house. These simple practices are followed with so much good faith, that they have a great effect in softening the manners and character of the people; who, accordingly, in their relations both with one another and with strangers, are mild and inoffensive, and recall in nowise the warlike appearance and habits of their ancestors.

peasants have a national dress. It consists richness of a young girl's dowry is known by of a pair of trowsers, somewhat European in the quantity and quality of the ornaments of aspect, without folds, and of a kind of waist-her boddice, and the value of the uccklaces coat puckered about the waist by a red or which the most fortunate war. All Bulgawhite sash, over which is a round jacket rian women—rich or poor, old or young, without a collar; the whole made of a coarse whity-brown cloth, of home manufacture, and whick the most fortunate war. All Bulgawhite sash, over which is a round jacket rian women—rich or poor, old or young, married or widows—think it absolutely whity-brown cloth, of home manufacture, of gold, of silver, or of blue glass, according little properly wear a bright state of gold, of silver, or of blue glass, according to the control of the contr little more elegant wear a kind of jacket to their fortune. If they were to be deprived with sleeves slit up to the shoulder, and of this they would consider themselves most adorned with embroidery. When the rains of winter come on, the inhabitant of the plain has a good hooded cloak to put on, the mountainers wear a capote made of Burgas, lies the village of Coporani, where we observed in the plain has a good hooded cloak to put on, authority, them the little maritime town of the mountainers wear a capote made of Burgas, lies the village of Coporani, where we observed in the plain has a good hooded. sheepskin. Add to this, a close woollen cap, first saw the costume above described worn brown or black, round which a white hand-kerchief is sometimes wound so as to form, as it were, a half turban, and mittens made of thick leather, brown or variegated socks, and last week of Lent. We had put up in the sandals (something in the form of a boat) house of one of the magnates of the place, and fastened on the foot by thirty or forty thongs; were preparing to rest after the fatigues of and we have a complete idea of the kind of the journey, although there remained yet two folks who may now be seen bringing provisions hours of daylight. Suddenly we heard in the to the Turkish army, through the raise that distance a song chanted by feminine voices, are lashing the great steppes of Bulgaria.

right of carrying arms, except when on a journey. On such occasions his appearance is more

In the neighbourhood of the city of Sophia, the traveller is surprised at meeting figures that remind him of the knights of the middle ages. Over a long tunic with sleeves in white cloth is thrown a kind of coat, also white, open in front and slit on each side, without sleeves. The trowsers are white, and kept in place by a red sash bound round the tunic. Over the whole is thrown a great white cloak, bordered with red cord; and on the head is worn either a small white turban, or a sheepskin cap with its white wool. Pedestrians cover their feet with the usual sandal, but horsemen wear quaint-looking boots. It would be difficult to exaggerate the

picturesque effect of this costume, when seen for the first time in sunny weather.

The Bulgarian women, especially when unmarried, are gracefully and sometimes richly dressed. They wear a short petticoat of red cloth, bordered by black velvet bands, and a boddice made of stuffs of various colours, adorned in front with pieces of money-gold or silver-Turkish or foreign, arranged with great taste. At a distance they seem to be defended by a bright cuirass. In the towns the Bulgarians have adopted They arrange their hair in pretty plaits, over the Greek or Servian costumes; but the which they throw a white veil, or coit. The

which every now and then increased in power The Bulgarian has long since lost the to repeat the chorus. We asked our waggoner to explain what these sounds meant; and he told us that the young maidens of the picturesque than ever; for he binds round willage were going from house to house, single-wais, a huge leathern band with three ing the Resurrection of St. Lazarus, and cele-breats, in the holes of which he carries a pair on the morrow, or Palm Sunday. Presently thouse we will be the contracted of the little and the contracted of the little in the westless that the contracted of the little in the westless that the contracted of the little in the lit thously exhibited in fine weather, but carefully there appeared, at the entrance of the little covered when it rains by a kind of apron of court of our house, a bevy of young girls leather thereunto provided. In general these dressed out in their most elegant costumes, bands are black or trown, but some people and singing, as they stood in a modest attitude,

their song, the chorus of which, often repeated, was—"Jelo, Jelo, Jelo!" Then women. However, we shall long remember went out to them the daughter of our host, dressed as if for her bridal; and the whole group began to dance, still continuing their chant. Presently the leader of the band came forward, and threw upon our right shoulder a napkin of fine linen, embroidered at the edge with red cotton, and immediately returned to her companions. Our waggoner now informed us that we were bound, in return for the compliment paid us by this group of young and pretty girls, and to show to them our sense of their felicitations for the day of St. Lazarus, to give a present of money; but the custom of the country was not to place it in the hands of the leader, nor to throw it disrespectfully, but to tie it in the corner of the napkin which was upon our shoulder, and to give it back to the girl when she passed before us. He added, that those who would not, or could not, give presents of money, gave eggs, flour, or beans, according to their means; and that everything was afterwards divided in equal portions between the songstresses. We now saw two little boys standing behind the group of pretty beggars, each bearing a large basket, full of eggs, walnuts, and other provisions. Each, moreover, had upon his shoulders a sack of flour.

This is not the only opportunity which the young Bulgarian girls have of amusing themselves, and of procuring presents at the same They perform the same ceremony at Christmas, or New Year's day, and on Twelfth day. The custom, under different forms, is general through the East, in Greece, and in the lonian Islands. In the latter countries, however, there is no dancing; and it is the boys who, in groups of four or five, go from house to house, repeating the song of the festival; partly to amuse themselves, partly to obtain money. We may add, that a similar practice is mentioned by classical authors, and that even the words chanted on the occasion have been preserved under the name of the "Song of the Swallow,"

The dance performed on this occasion at Coporani is general throughout Bulgaria, and is called Kolo. Our waggoner informed us that the chorus so often repeated meant, "Come hither, come hither, good girl." The Kolo is danced both by men and women on various occasions. When complete, both sexes join and form a circle, holding hands and moving round with the monotonous stamp common to the commencement of the war-dances of most tribes much further removed from civilization than the Bulgarians; or the Greeks, the Zigans, and the Albanians, the song by jests and merry sayings.

LOCKED OUT.

Preston-situated upon the banks of the Ribble, some fifteen miles from the mouth of that river—is a good, honest, work-a-day looking town, built upon a magnificent site, surrounded by beautiful country; and, for a manufacturing town, wears a very handsome and creditable face. Preston concentrates within itself all the factories of the district; so that, with one or two insignificant exceptions, it may be said that there are no factories within many miles of Preston not within the town itself. This seems an unimportant fact at first, but it exercises a powerful influence over the state of the labour market. The feeling of isolation is so strong in the town, that people from a short distance are spoken of as "foreigners."

As we glide into the station-yard, our first exclamation is, "What a dirty place!" Well. it is a dirly place that station-yard of Preston, and it doesn't do justice to the town. How her Majesty contrives to eat her luncheon within its precincts, when she passes through from her Highland home, we cannot imagine. The only pleasant sight within its boundaries, is the fresh face and golden ringlets of the little newsvendor, known to every traveller in this part of the kingdom, whose loyal practice it is, upon the occasions of Queen Victoria's passages through the town, to present her Majesty with copies of the morning

papers on a silver salver. We pass out of the station, astonished to perceive that the atmosphere, instead of being thick and smoky, is as clear here as the air upon Hampstead Heath. An intelligent Prestonian explains that now, there are fifty tall chimneys cold and smokeless, and that ought to make a difference. Forty-one firms have "locked out" their hands, and twentyone thousand workpeople are obliged to be at play. Preston in full work is, we learn, different from many other manufacturing towns. It is surrounded by agriculture - a smoky island in the middle of an expansive cornfield. The consequence is, that it enjoys a great supply of labour, and has less competi-

tion than at other places. By this time we find ourselves on a level plain of marshy ground, upon the banks of the Ribble, and below the town of Preston. This is called THE MARSH, and it is at once the Agora and the Academe of the place. Here, or the Creeks, the Zigans, and the Albanians, if report speaks truly, do the industrial who habitually perform the same dance. In Chloes of Preston listen to the american many places it is the custom to interrupt pleadings of their swains; here modern Ar-The achnes (far excelling Minerva in their spin-Bulgarian women—who are stout and short, ning, whatever may be said of their wisbut very pretty and jovial-looking—give life dom), cast skilful webs about the hearts of and animation to the dance more by their their devoted admirers; here, too, do the smiles than by their activity; for they are mob-orators appear in times of trouble and

contention, to excite, with their highly spiced eloquence, the thoughtless crowd; over whom they exercise such pernicious sway. When we arrive, the place is covered with an immense multitude of children at play.

Children, indeed: the extreme youth of the majority is remarkable. Mere lads in barragon jackets, and lasses considerably under twenty, pattering about in their neat little clogs (a distinguishing mark of the factory lass), form an overpowering proportion of the operative population. At least two-thirds of the hands employed upon a factory are under age; the parents either stay at home and mind the house, while their sons and daughters are working; or perhaps the mother takes in washing, whilst the father follows some handicraft trade out of doors. To marry a widow with five or six grown-up daughters, instead of being regarded as a misfortune, is here looked upon as a slice of good luck; whilst, on the better side of the picture, it is no uncommon thing to ask a young girl what her father is doing, and to receive for reply :-"Oh! he joost stops at home. There's foive on us to keep un atween us." This strange revolution in the natural order of things has been effected by the mighty power of steam. It has its bright side, but it also has its dark side. When you enter one of these vast workshops, you see a world of complex machinery alive and busy; every wheel illustrating the dominion of the human intellect; yet it is a mournful subject of reflection, but it is nevertheless an undoubted fact, that nine-tenths of wondrous creature, are so ignorant they can-not read and write, while more than one-half are destitute of either accomplishment. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find an overlooker, a man in authority, and exercising proportionate influence over his fellow workmen, who can neither read a newspaper, nor do that, and he'll soon show them how glad sign his own name. The Sunday schools he'll be to give over agitating. It's not such teach some of them to read, but writing is not looked upon as a Christian accomplishment, and the "unco' righteous" set their faces against writing on Sunday. To appreciate the fearful significance of this fact, we must recollect the preponderating influence necessarily possessed by those who can read and write, and when we come to reflect upon the way in which authority works upon an uncultivated mind, we shall not wonder at the testimony of one of the clearest-headed masters in Preston, when he says that he has invariably found that the cleverest workman (that is to say, clever in every respect, his work, his reading, and his writing) is always the greatest agitator. Comparative ability and shrewdness on the one side, ignorance,

Play is going on upon the Marsh with a vengeance; "kiss in the ring" is being

youth, and ambition on the other: what must

not be the inevitable result?

are few symptoms of care and contention here, and for all we can see the lads and lasses might have turned out for an hour's recreation, only to return with a sharpened appetite for labour. On one part of the marsh an old punt has stranded, and its deck forms a convenient rostrum for the hypæthral or open-air orators of Preston. A meeting is about to take place, over which John Gruntle is to preside, and at which Cowler, Swindle, and O'Brigger are expected to address the people. Presently, a small knot of persons get upon the deck of the punt, the crowd thickens round them, "kiss in the ring" is suspended, the foot-ball is at rest, a few reporters make their appearance upon the punt, note-books in hand; Gruntle is voted into the chair, and one of those meetings which thirty years ago would have been a criminal

offence is formally opened. Gruntle is not very prolix—he is an old stager, and used to these things. In a few words he states the object of the meeting, and announces to the audience that their friend Cowler will address them. At this name a shout rends the air. Cowler is evidently the choses of the people; rightly or wrongly, they hold him in great regard. His appearance is very much in his favour, for he wears the look of a straightforward honest man; a smile plays round his mouth as he steps forward with the air of a man sure of his audience; But the feverish and anxious expression of the eyes tells of sleepless nights and of constant agitation. "Respected friends," he begins; the human beings tending and controlling the and, in a trice, he has plunged into the middle of the question. He has been accused, he says, of fostering agitation, and gaining advantage from the strike. Why, how can they say that, when his constant cry has been for the masters to open their mills, and give the operatives their just rights? Let them only do that, and he'll soon show them how glad very pleasant work, either, is agitating. For example, he himself hasn't been to bed for these two nights. Last night they got the money that their good friends in the neighbouring towns had sent them; so he sat up to take care of it, for fear some one should come and borrow it from them. (Laughter.) The editor of the London Thunderer had been abusing him. Well! here was a thing! abusing him. Well! here was a thing! Twenty years ago such a thing was never thought of as that a working man should be noticed by a London paper. But the editor had not been very courteous; he had called him "a fool," because he said that it was a shame for the wives of the cotton lords to wear silks and satins, whilst the factory lasses were forced to be contented with plain cotton. Was he a fool for that? ("Non! cotton. Was he a fool for that? ("Noa!" Noa!" Great excitement among the lasses, and exclamations of "Eh! Lord!")

To Cowler succeeds Swindle, a lean and briskly carried on; the sterner sort of lads hungry Cassius, the very example of an agi-are engaged in leap-frog or football. There tator; a man who has lived by literary

some stuff. He seems half tipsy; his eyes roll, and his gesticulations fare vehement. One more glass of whisky and he would be prepared to head an insurrection. He rants and raves for a quarter of an hour, and we are pleased to observe that his audience are too sensible to care much about him.

Then comes O'Brigger, oily-tongued, and with a brogue. He complains that it has been charged against 'um that he is an Irishman. So he is, faith! and he 's moighty proud av it. The manufacturers are all av them However, this toime they will toirants. learrn that the people av England are not to be opprissed; for they will get such a flogging as never they had in the coorse av their lives. He is appy to inforrm his koind friends that their funds are upon the increase intirely. As the pockets av the masters becomes moore and moore empty, so will the pockets av the operatives grow fuller and fuller. O'Brigger continues to pour into the cars of these poor people the delusive strains of hope, and leads them to believe that in the dire struggle between Capital and Hunger, the 1stter will prove victorious; and as he proceeds, each fallacious picture is welcomed with an exclamation of "Wo'out that be noice!"

When O'Brigger has concluded, it is the turn of a crowd of the delegates to have their say. There is the delegate from this town, and the delegate from that factory; all with mar-vellous stories about the tyranny of the masters, the woes of the operatives, and the determination of each particular district to stand by Preston to the last. They all end by fiercely denouncing the manufacturers, whom they term "the miserable shoddyocracy," term derived from "shoddy," the refuse of cotton stuff, and " κρατίω" to govern; being, in fact, the result of uniting the Pindaric and Tim Bobbin dialects.

We walk sadly from "the Marsh," and reach a locked-up and smokeless factory, at the gates of which a knot of young girls are singing and offering for sale some of the Ten Per Cent. Songs, taking their name from the origin of the strike. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, when trade was very bad, the masters told their workpeople that they could no longer afford to pay them the wages they had been paying, and that they must take off ten per cent.; upon the understanding, as the workpeople allege, that when times got better they would give them the ten per cent. back again. Whether such a promise was, or was not, actually given, we cannot presume to determine, for the masters emphatically deny it; but it is quite certain that, at the beginning of the present year, the Stockport operatives combined successfully to force the ten per cent. from their masters, and the Preston operatives aided them with funds. They acted upon Napoleon's principle of combining forces apon single points in succession, and so

garbage, without fattening upon the unwhole- reducing the enemy in detail. Then it was that the Preston masters, fearing that similar tactics would be turned against themselves, combined to oppose the attempt, and eventually "locked out" their operatives. The songs. are not remarkable for much elegance and polish, but they possess some earnestness and fire, and are undoubtedly composed by the operatives themselves. We step forward, tender a penny to one of the singers, and receive the following song, composed by an operative at Bamber Bridge :-

TEN PER CENT!

A New Sony, on the Preston Strike.

Come all you men of freedom, Wherever you may be, I pray you give attention, And listen unto me. It's of this strike in Preston town, Their courage being good, I do believe they will stand firm Whilst they have life and blood. Chorus-So now, my boys, don't daunted be, But stand out to the fray; . We ne'er shall yield, nor quit the field, Until we've won the day.

In eighteen forty-seven, my boys, I am sorry for to sav, They took from us the ten per cent., Without so much delay; And now we want it back again, Our masters, in a pout, Said they would not grant it us, So we're every our locked out. Chorus -So now, &c.

There's Blackburn and there's Stockport, too, As I have heard them say, Are ready to support us now, And cheer us on our way. So all unite into one band, And never do consent To go into your mills again, Without the ten per cent. Chorus-So now. &c.

In Preston town I do believe, The masters are our foes. But some of them, before it's long, Will wear some ragged clothes. But we'll unite both one and all, And never will lament, When this great war is ceased, About the ten per cent. Chorus-So now, &c.

The winter it is coming on, It will be very cold, But we'll stand out for our demand. Like warriors so bold. But if the masters don't give way, And firmly give consent, We'll stand out till their mills do fall. All for the ten per cent. Chorus-So now, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end Of this my simple song, I hope the masters will give in, And that before it's long.

Before the masters' tyranny Shall rule our rights and laws. We'll have another strike, my boys, If ever we have cause. Chorus-So now, &c.

These ballads vary constantly to meet the exigencies of passing events. A disgraceful riot at Blackburn, in which some inoffensive persons were attacked for cotton-spinners, is celebrated by the Prestonian operatives in the following epic strain :-

> The Preston manufacturers. To Blackburn they did go, To the Black Bull in Darwen Street, Their tyranny to show. The gallant troops of Blackburn Full soon did find it out. They sent broken bones to Preston, And the rest run up the spout.

Hurrah! my boys, hurrah! I'u have them be aware, Or the cotton lords of Preston Will be drove into a snare.

The tyrants of proud Preston Have returned home with shainc, Beat out by bold Blackburn, Who have won the laurel's fame. To subdue the foes of Preston, Their minds are firmly bent, To throw off the yoke of bondage, And restore the ten per cent.

Hurrali! my boys, &c.

Tyrtæus wakened not more enthusiasm in the breast of his auditors, than these simple doggrels do among the rude but earnest crowds which throng to hearken to them. In one of the committee rooms, the work of distributing the funds volunteered by the operatives of the neighbouring towns towards the support of their brethren is going on. These funds re-collected by six committees, and are distributed for the relief of a little more than fourteen thousand of the hands. Since the commencement of the strike upwards of twenty-four thousand pounds have been contributed by the poor for the support of the poor. Each committee relieves its own hands. The Power-loom Weavers' Committee cares for the interests of the weavers, the winders, the warpers, the twisters, the dressers, the helpers, and the reachers; the Spinners's and Self-actors' Committee sees to the spinners, the minders, the piecers, and the bobbiners; the card-room hands have their committee, and the throstle spinners, The tape machine sizers, and the power-loom verlookers theirs; each collects and dis-butes its funds without in any way inter-ant, with the others. The proceedings in youth, 1 we peep into are quiet, orderly, and not be tike.

Play we sally out into the dingy streets, vengeauthat the evening is closing in over

solitary famine-stricken faces, too, plead mutely for bread, and even worse expedients are evidently resorted to for the purpose of keeping body and soul together: in Preston, as elsewhere, the facilities for crime are too abundant, and we repeat to ourselves those lines of Coleridge :-

Oh I could weep to think, that there should be Cold-bosomed lewd ones, who endure to place Foul offerings on the shrine of misery, And force from Famine the caress of Love.

Ignorance of the most deplorable kind is at the root of all this sort of strife and demoralizing misery. Every employer of labour should write up over his mill door, that Brains in the Operative's Head is Money inthe Master's Pocket.

MIASMA.

NEAR a cotter's back door, in a murky lane, Beneath steaming dirt and stagnant rain, Miasma lay in a festering drain.

A home of clay, cemented with slime, He artfully built-for he hated lime-'Midst slop, and rot, and want, and crime, He lay securely, biding his time.

Though a voice cried, pointing out his lair, "Ruh, run, for Miasma hes hidden there! It died unheeded away on the air.

Living and breathing the filth among, Miasma's home was secure and strong, And the cotter did nothing; for nothing went wrong.

And his children would play by the poisonous pool, For they liked it much better than going to school.

Then Miasma arose from his recking bed, And around the children his mantle spread-"To save them from harm," Musma said.

But they sighed a last sigh. He had stolen their breath, And had wrapped them in Cholera's cloak of death.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I HAVE always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me any-thing about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith, in fifteen hundred and ninety-three, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by this act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered briskly ore knots of "lads and lasses" idling that "the first-named monarch feared them, are come corners, more bands of singers, and the latter loved them; but he neither

feared nor loved them." The extermination of the Huguenots was a favourite project with Cardinal Richelieu, and it was at his instigation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken-known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured. Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guiton, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered; namely, that they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guiton's rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless, and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint, and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came pleading back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quict shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When twothirds of the inhabitants had perished; when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead; when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living - miscrable, glorious Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic Cardinal, who celebrated mass in the church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship. As we cling to the memory of the dead, so did the Huguenots remember Rochelle. Years—long fears of suffering—gone by, a village sprang up, not twenty miles from New York, and the name of that village was New Rochelle; and the old men told with tears of the sufferings their parents had undergone when they were little children, far away across the sea, in the "pleasant" land of France.

Richelien was otherwise occupied after this second siege of Rochelle, and Sal to put his schemes for the extermination of the Huguenots on one side. So they lived in a kind of trembling uncertain peace during the remainder of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. But they strove to avert persecution by untiring submission. It was not until sixteen hundred and eighty-three that the Huguenots of the south of France resolved to profess their religion, and refuse any longer to be registered among those of the Roman Catho-· lic faith; to be martyrs, rather than apostates or hypocrites. On an appointed Sabbath, the old deserted Huguenot churches were reopened; nay, those in ruins, of which but a few stones remained to tell the tale of having once been holy ground, were peopled with attentive hearers, listening to the word of God as preached by reformed ministers. Languedoc, Cevenues, Dauphiguy, seemed alive with Huguenots—even as the Highlands were, at the chieftain's call, alive with

but a moment before in the harmonious and blending colours of the heather.

Pragonnades took place, and cruelties were perpetrated, which it is as well, for the honour of human nature, should be forgotten. Twenty-four thousand conversions were announced to Le Grand Louis, who fully believed in them. The more far-seeing Madame de Maintenon hinted at her doubts in the famous speech, "Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics.

And then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A multitude of weak reasons were alleged, as is generally the case where there is not one that is really good, or presentable; such as that the Edict was never meant to be perpetual; that by the blessing of Heaven and the dragonnades) the Huguenots had returned to the true faith, therefore the Edict was useless—a mere matter of form, &c. &c.

As a "mere matter of form," some penalties were decreed against the professors of the extinct heresy. Every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the Hôpitaux des Forçats at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal. he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns. These are but a few of the enactments contained in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

And now come in some of the traditions. which I have heard and collected.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeded in emigrating to England, has told me the following par-ticulars of her great-great-grandmother's escape. This lady's father was a Norman farmer, or rather small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre; he had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves, and choose their own line of conduct. But he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with its corn fields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abun-. dance.

The family Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need for much communication with their nearest neighbours, with whom, however, as kindly well-meaning people, they were on good terms, although they differed in their reli-gion. It those days coffee was scarcely armed men, whose tartans had been hidden known, even in large cities; honey supplied

spun by the men of the house on winters' evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying, and beating the bad smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and reserving the needed for the daughter's trousseau; for as soon as a woman child was born, the mother, lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen, out of the flaxen thread of and ran by the horse's side up every hill, gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hand, as pulling him along, and encouraging his flagyou may guess, but that mother's own. And ging speed by every conceivable noise, meant the farm-maidens took pride in the store of to be cheerful, though the tears were fast sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little buby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such farmors, it was no wonder that in the eventful children. He got off his horse, which found year of sixteen hundred and eighty-five, its accustomed way into the stable. He Lefebvre remained ignorant for many days of kissed Magdalen over and over again, the that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his co-religionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provision. Accordingly, the large-boned Norman horse was accounted, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheep-skin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there, was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learnt for the first time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his sons could sacrifice anythingwould be proud of martyrdom if need were -but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent, to the Huguenots' excited prejudices, implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine

Poor Farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death-nay, the salvation or damnation-of

the pace of sugar; and for the potage, the these were to be he could not tell in this the the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm and orchard of the Lefebvres he watched the table-boy at the inn arwas all-sufficient. The woollen cloth was ranging his horses gear without daring to help him-for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him —even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, for ever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old korse; but the road was delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and, at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fromages" of the mallowbeing the self-sufficient habits of the Norman plant, which are such a delight to Norman tears coming down his cheeks like rain. And then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalit wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people, who had called at the Lefebvre farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to be sold in Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake-"

"But we must part from her-from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she-she has never left her home before, never been away from us-who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said,-

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two-or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we cannot follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again-never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but his darling, seemed to him to depend on the straw, and a new mattrass rolled up, and speed with which he could reach his home, peeping out of a sackcloth covering. The and take measures for her safety. What mother blessed her child, with a full conviction

that she should never see her again. father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labour-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold; he took off his warm danuel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding-place at the Quai at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected trousseau; the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father—moaning to himself, "if I am belong after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and himself; but no one knew of his wife; she many other particulars relating to the exiled,

Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole consumegations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots (who, as a people, had distinguished themselves in manufacture and commerce,) when the King's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend :- A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him: and, after vainly using argument to endeavour to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest, with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with tage of the deep gutter which runs in the an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of sup- centre of so many old streets in French towns

port or rest; into the rect the poor Hu-guenot was introduced. The Pon floring was gradually heated (one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in "Sandford and Merton; but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case): still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burnt off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and bye, they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. He only knew that, after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor grey cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, naking vain inquiries for his wife in his reaved of my children I am bereaved," saying broken English, as little understood by most that pitiful sentence over and over again, as as the Moorish maide A's cry for "Gilbert, if the repetition could charm away the deep Gilbert." Some one at last directed him to sense of woe-went home, and took to his a coffee-house near Soho Square, kept by bed, and died; nor did the mother remain an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in busy commercial England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple hied might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a pedlar listening to everything, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbours of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk-trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewellery, wax-bleaching, &c. The pedlar took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there, earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the pedlar's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterwards in Canterbury, supported by his

wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advan-

one of the gates, after dusk. The gend'arme Protestant merchant of Rochelle, was apwere suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said; they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time; and locking the great town gates behind them, he re-entered his little guard-room. "Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!" It was not too strong: father, fnother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

England, Holland, and the Protestant wates of Germany were the places of refuge for the Norman and Breton Protestants. From the south of France escape was more difficult. Algerine pirates infested the Mediterranean, and the small vessels in which many of the Huguenots embarked from the southern ports were an easy prey. There were Huguenot slaves in Algiers and Tripoli for years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most Catholic Spain caught some of the fugitives, who were welcomed by the greeting from that which the wise, far-seeing William the Third of England bestowed on such of them as sought English shelter after his accession. We will return to the condition of the English Huguenots presently. First, let us follow the fortunes of those French Protestants who sent a letter to the State of Massachusetts (among whose historical papers it is still extant) giving an account of the persecutions to which they were exposed, and the distress they were undergoing, stating the wish of many of them to emigrate to America, and asking how far they might have privileges allowed them for following out their pursuit of agriculture. What answer was returned may be guessed from the fact that a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres at Oxford, near the present town of Worcenter, Massachusetts, was granted to thirty Huguenots, who were invited to come over and settle there. The invitation came like a sudden summons to a land of hope across the Atlantic. There was no time for preparations; these might excite suspicion; they left the "pot boiling on the fire" (to use the expression of one of their descendants) and carried no clothes with them by what they wore. The New Englanders had too lately escaped from religious persecution themselves, not to welcome, and shelter and clothe these poor refugees when they once arrived at Boston. The little French colony at Oxford wase called a harnessed their horses to their carts, to plantation; and Gabriel Bernon, a'descend-convey the women and little ones; and the

they placed the baby in this hollow, close to ant of a knightly name in Froissart, a came out to open the gate to them. They pointed undertaker for this settlement. They sent for a Frenc's Protestant minister, and assigned to him a salary of forty pounds a year. They bent themselves assiduously to would willingly leave behind to be brought up the task of cultivating the half-cleared land, on the borders of which lay the dark forest. among which the Indians prowled and lurked, ready to spring upon the unguarded house-holds. To protect themselves from this creeping deadly enemy, the French built a fort, traces of which yet remain. But on the murder of the Johnson family, the French dared no longer remain on the bloody spot; although more than ten acres of ground were in garden cultivation around the fort; and long afterwards those who told in hushed. awe-struck voices of the Johnson murder, could point to the rose-bushes, the apple and pear trees yet standing in the Frenchmen's deserted gardens. Mrs. Johnson was a sister of Andrew Sigourney, one of the first Huguenots who came over. He saved his sister's life by dragging her by main force through a back door, while the Indians massacred her children, and shot down her husband at his own threshold. To preserve her life was but a cruel kindness.

Gabriel Bernon lived to a patriarchal age, in spite of his early sufferings in France and the wild Indian cries of revenge around his Spanish Inquisition with a different kind of honte in Massachusetts. He died rich and prosperous. He had kissed Queen Anne's hand, and become intimate with some of the English nobility, such as Lord Archdale, the Quaker Governor of Carolina, who had lands and governments in the American States. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine presidents of the old Congress, which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. General Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and France, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves temperate, industrious, thoughtful, and intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the one circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

In the State of New York they fondly called their plantation or settlement, by the name of the precious city which had been their stronghold, and where they had suffered so much. New Rochelle was built on the shore of Long Island Sound, twenty-three miles from New York. On the Saturday afternoons, the inhabitants of New Rochelle

men in the prime of life walked all the distance to New York, camping out in their carts in the environs of the city, through the night, till the bell summoned them on Sunday morning to service, in the old Church du Saint Esprit. In the same way they returned on Sunday evening. The old longing for home recorded in Allan Cunningham's hallad-

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be; O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !"-

clung to the breasts, and caused singular melancholy in some of them. There was one old man who went every day down to the sea shore, to look and gaze his fill towards the beautiful cruel land where most of his life had been passed. With his face to the east-his eyes strained, as if by force of longing looks he could see the far distant France—he raid his morning prayers, and sang one of thement Marot's hymns. There had been an edition of the Psalms of David, put into French rhyme, ("Pseaumes de David, mis en Rime françoise, par Clément Marot et Théodere de Bêze)", published in as small a form as possible, in order that the book might be cultivated in the little damsel's mind by the concealed in their bosons, if the Huguenots fact of her being reminded every now and were surprised in their worship while they then that she was a little French girl; bound lived in France.

Nor were Oxford and New Rochelle the only settlements of the Huguenots in the down; to curtisey on entering or leaving a United States. Farther south again they

Even during James the Second's reign, collections were made for the refugees; and, in people. the reign of his successor, fifteen thousand amongst the number, in order to form the pounds were voted by Parliament "to be salads which were a principal dish at meals. distributed among persons of quality, and all There were still bereditary schools in the such as by age or infirmity were unable to neighbourhood, kept by descendants of the support themselves." There are still, or first refugees who established them, and to were not many years ago, a few survivors of which the Huguenot families still seat their the old Huguenot stock, who go on quarterday to claim their small benefit from this fund at the Treasury; and doubtless at the time it was granted there were many friendless and helpless to whom the little pensions were inestimable boons. But the greater part were active, strong men, full of good sense and practical talent; and they preferred taking advantage of the national good-will in France though east off by her a hundred a more independent form. Their descendants years before, the gentle old ladies, who had bear honoured names among us. Sir Samuel lived all their lives in London, considered Romilly, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Harriet Martineau, are three of those that come most prominently before me as I write; but each of these names are suggestive of others in the same families worthy of note. Sir Samuel Romilly's ancestors came from the south of stores her fond mother had provided for her France, where the paternal estate fell to a trousseau were not yet exhausted, though she distant relation rather than to the son, because slept in her grave; and out of they her little the former was a Catholic, while the latter orphan descendant was dressed; and when had preferred a foreign country with "free- the quaintness of the pattern made the child dom to worship God." In Sir Samuel Romilly's shrink from putting on so peculiar a dress, account of his father and grandfuther, it is she was asked, "Are you not a little French

easy to detect the southern character pre-dominating. Most affectionate, impulsive, generous, carried away by transports of anger and of grief, tender and true in all his relationships—the reader does not easily forget the father of Sir Samuel Romilly, with his fond adoption of Montaigne's idea, "playing on a flute by the side of his daughter's bed in order to waken her in the morning." No wonder he himself was so beloved! But there was much more demonstration of affection in all these French households, if what I have gathered from their descendants be correct, than we English should ever dare to manifest.

French was the language still spoken among themselves sixty and seventy years after their ancestors had quitted France. In the Romilly family, the father established it as a rule, that French should be always spoken on a Sunday. Forty years later, the lady to whom I have so often alluded was living, an orphan child, with two maiden aunts, in the heart of London city. They always spoke French. English was the foreign language; and a certain pride was cultivated in the little damsel's mind by the to be polite, gentle, and attentive in manners; to stand till her elders gave her leave to sit room. She attended her relations to the were welcomed, and found resting-places in early market near Spitalfields; where many Virginia and South Carolina.

I now return to the Huguenots in England. some "weeds" were habitually brought by the market-women for the use of the French Burnet, chervil, dandelion were A kind of correspondence was children. occasionally kept up with the unseen and distant relations in France; third or fourth cousins it might be. As was to be expected, such correspondence languished and died by slow degrees. But tales of their ancestors' sufferings and escapes beguiled the long winter evenings. Though far away from France as their country, and England as a strange land. Upstairs, too, was a great chest—the very chest Magdalen Lefebvre had had packed to accompany her in her flight, and escape in the mattress. The

You ought to be proud of wearing ** French print—there are none like it in England." In all this, her relations and their circle seem to have differed from the refugee friends of old Mr. Romilly, who, we are told, "desired nothing less than to preserve the memory of their origin; and their chapels were therefore ill-attended. A large uncouth room, the avenues to which were narrow courts and dirty alleys, . . . with irregular unpainted pews, and dusty unplastered walls: a congregation consisting principally of some strange-looking old women scattered here and there," &c. Probably these old ladies looked strange to the child, who recorded these early impressions in after life, because formed part of their mother's trousseau. At any rate, there certainly was a little colony in the suffering Huguenots, who mustered up relics of the old homes and the old times in Normandy or Languedoc. A sword wielded ready at the master's girdle, before bells were known in houses, or ready to summon out-ofdoors labourers; some of the very ornaments sold at the famous curiosity-shop at Warwick for ladies to hang at their chatelaines, within Bibles, secured by silver clasps and corners; strangely-wrought silver spoons, the handle of which enclosed the bowl; a travelling-case, containing a gold knife, spoon, and fork, and a crystal goblet, on which the coat-of-arms was engraved in gold; all these, and many their religion.

There is yet an hospital (or rather great almshouse) for aged people of French descent somewhere near the City Road, which is supported by the proceeds of land bequeathed (I believe) by some of the first refugees, who were prosperous in trade after settling in England. But it has lost much of its distinctive national character. Fifty or sixty years ago, a visitor might have heard the inmates of this Hospital chattering away in antiquated French; now they speak English, for The majority of their ancestors in four generations have been English, and probably some of them do not know a word of French. & Each inmate has a comfortable bedroom, a small annuity for clothes, &c., and sits and has meals in a public dining-room. As a little amusing mark of deference to the land of their founders, I may mention that a Mrs. Stephens, who was admitted within the last thirty years, became Madame St. Etienne as soon as she entered the hospital.

I have now told all I know about the Huguenots. I pass the mark to some

CHIPS.

THE HISTORY OF A COAL CELL

A CELL, according to the prison disciplinarian, is a solitary chamber for the confinement of a guilty member of society: a cell, according to the galvanist, is a small receptacle for certain elements from which galvanic fluid is evolved: a cell, according to the botanist, is "a little closed vesicle, the basis of all the varied vegetation of the world." It is the history of this last cell that we wish to give.

they clung with fond pride to the dress of Although wonderfully minute, this cell their ancestors, and decked themselves out plays an important part in the life of both in the rich grotesque raiment which lad animal and vegetable creation. Not only do we and all other animals depend upon the workings of the cell for our nutrition, the heart of the City, at the end of the last for the preparation of our daily food, century, who took pride in their descent from and for the purification of the atmosphere which we breathe; but ourselves are made up of cells. As in the vegetable world—from the Arctic snow-plant lying in red patches by some great-grandfather in the wars of the for miles on the ground, and composed of one League; a gold whistle, such as hung ever cell only, up to the oak which includes in its structure unnumbered millions of cells-so in the animal world, from the tiniest animalcult up to man himself, the whole chain of

organism is built up by cells. What we know of the growth of the plantthis last ten years, were brought over by the cell may be simply stated thus:-It is comflying Huguenots. And there were precious posed of a wall, tough though delicate and transparent, with a semi-fluid lining. This lining has the power of doubling internally; and, each of these interior divisions receiving a coating of cell-wall, becomes a perfect cell, bursting forth to renew the same process. This beautifully simple operation is carried other relics, tell of the affluence and refine on frequently with the most marvellous ment the refugees left behind for the sake of rapidity. In the Bovistia Gigantica, a rapidly growing fungus, it is calculated that twenty thousand new cells are formed every minute. The plant therefore is composed in its entire bulk of cells assuming various forms, according to external pressure or internal nutrition; and, upon the processes which go on within the cell, is dependent the very existence of the world as at present constituted. The structure of the cell-wall is such that, not being soluble, it permits the passage of fluids. The whole of the nourishment of the cell is obtained by the absorption of fluids from the earth in which are dissolved gases and salts; and upon this nourishment, and the manner in which it is performed, rests the whole framework of creation. The materials retained by the cell undergo, in its interior, chemical changes which man can only admire; while, with the aid of the most complicated apparatus, he vainly attempts to imitate

them. Dissolved in water, the cell receives carbonic acid, ammonia, at d certain salts and

other matters; and from those materials it prepares not only all that is necessary to the life of the plant itself, but all that is necessary to the life of man. It produces starch, sugar, gum, oil; and, in addition, all those nutritious substances upon which depends the power of vegetable products to form animal tissue, and therefore their nutrient power in relation to man. Out of the few materials mentioned, stances upon which we feed and live; and not only these, but very many of the conveniences and comforts of life-caoutchouc and gutta percha, to wit; while our organic drugs are almost without exception derived from this source. We cannot stay to enumerate the thousand and one materials with which although among these are included cotton,

flax, wood and coal-four great sources of

the prosperity of this country.

The operations of the cell in the formation of coal are so highly interesting and important that we must devote a minute to rendering it fit for respiration by decomposing the carbonic acid, retaining the carbon and restoring the oxygen to the atmosphere. The cell, is well explained by a theory supported by Dr. Edwin Lankester. He supposes that the further history of the cell. this important operation is effected by the combination of light and heat, with the carbon in the plant-cell; and that by this combination the plant is very slowly fossil-Two thousand years after the commencement of that process its is dug up as coal and burnt. Now burning we know to be merely a process of oxidation. oxidise the contents of the fossil cell; and what is the result? Our fires give off carbonic like troubled waters. acid and give out light and heat; that is, by supplying the oxygen given off before, we have the old combination of carbon and Can anything give us a higher idea of the marvellous beauty and simplicity of the operations of nature? Carbonic acid gas, which we give off in enormous quantities from our lungs in the process of respiration, and which, if allowed to accumulate in the atmosphere, would destroy human life, is absorbed by the coal-making plant, and becomes the chief element of its nutrition: becomes the chief element of its nutrition: protection of the Sultan of Constantinople the oxygen of which it is partly composed, against the attacks of the Russians and and which is necessary to human life, is restored to the atmosphere. The carbon, being near a place called London, of which he had retained, is converted, on the one hand, by the plant-cell into nourlshment for the animal | who bought the figs and olives of his Pashalik. creation; and on the other, it is made into a He assured the listening Hamed, with many fuel, which becomes the great civiliser of the wise wags of his venerable beard, that His

universe. This fuel man raises from the boyels of the earth for his own comfort and convenience; and never dreams that in doing so he is doing anything more than availing himself of the wonderful power of the plantcell to store up light and heat for his use. But here we may see a new relation of the cell to the great law. of the universe; it is necessary that, for the purpose of respiration, the the cell claborates the whole of the sub- atmosphere should be temporarily purified of that carbonic acid gas which is fatal to animal life; but if this gradual abstraction of carbon were to go on unhaltenced by any returning source, the increase of animal and vegetable organism would be impossible, for the great bulk of both plants and animals is pure carbon; we ourselves are walking the cell itself supplies us independently of the masses of carbon. Notwithstanding that secretions, some of which we have mentioned; fresh masses of carbon are supplied from volcanic and other sources, still these would be insufficient to counterbalance the quantity abstracted; and there can be no doubt that in digging up the coal, men are furnishing the means under a natural law, which they unconsciously ob y, of the increase of their species. explaining the relation of the living cell to We cannot refuse to see in this an instance of fossil coal. This is connected with the influence of light and heat on the cell-that nature to created beings; of the complete is, the action of the sun upon the plant, subservience to man of the great organic laws Except under the influence of light and of the universe; of their instrumentality in heat, the cell will not perform its great promoting his comfort; and the necessity he function of purifying the air we breathe, and is under of acting in accordance with and is under of acting in accordance with and support of those laws.

We have but dipped into the great sea of wonders, which the history of this small manner in which light and heat act in the vesicle, the cell, presents in its vegetable existence only. Hereafter we may speak of

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN; AND THE PRINCE DE FENDOME.

At the beginning of the Turkish troubles a very singular personage arrived at the court of the Sultan to take part in them; for there is nothing your true knight-errant loves like troubled waters. He called himself Louis de Valois, Duke of Vendôme, and haughtily asserted that he descended from the last scion of an ancient race of French kings, and that he was in reality heir to the throne of France. He said indeed that he and His Sublimity the Sultan of Constantinople were the only two legitimate sovereigns in the world with whom he was acquainted.

His arrival created an immense sensation. Selim Pasha assured Hamed Bey, in a confidential whisper, that he came to entreat the Chinese—a race of barbarian infidels who lived often heard from a Christian dog of a merchant,

been presented by the French ambassador on his hands and knees, with many marks of his august favour; that he had deigned to accept the suzerainty of France, which was henceforth, and for ever, to be held in fief of the Sultan of Constantinople, and to pay an annual tribute. Finally, the Pasha, opening the inmost recesses of his gifted and anniable mind to the faithful Hamed, proceeded to show him how he meant to undermine the favour of the subject monarch, in order that he himself might be named Prince or Waywode of France at some future date. This would be an easy thing, inasmuch as an infidel might always be safely accused of blaspheming the true faith, or of having stamped on the spot where the Sultan's shadow had rested while going to the mosque, or of being a Sheytan, or evil spirit. This virtuous man's aim being thus accomplished, he would lose no time in appointing the wondering Hamed as his kaimacam, or lieutenant.

The news flew from mouth to mouth as fast as breath could carry it. The men of Constantinople began to treat the French subjects in the place with unusual marks of kindness and protection, and all were eager in portioning out to their own profit the goods of the subject land which had just submitted itself so dutifully, and become annexed to their country. Hey! what fat pashaliks their country. Hey! what fat pashaliks would be forthcoming by and byc.

Meantime, it soon became known that His

Highness the Duke de Vendôme aspired to the command in chief of the armies of Constantinople, in the war which was then expected with the Russians. This seemed reasonable enough under such eircumstances, thought his believers. He was a man, too, whose air and manners were admirably calculated to Support pretensions, however extravagant. He had a plentiful stock of the gravity, assurance, and plausibility which succeed so well with Orientals. In person he was of gigantic stature, and though his face was not of the cast which pleases a physiognomist, he was handsome. His forehead was high, but narrow; the nose and mouth well cut; but the shifting and un-certain expression of the eye never could have belonged to an honest man. It seemed always to be mutely asking how much you believed of him, or trying to penetrate into your thoughts, and see if you had heard or suspected anything against him. For the rest, he wore his beard, already growing grey, after the fashion of the Orientals, and dressed in a manner rather more imposing than is usual among French gentlemen of real rank and consideration; but, perhaps this was part of his tactics, and not ill judged if it were so.

He took up his quarters at the first hotel suite; for the clever man, who seemed to have for a time. Mercy on us, what humbugs those

Sublimity the Sultan had been graciously well studied his part, knew that nothing is pleased to receive the royal envoy, who had more respected in the East than a splendid retinue. He had secretaries, aides-de-camp, grooms, and horses, all obtained on credit; and things at first went smoothly enough. Day after day he enacted the part of the courtly host to admiring pashas and beys, who went away full of his praises. His Highness and his Highness's wife—one of those pretty, quiet women who always fall in love with a lion-were an honour to the hotel at which they lived. They promised also to be a considerable profit, for they lived in the best rooms at a great expense, just at the very time when the bean monde, and travellers who came to Constantinople, were all too glad. to run away into the country to escape the tierce heats of summer.

At length came the unlucky quarter of an. hour, so pathetically mentioned by immortal Rabelais. One morning, the bowing landlord presented his bill. The Prince was all affability. He had not time to see his bankers just then, but would send to them to come to him immediately he could spare the time. Unluckily, he had no money but a thousand pound note by him. If, however, M. Bouffet had change, ch?—and the Prince, in his brocaded dressing-gown (got on credit over the way), rose from his honoured seat upon his august legs, and looked towards a splendid escritoire—which was quite empty, for it had only just been sent home—and His Highness twirled the golden key in his hand with an inquiring glance.

Mine host was all blushes and apologies. He was desolated at having deranged His Royal Highness. Might he be permitted to

retire himself?

The Prince consented; and, shortly after, the Princess, His Highness's august consort, sent for Madame Bouffet, and made her the prettiest compliments possible upon the general arrangements and excellence of the hotel. Madaine Boufiet received them curt-seying to the ground. She was an Englishwoman, and had been "own maid to Her Excellency the British Ambassadress, but. she never expected to have the honour of seeing a crowned 'ed under her 'umble reuf, but ryalty was scarce in these rumbustical" (she meant republican) "days, and so it wuss, ver Ryal Majesty's 'Ighness.

Her Ryal Majesty's 'Ighness complimented Madame Bouffet again on the excellence of her political opinions, and having learned all the scandal of the place and ascertained that Madame Bouffet had never expected to marry a Frenchman, "which her father was in the oil and Italian business, but had married her mother-in-law, and sent her out to service, which she never was brought up teu," with much other information of a similar nature; and having given Mrs. Bouffet a dress, worn by her royal self at the coronation (it was in Constantinople, and engaged a Jumerous black satin), accordingly, the storm was lulled

quiet, gentle women are; what proficients in roguery a roguish husband can make them; what a very right arm of help they are in good or evil-true as steel in the darkest

The days rolled on, however, and all things must come to an end with time. Inquisitive persons began to remark, that His Highness's vicitors were all men of Constantinople, and that neither his ambassador, or any other considerable person among the Franks, appeared to be aware of his existonce, or called upon him-except the charge d'affaires of Tombuctoo-and his character as a Lothario was so well known, and the Princess was so pretty, that Mrs. Bouffet thought his visits might as well have been dispensed with.

At last one of the French attachés came in from the country to lionise a party of his compatriots, who wished to see the wonders of the land, and this young gentleman having nothing better before him, when the fatigues of a long sight-seeing day were over, brought his whole party to the hotel to dinner. M. Bouffet who, like every one else in Constantinople, had formerly had something to do with one of the overgrown embassies, greeted the young official with that mixture of respect and familiarity which belongs peculiarly to the manner of foreign upper-servants. When, however, he mildly requested the attaché not to light a cigar, because they were then standing immediately under the windows of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Vendôme, it was very natural that the young gentle-man should require "ce bon Bouffet" to explain himself more at length; which he did. The attaché laughed, and opined that he had been preciously taken in.

Bouffet persisted in vowing that his story of the Prince's arrival and pretensions was undeniable, for that he had trusted him to the amount of many thousands of francs. "But," resumed the puzzled Bonffet, "Monsieur the Count would have an opportunity of seeing the Prince in person at the table d'hote, where His Highness was graciously

pleased to dine."

Poor Bouflet said "Highness," and "graciously pleased" still, though terribly chapfallen. It is hard to give up a pleasant error, and little people are quite as fond of "booing" as great ones are of being "booed" to. Poor Bouffet, he had been bragging of his guest till the rival hotel (kept by two elderly Englishwomen who quarrelled with everybody) felt quite snubbed; and now, instead of seeing his doors thronged with an admiring crowd waiting for the Prince to go out, he would become the ridicule of the whole Christian quarter of Constantinople, and be bitterly reproached by all who had trusted his illustrious guest upon his braggadocio representations.

He thought Bouffet might have attaché. mistaken, and that he really saw before him a man of royal rank. But, alas! on the lefthand of His Highness sat his secretary, and the moment that the eye of the attache fell upon him doubt was at an end, for he recognised him as a rogue who had been convicted of all sorts of dishonesty, and to whom he had often given a few francs in contemptuous pity. Looking also more fearlessly now at the Princess, a smile broke over his face at the recognition of an old acquaintance. Her-Royal Highness turned pale as she met the arch look of this young gentleman; the Prince bit his lips, and the bubble burst.

It was with a very different face that M. Bouffet rendered himself on the following day in the apartments of Monsieur. He came with a long bill in hand, with his wife conversing in audible whispers at the door; with the listening servants behind him on the stairs;—but who has not seen the admirable picture of

"Waiting for a remittance?"

The Duke de Vendôme was not staggered. He did not quail even before the enraged eye of his enemy. The conversation was long between them; but Madame Douffet at last stole into the room; the whispering waiterson the stairs were hushed; mine host's angry voice died away into a respectful murmur. The Prince would go to his bankers and pay the bill within an hour or two.

He went out into the street with towering crest and courteous bow; mine host thought that Monsieur the Count (the attaché) had "mocked himself with him," and that the things he had heard to the disadvantage their Highnesses were a manoaiso

plaisanteric.

It was a wet day; for there are wet days in Constantinople as well as in London. The unpaved streets were like a quagraire-all mud and slosh; but the erest and stately form of the adventurer strode on to the quarter where the merchants lived, and went at once to the principal bankers, and offered them a bill on Aldgate Pump for a considerable sum. He knew he could make no such mistake as to ask for a small

"Had His Highness a letter of credit on their house?"

"No. It had not yet reached him. The war might have retarded the post."

The banker looked grave.

"Had he a letter from the ambassador?"
The Prince smiled. "What French nobleman would know M. do —, the Ambassador of the Republic!" said the Prince in his grand way.

The banker, who like most men who have made fortunes from very small beginnings, was a legitimist, and who also, like most of the Europeans in Constantinople, was at war with his ambassador, acknowledged internally The imposing presence and suite of the that this excuse was a valid one. He was Duke, however, at first even staggered the just on the point of desiring his cashier to into his gloomy little sanctum behind the counting-house with one of those respectful bows to fallen greatness a Frenchman knows so well how to make, when his visitor broke silence again and was lost.

One of the great secrets of successful negotiation is to know how to keep silence-never to speak one superfluous word. Our hero, however, like all his tribe was impulsive; and his way of life had given him an opinion of mankind which is the most perfectly wrong of all. He thought everybody on the look out to commit a robbery where they could do so with impunity.

It very often happens that a man looks most stern when he is really most disposed to yield. This was the case with the banker, and while the order to his cashier was just trembling on his lips, the adventurer thought

he saw refusal there.

"I only want the money for a short time," he said incantiously, "and if you will advance me twenty thousand phastres I will give the bill for thirty.

The game was lost; the player had been too eager to win. "I never lend money upon such terms," said the banker, frozen straight-

way into ice.

The rest of the day was spent in sickening anxiety, in the hopeless attempt of an unknown stranger to talk people, whom he had never seen before, out of that which they valued most on earth-their money. Everypoots from one sneering trader to another, fill the mortified and humiliated. In vain he tried both. to stiffen his tell-tale under-lip, and to look his man in the face with those shifty dishonest eyes. He might indeed correct the huskiness of his voice from the contents of a little flask thus getting rid of these troublesome and he carried about with him, and put on some uncertain friends at once. The Vizier never with his utter defeat.

Wet through in spite of his umbrella, bedraggled, dispirited, feeling as if every hair of his head were made of wire which grew an inch a minute, he returned to his hotel. But he was no common Jerry Sneak. There was the same handsome winning smile for Madame Bouffet, who stood waiting for his return; the same pleasant good day for her husband; the same firm stride and gallant bearing, as if he had a few loose thousands for present expenses in the little empty casket upstitirs. To the inquiring looks of mine host, he said that his bankers were to send to him on the following day.

But his plans were deranged. He must hasten his movements during the brief time of consideration yet left him. Instead of a month. He had succeeded beyond his utcarrying on a tardy negotiation with the most hopes. He had no fear of duns or hotel-Philips to whom he was daily making keepers. "After all," he said to the Prin-philips bought on credit, he resolved to go cess, as he fluished and sealed his proposal

pay the value of the draft, and then retiring in person to the Grand Vizier and offer his services to the cause of Constantinople.

That worthy received the French Prince with much distinction, and offered him pipes. and coffee; the pipe-sticks were made of the rarest and lightest wood, and their mouthpieces were of jewelled amber. The coffee was served in dainty cups of gold filagree. richly jewelled, for all the luxury of the East has taken refuge in pipe-sticks and coffeecups. As the adventurer looked round the marble hall, with its long vistas opening on the costlicst flowers, the silver tables, the mosaic pavement, and the smiling Vizier, his. heart swelled within him.

But here he failed. He failed, because like all his class, he took too radical and summary views of political matters. It happened that in the famous quarrel between Constantinople and St. Petersburg, the governments of Great Britain and France had promised to assist the former power in the unequal struggle. It was, however, for a long time extremely doubtful of what this promised assistance was really to consist. Whether it was to be moral aid, or physical aid, or money, or advice, or reproaches, and mere meddling. The Grand Vizier perhaps knew as much about the matter as most people, but our hero knew nothing at all. He had therefore blindly adopted the popular opinion, which was, that the English and French fleets were merely waiting in the neighbourhood to seize on Constantinople during the tumult of the body to whom the splendid gentleman applied war, and divide the spoil between them; on that rainy sloppy day, referred him at once just as a brace of lawyers take advantage to the great banker, and he went with wet of the disputes of individual litigants, to fill their own pouches at the expense of

Big with this idea, our hero proposed to the Grand Vizier a notable plan for burning the two fleets as they lay at anchor, and of the usual charm of his manner; but more moved a manule while the soldier of fortune was too much for him, and the day closed detailed his plan, though the French ambassador had just left him with the most cordial assurances of friendship and support, in which he fully believed.

All Orientals are fond of intrigue. continued to listen to his visitor with the utmost politeness, and when he had con-cluded, begged him to put his proposal into writing, when it should be laid before His Sublimity the Sultan. The Vizier saw an excellent means of thus recommending himself to the French and English ambassadors, and took leave of his guest with many warm expressions of thanks.

The Prince had no need to hang his beard now. He would soon be made a field-mar-shal at least, and the field-marshals of Constantinople were paid a thousand pounds in the evening, "There is nothing like energy; and if a man has only the courage to pursue fortune boldly, he is sure to win

So the duns were put off by the most stately and wonderful excuses from day to day, and Bouffet and his wife retained in the same awe-struck respect. At the end of

Grand Vizier.

same pleasant smile as before, but there were no pipes and coffee. Perhaps the Grand no pipes and coffee. Perhaps the Grand peace, and how he contrived to keep Vizier had no time to attend to such trifles, and soul together there, was a mystery. and was going to despatch him at once on his errand of glory. The Vizier presented to I never could ascertain the real history of him a paper. It was his own proposal, and the man who came to Constantinople, and His Excellency in returning it said, "That it called himself the Duke of Vendôme. It rewas a most ingenious idea, but that unluckily mained a mystery; but he was probably the it had not met with the approval of the illegitimate descendant of some branch of the French ambassador, to whom he, the Grand Royal family of France. There is no smoke Vizier, had submitted it immediately it had without fire; nor do the most unblushing reached him."

returned to it. In his utter disappointment tial. Thus much also was certain: he was a he had not given them a thought, till sud- brave and able soldier, but most thoroughly dealy brought to bay in the midst of them; unprincipled. A man tutored in a bad and there was something touching after all in school, who believed everything in life might seeing the lion thus surrounded and yelped be won by address and trick-who enter-

brought evil upon him, proved a valuable ignorant, or he must have known that steam, ally. That individual had made himself and "that kind of thing," puts all the world acquainted with every possible and impossible means of obtaining money in Constantinople; and, having been first rescued by stratagem from the close custody in which he had been for some time kept by his landlord, set himself heartily to work, and at last, by judicious pufling of his employer, persuaded one of the wise men of Constantinople to advance sufficient money to the Prince to pay his hotel bill, for so many theusands per cent., that the wise man of Constantinople thought he was dealing with an alchemist, dation and contumely, our knight-errant

But while the harassed adventurer was rejoicing in the prospect of recovered consideration at his hotel (for we may be sure he did not say how he got the money), he received a peremptory notice to quit. Once paid, Monsieur and Madame Bouffet determined to have nothing more to do with him. People began to flock in from the country, who considered his presence a scandal to the house, and His Royal Highness must be

turned out.

It was a bitter thing enough for the unmasked pretender to front the clamorous horde of duns, who waited in ambush for him now, and dogged his heels wherever he went. The irate Frenchwoman, who kept the nicknack shop, and asked if he thought she called resources, their valour, perseverance, and upon him for change of air; the savage horse-contempt of obstacles, we might often make

dealer, a drunken Hungarian, who menaced him, riding-whip in hand-what a palsy seized upon his limbs in the midst of his creditors, and his lips grew white, and his heart stopped. Yet, to tell with what inexhaustible resource of trick and evasion he quieted them again and again-with what wit and ingenuity he battled in the wrong a week, the Prince called again upon the cause, would fill a volume. Driven from one hotel to another, chased hither and thither-His Excellency received his guest with the hunted, badgered, jeered at, he at last took before, but there were to his bed, as the only temporary means of Perhaps the Grand peace, and how he contrived to keep body

men often assert a lie which has not some The hotel was crowded with duns when he foundation, however stradowy and unsubstanat with his claws tied. So thought, at least, tained from conviction the mistaken idea that Monsieur and Madame Bouffet, who rescued the world is to be juggled out of its him, and angrily cleared the house. And here the secretary, who had first is worth having. He must have been also now in such free and constant communication, that there was no place in the world in which his pretensions could possibly have escaped being unmasked by return of post. But many much wiser men than our adventurer know very little of Constantinople. It is the fashion to consider its inhabitants a race of sleepy barbarians; while heart alive! they are quite as wide awake, and far more wilv, than the wiliest in the West. ever, after suffering every species of degrawho did not happen for the moment to have sunk into a valet de place, under the pro-his crucibles with him. | tection of the same bon Bouffet, who had once bowed to him so lowly; and the beautiful Princess opened a milliner's shop not unsuccessfully

There may be a doubt, however, whether society is quite right in these cases; and, when the pretensions of the soi-disant Duke had dwindled down to a modest request for a subaltern's commission, whether it was wise to place him beyond the pale of hope and an honourable life. The man might have done good service, sword in hand, and the empire of Turkey have been altogether the better for his services. If society would give such men a place, they would often fill it worthily. If we would recognise their talents, their genius for invention, their inexhaustible

them do us good service; and it would be ance. Being an old man by that time, he kinder and wiser to look upon even a knight-errant with more discriminating and merciput broad till soi, Chang close our hearts against his wheedling, but let us try if we cannot, among the many places and conditions in the world, find one that will suit him. Let us cease to attach suspicion to the name of adventurer openly worn, and we shall hear no more of Dukes of Ventions perambulating the world.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. CHAPTER XLV.

LHAVE now arrived at the close of my little history. The events which succeeded the famous Revolution of one thousand six hundied and eighty-eight, would neither be easily minted nor easily understood in such a book

William and Mary reigned together, five William occupied the throne, alone, for seven years longer. During his reign, on the sixteenth of September, one thousand seven hundred and one, the poor weak creature who had once been James the Second of England, died in France. In the meantime he had done his intinest (which was not much) to cause William to be assassinated, and to regain his lost dominions. James's son was declared, by the French King, the rightful King of Rogland, and was called in France THE CHE-VALUE SAINT GEORGE, and in England THE PRETENDER. Some infatuated people in Ragiand; and particularly in Scotland, took up the Pretender's cause from time to timeas, if the country had not, to its cost, had Stuarts enough !- and many lives were sacrificed, and much misery occasioned. King William died on Sunday, the seventh of March, one thousand seven hundred and two, of the consequences of an accident occasioned by his horse stumbling with him. He was always a brave patriotic Prince, and a man of remarkable abilities. His manner was cold, and he made but few friends; but he had truly loved his queen. When he was dead, a lock of her hair, in a ring, was found tied with a black ribbon round his left arm.

He was succeeded by the Princess Anne, a popular Queen, who reigned twelve years. In her reign, in the month of May, one chouseven hundred and seven, the Union hetween England and Scotland was effected, and the two countries were incorporated under the name of GREAT BRITAIN. Then, from year one thousand seven hundred and operteen to the year one thousand eight hydred and thirty, reigned the four Grondes. It was in the reign of George the Second,

in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-five that the Pretender did his last mischief, and made his last appear-" " (bunyagen, 115ta j. -

some and wrong-headed race on the subject of the Stuarts, espoused his cause, and he joined them, and there was a Scottish re-bellion to make him king, in which many gallant and devoted gentlemen lost their lives. It was a hard matter for Charles. Edward to escape abroad again, with a highprice on his head; but the Scottish people were extraordinarily faithful to him, and, after undergoing many romantic adventures, not unlike those of Charles the Second, ho escaped to France. A number of charming stories and delightful songs arose out of these Jacobite feelings, and belong to the Jacobite ! times. Otherwise, I think the Stuarts merces a public nuisance altogether.

It was in the reign of George the Third, that a England lost North America, by persisting its taxing her without her own consent. That immense country, made independent uniter Washington, and left to itself, became the United States; one of the greatest nations of, the earth. In these times in which I write, it is honourably remarkable for protecting its. subjects, wherever they may travel, with a dignity and a determination which is a model for England. Between you and me, England. has rather lost ground in this respect since;

the days of Oliver Cromwell.

The Union of Great Britain with Ireland -which had been getting on very badly by itself-took place in the reign of George the Third, on the second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH succeeded George the Fourth in the year one thousand eight; hundred and thirty, and reigned seven years. Queen Victoria, his nicce, the only child of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of Georges: the Third, clime to the throne on the twentieth, of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven. She was married to Purnow. ALBERT of Saxe Gotha on the tenth of Febra ruary, one thousand eight hundred and forty She is very good, and much beloved. So In end, like the crier, with

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

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[Paice 2

MY FRENCH MASTER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER THE FIRST.

My father's house was in the country, seven siles away from the nearest town. He had been an officer in the navy; but, as he had met with some accident that would disable him from ever serving again, he gave up his com-mission and his half-pay. He had a small private fortune, and my mother had not been perniless; so he purchased a house and ten or twelve acres of land, and set himself up as an amateur farmer on a very small scale. mother rejoiced over the very small scale of his operations; and when my father regretted, as he did very often, that no more land was to be purchased in the neighbourhood, I could see her setting herself a sum in her head, "If on twelve acres he manages to lose a hundred pounds a year, what would be our loss on a hundred and fifty?" But when my father was pashed hard on the subject of the money he spent in his sailor-like farming, he had one constant retreat :

"Think of the health and the pleasure we all of us take in the cultivation of the fields around us! It is something for us to do and to look forward to every day" And this was so true that as long as my father confined himsolf to these arguments, my mother left him unmolested: but to strangers he was still apt to enlarge on the returns his farm brought him in; and he had often to pull up in his statements when he caught the warning glance of my mother's eye, showing him that she was not so much absorbed in her own conversation as to be deaf to his voice as for the happiness that arose out of our mode of life—that was not to be calculated only two of us, my sister and myself; and my education. We helped her in her household cares during part of the morning; then came an old-fashioned routine of lessons, such as she herself had learnt when a girl —Gold-smith's "History of England,' Rollin's "Ancient History," Lindley Murray's Gram-mar, and plenty of sewing and stitching.

In mother used sometimes to sigh, and wish that she could buy us a piano, and teach us what little music she knew, but many of The General was too theroughly a gentleman to

for a parson possessed of no larger an income than he had. Besides the quiet and unsuspected dram of his agricultural pursuits, he was of a social turn; enjoying the dinners to which he was invited by his more affinent neighbours; and especially delighted in returning them the compliment, and giving them choice little entertainments, which would have been yet more frequent in their recurrence than they were, if it had not been for my mother's prudence. But we never were able to purchase the piano; it required a greater outlay of ready money than we ever possessed, I date say we should have grown up ignorant of any language but our own, if it had not been for my father's social habits, which led to our learning French in a very unexpected manner. He and my mother went to dine with General Ashburton, one of the forestrangers; and there they met with an emigrant gentleman, a Monsieur de Chalabre, who had escaped in a wonderful manner, and at terrible peril to his life; and was, consequently, in our small torest-circle, a great lion, and a worthy cause of a series of dinner parties. His first entertainer, General Ashburton, had known him in France, under very different cucumstances, and he was not prepared for the quiet and dignified request made by his guest, one afternoon after M. de Chalabre had been about a fortnight in the forest, that the General would recommend him as a French teacher, if he could conscien-

To the General's remonstrances M. de Chalabre smilingly replied, by an assurance that his assumption of his new occupation could only be to a short time, that the good cause would—must triumph It was before by tens or hundreds of pounds. There were the fatal January twenty first, seventeen hundied and ninety-three, and then, still smiling, he strengthened his position by quoting innumerable instances out of the classics, of heroes and patriots, general and commanders, who had been reduced by Fortune's frohes to adopt some occupation far below their original one He closed his speech with informing the General that, relying upon his kindness in acting as referee, he had taken lodgings for a few months at a small farm which rus in the centre of our forest circle of acquiuntances. my dear father's habits were expensive—at least say anything more than that he should be

miost happy to do whatever he could to forward M. de Chalabre's plans; and as my father was the first person whom he met with after this conversation, it was announced to was, on the very evening of the day on which it had taken place, that we were forthwith to learn French; and I verily believe that, if my father could have persuaded my mother to join him, we should have formed a French class of father, mother, and two head of daughters, so touched had my father been by the General's account of M. de Chalabre's present desires, as compared with the high estate from which he had fallen. Accordingly, we were installed in the dignity of his first French pupils. My father was anxious that we should have a lesson every other day, ostensibly that we might get on all the more speedily, but really that he might have a larger quarterly bill to pay; at any rate until M. de Chalabre had more of his time occupied with instruction. But my mother gently interfered, and calmed her husband down into two lessons a week, which was, she said, as much as we could manage. Those happy lessons! I remember them now, at the distance of more than fifty years. Our house was situated on the edge of the forest; our fields were, in fact, cleared out of it. It was not good land for clover; but my father would always sow one particular field with cloverseed, because my mother was so fond of the fragrant scent in her evening walks, and through this a foot-path ran which led into the forest.

A quarter of a mile beyond—a walk on the soft fine springy turf, and under the long low branches of the beech trees, and we arrived at the old red-brick farm where M. de Chalabre was lodging. Not that we went there to take our lessons; that would have been an offence to his spirit of politeness: but as my father and mother were his nearest neighbours, there was a constant interchange of small messages and notes, which we little girls were only too happy to take to our dear M. de Chalabre. Moreover, if our lessons with my mother were ended pretty early, she would say-"You have been good girls; now you may run to the high point in the cloverfield, and see if M. de Chalabre is coming; and if he is you may walk with him; but take care and give him the cleanest part of the path, for you know he does not like to dirty his boots.'

This was all very well in theory ; Junt, like many theories, the difficulty was to put it in practice. If we slipped to the side of the path where the water lay longest, he bowed and retreated behind us to a still wetter place, leaving the clean part for us; yet when we got home his polished boots would be without a speck, while our shoes were covered with mud.

Another little ceremony which we had to et accustomed to, was his habit of taking off

holding it in his hand. To be sure he wore a wig, delicately powdered, frizzed, and tied in a queue behind; but we had always a feeling that he would catch cold, and that he was doing us too great an honour, and that he did not know how old, or rather how young we were, until one day we saw him (far away from our house) hand a countrywoman over a stile with the same kind of dainty courteous politeness, lifting her basket of eggs over first; and then, taking up the silk-lined lapel of his coat, he spread it on the palm of his hand for her to rest her fingers upon; instead of which, she took his small white hand in her plump vigorous gripe, and leant her full weight upon him. He carried her basket for her as far as their roads lay together; and from that time we were less shy in receiving his courtesies, perceiving that he considered them as deference due to our sex, however old or young, or rich or poor. So, as I said, we came down from the clover field in rather a stately manner, and through the wicket gate that opened into our garden, which was as rich in its scents of varied kinds as the clover field had been in its one pure fragrance. My mother would meet us here; and somehow—our life was passed as much out of doors as in-doors, both winter and summer—we seemed to have our French lessons more frequently in the garden than in the house; for there was a sort of arbour on the lawn near the drawing-room window, to which we always found it casy to carry a table and chairs, and all the rest of the lesson paraphernalia, if my mother did not prohibit a lesson al fresco.

M. de Chalabre wore, as a sort of morning costume, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches all made of a kind of coarse grey cloth, which he had bought in the neighbourhood; his threecornered hat was brushed to a nicety, his wig sat as no one else's did. (My father's was always awry.) And the only thing wanting to his costume when he came was a flower. Sometimes I fancied he purposely omitted gathering one of the roses that clustered up the farm house in which he lodged, in order to afford my mother the pleasure of culling her choicest carnations and roses to make him up his nosegay, or "posy" as he liked to call it; he had picked up that pretty country word and adopted it as an especial favourite, dwelling on the first syllable with all the languid softness of an Italian accent. Many a time have Mary and I tried to say it like him; we did so admire his way of speaking.

Once seated round the table, whether in the house or out of it, we were bound to attend to our lessons; and somehow he made us perceive that it was a part of, the same chivalrous code that made him so helpful to the helpless, to enforce the slightest claim of duty to the full. No half prepared lessons for him! The patience and the resource with. which he illustrated and enforced every prehis hat as we approached, and walking by us copt; the untiring gentleness with which he

s made our stubbers English tongues pronounce, and misprosounce, and repronounce certain which never varied, were such as I have never seen equalled. If we wondbred at these quadities when we were children, how much greater has been our surprise at their existence since we have been grown up, and have learnt that, until his emigration, he was a man of rapid and impulsive action, with the imperfect education implied in the circumstance that at fifteen he was a sous-lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, and must, consequently, have had to apply himself hard and conscien-

Twice we had holidays to suit his sad Holidays with us were not convenience. at Christmas and Midsummer, Easter and Michaelmas. If my mother was unusually busy, we had what we called a holiday; though, in reality, it involved harder work than our regular lessons; but we fetched and carried, and ran errands, and became rosy and dusty, and sang merry songs in the gaicty of our hearts. If the day was remarkably fine, my dear father-whose spirits were rather apt to vary with the weatherwould come bursting in with his bright, kind, bronzed face, and carry the day by storm with my mother. "It was a shame to coop such young things up in a house," he would say, "when every other young animal was frolicking in the air and sunshine. Grammar! words?-and he never knew a woman but would undertake to teach us more geography in one winter evening, telling as of the could be black was black, and the white countries where he had been, with just a muslin frills and ruffles were unstarched and map before him, than we could learn in ten limp, as if to be peak the very abandonment years with that stupid book, all full of hard words. As for the French-why that must be learnt, for he should not like M. de Chahabre to think we slighted the lessons he took so much pains to give us; but surely, we could get up the earlier to learn our .French." We promised by acclamation; and my mother-sometimes smilingly, sometimes reluctantly—was always compelled to yield. And these were the usual occasions for our holidays. But twice we had a fortnight's entire cessation of French lessons; once in January, and once in October. Nor did we even see our dear French master during those periods. We went several times to the top of the clover-field, to search the dark green outskirts of the forest with our busy eyes; and if we could have seen his figure in that shade, I am sure we should have scampered to him, forgetful of the prohibition which sideration of the silent horrors endured for made the forest forbidden ground. But we did not see him.

parents. A sort of hieroglyphic or cypher talk seemed to be tears very close behind his

was used, in order to concerl the meaning of much that was said, if children were present. My mother was a proficient in this way of talking, and took, we fancied, a certain a new cypher, as it were, every day, for instance, for some time I because I was very tall of my age; and just my father had begun to understand, the name—and, it must be owned, a good while after I had learnt to prick up my ears whenever Martia was named—my mother suddenly changed me into "the buttress," from the habit I had acquired of leaning my languid tionsly to master the language which he had length against a wall. I saw my father's in after-life to teach. days, and could have helped him out of ,it, but I durst not. And so, when the unfortu-nate Louis the Sixteenth was executed, the news was too terrible to be put into plain English, and too terrible also to be made known to us children, nor could we at once find the clue to the cypher in which it was spoken about. We heard about "the Iris being blown down;" and saw my father's honest loyal excitement about it, and the quiet reserve which always betokened some secret grief on my mother's part.

We had no French lessons; and somehow the poor, battered, storm-torn Iris was to blame for this. It was many weeks after this before we knew the full reason of M, de Chalabre's deep depression when he again came amongst us; why he shook his head -what was that but the art of arranging when my mother timidly offered him some snowdrops on that first morning on which we could do that fast enough. Geography !-he began lessons again: why he wore the deep mourning of that day, when all of the dress that of grief. We knew well enough the meaning of the next hieroglyphic announcement-"The wicked cruel boys had broken off the White Lily's head!" That beautiful queen, whose portrait once had been shown to us, with her blue eyes, and her fair resolute look, her profusion of lightly powdered hair, her white neck, adorned with strings of pearls. We could have cried, if we had dared, when we heard the transparent mysterious words. . We did cry at night, sitting up in bed, with our arms round each other's necks, and vowing, in our weak, passionate, childish way, that if we lived long enough, that lady's death avenged should be. No one who cannot remember that time can tell the shudder of horror that thrilled through the country at hearing of this last execution. At the moment, there was no time for any concenturies by the people, who at length rose in their madness against their malers. It was the fashion in those days to keep last blow charged our dear M. de Chalabre.

children much less informed than they are

now on the subjects which interest their
gaiety of heart as before this time. There

ies for ever after. My father went to see when he had been about a week absent ide us no reason given, for did not we did set every one know the horror the sun had doked upon! As soon as my father had gone. my mother gave it in charge to us to make the dressing room belonging to our guestchamber as much like a sitting room as possible. My father hoped to bring back M: de Chalabre for a visit to us; but he would probably like to be a good deal alone; and we might move any article of furniture we liked, if we only thought it would make dain confortable.

I believe General Ashburton had been on a somewhat similar errand to my father's before; but he had failed. My father gained .his point, as I afterwards learnt, in a very unconscious and characteristic manner. He had urged his invitation on M. de Chalabre, and received such a decided negative that he was hopeless, and quitted the subject. Then M. de Chalabre began to relieve his heart by telling him all the details; my father held his breath to listen—at last, his honest heart could contain itself no longer, and the tears ran down his face. His unaffected sympathy touched M. de Chalabre inexpressibly; and in an hour after we saw our dear French master coming down the clover-field slope, leaning on my father's arm, which he had involuntarily offered as a support to one in trouble—although he was slightly lame, and ten or fifteen years older than M. de Chalabre. Far a year after that time M. de Chalabre

mever wore any flowers; and after that, to the day of his death, no gay or coloured rose observed his taste, and always took care to bring him white flowers for his posy. noticed, too, that on his left arm, under his coat sleeve (sleeves were made very open then), he always wore a small band of black crape. He lived to be eighty-one, but he had the black crape band on when he died.

M. de Chalabre was a favourite in all the forest circle. He was a great acquisition to the sociable dinner parties that were perpetually going on; and though some of the families piqued themselves on being aristoeratic, and turned up their noses at any one who had been engaged in trade, however largely, M. de Chalabre, in right of his good blood, his loyalty, his daring "preux chevatier" actions, was ever an honoured guest. He book his poverty, and the simple habits it senforced, so naturally and gaily, as a mere stiffing accident of his life, about which meither concealment nor shame could be nesetting, that the very servants—often so got har loved and respected the French a special, who perhaps came to teach in the mud. so and in the evenings made his Angle dressed with dainty neatness as get acd gaest. He came, lightly prancing his hat the forest mire; and, in our little

James M. Acres

hall, at any rate, he would pull out a neat minute case containing a blacking bruch mall blacking, and re-polish his boots speaking gaily, in his broken English, to the footstand all the time. That blacking case was his own making; he had a genius for using his fingers. After our lessons were over, he relaxed into the familiar house friend—the merry playfellow. We lived far from any carpenter or joiner; if a lock was out of order Mivde Chalabre made it right for us. If any box was wanted, his ingenious fingers had made it before our lesson day. He turned silk winders for my mother, made a set of chessmen for my father, carved an elegant watchcase out of a rough beef bone dressed up little cork dolls for us—in short, as he said, his heart would have been broken but for his joiner's tools. Nor were his ingenious gifts employed for us alone. The tarmer's wife where he lodged had numerous contrivances in her house which he had made. One particularly which I remember was a paste-board, made after a French pattern, which would not slip about on a dresser, as he had observed her English paste-board do. Susan, the farmer's ruddy daughter, had her work-box, too, to show us; and her cousin-lover had a wonderful stick, with an extraordinary demon head carved upon it ;-all by M. de Chalabre. Farmer, farmer's wife, Susan, Robert, and all were full of his praises.

We grew from children into girls—from girls into women; and still M. de Chalabre taught on in the forest; still he was beloved and honoured; still no dinner-party within five miles was thought complete without him, and ten miles' distance strove to offer him a bed sooner than miss his company. pretty merry Susan of sixteen had been jilted by the faithless Robert; and was now a comely demure damsel of thirty-one or two: still waiting upon M. de Chalabre, and still constant in respectfully singing his praises. My own poor mother was dead; my sister was engaged to be married to a young lieutenant, who was with his ship in the Mediterranean. My father was as youthful as ever in heart, and indeed in many of his ways; only his hair was quite white, and the old lameness was more frequently troublesome than it had been. An uncle of his had left him a considerable fortune, so he farmed away to his heart's content, and lost an annual sum of money with the best grace and the lightest heart in the world. There were not even the gentle reproaches of my mother's eyes to be

dreaded now.

Things were in this state when the peace of eighteen hundred and fourteen was declared. We had heard so many and such contradictory rumours that we were inclined to doubt even the "Gazette" at last, and were discussing probabilities with some vehemence, when: M. de Chalabre entered the room; mannounced and breathless:

"My friends, give me joy!" he said. . "The

Moureons" the could not go on; his features may his very fingers, worked with agitation, but he could not speak My father hastened to selieve him:

We have heard the good news (you see, garls it is quite true this time). I do con-gratulate you, my dear friend. I am glad." And he seized M. de Chalabre's hand in his siwn hearty gripe, and brought the nervous agitation of the latter to a close by unconaciously administering a pretty severe dose of wholesome pain.

p. 1. go to London. I go straight this after-moon to see my sovereign. My sovereign moon to see my sovereign. holds a court to-morrow at Grillon's Hotel; I go to pay him my devoirs. I put on my uniform of Gardes du Corps, which have laid by these many years; a little old, a little wormenten; but never mind; they have been seen by .. Marie Antoinette, which gives them a grace for ever." He walked about the room in a nervous, hurried way. There was something on his mind, and we signed to my father to be silent for a moment or two, and let it come out. "No!" said M. de Chalabre, after a moment's pause. "I cannot say adieu; for I shall return to say, dear friends, my adieux. I did come a poor emigrant; noble Englishmen took me for their friend, and welcomed me to their houses. Chalabre is one large mansion, and my English friends will not forsake me; they will come and see me in my own country; and, for their sakes, not an English beggar shall pass the doors of Chalabre without being warmed, and clothed, and fed. I will not say adieu. I go now but for two days.

BY DAWK TO DELHI.

Business summoned me recently from the modern to the ancient capital of India. From Calcutta to Delhi runs the Grand Trunk Road, nine hundred miles long; one of the few good, though late, results of the East Audia Company's rule. This journey I was to get over by Dawk travelling, and my purpose now is to explain what manner of trawelling that is.

Dawk travelling is no more like railway travelling, than a donkey race is like the Newmarket St. Leger. It is more suggestive of the progress of Indian railways. have a line at Bombay something longer than ats own name when it is printed in large capitals; Bengal can show a very few miles of embankment that have for the last iswo or three years been nearly finished, and some cuttings which sanguine people want will be available in about a year; Madras talks languidly about railways, and the North-West Provinces have got as far as thinking of them. India has not yet even become up to the advancement of our old pairhorse or four-horse coach. Of Indian roads in their customary badness I say nothing : of the Grand Trunk Road between Calcutta and some kind packer had thrown a royal or

Delhi, and of the improved system of wranelling thereupon—the best kind of travelling to which India has attained, and that but very recently—I shall say much, if it maybe allowed to say it in my own leigure transports am an old Indian; and we old Indians like ito

do things quietly—we are not to be hurnied.

A contract was first entered into between myself, on the one hand, and the North Western Dawk Company, on the other; whereby, for the sum of one hundred and thirtyeight rupees (equivalent to thirteen pounds. sixteen shillings), the said Company agreed to convey me from Calcutta to Delhi. In consequence of this contract, a Dawk was driven to my door one evening, that it might he packed by me and my household overnight, ready for starting early in the morning. A Dawk may be described roughly as a large palanquin running on four high wheels, and drawn by a single horse. It is strong but not elegant; and is not decorated in accordance with the highest principles of art; being painted light green above and black below. To appear publicly in such a vehicle in England, would occasion the conviction that the occupant had gone into the travelling show line, and was on his way to the next country fair. The wheels of the Dawk are stout, for they have heavy work to do, and the body is hung high between them; for the Dawk has streams to ford. Round the roof a railing runs, for the more secure accommodation of such heavy luggage as can be packed outside. The carriage has a sliding door on each side, and windows like port-holds. The roomy interior is lined with a strong woollen stuff of green and black; it is fof considerable length, and there is space in it for a great many odds and ends. There is a handy little shelf in front, there are two ample pockets, there are straps by which a hat or two may be slung and there is a strong net suspended from the roof by its four corners. Level with the door-sill is a flooring of reasonably elastic cushion, covered ato match the lining of the carriage; this extends over the whole length and breadth af the Dawk. The cushion is in four parts, and serving as lid to a well in which the traveller may put some of his luggage, or, if he should wish to sit, may put his legs. In short, the Dawk is a snug little house upon wheels of

In family council, we agreed .that, as my luggage was not very heavy, it might all he packed next morning, and next morning many hands and sundry little fingers were at work about the vehicle; which swallowed up my luggage as though it were but a mouthful, much as it had seemed to be when we were putting it together. We made but a solemen business of our good-bye; and when the horse which, like the vehicle, was mather strong than elegant-was quite ready to drag on from the sight of household faces, I ascended to my lair upon the cushions, ever which

actioned quilt, and which was further furnisted with a set of carefully adjusted pillows. More last words and the horse had started; but there was a brief stoppage—a little mouth, that never kept a secret, rose above a port-hole, to announce to me the name of the maker of a mysterious and magnificent crotchet nightcap, that was spread out in all its glory on the shelf. It was too splendid to be worn—as somebody perhaps thought, when he stole it near the journey's end.

Really off; out of sight of the old house, and traversing familiar streets. Down the broad, busy thoroughfare that traverses the native town, over the iron bridge, out of Calculta; and upon the Barrackpore road, with its fifteen miles of noble avenue. The first milestone;—and the calculation was exceedingly comforting that I had got over a thousandth part of my journey; at the second mitistone I had finished a five-hundredth, and that sounded like progress: almost like having got half-way. At the fifth milestone we had turned the thousandth into a two-hundredth part of the whole distance. My courage rose. Here was quick progress—we should soon be at the journey's end.

It was needful that my courage should rise rapidly, for I had work to do that called for all my energies. Calcutta streets I had heard much abused, and of the Barrackpore Road there were incessant laudations in the town. Now, I began to prefer a bad street to a good road. All had gone smoothly with me in the city; but, upon the road, affairs within the Dawk assumed a troubled aspect. Bottles began to clash together, a violent assault was made upon the tea-things by a heavy canister of biscuits, and I felt in my domain like an Emperor within whose realms a revolution had sprung up. There was need that I should devote my whole mind, and my whole physical force, to its suppression. re-adjusted, re-arranged, marshalled, imprisoned, and bound the elements of all the strife, and restored order by giving a new constitution to the vebels, carefully removing any articles that were a cause of strife, and substituting others. The refractory biscuit could be subjugated only by keeping it firm under foot, and I found it requisite to lay a heavy hand upon other causes of contention; until, by the course of time and the decrease of disturbing cause, as the road proved better than its early profilise, there was an end put to the jarring and conmision. The first horse completed his stage of six miles and a fraction very conscientiously; then he was the show-horse of the hunared and my I was yet destined to be drawn by. He was the horse upon whom the Dawk Company relied for the maintenance of its respectability before the eyes of the Calcutta Horse number two was a very dif-

book as slow and sure; but his pace wall six miles an hour, and before my journess was at an end, I learnt to put down the same rate of travel as in the highest degree rapid and satisfactory:

So we trotted along the Barrackpore Road against a pretty steady stream of men, cattle, and carriages setting in towards Calcutta. We also passed a few stragglers outward-bound;—some making for the cantonments, others with forage elephants so laden with leafy boughs that they looked like sublime Jacks in the Green. A third horse brought us to the bank of the Hooghly, which we crossed upon a clumsy ferry-boat. That was a work of time. The first four or five rivers which intersect the path of the Grand Trunk

Road have not yet been bridged.

My journey was made at the beginning of the rainy season, and my clothes were on the roof of the Dawk, duly protected in a coupleof pitarrahs. A pitarrah is a deep, square, tin box, commonly painted green, with a pyramidal lid, from which rain runs off instantly, and standing like a haystack on a wooden frame, with wooden legs. No conscientious artist will make a pittarrah of any other than the shape and pattern sanctioned by long custom. The tin box is jacketed ir yellow wax cloth. Changes of clothes, to suit all changes of weather, I had ready within the Dawk, with a variety of hats and caps varying between a Fez night-cap or a wide-awake, and the best beaver which was to be worn on state occasions when I got to Delhi. There were also Delhi boots, old road shoes, and Dawk slippers. There were, within my dominions, books, pens, ink, sketch books, a note book, sardines, biscuits, brandy, ginger-bread nuts, tea, sugar, water bottles, lozenges, lucifers, pistols (presented by a nervous friend), a telescope, a lamp, a knife, a hammer, a riding-whip, and a bag of coin forming a help yet more likely to make the mare to go.

Over the Hooghly, and for several stages on. We crossed the creek of the Muggraby means of a ricketty wooden bridge, a disgrace to the Government. My attention was particularly called to it by the fact that I paid there a toll of one rupee, the only toll upon the line.

of contention; until, by the course of time and the decrease of disturbing cause, as the road proved better than its early profiles, there was an end put to the jarring and confision. The first horse completed his stage of ix miles and a fraction very conscientiously; there was an end put to the jarring and confision. The first horse completed his stage of ix miles and a fraction very conscientiously; there then he was the show-horse of the hundred and the limit of his skill in predicting from the barometer the first hurricane. The storm came just as I had expected rain according to the season, though the day was glorious; and having spent some time in the forthy-action from and provided his stage of its first hurricane. The storms looks for a trial of his skill in predicting from the barometer the first hurricane. The storm came just as I had expected rain according to the season, though the day was glorious; and having spent some time in the forthy-action from a maximum spent some time in the forthy-action having spent some time in the forthy-action from the barometer the first hurricane. The storm came just as I had expected rain according to the season, though the day was glorious; and having spent some time in the forthy-action for my ark, looked forward as anxiously to the first downpour, as a young mariner who has read up his law of storms looks for a trial of his skill in predicting from the barometer the first hurricane. The storm came just as I had expected rain according to the season, though the day was glorious; and having spent some time in the forthy-action for my ark, looked forward as anxiously to the first downpour, as a young mariner who have read up his law of storms looks for a trial of his skill in predicting from the barometer the first hurricane. The storm came just as I had expected rain according to the season, though the day was glorious; and having spent some time in the forthy-action from the forthy-action from the forward as anxiously to the first downpour, as a young mariner who h

We travelled night and day; the cushioned floor of the Dawk formed a very good bed, and I could sleep well, subject of course to the interruption incident to a periodical clamour caused by the starting of a horse. The korses were throughout the line bad, and the contractors, I suspect, too often dishonest. There were frequent difficulties raised over the getting of a horse at all; in a stable that contained three, two might be sick, and one weary from over-work. There was no rest for the weary; he must in that case walk his stage. The best horses were in bad condition. To persuade an animal to start was often the work of five or six men aiding the whip of the driver on the box, some beating the poor beast, one pulling at his head, one perhaps at his leg, another pushing at a wheel, and all pouring out benediction and malediction, persuasion, entreaty and command with vast volubility. He was their child, their son, their brother, their good uncle, their esteemed brother-in-law. He was a gentleman: he was a pig, a prince: he was a something unutterably bad, and so were all his ancestors for several generations, and relations ever so many degrees removed. Would his highness be pleased to budge? When he did move, it was sometimes to run away. On such occasions we could complete a stage at the rate of ten miles an hour. Sometimes he walked his distance, but he rarely stopped, unless he thoroughly broke down upon the road. Bad as the horses are, they are perhaps as good as can be furnished for the money; better cattle would be very costly on so long a line, and perhaps good horses would be used up quite as soon as the sorry animals now furnished. As it is, we are justified in regarding this kind of travel on the Grand Trunk Road as wonderful for India; the rate being a trifle over a hundred miles a day (of twenty-four hours), and the cost not great-about three-There are also pence halfpenny a mile. good rest houses, or Dawk Bungalows, provided at not infrequent intervals.

At midnight, after my first day of journeying, I was pacing under the moon before an inhospitable door at Burdwan, waiting until some sleep-bewildered agent had regained activity enough to read and to write entries in the bokhara or waybill. He kept me at his door for an hour; and, afterwards, I always knew where there was an agent of the Transit Company by the detention to which I was subjected. These gentlemen were a kind of road bogies: I felt their malign in-

fluence, but never saw them.

Again in the same night I awoke suddenly, and found all still and quiet. "Coachman, I cried, "what is the matter now? Why are we not moving?" No answer. No coachman. No sound even of the horse. I opened one side-door and looked out. I perceived only darkness, drizzle, and a wide gleam of water. I looked out on the other side; did not stop at that, or any, bungalow ten

darkness, drizzle, and a wider gleam of water. Coachhan and syce (groom) gone; harse gone; traveller left to wake up in the middle of a flood, swamp, lake, river, I knew not what, After a time, however, I heard voices and the splash of an approaching horse. Coach man and sych had been far away to get him from a distant stable, and perhaps to have an

nap and pipe at the same time.

Again in that night I awoke. We seemed to be grinding our way slowly through sand and shingle, in the bed of a shallow river, under a dark tunnel that hung close over our heads. There was much noise and shouting. When I was thoroughly aroused by it, I found that we were working, with the aid of coolies, over a piece of newly repaired road. The sand and shingle I found to be kunkur, or the concrete used for metalling. The tunnel was the darkness of the night under a leaden sky. At sunrise we were still working along, by the aid of coolies, at the rate of a mile and a half an hoar, over the newly repaired read.

At the end of the first twenty-four hours, I had advanced hinety miles upon my journey: and, happening then to arrive near a Dawk bungalow, or, as it is called officially, a staging bungalow, I considered that I had leisure to put in and refresh. These bungalows are built by Government for the accommodation, at fixed rates, of the higher grades of travellers. One of them generally contains two separate suites of apartments, a dining, sitting and bedroom, and a dressing and bath room;—the last being the most essential. The furniture is not more than a bed, a table, two or three chairs, and the bathing-room There is an establishment of apparatus. servants, a khansuman or steward, a bearer,

cook and sweeper.

On driving up to the doon of the building, I was met in due form by the steward; who, with a respectful introductory salaam, desired to know what he should prepare for my refreshment. I had often heard jokes on the subject of Dawk bungalow refreshment, respecting, especially, the assurances of the steward that he has anything and everything, and his final production of a tough hen caten twenty minutes after her last cluck. Those jokes refer perhaps to a past time. The stewards of to-day profess only to have fowl, and are surprised if any other article is mentioned. The question "What shall I prepare?" means simply, "How shall I pre-pare it? Shall the bird of the bungalow-be roasted, boiled, grilled, stewed or curried?" I changed the mode of cooking at each resting place, and had no sameness to complain of.

While Mrs. Partlet was in preparation, and a kettle of water getting it steam up, for a cup of tea to succeed, I could secure to myself the morning comfort of a shave, a bath, and a complete change of clothes. I

inficites longer than was necessary for my reasonable comfort; and, having paid the atipulated rupee for a day's hire for the apartment, and another for the refreshment and backsheesh or gratuity, signed the bun-

galow book before noon, noting in the column for remarks, "Everything satisfactory," and

Our progress was much as before. The road all the way, except where its wounds were being healed with a plaster of kunkur, was in a sound condition, the worst of it being the Barrackpore road, just outside Calcutta. We had an event with a horse that was brought to the door to excite my pity, and I did pity it; but, as there was no other, it was harnessed; and, being harnessed, raff away with us and came to the end of its

stage in an incredibly short time. At about the hundred and third milestone I saw rising ground ahead. As I had resided for sixteen years on flats, it was the first undulating country I had seen during that time; and, perhaps partly for that reason, as we ascended the ridge of Khairasole, the scenery reminded me of moorland prospects in the north country at home. descending the ridge on the other side, I was moved almost to tears by the English look of the Dermoodah valley, with a river winding into the remote distance, and the smoky chimneys of the coal-mines that completed the resemblance to those unforgotten scenes familiar to my youth. Mountains presently began to loom on the horizon till they crewded on my sight. My heart bounded in their presence.

I found that the beggars, which abound along the whole road, scorned some of the pice which would pass current in Calcutta; and that a telescope was good, not only to bring far objects near, but also to remove near objects to a distance. If the crowd of beggars became troublesome I levelled my telescope with a bang, and away they all scampered, apparently considering it to be some near relation to a loaded cannon.

In the middle of a tine right we reached the river Barackur, and crossed it after much hallooing, by the help of a ferry-boat and coolies. Then on, in a drizzly morning over a wild moorland. Then through more cheerful country, while I hung over my map and gazed at the clear sky ahead for a first sight of the majestic and sacred mountain Parisnauth. We came upon it in a disappointing way; but, after we had passed it for a long time, it remained the granuest feature of the scene behind our backs, with slouds at its summit and fine grey crags because the scene behind our backs, with slouds at its summit and fine grey crags because the scene behind our backs, with slouds at its summit and there out of the forest of green trees which reaches to its very top: "At one station, soon after passing Parisnauth; there were two horses so ob-

boy'; but, among eddies boys are the basto men always. These ratited almon mentale through the twilight, achieving seven milesul of hilly country in an hour and twenty soven Threepence halfpeiny per maniminutes. and man's pay to the bey, sent them home shouting and singing with the fullest is satisfaction. satisfaction.

After three days of this life I had fallen ! into the travelling habit, and adopted any carriage as a home. On awaking early the the morning I threw open the doors and windows of my little room, and sat in the doorway with my feet upon the step, enjoying the fresh air. Then I took a light breakfast a of biscuit and water, made my room tidy for !! the day; and, at about nine or ten o'clock, achalted at a Dawk bungalow for more complete " refreshment of the inner and the outer man, N after the manner already detailed. Then but o I went again, amusing myself with small r things; recording the rate of progress in my note-book by help of my watch and the milestones, looking about me, jumping out to help on a weak or lazy horse, and doing any thing but read. I had plenty of books with me, but could not fix my mind on their contents. When evening came, I sat in the doorway again, or stood on the step, till the 3 night chill drove me into my lair; then I put on a flannel coat, supped upon biscuit and weak brandy and water, and went easily to sleep. When stoppages, or other night disturbances aroused me, I looked at the time by help of a lucifer match, inquired of the coachman as to place, and resumed my slumbers.

On the fourth day of the journey I again crossed the Barackur, on that occasion by a handsome stone bridge of nine arches. Towards evening we crossed a still larger bridge of, I think, sixteen grand arches crossing the Leclajan. These were indeed noble bits et road-making, though I should say that a detachment of three arches over a side stream had broken down not many days previous to our arrival at it. The event of the fourth day's travel was the ride through the Dunwah Pass. At the previous stage a smart-looking Mussulman-the horse-contractor I suppose-civilly announced his intention of accompanying me to Dunwah, and found accommodation for himself behind. The road was much the same as usual, and there was no particular sign of mauntain; until presently I found that we were going down hill by a winding road most rapidly. My Mussulman friend ran alongside, holding on by the front of the carriage. Down we we went at an increasing rate, up a small slope and then down again, precipitous descent carried either hand, and a thick rocky jungle at the ad bottom. The Mussulman looked back at the Parisnauth, there were two horses so ob once or twice; and, seeing that I did not viously until for service, that the next stage flinch, we shot down without any interest was performed without a horse, by help of ruption, till we found our way into a pre-col I should have said eight and a turesque ravine, from which a short ascent

led to the open plain beyond. We had, for land, and had thus descended to the plains again, leaving a highly respectable range of

hills suddenly discovered, at our backs.

At twilight we crossed the sandy bed of the Booregha, one of the river arms that forms the island of Sherghatty, at which I proposed to rest. The coolies who helped us across, having completed that business, requested to be paid off, as they had nothing to do with the other river. They were, however, so well pleased with what I gave them, that they agreed by acclamation to run me across the island and over the stream on the other side, the Moorhur. In the town on the island I stopped at the bungalow, and sent home tidings through the post office. When we had crossed the Moorhur I paid off the coolies again, and dismissed them with a salaam. "No," they cried; "you will want us yet." I was to have a new coachman at that stage of my journey—the fourth driver since I had left Calcutta—but coachman and horse were nowhere to be seen. The coachman's horn was on the vehicle, and the coolies, finding it, began to perform bugle calls, which really did fetch in the missing cavalry. It proved a sorry horse; and, being harnessed to the shafts, lay down and determined that it would not rise again. We did indeed find the help of the coolies useful.

The great event of the road next day was a meeting with an English dog, upon its travels like myself, and evidently glad to look upon a face that was not black. He at once came up to me, and offered me the nose of friendship, in return for which I tickled his ears with familiar English words, and his palate with some biscuits. His companion, who looked like a Pariah, stood stolidly by, and I threw biscuit to him also, which he had not expected, and ate ravenously without any sign of thanks. Two or three miles farther on, after fording a shallow river, I met an old Calcutta friend on his way back to the metropolis, and exchanged with him some information useful on the road. Next morning we reached the river Soane, where there is not a bridge, and found it full from bank to bank. While waiting for a ferry, I was accosted by something better than an English dog—a countryman there stationed as surveyor of the roads. We were at once friends: Preceived his hospitality, and acknowledged my sense of it by a present of some of the books that I had not read. He was a great reader, but I left him print enough to last him for a mouth.

We spent two hours in the crossing of the Some. Had the water been low, we should have been three times as long, because we should have been dragged over by a team of bullecks who would have sunk occasionally in the sands. I had time to sketch the romantic The man a wide a grante to The Contract

Then on we went, passing the huge fantastic. some stages, been rising imperceptibly to the mausoleum of Shere Shah, and passing what, edge of a mountain ridge upon a sort of table. I thought more interesting still, the bullock. waggons of a wealthy Hindoo family on the way to the holy city of Benares peopling of the waggons, the pretty children peopling at the foreigner through loomless and from under screens. As for the fine old w chief, their father, he did not appear to be well pleased at my manifest admiration of his little ones. Fatherly pride gave place to his dread of "the evil eye."

By this time I had begun to observe a change in the costume and manners of the people, so great that I considered myself to be already virtually in the North-West . In place of the dirty whitey-Provinces. brown rags of the low country there were, coloured garments gracefully adjusted : the women had no longer a subdued look, and were comely, although very black indeed. Reflection upon such matters, and upon any. matter, was soon made impossible; for we. arrived at a certain stretch of road that has been under repair since its first formation. It was at first too low, and suffered flooding. so it is now being raised bodily for many miles. Little of that road was fairly to he considered practicable; and, some parts of it that were too stiff for the strongest travelling. machine, obliged us to turn out into the fields. and to drive across country as best we could, all our efforts being furthered, and made suc. cessful, by the constant help of coolies.

This trouble surmounted, we rattled along over the handsome stone bridge spanning the Karumnassa. We were really at last in the North-West Provinces. After a time we reached the banks of the Ganges. There again we had a opposite Benarcs. weary ferrying, poling up, pulling up, and running down the stream before we could get properly across; but a better opportunity of examining carefully the fantastic architecture of the temples which crowned the city. on its river front, could not have been afforded in another way. At Benares I ended that day; and began the next in charge of a kind friend, who showed me all the lions, and much wondered at the faculty for , dropping suddenly asleep engendered by a course of Dawk travelling.

On again through the finest country I had yet seen, sloping in long undulations to the Ganges Our pace at one stage now attained fourteen miles an hour. At midnight I was again crossing the Ganges to reach Allahabad: whose fort rose black and rugged in the distance. The boatmen, as they rowed, set up a chant, in which I detected notice of a coming storm, and of the backsheesh they re would all deserve for bringing me safely through it. The storm came sudderly upon, us; we crossed safely, not without some risk ; 1 and backsheesh followed. At Allahabad andir fortress of Rhotaschur during the passage agent kept us waiting in the rain, I fretted w

a gradiente de la constantia

myself to sleep, and awoke next morning fourteen miles nearer my journey's end. In the evening I reached Futtehpore, where there were friends ready to cheer the traveller with a boisterous welcome. Greatly refreshed both in flesh and spirit, and most lavishly provisioned, I set off again after a day's delay, and early the next morning at Cawnpore I for the first time saw an agent. He, being an old Calcutta acquaintance, gave talk. That helped me on again. The horses praise. too had latterly improved, though there were still some who required the combined powers of cajolery and cudgelry to set them. going.

The next day troubled us with heavy rains and roads under repair. We frequently stuck fast in the moist kunkur, when the syce and coachman impressed all passers by into the service necessary for our extrication. I was sorry to find that the poor people whom I paid for such services, generally seemed astonished at my Aberality-or honesty; I gave never more than what was just. traffic all the way from Allahabad had been immense. The road was in some places almost blocked up with trains of waggons, strings of camels, carriages, and cattle of all

As the day ended the roads improved, and I turned in that evening for the last time at a stage-bungalow. I was only fifty miles from Delhi. In the night I was conscious of a sharp turn in the road, and of crossing a very long suspension bridge, which I endeavoured drowsily to examine by the light of a lucifer match. It was that of the Hindum. At five o'clock next morning I was afoot with my best hat on, and my carriage jolting by my side, upon the bridge of boats over the Jumna. were making our triumphal entry into Delhi. Not reckoning the stoppages at Benares and Futtehpore, we had traversed the nine hundred miles in about eight days and a half; excellent work for India and the rains. rains, however, had, luckily for me, been less troublesome than usual.

Although "the Company" have had possession of British India for centuries the Grand Trunk Road, of which I have here attempted to give an idea, is no more than about fifteen years old; Dawk travelling, however, is a thing of yesterday. The vehicle has been brought into existence by the ingenuity of the competing transit companies, and is, in its way, now almost perfect. If it were water-tight, I think it would be absolutely perfect. The road, which is really second in importance to the vehicle, is equal to the best Macadamised roads in England, barring some very bad bits here and there and the extensive repairs always going on in sundry places, alwayse performed with the utmost deliberation. There is a want of bridges too, that will in time be remedied. Five streams have to be ferried or forded between the Hooghly

and the Scane, to say nothing of the passage by ferry of those two very formidable rivers; and of the Gauges in two places—at Benares and Allahabad. I think that the road, when it is good, is of better quality in Bengal than in the Upper Provinces, either because the material is harder, the shape more convex, or the traffic less. The whole line extends, I should observe, to Peshawur, but of the upper part I know nothing, from experience, me a cup of tea and ten minutes of cheerful and am told that it is not yet worthy of

THE LADY OF THE FEN.

GLORIOUS and grand is this our time; A great prose epic, rich with food For many an after poet's rhyme When matter shall be soul-subdued: Yet often, when the heart grows faint. With glare of gas, and clang of steam, It freshens at the aspect quaint Of some belovéd old-world dream: Some fable where we see the earth Bloom roughly-sweet with wild wood-flowers, And marvels of continual birth Show Heaven more manifestly ours. And, as such tales are cherish'd most When Winter comes with rainy flaw, And Night, dilating like a ghost, Touches familiar things with awe-The story which I tell shall be Of old enchantment, dark and drear, Yet still preserving, like the sea, Some reflex of the skyey sphere.

Why rides Sir Cradock mournfully From morn to eve with downcast eye? Why droops Sir Cradock day by day? Why turns his hair from black to grey? He is a Knight of whom report Speaks nobly-one of Arthur's court-And in the freshness of his age; Yet grief, which nothing can assuage Has driven him to the bearded woods And mountamons dumb solitudes; Where, like an iron statue, still He holds on with an iron will.

A twelvemonth since, Sir Cradock's pleasure Knew neither bounds, nor change, nor measure; A newly-married man, and blest With one in whom his soul found rest. In azure caim the Future lay, Like hills in heaven. But, on a day, As home he wended from the chase, A servant with a pallid face Met him, and told how armed men Had forced his castle gates, and then From out his lady's bower had dragg'd Her barbarously, tied and gagg'd,
And bound her on a wild black horse, And swiftly over heath and gorse Into the forest fled like wind.

Sir Cradock fared as one struck blind With sudden night. Awhile he stood Moveless; then dash'd into the wood, And wildly gallop'd round about, And, with continual cry and shout, Went crashing through great leafy spaces, Or into dusky inward places,

prio no thanking through shatter'd bought stronge light of the broad, blank night through Stared from the sky—a huge Despair, all a Starless, and blank, and cold, and bare.

For many months Sir Cradock sought His lady; but he found her not: And now, even hope itself had fled, And the sweet world seem'd dumb and dead, And like a body without a soul. Yet, that his life might have some goal, Some healthy purpose that might keep Its spirit from a staguant sleep, Sir Cradock vow'd to spend his days In seeking hard and persious ways-Fierce battles with euchantments grim On misty moorlands wide and dim, In woods or ghostly houses, near The rotting of a grey flat mere. And so with stediast heart he rides Through valleys, or on cold hill-sides, Or far into the deep recesses Of the waste lands and wildernesses : But nothing he sees, of bliss or bale.

The old year had now wax'd thin and pile; The winter had come; the trees were bare; The weary clouds in the dark still air Slept ever, and threw a great shadow round Under the heavens and over the ground. The Christmas season drew high and nigher: Merry it was by the red log fire, Merry for old man, woman, and child. But Cradock abode in the deserts wild, With louely musings and thoughts devout Warming the coldness round about. And praying for some adventure soon.

And so it befel in an afternoon That through a forest he rode, and saw The shadows closer and closer draw. The trees were old, and jagg'd, and dark, With dying moss and knarry back; Above, the branches and lighter spray Like a low and black cloud lay. From gloomy depths, suspicious faces Scem'd glancing with grotesque glimaces; And, out of the wet and miry nooks, Peer'd the cits with ominous looks The leaping frog, the crawling toad Leap'd and crawl'd from the beaten road, And hid themselves in the languid sloth Of the fat and noiseless undergrowth. The very silence seem'd to sing And mutter of some marvellous thing. Suddenly Sir Cradock was aware Of a she-wolf that ran by there, Nimble of foot and enger-eyed. Sir Cradock wounded her in the side, And, as between the trunks she sped, She left a track of glimmering red, Made visible by the fading light In the West; and, on this track, the knight Rode forward through the old grim wood, And past it; and the drops of blood Over a marsh went steadily on. The western light grew faint and wan ; And under the hugely-hanging dark The black fen by without a mark-A night above, a night below. The staggering ground slid to and fro At touch of foot; and, round the edge Of closely-hidden pools, the sedge

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Shook always in the initiating present. Lightly Sir Cradock volto by these, who are drew the set to the the thirty should be the through the thirty gates, decay'd and bent, in a the door the she-wolf went.

It was a drooping mansion, cold And de plate as the fenny wold. Greeu damp, in figures many and grim, Writhed on the walls with outline dim, And in the dusk look'd drearily. With weeds, and grasses thick and high, The garden walks were choked : the wet Hung in their leaves as in a net. A mournful silence shudder'd round; But Cradock quickly leapt to ground, And through the open portal stept: Darkling, across the hall be kept, And up the stairs in winding groom, And so into a lofty room Lat by a torch's wavering flare, Which show'd the bloodystrack was there. And something else was there beside :-No wolf, with red jaws staring wide, But a fair lady, pale and faint, With sad, calm features like a saint, And piteous wound, from which the knight Saw heavy blood-drops, large and bright, Fall lingering downward to the floor. Wondering he stood beside the door,

"Lady," he said, "I pray you tell" What dread misfortune makes you dwell In this deserted house alone, Hearing the marsh-winds creep and moan. "Ah, woeful me !" she made reply; "Better it were that I should die, And tade beneath a grassy mound!-O, pleasant gloom! O, quiet ground! My heart is weary, and I would sleep In a grave-bed soft and deep, With earthy blankets drawn about, And the sighing air without! I fear myself. My own heart-blood Is dreadful, and a tainted flood. I am the wolf you found within . That fiendish wood; not changed for sin, But by a fierce enchanter's power. He sought my love in evil hour, And found it not. Then wroth he grew, And my father and my mother slew, And all our bousehold smote with death, Poisoning the land with baleful breath. And ever since that murderous day I have been doom'd to deserts grey, A wild wood thing of grief and fear, Herding with savage shapes undear In murky heaths, in moss-cold dens, Or dabbling in the rainy fens, Nretched, and stiff with icy dew And cold .- But from the first I knew That, if my blood were made to run By human hand, and I could shun Men's sight, and gain my father's hall, That ghastly shape would straightway fall From off me like a robe; and, lo! This evening it has happen'd so."

Sir Cradock said, "Lady, I sweat"
To seek that foul enchanter's lair
By dawn of day. Be comforted;
For either I will make his head

if Angeresthment or will less my own."

2 She thank'd him with a condial tone:

5 And, after many friendly words.

Fir lay upon the cold, hard boards,

And slept away the lingering night,

Tardily dawned the morning light.

And cheerfully Sir Cradock rose.

The chilly brenth of morning froze

Flower and grass and yellow weed.

O Up clomb the good Knight on his steed;

of Up went the sun; in smears of red

finand copyent choud enveloped;

of Up went the smoke from distant town;

of And Cradock, turning for a space,

Beheld that lowely lady's face

Spilling a sweet yet sad Farewell!

irak. His heart was throbbing like a bell, As over moss and moor he pass'd Into a glen where high rooks cast Strange darkness: a black, ominous land, With dismal crags on either hand, And down each drear, precipitous wall Black waters fell with snake like crawl. Portentous shapes, with face all spasms, Lay snarling in the rocky chasms, Dog-like, with frequent moan and yelp. And sometimes calling out for help: But Cradock mark'd how human bones Were whitening beside fallen stones: And swerv'd not, nor to right nor left. At length he clear'd that perilous cleft, And saw the enchanted palace rise, Gorgeous and vast, before his eyes, Far off upon a pleasant plain, With walls that shone like glistening rain. Tow'rds it he gallop'd, glad at heart, And safely reach'd the outer part Just as the night came glooming down Over mountain, valley, and town.

He stopp'd; and, scarcely knowing why, Sat gazing round, when, suddenly, He saw an plu fantastic crone Crouching beneath the wall alone, And muttering at the gathering night, With legs across and fingers tight. Up leap'd the hag in ugly glee, And cried, "Sir Knight, I joy to ser Thy noble face!—The time has come;
The heavens are dark, the world is dumb. The grave is dug, the screech-owls shrick: Hearken, Sir Knight, to what I speak! The sorcerer thou hast come to slay; But I alone can show the way Of severing his enchanted life. Without some charméd sword, all strife 2) Is vain; though nothing can withstand Of magic steel which I will give To thee; but thou must thenceforth live With me for ever, and remain My bondsman through all joy and pain.

O, hard condition for a knight!
No more to mix in court or fight;
No more to see the glad swords leap
Like sudden brooks from white sleep;
No more to hear the leaves neigh

With dusty temperatorolling past. In the No more to feel the thivering black. Of trumpets smite the dir, and make. This beard within his visor stake! Yet never will helbreak life yow. To that fair lady, whose white brow. Lights him in darkness like a moon. He takes the sword, and swears that soon. He will return, with victory rich, And bind him to the dreary witch, Beneath an old and cavernous oak.

Straightway he pass'd through fire and smoke Into the bright cuchanted hall, And saw a sudden dimness fall On all the lightsome splendours there; Which sicken'd to a deadly glare, As though a ghost had risen, and brought The darkness of some strange, new thought, The sorcerer, feasting at the board, Beheld Sir Cradock's dreadful sword, And leaped up with a serpent hiss; While, through the diamond galleries And golden glooms, a swooning sigh From point to point ran shudderingly. A moment, and the swords are out: A flashing fire flames about; The champions clash, and clang, and trace, And hurtle round the darkening place, And lose, and gain, and lose their ground. Loud thunder laughs and leaps around, And, from their weapons, rudely kiss'd, There rolls a grey and creeping mist, Which bangs and droops apart. At length A faintness drows'd the sorcerer's strength. Sir Cradock clove his skull in twain : His blood dash'd into the air like rain: The hall was rent from base to height. And through the rifts down rush'd the night.

The great enchantment had all fled. Sir Cradock saw the stars o'erhead, And felt the outer air benign; Then woke, as from some dreamy wine, And walk'd towards the old oak tree: A sad man at the heart was he.

The tree mas rough, and broad, and bare, And hollow'd like some wild beast's lair. He sees that he has reach'd the spot Assigu'd; yet there the crone is not. No human soul appears; no sound To stir the silence aching round.

Is he asleep, or is he mad? He knows not whether to be glad Or grave; when, from the other side Of the trunk, he sees a fair face glide-Ab, Heaven! the face which they had torn From him, and through the wild woods borne; Her face of sweetness, sadness, mirth, Rising as from a second birth, With patient cheek and tender bloom, Making a glory in the gloom, Like something spatch'd from wormy death No ghost, but living pulse and breath, Warm lips, soft arms, and beating heart. "Oh, Cradock, we shall no more part! ् 'स Oh, husband! me you vow'd to serve 11 31 For ever; and you will not swerve." He holds her with a strong caress, And almost fears his happiness;

And, greatly macping in his joy, Cries wildly for some sharp alloy To make it seem more natural.

After a while she tells him all. The sorcerer, now lying dead, Had dragg'd her from her home, and fled Into his bright, enchanted land; Where painfully and long he plann'd To bring her to lis sovereign will. But she, love-strong, resisted still. Then, mad to be thus overthrown, He changed her to a hideous crone, And cursed her; but she bore away The sword which had been forced to slay Its former master, and make clear The light of Heaven's eternal year. During the fray she watch'd apart; And when, with dreadful reel and start, She saw the enchanted towers wane. Her natural shape appear'd again, And instantly that phantom shade In which her limbs had been array'd, And clasp'd as in a hideous ring. Fled, trembling like a frighted thing.

'Twas sweet to hear the shout of joy From man and woman, girl and boy, When homeward brought Sir Cradock, then, His wife, the Lady of the Fen. Christmas had come. Upon the hearth The Yule-log sang and laugh'd for mirth. Merry it was in the loud, light hall, Where roar'd and glow'd the festival, And the feasters drank, in wine red-bright, "Health to the Lady and her Knight!"

VARNA.

A war, a murder, or a railway, has the effect of promoting very insignificant places into the widest notoricty. The present north-eastern warfare, for example, is causing the most diligent consultation of the atlas and the gazetteer to find the position on the map of proper names which make their first appearance in newspapers as the secures of important events. Varna is the latest debût. Extreme significance is given to a report that "a Russian frigate has been seen reconnoitring Varna;" to the fact that "the British consul has left Varna;" or to the circumstance that "consternation had seized the merchants of Varna." The effect of such bewildering intelligence would be much more breathless if ninety readers in a hundred had ever before heard of Varna, or knew where Varna is situated.

Their ignorance is the less pardonable because it is not unlikely that the roll they ate for breakfast was made from corn exported from Varna. Varna, the port of Bulgaria—the present seat of war—like many other -like many other towns along the shores of the Black Sea and of the inner basin of the Mediterranean, was, pence. Then, the bread was very bad, none fifty years ago, a mere collection of huts. It of the Varuiotes being learned in the science is now important enough to be governed by of making it; but now, not only does the a Turkish *Mirmidar*, or Pasha of three tails. Greek baker, Mr. Agabides, furnish excel-The population consisted, even as long age as lent loaves; but an export trade has been

eighteen hundred and twenty eight, when it was captured by the Busieve, of about sixwas captured by the Hustians, of those sixteen thousand souls, of which eight thousand two undred are Moslems, the right being Greeks Armenians, Ionians, and a lew wws. The city contains more than three thousand houses, a good many of which are new or in course of construction. There are four mosques, three Greek churches (one of which that of St. Athanasins is the party. which, that of St. Athanasius, is the metro-politan), and one Armenian church. The principal Greek place of worship was rebuilt in one thousand eight hundred and thirtyeight. It contains three naves, and space enough for a congregation of above two thousand. At Christmas and on Easter day the other churches are shut up, and all the Greeks collect in or around their cathedral; the gyneceum or women's gallery of which is completely filled, and yet more than half of the tairer portion of the congregation are compelled to remain in the court-yard.

Before the taking of Varna by the Russians. with the exception of the clergy few persons spoke Greek. The use of the Turkish was general, so that the priests were obliged to preach and hear confessions in that language. The Varniote Greeks were assimilated to the Bulgarians, and although they were not forced to learn the Turkish, they found it necessary to do so in order to carry on daily intercourse. They were kept severely within bounds, and forbidden to communicate with foreign traders. They were not even allowed to have windows in their wooden houses towards the street. Daylight entered by a few little holes.

In those times, however, Varna was a garrison town, and there was constant danger of spies. After Varna was restored to the Turks the Varniotes, who for a time emigrated, returned; and, by the assistance of their archbishop, Joseph de Serres, rapidly advanced in social improvement. Schools were established on the lancastrian principle, and the Greek language was studied with assiduity. Most young men now speak Greek. A little library has been founded, and there is a school for girls, directed by a lady from Constantinople, who teaches reading, writing, the first rules of arithmetic, and needlework. It is curious to notice these revivals of civilisation in places of which, until lately, Europe never heard speak. The commerce of Varna has advanced even more rapidly.

The return of material prosperity to Varna was subsequent to the return of intellectual life. Fifteen years ago everything was curiously cheap there. Three eggs were bought for one parah, and a fowl sometimes for five fartifings. At present arrange costs five paralis, and a fowl two plastres, or fiveMaria Maria

Varna, which is only second to that from Odessa. Very recently the inhabitants were actually not aware that the chicory, the asparagus and the strawberries which nature produced spontaneously in their fields, vere good to cat. At present they sell they at high prices to the strangers, who have taught them their value. Every requisité for a good kitchen, and the other necessaries of European life, except handy servants, are now to be had at Varia. The tone of manners has consequently much changed. Formerly, if a lady in European dress ventured to go out of her house, even accompanied by her husband. she was hooted by crowds of idle children. Now, she may go out alone without danger. The public promenade since eighteen hundred and fifty has been crowded with ladies, dressed in the last fashious procured from the well-assorted bazaars of Pera. Even the the town; or, if they do, consider themselves men begin to dress in the European style; and, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one four European tailors established themselves parsley, celery, parsnips, carrots, beet-root, European furniture now finds its way into the houses of the rich Varniotes, which were formerly fitted up quite in the Turkish style, having, for example, in the reception-room, or moussafir-ouda, nothing but low divans and a Schumla carpet, or a plain mat. Many of in little barrels filled with salt-water. Caulithe houses within the walls of the city have now a little garden or boxe, where are raised numbers of flowers, principally the rose and the jasmine. These intramural gardens are often shaded by willow, linden, and lilac trees, clumps of which are seen also in the country around. Vegetation begins towards the end of April, and finishes in September. During the intervening period, Varna is a most agreeable place of residence; and, as it is only fourteen hours distance, even by a sailing vessel with a good wind, from Constantinople, or the Queen Cityeas the Byzantines call it, many persons spend the summer there; returning occasionally for a short time to the capital to transact business.

As in all the other cities of Turkey, the streets of Varna are narrow, winding, irregular, dirty, and generally without pavement. It is, consequently, difficult to cross them in the winter without sticking in the mud; which is at least half a foot sleep in front of the grain stores and near the Land Gate, by which all waggons enter. The climate in general is good, and the waters for drinking are of excellent quality. They flow a un-dantly from the fountains with which the Armenian, Greek, and Turkish quarters are

provided.

The common articles of food are pastruma, that is to ..., the ment of oxen or buffaloes salted and dried in the sun, or sutjoukia, sausages made of the same meat, together with cabbages kept till half decayed in cellars, and beaus. The pastruma and sutjoukia are presared towards the end of the month of September, at which period each Camily, in open until the return of such and such a

established during the last two years from accordance with ancient usage, kills before the door or in the court of its house the oldest of its buffaloes, which has supplied throughout the year abundance of mile for the preparation called giaot et, or sour curds. These buffaloes are so tame, that during the summer! they leave the stables alone in the morning to go and seek pasture in the country, and return at nightfall of their own accord.

In the East, every family is obliged to attend to the march of the seasons, and lay in provisions accordingly. During the month of September, whilst the public slaughtering is going on, every family provides itself with firewood, coals, and vegetables, for the long winter of five months; during which, on those stormy shores of the Black Sea, the kitchen gardens are covered with snow, or bound by frost, or drenched by rain. At that season few peasants will come into entitled to ask extravagant prices. vegetables, of which store is made, are lecks, and turnips, the roots of which are buried in the earth in the corner of the house-court. Common cabbages and curled colewort are preserved either by being hung on strings in the cellar, which is the best manner, or flowers, cucumbers, turnip cabbages, young onions, and other vegetables are kept in vinegar. What takes place in the Varniote families in detail, is repeated on a large scale by the trade.

Every year, from the middle of the month of August to the end of September, are killed in the slaughter-house placed opposite the fortress, in the direction of Cape Soganlik, six or eight thousand oxen or cows, which are past work, to make pastruma, and to furnish tallow for the candles used in the country, or exported to Constantinople, where they are in great demand. They are known by a red tip which it given them at the manufactory. Great quantities of tongues also are prepared for exportation, and the horns are sent fastened to the skins, which are dried in the

open air.

This period of slaughtering, called tarkhem, is a kind of festival for the town. During forty days that it lasts, one of the gates closed all the rest of the year is thrown open for the ingress and egress of the inhabitants. In all there are five gates, three of which-two on the land side, and one towards thesea-are open daily; the former until nightfall, and the latter half an hour after, for the convenience of the merchants and the crews of the ships dispersed about the town. The, keys of these gates are kept at night by the Kavass Bashi or chief of the police of the Pacha, who, on being forewarned, orders the Land Gate-leading to the public walk, and to the two neighbouring monasteries of Saint Demitri and Saint Constantine-to remain cousul, who may have gone out to amuse promontory, the port, or rather the road, himself with his family and friends. The although not protected from the east and waters a cross, which the devout sailors dive for and are happy to procure.

It is only during the two months of August and September that carnivorous Europeans can be certain of finding beef in the butchers' shops; but throughout the year excellent mutton and lamb may be obtained. Fresh pork, which infidels will persist in eating, can only be got in the last days of carnival. In spring and summer, the market of vegetables and herbs is well supplied, as is also the fish market. Great quantities of turbot are caught along the coast, together with some mullets, soles, haddocks, and other fish. Sea hedgehogs are common, but gourmands are obliged to get oysters from Constantinople by the steamers. Considerable development might be given to the fisheries, which are at present pursued rather as an amusement than an occupation.

In the neighbourhood of Varna, amateur sportsmen find some roebucks, and great quantities of hares. Wild ducks and geese are found in the lakes and ponds; and buzzards and blackbirds are not uncommon in the woods. Snipe, and partridge, and quail are rare. The environs of Varna, which the sportsmen constantly visit, are picturesque. Along the road that leads to Balzick, vineyards producing excellent grapes are met with. The wines, however, though excellent to drink, will not keep. In the month of July they begin to turn sour. The Varniotes, in fact, though potent drinkers, have made little progress in the art of manufacturing wine. Most persons are possessors of a small orchard, in which are grown cherries, quinces, pears, prunes, peaches, pomegranates, nuts, Black and white mulberry and walnuts. trees grow well, but their fruit is worth nothing. In the orchards which possess a spring of water, a portion is generally laid out as a kitchen garden, where are cultivated dark-green water-melons, common melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, beans, peas, onions, garlic, rosemary, marjoram, spinnach, arti-chokes, and most of the vegetables known in Europe. In their midst rose-trees and wall-flowers often show themselves. Along the fortifications, and in the fields near the town, abundance of the camomile plant, of poppies, of marshmallows, and wild violets grow; and here and there great expanses of thistles cover tracts that were formerly

As a seaport Varna might soon rival Odessa if it had fair play. Placed on one of the bays that indent the western shore of the Black Sea, near the point at first time, a representative of English com-

himself with his family and friends. The although not protected from the east and fifth gate, of which we have not yet spoken, is opened only on Twelfth day, when the Archbishop goes down at the head of his clergy, according to the custom of all Christian entrance of the hay is pictured to the maritime towns in the East, to throw into the maritime towns in the East, to throw into the control of the hay is pictured to the maritime towns in the East, to throw into the maritime towns in the East, to throw into the maritime towns in the East, to throw into the control of the hay is pictured to the control of the last of the la of four miles and a half wide, are steep and rocky. Further in, the shores sink, and become quite level in the neighbourhood of the city. It has been proposed; to make a cutting, in order to connect the port with the lake of Denna, in which case it would become the safest refuge for tessels, and the most important point in the Black Sea. When the present Sultan visited Varna in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the plan was haid before him; but he seems to have been discouraged by the enormous estimates of some Turkish engineers. The cutting would only be a mile long, and there already exists a little stream called by the natives Derse, which turns several mills. Occasionally boats are taken up from the sea for a pleasure party or the lake. Along the banks of the Derse groups of women are constantly seen washing wool and carpets in the running water. It would only be necessary to deepen the channel that already exists, and an enormous fleet might find refuge, in all weathers, in an inner basin completely protected.

Even as it is, the port of Varna is visited

by a great number of vessels. Two years ago there were four hundred and thirty, one only of which was English. The year after there were only two hundred and seventy-two, of which eight were English; but last year there was a great increase. The Austrian steamers put in at Varna twice a week, on their way to and fro between Constantinople and Galatz. They carry all kinds of merchaudise, even cages of poultry, which cover the deck from end to end, to the great inconvenience of passengers. It is calculated that two hundred thousand fowls, and fifty million eggs are annually exported. In the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, in which commerce was remarkably active, the value of the articles experted from Varna was about six hundred thousand pounds; two-thirds of which sum were employed in the purchase of wheat and barley. The import trade, more-

over, is by no means insignificant.

From these facts it is evident that Varna is a most important point. It is the maritime capital of Bulgaria, just as Routchuk is the Danubian capital. There has long existed a project for uniting these two cities by a railway; and it is possible that in better times this project may effectually be carried out, especially as between the mowhs of November and April the navigation of the Danube ceases altogother. Many foreign consuls have recently been established at Varua. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, for the which the Balkan range terminates in a mercial and political interests was sent there

in the person of Mr. Neale, the gentleman money they have received is of no value, and all Europe is present there by its agd its.

The corn trade is destined to Make the fortune of Varna. It is only recently that the Bulgarians have obtained permission to export corn direct to foreign countries. Within a dozen years, a great many fortunes have been made by Greeks and Ionians sent there as agents for commercial houses at Constantinople. M. Vróto, the last Greek consul at Varna, informs us that the greater number have made fortunes by taking advantage of the ignorance of the poor Bulgarian peasantry, who come down with their caravans to Varua to sell wheat. His account is a curious illustration of the state of the country. There simple and timid corn-traders, all Moslems, are met on the road by brokers employed by the commercial agents, who examine the quality of sale of excellent butter, which they bring the grain during some halt in the mountains, agree upon the price, and give the name of the merchant for whom the bargain is made. But when the train of twenty, thirty, or forty waggons arrives in front of the stores, the false merchant affects to examine the lot anew, and often refuses to receive it, telling the waggoners that too high a price has been promised on an erroneous estimation of the quality.

Then these poor Bulgarians knowing, perhaps, that there is no great demand in the market, or not being able, on account of the lateness of the hour, to go in search of another customer, in their simplicity accept whatever is offered. But this is not the end of their losses, for almost invariably a false measure is used. This measure, called sinik, is of wood, and made of thick planks. It is first submitted to be examined and stamped by the authorities, and then planed away inside so as to contain two, or three okes additional. Not content with this leception, it is rare that, whilst the measuring is going on, a quarrel does not arise between the merchant and the Bulgarian; the latter maintaining, for example, that nine sincks, and not eight, have been emptied out; but the measurer always takes part with the mer-chant, and fiercely tells the Bulgarian to ke silent. There is no means of ascertaining the cruth, because the newly brought wheat is emptied directly into the store upon piles already commenced. After all this, the poor fellows may consider themselves fortunate if ther are not paid in old Turkish gold pieces, which are no longer current, or have been worn almost to nothing, and which are passed at a nominal value above that which they would ear if new. It often happens that these

ALLEGANI NO ALLEGA AND ALLEGANIST CONTRACTOR AND AREA whose recent departure has introduced Varna return to the merchants to have it chanced into the foreign news of the English journals. but they are always repulsed with contamely the Lately, as in most other important towns of the Levant, almost the first object that these unhappy men complaining with tears atrikes the eye when one approach is the practised on them. In their despair they place is a series of flagstaffs, indicating that sometimes go and lay their case before the Pacha governor, who begins by making them pay five per cent. as a tax, called, in Thrkish. Res-imo, exacted upon every sum claimed, through the medium of the Pacha or the Kadi. It is the fear of being obliged to make this outlay with no certainty of redress that in general makes the timid Bulgarian put up in silence with all the oppression of the corn-agents." Many attempts have been made to remedy this state of things. but without success.

However, the Bulgarian peasants who come to Varna appear still to make a considerable profit, although not sufficient to bring about that amclioration in the general state of the country which fair commerce would produce. They also gain a good deal by tho down in earthenware jars concealed amidst their waggon-loads of wheat. It is not explained why only Moslems carry on this trade between the interior and the port. Pro bably, as it is mentioned that they are owners of the grain they bring down, they purchase it in part from the Christian peasants, who might not think it so safe for them to undertake a long journey. At any rate, it appears that, Moslems or not, the attendants of the caravans are good quiet people, who are no match for the cunning of semi-civilisation. We happen to know that frauds of a very similar kind are practised by the corn-dealers of Alexandria, who bring down grain from the upper country by the river and canal. They are met by speculating brokers, who purchase their cargoes at the regular market price; but, in tead of cash, passing between the buyer and seller, written agreements are exchanged. If prices rise, well and good; bus if not, the unfortunate tellahs find out that their papers are of no value, because they are without the government stamp; and, if they endeavoured to enforce the bargain made, they expose themselves to severe punishment.

These intimate details of how commerce is carried on in the East cannot be without interest to us, for this is the way in which perhaps the materials of the bread we have caten this day have been obtained. scarcely necessary to add, that at no distant day the plains and valleys of Bulgaria, which are in great part now uncultivated, may prove to be among the most important granaries of Europe. Of course the time will come when prices will rise with the advance of civilisation; so as to make it " worth the while of native cultivators to bring their ground under tillage. Unless Unless seasants are afterwards informed that the checked by war, facilities of communication

MANCHESTER MEN AT THEIR BOOKS

on the shores of the Black Sca.

'MANCHESTER MEN AT THEIR BOOKS.

Twe Manchester Free Library, of which, in its first stages, we have treated more than onder has just issued a report upon the subject of its first year's doings. Its managing librarian. Mr. Edward Edwards-who has spared no pains in watching the results that have come out of the actual working of the institution-has carefully set down all that was worth noting. Manchester now has experience to tell about, and by its experience the other towns at present following the lead of Manchester and Salford, of Liverpool, of Bolton, Oxford, Sheffield, and Winchester, may be considerably aided in their efforts.

In the first place, it is well worth while for us all clearly to understand that a Free Public Library never can become anything much better than a large literary scrap cupboard, if it is to depend for its books upon chance donations. If no mind presides over its formation, if no money is placed regularly at the disposal of a committee, for the direct purpose of buying books upon a wellconsidered system, the thing formed is not a library, but a bookstall, in which all the chance - collected volumes are to be read instead of bought, by droppers-in. Now, it is provided by the Public Libraries' Act of eighteen hundred and fifty, as most people know, that a town corporation may apply a halfpenny rate to the establishment of a free library if, upon a poll, two-thirds of the voting burgesses consent. But it is provided that this money shall be spent on library buildings, salaries, coals, candles, anything and everything except the one thing needful —books. The Act gives no authority to purchase books with borough funds, a curious error of omission, which we all must wish to see corrected in the next sessions of Parliament. Liverpool has for its library a special net, and Manchester, by a special clause, is able to spend town money on books as well as upon bookshelves, but Bolton has been driven by this blunder to the necessity of adopting troublesome machinery for the supply of the town wants, and other towns are likely to be seriously trammelled in their efforts for self-education.

Donations to the Manchester Free Library have been extremely liberal, but books presented have, nevertheless, borne no sensible proportion to the books required. The library is, at the end of the first year, in efficient working order—a library with sense and light in it, not a dead lump of volumes, but its efficiency is mainly the result of a judicious use of money in the purchase of those books that were of the most sterling character, those

will calso create new markets for English in each kind of study of that sydrous other w good months the banks of the Danube, and ways secularly added to the exigencies of the cown. Thus im Manchester one of the of most Pupular novels is Scott's Kanitowith, and That work in the lending library had thirty and four readers in six months; but Mrs Sewellanda Rudolph the Voyager had in the same period in two readers more. Of all histories, Macaulay History of England is in most requestion of except Whitaker's History of Manchester. Then again there is a taste in Manchester: for works upon the steam-engine, and upon chemistry, which must be met by books of a " class that would be little sought at present in some other towns. There is a solidity of taste about the mass of Manchester readers, inc to which this report bears curious testions Let us note a fact or two consults mony. cerning it :-

> The library, as all the country knows, consists of a reference department, or readingroom, containing books that are not to go out of doors, and a lending library. In the former more than sixty thousand, and in the latter nearly eighty thousand volumes were consulted during the past year. The reference library is used by persons of all classes, the lending library also by all classes, but chiefly by working-men and women. Of two thous sand active borrowers of books, we are told that about one thousand are warehousemen. packers, and others employed in warehouses, artisans, mechanics, and machinists, or mill hands, being men; ninety are mill hands of the other sex; two hundred and thirty are shop assistants, male or female, dressmakers. &c.; a hundred are clerks; sixty are shopkeepers; three hundred and fifty are boys at home, at school, or employed in shops, including pupil teachers; there are twenty female pupil teachers; and the rest are persons of superior station or whose position was not ascertained.

What now is the kind of reading favoured by these people? My Lord Tomnoddy, lounging on his club sofa, refuses to believe it, when he is told that these brave people, meaning to work with their heads as well as with their hands, use books that are taken. by them from the Manchester Free Lending Library in the proportion following :- In literature-including poetry and fiction, essays, literary history, and encyclopædias — each volume is read, on an average, fifteen times a year. Works upon theology and philosophy are next in request; in that class each work has been read, on an average, nine times. In history and biography every work has had an average of eight readers; the scientific works have had an average of seven readings a piece; and each work on law, politics, or commerce may, in the same way, be said to have been borrowed twice. Scientific and other books borrowed by working men, that, bear upon their trades, are studied carefully to epitomes are sometimes made by them. at:19 that secured the fair supply of right material home; and one or two have been, or are

being bodily copied into household manuseriut!

There is a fine earnestness about all this. Then, there is something very natural and amusing in the results of the librarien's notes as to the books most in request in each department. The reference library is crowded in the evening by working ment and their great delight and refreshment appears to consist in an escape from routine life to dreams of romance or peril, in relieving the monotony of toil with tales of battle, shipwreck, or adventure. In a word, the imagination, even in Manchester, refuses to be crushed. The pleasure book most read, during the first six months after the library opened, was-the Arabian Nights. The weary warehousemen, mill-hands, and shopkeepers spent their evenings with Haroun al Raschid. The next best books for them, after the Arabian Nights, appear to have been Ivanhoe, Robinson Crusoe, and the Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders.

The historical works most favoured have been those most dealing in adventure and excitement. Histories of Napoleon have been somewhat more in demand than even the Arabian Nights. Lives of Wellington and Nelson were, respectively, about half as much in request, but very popular, slightly more popular indeed than that very well read book of amusement, "Gulliver's Travels." Narratives of the Battle of Waterloo were in yet greater demand, though still in less request than accounts of Napoleon. Next in popularity to the lives of Napoleon-and there is one man in Manchester who has even read Alison's history straight through-is a volume entitled "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea." That volume was issued two hundred and fifteen times in six months. Almost equally popular was Mr. Cumming's account of his hunting adventurer among lions and hippopotamuses in South Africa. Less in request, but much demanded-next, in fact, in the order of popularity among books of this class -have been Macaulay's History, Layard's Nineveh, and Dana's Two Years before the Mast.

Mr. Edwards has framed tables showing for each month in the past year, the amount of the demand for books in each section of the library; such tables, when they extend over many years, will yield curious results, but the fluctuations in the attendance on andree Library, among a somewhat mobile population, would of course mislead us, if, without taking them into account, we speculated on the tables of a single year. Perhaps we may safely infer the experience of the first year to be true of all in these respects. That more books are borrowed in winter than in summer, in in-door than in out-of-door weather; and most in October and November, themselves as attached still to the Institution, when the weather makes men least inclined by applying every half year for a renewal of to go abroad. That the disposition to read their privilege. There would be no need of their privilege. philosophy is greatest in November, least in fresh vouchers; the trouble to each reader

May; and that there is a regived demand for it in the dog-days, when the heat also begets; a disposition for metaphysics, which otherwise. is in most favour through the foggy months. That tales of battle, shipwreck, and adventure are demanded most when there are firesides to read them by, and that the decrease of demand for them in the summer, is more rapid than the decrease of demand for poetry and fiction. That the summer want of scientific books falls to one half of what it was in winter, while the want of pleasure books diminishes only by a fourth. The diminution of demand for books in summer receives some check in July. The weather out of doors is, in that month, often hotter than we like; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that July appears to be, of all summer months, very decidedly the one in which most books are read. Some of these generalisations may be justified by future tables.

We dwell now upon one or two more practical facts before quitting the subject. of them is, that establishers of lending libraries must calculate upon the spending of a portion of their yearly means, not in the buying of new books, but in the replacing of books that are worn out. Manchester experience has proved that proper care is taken by the people of the works freely entrusted

to their hands.

Kere we interpolate the very noticeable fact, that out of more than seventy-seven thousand volumes which have been issued during the last year from the Manchester Lending Library, only three have been lost. Another proof of the trustworthiness of Euglish working men. But, with the best usage, a work cannot be read successively by fifty people, without needing to be rebound; and after it has been rebound, fifty more readers family wear it out. Of books in much request, therefore, new copies will have to be put into girgulation once in about every two years. This necessity further shows the importance of securing to a free library, by rate or otherwise, the support of a fixed annual

There remains only one small matter of detail to which, for the sake of others who are forming libraries of the same character, we wish to call attention. For the working of the Manchester Free Library, it is arranged that every reader having been recommended by two burgesses who become surety for his right use of the books, is admitted, and that he needs no re-admission until he shall have allowed six months to elapse without availing himself of his privilege. clause of this regulation is found inconvenient in practice. It is thought that it would be better if those who have taken the trouble to obtain the right of reading, were to report

he of the reading part of the population that establishment was just twenty sous! would then be always in existence.

BLANK BABIES IN PARIS.

HAVING already described the Foundling Hospital of Londot,* it may be useful, for comparison, to describe the sister establishment in Paris

The Foundlings of Paris are an ancient community. For upwards of four hundred years, they have been the object of legislative enactments. Their earliest protectors were the clergy; and it was to the Bishon of Paris and the Chapter of Notre Dame that they were indebted for their first asylum. As an hospital for their reception a building was assigned them at the Port l'Evêque, which was called Maison de la Crêche; the word crecke originally signifying crib or manger only, but now employed to designate the general reception-room in the present hospital. That the newly-born children who were descrited by their parents might not perish from exposure in the public streets, a large cradle was established within the Cathedra' of Notre Dame, accessible at all hours of the day or night, in which infants were placed, there to attract the attention of the pious. This eradle was in existence as early as fourteen hundred and thirty-one, for in that year died Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles the Sixth of France-one of the most unnatural mothers and one of the weist of wives- who bequeathed to the Foundlings the enormous legacy of eight francs.

Besides being the recipients of casual charity, the Foundlings of Paris had a claim upon the High Justiciaries of the capital, all of them ecclesiastics; who, according to old usage, were bound to contribute towards their maintenance. These spiritual nobles! were, however, to much under the influence of earthly considerations to perform their duties faithfully; and, gradually stinting their donations, finally withheld them altogether. This was the occasion of much litigation; which was finally compromised by annual payments being compounded for by the making over two houses on the Port Saint Landry, within a stone's throw of the Cathedral.

Poorly paid, and having no sympathy for their charge, the servants of the establishment of the Port Saint Landry turned the miserable little orphans to their own profit Street beggars wanting a new-born child wherewith to move the sensibility of the public, procured one at the Port Saint Landry. If a nurse required a child to replace one that through her negligence might have died, the substitute was ready at the Port Saint Landry. If a witch needed an infant for sacrifice, she obtained one at the

faild be insignificant; and a real working Port Saint Landry. The price of a child in

The revolting truffic became a crying scandal, even in the city of cut-purse inchler and cut-throat abbés; and it attracted the attention of the celebrated philanthropiat Vincent de Paul. His first attempt to provide the Foundlings with a better home consisted in: his procuring for them a new hospital near the gate of Saint Victor. This was in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-eight. He placed the new establishment under the care of the Sisters of Charity; who, moved by an appeal which he made to them, lent then selves to the good work : not very effectually, however, at first; for the funds for the maintenance of the children-whose numbers fast increased—proving wholly insufficient, the administrators had recourse to a detestable expedient; they chose by lot the children that were to be provided for, and the residue were allowed to die for want of food! When Vincent de Paul learnt this, he assembled the ladies who had placed themselves at the head of the establishment, and earnestly besought them to consider the poor Foundlings in the light of their own children. His eloquent pleading prevailed. But he did not stop here: he addressed himself to the King; and eventually, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree, by which the High Justiciaries were compelled to pay an annual sum of fitteen thousand france towards the maintenance of the Foundlings; and a house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, with a large quantity of ground attached to it, was bought to serve as a permanent place of asylum for the unfortunate children.

Before this last settlement was made, Vincent de Paul died. But the impulse which he had originated never afterwards flagged. In the midst of his magnificence, Louis the Fourteenth issued an edict, dated June, sixteen hundred and seventy, in which was recognised the truth that "there is no duty more natural, nor more conformable to Christian piety, than to take care of poor children who are abandoned, and whose weakness and misfortune alike render them worthy of compassion;" and six years later, Maria Theresa of Austria, the wife of the magnificent monarch, laid the first stone of a new and spacious edifice for the Foundlings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, to which a church was attached. This example having been set, there was no lack, in that courtly age, of noble imitators, and large endowments were made by chancellors and presidents, and others high in authority. It was quite time; for, in a ratio that for exceeded the increase of population of Paris, the number of enfants trouvés was augmented. When Vincent de Paul first took up their cause in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, the Foundlings numbered three hundred and twelve; but, at the close of the seventeenth century, they had multiplied to the extent

· "Received a Blank Child." Vol. vil., p 49.

of seventeen hundred and thirty-eight." Monstepr Dulaure took considerable pains to show (in his well-known History of Paris) that during monarchical periods, the Foundof immates.

During the Republic, in consequence of the vast disproportion between the children who were deposited and those who survived, several stringent laws were enacted. One of these, dated the thirtieth Ventose, year five (March twenty-second, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven), contained, amongst other articles, a decree obliging all nurses who had the care of Foundlings to appear every three months before the agent of their commune; and certify that the children confided to them had been treated with humanity. Those who succeeded in bringing up foundlings till they reached the age of twelve years were rewarded with a present of fifty francs.

Amongst the sights of Paris at the present day, the Foundling Hospital is not the least attractive. But to look for the building, where we last left it, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, would be lost labour; neither does a subsidiary asylum which was established at the corner of the square (called the Parvis) of the cathedral of Notre Dame still exist, Both, in fact, were combined into one, and their inmates transferred in the year eighteen hundred to the premises in the Rue d'Enfer, originally occupied by the Oratory where the priests of that congregation performed their noviciate. This "Street of the Infernal noviciate. This "Street of the Infernal Regions" owes its present designation to this simple cause: the street of Saint Jacques, which runs parallel to it and occupies higher ground, was formerly called the Via Superior (upper road), and the Rue d'Enfer, its lower neighbour. Via Inferior; a poetical imagination soon made the corruption.

We are not at all indebted, for our knowledge of the preceding facts, to the very excellent Sister of Charity who accompanied us over the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés when last we paid a visit to that establishment; but what she did relate may serve in some measure to show what is its present condi-When the moment comes we shall let her speak for herself; but our own impres-

sions must first of all be recorded.

Before we reached the Hospital we had passed the previous half-hour in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and, although the flowers *are not so fine nor the company so gay, as are to be seen in the rival parterres and avenues of the Tuileries, both were brilliant enough to form a striking contrast to the dull, deserted, flowerless street which bears the redoubtable name already mentioned. It lay before us, grey, blank, and dreary, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its general aspect but an inscription over the gateway aspect but an inscription over the gateway of a building on the right hand side, informing may go one day into the country, we hope us that there stood the "Hospice des Enfants But it is not probable that all will; for

Trouvés." If the site had been selected pressly for the purpose of being out of the where no witnesses might see the trembling mother deposit her new-born thild it could not have been managed better ! Wel we drew near the entrance a further indicate tion of the purposes of the building was visible in the words "Panier des Enfants." very legibly inscribed on what seemed to be the lid of a letter-box let into "the wall, but which, on being raised—for it is never fastened—proved to be the children's basket, the tour or turning-box of the establishment. In obedience to a heavy single" knock—there is a bell-handle beside the turning-box, but that was not for our use having no infant to deposit—the wicket-door! opened with the customary squeak of the cordon, and we were admitted. Could we seed the Hospital? Willingly; would we willige the portress by walking into the little office on the left hand, by putting down our names in a register there, and by depositing one franc apiece towards the general funds of the asylum? All these things we did with greht! pleasure, and the portress then rang a beff, in obedience to which summons a Sister of Charity made her appearance from a door in the quadrangle, and we were consigned to her care to be conducted over the building.

She was a quiet, grave, motherly woman; with evidently only one object in her thoughts the duties of her profession. The Sisters' of Charity soon learn what those duties are, and never fail in the performance of them! Sister Petronille-that, she said, was her name-conducted us across the courtyard to the door from whence she had issued, and together we ascended a lofty staircase, and passed into a tolerably large room. This was the salle à manger, but it was empty just then; so we proceeded to the next apartment, the "day-room" of the establishment, where we found about twelve or thirteen children, all, we were told, under two years of age, some of whom were in cradles, and the rest in the arms of nurses.

"These are the little sick ones," said Sister Petroulle, "who are not kept in the mairmaries, but, for all that, require constant attendance. Those who suffer from graver maladies are in separate wards under the care of the doctors, who come constantly to sec them.

"And the healthy children, where are they?" we inquired. 1 427 11 (11/13)

A faint smile passed over Sister Petronille's pale features.

"God be thanked!" she replied; "they are all safe in the country. It was only yesterday that we sent away the last batch, all strong and hearty, and likely to live, if God permits ray, eagu them.

" And these little ones?" " Try mind

they are very tender, and require careful from want of means of sending an infant to nussing.

"Hern are there none but the sick left have in Paria?"

"On the contrary; downstairs there are

plenty; but they are the youngest : you will

see them presently."

"From the "day-room" we retraced our steps to the landing-place at the head of the staircase, and entered a long corridor which communicated with four general wards or infirmaries devoted to such of the children as were under medical or surgical treatment, or were affected by ophthalmia or measles. It was not possible that anything could be more neatly arranged than the white-curtained cots which held the little sufferers, nor was there a token of pain or restlessness that escaped the nursing sisters who remained in

the rooms to watch over them.

"And do many of these die?" we asked.

"Alas, yes!" answered our guide sorrowfully; "you see, they are principally the children of people who are the victims of poverty and sickness; and a great number bring with them the seeds of the disease of which they afterwards die. The doctors study the cases closely, and give to them all their attention; but the hereditary malady is too often stronger than their skill."

"Do you know the proportion between the numbers lost and saved?"

"It varies of course: for there are maladies belonging to children which are more severe at some times than at others; but the general average throughout the Hospital is very nearly one death in four."

"And how many are admitted in the

course of the year ?

This varied also, our informant said; during the time she had been attached to the Hospital, she had witnessed a great change in that respect. The first year of her service there were upwards of five thousand taken in, and, gradually declining, they fell in the course of ten years to a little more than three thousand. Since that time there had been an increase; and in the last year, for example, she remembered that the newcomers were exactly four thousand and ninetyfive. They were received, she said, in different ways; the lying-in hospital for the poor in the adjoining street, the Rue de la Bourbe, ("Mud Street" and it well deserved the name when it was christened) sent in a great number; some were brought from the Prefecture of Police, the children of parents in the hands of justice; some came from the hospitals of Paris; but by far the greater part were abandoned by their mothers.

"But," said Sister Petronille, anxious to from the meaning of the word, "these poor soften the meaning of the word, things are not entirely abandoned, that is to say, exposed, without any further thought being given to them. Such might have been

this hospital, must apply to the Commissary of the quarter for a certificate of spandon-ment, so that it is known to the authorities who they are that send; and the mothers also, acting openly, are more at easy with respect to bein children. We find, too that the continuous the continuous of the infant's light besides the certificate of the infant's high which accompanies every deposit, mothers, are careful flow to add some particulars either of name or personal description-by which, if circumstances should permit them, they may hereafter more certainly recogniso their offspring."

"And are there any exceptions to this

latter practice?"

"Seldom or ever, in Paris itself; but of the number born outside the walls, perhaps a. hundred in the year, and these-we judge from various circumstances, but chiefly from the linen in which they are enveloped-belong to a better class than the rest. It is not for the want of the means to support them that such children are abandoned. It is the dread of their existence being known that causes it."

"Have you any means of knowing how many out of the whole amount are born in

wedlock?"

The answer-given with some natural hesitation-was to the effect, that amongst four thousand foundlings, it was presumed only two hundred had "civil rights." During this During this conversation, Sister Petronille had led us through the wards, and conducted us by. another staircase to the ground floor.

"Now," she said, opening another door, "you will see the most interesting part of

the establishment."

This was the "Crêche," or general reception room. It was filled, or seemed to be full of infants of the tenderest age; there were between seventy and eighty altogether. They wore a kind of uniform—that is to say, there was a sort of uniformity in their costume—all being clothed in pink check nightgowns, and swathed with linen bands, like mummies on a very small scale; unlike mummies, however, their little tongues were not tied. To soothe their pains and calm their heavy troubles, the nurses were assiduously engaged. some in rocking them to sleep in their cradles; others, in administering to such as were strong enough to sit upright that beverage which is, in France, the universal remedy, whether in old age or infancy. It was neither the wine nor the garlic which helped to make a man of Henri Quatre, nor the symbolical "tyrelarigot" which was given to the greater Gargantua immediately after his birth-as Rabelais relates - but simply eau sucrée, poured out of the long spant of a china tea-pot. We know that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" so, in all probability, it is on account of their early introduction to sugar. and water, that Frenchmen manifest, throughthe case formerly, when no certificate of birth out their lives, so marked a propensity for the was necessary; but whoever is desirous now, drink that neither cheers nor inebriates.

But the most attractive feature of the "Oracle was in the centre of the room, where, adirectly in front of a blazing fire, on an inclined plane, covered with a mattrass about the size of the stage of Mr. Simpson's Mario-nett. Theatre, lay seven or eight little objects all in a row, who might have passed for the Marionnettes themselves only they were much smaller, were anything but gaily attired, and were a great deal too tightly swathed to stir a single peg, whereas the amusing puppets of the Lowther Arcade-but all the world is familiar with the flexibility and grace of their movements. But whatever they looked like, those infants, who were the latest arrivals, were certainly the most comfortable lot in the apartment, and, contrasting their passive enjoyment of the fire whose influence they felt with the screams of the victims of eau

-the philosophical beholder Sighed for their sakes that they should e'er grow older.'

Young as they were, however, it would have been a difficult matter to say which was the youngest, for every second hour throughout the four-and-twenty brought a new comer. One of these arrivals happened while we were on the spot. We heard a bell ring, and at the same time saw a Sister of Charity leave the apartment. In a few minutes she returned, carrying something in a flamel bag, from which issued the semblance of a small Swedish turnip of a pinkish-yellowish hue. This was the head of a child, and when the contents of the bag were gently turned out on a blanket, they proved to be the remainder of a male infant just deposited. It was immediately submitted to the process of weighing, the test which generally decides the infant's chauce of life. The arbiter of its destiny was a six pound weight, and we were very sorry to see that the Foundling kicked the beam. But though the odds were against it, the nurse to whose care it was confided omitted no precaution that might prolong its existence. It was clothed and swathed like the rest, and was assigned the warmest place on the mattrass; and as we left the Creche, Sister Petronille, whose organ of hope was very strongly developed, expressed her belief that it would survive, for she had seen smaller children than that who had turned out something quite astonishing both as to size and strength.

We now took leave of our guide, who with some difficulty was made to accept a small gratuity, and returned to the gate of the Hospital. But before we were let out the portress suggested that we might be curious to see the registry of arrivals in the office, the blank bally having just been entered. We did so, and read the following personal descrip-

the name of Gustave; coarse linen; and stain on the left shoulder; no other mark, at

These are all the credentials necessary for the candidates for admission to the Paris Foundling Hospital.

"THE CORNER."

Few people are so serious in their amusements and so easy in their business transactions as the English. A Frenchman buys or sells stock or merchandise in gross with the air of being engaged in a deadly duel; while Capel, who concludes an affair of ten thousand pounds with apparent indifference and perfect good humour, is only to be found truly grave and unhappy at a ball or concert.

Even the Germans, the most industrious and penetrating of foreign travellers, who dive into cellars, study life in temperance coffee houses, coal-heavers' taps, and other resorts still less known but not less worth studying by the common race of travellers generally, miss an exchange or mart, which combines to a large class of Englishmen all the charms of gambling on the Bourse, of lounging on the Boulevards of Paris, the casinos and gardens of Hamburgh and Baden-Baden—at once a place of business and of speculation to the extent of hundreds of thousands; while to an unlimited number who neither buy nor bet, it is a regular promenade and lounge at least twice a week.

This place, hitherto overlooked by book making visitors from abroad, is Tattersall'sthe Garraway's of horses, and the Stock Exchange of racing men; where the supporters of two leading national institutions, foxhunting and horse-racing, most do congregate.

Piccadilly has been widened and beautified, the Green Park drained, levelled, and cleared of encroaching houses and gardens, St. George's Hospital has risen to keep the monuments of our victories in countenance, and the mean suburb of Knightsbridge and the dingy houses of Grosvenor Place are rapidly giving way to palaces as gorgeous as stone and stucco, with much money and little taste, can make them. But one cluster of desultory buildings, stretching their vast length many a rood between Belgravia and Constitution Hill. remains unchanged. Take an omnibus from any part of London that will pass Hyde Park Corner. If it be Saturday, Sunday, or Monday in the season, at any hour between one and four P.M., a collection of the redwaistcoated equestrian genii, who are to be found at the corner of every fashionable street in the London season, will direct your attention to the narrow and sombre avenue which otherwise it would be as easy to pass as any mews entrance, and which is techni-cally designated "The Corner." Suppose tion (signalement):—"October 4, 185—. No. that it is Monday, the day of the sale 2. A made child; newly born; weakly of the stud of young Lord Crashington and very small; ticket round the neck with (going abroad), consisting of some forty horses, including everything perfect, from the pony hack to the dozen of thorough-bred hinters, beside two or three worn-out screws, ere to be offered to competition. There is also a celebrated race-horse, sold in consequence of a dispute; a lot of well-bred yearlings, whose owner, having prepared his mind by twenty years of jockeying on the turf, the House of Commons, and the fashionable world, is about to take the military command of a province rather larger than France; and the usual miscellaneous lots of animals for all uses, fit for park, field, or state carriage, brougham, tandem, fly, to breed from or feed hounds. Sunday is a great day at feed hounds. Tattersall's. The sporting aristocracy are so oppressively hampered for time during the rest of the week, that Sunday is the only day they can find to buy horses and to make bets. Their Sabbath desecration we fully recommend to those advocates of Sabbath observance whose attention has been hitherto confined to tea-drinkings and country excursions of pent-up artisans and their stifled families. The aristocracy may have its Sunday Tattersall's unquestioned; but the labourocracy must not have its Sunday Crystal Palace on any terms whatever.

· Tattersall's yard-a square ill-paved court, adorned in its centre with a painted cupola, crowned with a painted bust of George the Regent, over a painted fox-is crowded on Sunday with gentle and simple. There is Lord Bullfinch determined to buy Brookjumper, and so is Ginger the horsedealer, who will run him very hard; Tomkins in search of a pony for his little boy; the Earl of Flower-de-Luce, with his eye on a pair of greys for the Countess's chariot; Mr. Bullion, ready to secure Mr. Welter's cob, although it cost him a check in three large figures; and Nobbler, boots attended fights, drank deep at tathe gaming-house-keeper, who is on the look out for a good-looking bit of blood, that he may make useful either to win or lose. There they are, crowded together—the learned the correct thing. How can any cad venand unlearned, high-born and low-born, ture to begin a stormy dispute when he the capitalist and the adventurer, the new fledged man of fashion, and the broken-down gentleman-beside a host of idlers, examining each horse as he is brought out, with an affectation of acuteness that is truly national. Although there are horse buyers of all grades, the well-dressed are the majority. The slang style of attire has gone out. The green coat and top boots in which Thurtell and other murderers swaggered on the race-course and the betting-ring is out of fashion; and, if seen, generally covers some decent north country farmer. Black is the favourite wear. The nest-looking quietly dressed man in patent leather boots and elosely-cropped whiskers, whom your country cousin takes for a peer, is a horsedealer. The bearded gentleman, ringed and chained, magnificent in waistcoats and solid jewellery, is

ing publicans and keepers of betting-lists affect a sobriety of dress and demeanour which, five and twenty years ago, would have been considered the mark of what in that day was knowings "A Methodist."

On Monday the auctioneer might passes though the crowd to the forum, be taken for a barrister or a physician, or even for a clergyman. "The Pride of Leicestershire" is brought out; a big horse, with a scanty mane, and no magnificence of tail, with several marks of scars and bangs on all legs. The Count de Volage, who is intent on carrying back something to out rival his friends in the Champs Elysées, is astonished to hear an animal of such unprepossessing appearance introduced to the audience in a very few words, and in a very few minutes, with very little fuss, knocked down for upwards of five thomsand francs. The sale goes on; no noise, no fuss, no wrangling; the auctioneer an autocrat, before whom all give way. To horses of priceless value, succeed others within the reach of all pockets—some good, some good for nothing; Volage secures a grey pony, with a flowing mane and tail, that steps along in a perpetual prance, at a tenth part of the price of the grand bete de chasse de reynard, and makes an oration to surrounding cads and grooms, which they don't understand and much despise.

Seven or eight thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh is disposed of with as much sober seriousness, and not more unseemly excitement than if it had been a sale of old China or autographs. There are no disputes; the rules prevent them; the fashion of the place is to be respectable. The English admiration for and imitation of lords comes out in the universal mutation; when lords in topverns, and boxed in the streets, their humble followers did the like. Now black-coats and eyeglasses curiously fixed, are considered goes into Tattersall's gloomy office to pay his money, when, perhaps, a cabinet minister is warming his back at the fire? If any excesses of language are ever permitted, it is in the very ancient tavern that stands within the premises opposite the gates of the sale yard;—a tavern, the like of which for thorough unchangeability of character, is not to be met with even in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. One-storied, with latticed small-paned windows; an ancient bench on each side the narrow portal to accommodate the foot-sore groom or helper out of place, when not occupied by washing tubs or cooking pots. No gin-palatial style has been permitted to deface either the interior or exterior of this primitive tavern; where perhaps the possessor of Highflyer and founder of Hyde Park Corner, formerly an ex-quaker capitalist, and arm-in-arm with smoked the pipe of peace. The counter—the son of a Clapham dissenter; while sport- guiltless of brass, and dark with the beer of

these generations—hears the hieroglyphic servings of feather weights, who have since grown into state coachmen of state dimensions. All is that, dusky, colymphy, gacept the heer, which enjoys the extellence incident to a quick draught, and critical cistomers. There is an ordinary, laid out in a supplemental apartment adorned with sporting prints, on sale days, but into the refectory I have not

ventured to penetrate.

Truly the English love of ancient ways is to be seen in perfection at "the Corner." Had the same amount of business been transacted in any other capital, what an architectural pile, what fountains, what statues, what friezes would have adorned it! What numerous government regulations would have impeded its business. How many infantry, cavalry, and artillery would have starded it; and, above all, what an elegant eaft would have replaced the dingy alchouse; and what a magnificent lady in silk and lace would have presided over piles of flinty sugar and caraffes of liquors ranged on each side her throne!

To return to the poculiar aspect of Tattersall's which is, in this eminently pious country (where cries of horror meet the proposition for opening gardens and museums on Sunday), both curious and discreditable. On some week days, when sales are not about to take place, solitude reigns in this wilderness of stables, and on others dainty ladies of the highest rank pass in review, without fear of soiling their kid boots, park hacks and phaeton pouies. But on certain special Sundays the yard and avenues are crammed with a multitude on anything but pious thoughts intent. On the day before the Derby or St. Leger races a long line of vehicles and led horses crowd Grosvenor Place. A long line of anxious peers and plebeians, butchers, brokers, betting list keepers and all their parasites, and all, their victims; usurers; guardsmen and prizefighters; costermongers and sporting parsons; Manchester manufacturers, Yorkshire farmers, sham captains, ci-devant gentlemen, heardless boys, and grey-haired but not venerable grandfathers fill the narrow descent, crowd the yards and the stables, and especially congregate around a plain brick barn-like building, which might, in any other situation, pass for a Latter Day Saints' chapel.

This is the great temple of Mercury or Plutus, the bourse of betting men—the Exchange where millions change hands in the source of the year. On great days a Cerberus of triple-headed acuteness, assisted by a couple of policemen, guards the entrance, and rebuffs the vinhitiated. The presence of policemen gives an official sanction to this genuine Satbath d-secration, which renders it complete. At one side, divided off by iron gates, is the ring, where, at times, high-bred horses are exercised, and where now, under the shade of the trees, on a green lawn, the aristo-

cracy of the besting world six and beleace their books.

To be admitted within the subscription room, and the green ring which in its ap-purtenance two qualifications of years mose-sary—to bet and to pay. Folibies, sellicies, manners, calling, are questions of no moment. The vilest and the proudest meet on equal terms. Equality and fraternity can only exist in and be created by the spirit of gambling. The man on your right was boots to an inn : the man on your left is a peer; the man opposite to you keeps a gambling house; the man behind you talking to an M.P. has been tried, convicted, and sent to Newgate for fraud. Every crime and every grade has here its representative; but they all pay honourably. The greater the scamp the safer the bet. It is young sprigs of fashion and credit who make the worst books and the most lamentable failures. Bill Jones has nothing to hope if he makes a mistake, while the Honorable Tom Flashley has hopes of his father or his aunt. Lord Centlivre, who claims Norman descent and is heir to forty thousand a year, makes up his book with these ruffians; he associates with them in the ring; he accepts their congratulations when his horse wins. Out of the ring he will not speak, he will not look at them, he will not allow them on any occasion to sit down in his presence; but he takes their money when he can get it.

The church bells are ringing, the public-houses are closed, the betting men are shuting up their little books, and prepare for the park drive and Richmond dinners. The levisthan of the ring, an ex-carpenter, whose word is good for fifty thousand pounds, takes his last ostrich-like stride round the flock, who look on him with envious admiration, and sunba a viscount, who wants less than the current odds against the favourite. A miserable shrunk man, who inherited an estate of ten thousand a year, finds a butcher's stake preferred to his own. Languid offers to bet meet with equally languid answers. The field is exhausted, the ring is cleared, and

Sunday at the Corner closes.

This is a Sunday in London foreigners do not see, and to which the loudest denouncers of Sabbath desecration among their humbler brethren have been, hitherto, equally blind.

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Ren eft. 7 . s.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1853.

BEEF.

mean to say that does not flung defiance in my teeth. When the beef that I love and se to my fireside has also a tenderness for me, my happiness in it is perfect. There is one day in the year when hearts and homes are open: when every man goes through the chambers of his heart and stirs the fires that keep it warm: when he goes through the chambers of his house, and sees that the fires burn cheerily-here in a bed-room for the consins coming to him through the cold, there in a drawing-100m, to make the laughing faces of the children ruddy as they sit about it; in the dining-room he stokes tremendously, for grandfather is chilly, and the snow lies on the window-sills, but the hottest fire in the house is made, of course, in order to do proper justice to his beef. Even the churl who would shut a house-door in the face of his brother, upon Christmas Day opens it gladly to his beef. May all kine be hard to him who, on such a day, thinks hardly of his kin; may his beef come to his table as an enemy by day, and lie heavily as a bad conscience on his breast at night. Let him be kept awake by it, and have abundant time for midnight thoughts, that they may conduce to his repentance. The malediction is not very terrible, but in what maledictions can he deal who is discussing Christmas Beef? Let all animosities be drowned for ever in its gravy!

At this season of the year I regard oxen as heeves; an ox is no longer an ox to me. If the Royal Academy were open now, the works of the cattle-painters would be seen from a new point of view. The main figures in the fresh landscapes of Messrs. Lee and Cooper would be spoken of, were I a fine aits critic, with distincter reference to the character of their joints than would at any other three be used. I should admire in them richness, delicate, a should object to wiry or dry-looking cattle, or to those which might suggest a want of tenderness and flavour. The Exhibitton in Trafalgar Square not being open, and its gify cattle not being on view, I always go at this season of the year to the Baker Street

exhibitors. The works of agricultural mastered I have a tenderness for beef—for beef, I been occasionally laughed at by irreverent. spectators. In their earlier productions there was no doubt a tendency to exaggeration of outline, and much coarseness in the filling up, Years, however, have been ripening expe rience, and our artists in beef now turn out specimens of their art that are perfect pictures, and which command accordingly office admiration and respect. There are no pe Bakewellites among the farmers; Bakewell it should be understood, and Collins, having been the Raffaelle and Michael Augelo of cattle farming.

No doubt I have approached beef with relish and a heartmess common at all times, among Englishmen, and commonest at this season; nevertheless, I am sure that I apeak, not in the weakness of partiality, or with the lightness of a festive man, when I declare, the Christmas Cattle Show in Baker Street to be a spectacle for nations to admire, and something that has vastly more in it of the sublime than of the ridiculous. The case is stated. Evidence shall now be called, and let a jury of two hundred thousand dining men decide unanimously for the beef we get against the, beef we might have got, for the mest of to-day against—let me say it boldly out—against the Roast Beef of Old England.

Surely we may give a satiric touch to the O! that begins our national beef melody, We have national songs for the three things, in which, as Englishmen, we take delight our Queen, our naval eminence, and our roas, beef. Now, if we except a few joints for a, few people produced only here and there, this beef-enting of our forefathers certainly consisted in the mastication of old cow. 11 may be worse for us if we have weaker stomachs, but I confess, for my part, that I should look with dismay upon a sirloin of the genuine Roast Beef of Old England. Less than a hundred years ago, agriculture was no better than it had been in the days of Virgil and although Solomon had known the difference bition in Trafalgar Square not being open, and between a stallod ox and oxen out of the passific only cattle not being on view, I always go at this season of the year to the Baker Street tures—keeping the stalled for his own table,—our forefathers, who were no Solomonal trusted entirely for the quality of their cattles artists, tattle executed in real fiesh and blood that has been laid on most artistically by the converted, while still in the tenderest period of infancy, into bad veal, the cows calved and of infancy, into had veal, the cows calved and supplied the dairy; when they had served those purposes sufficiently, they became that Roast Reef of Old England, whereat, who is there how among us who would not say, O? The cows that were not found to shit well for dairy purposes were fed upon the best pastures in their neighbourhood, and became the best beef that was supplied to the luxurious who dwelt in towns.

But that is not the worst about Old England and its beef. As a natural consequence of the prevailing mode of pasture feeding, beef was only fit for killing when the pastures had provided plenty of fresh food. The supply of beef was good from August to November; by help of after-grass and hay, cattle were kept in fair condition till the cold weather set in; then they were slaughtered before they fell into unprofitable learness, pickled, dry-salted, and hung, to furnish beef for winter and the spring. At Christmas, therefore, when we have it in perfection, beef with our forefathers was not more seasonable than oysters in May; and, if they would eat beef on Christmas Day, they had to choose between the lean, the pickled, and the dry.

The Christmas show of fat cattle in Baker Street is the result of an entirely new order of things. The only fair way of regarding beef is to consider it—as it is really—a manuour resources and greatly increasing the supply, while bettering the quality of beer, cotton, and other articles. And, as in other Beef is only beef, as sugar 14 sugar; you may have the raw or the refined, and in each class there are varieties.

Stall-feeding began in England as a matter of necessity. At no very remote time there were not more people in England and Wales than could be lodged in London and its suburbs, as they now exist. As mouths multiplied, grazing land became scarce; and, although farmers commonly considered stallfeeding to be one of the thousand exigencies that would work their ruin, they were forced into it by necessity. Thus they were driven to results that caused only the ruin of those graziers who shut their eyes to change, and thought to get a living as their fathers did before them. Many of these saw their whole substance waste, while they were spanding capital and Abour on an occupation that was Land that sent to market in the sourse of a year, thirty years ago, some twenty beasts, each weighing under seventy stone, and sixty or seventy sheep, may now be found fattening for the market a yearly supply of two hundred and tifty beasts, each averaging the weight of a hundred stone, and a still greater number of fat sheep. That is the sort of progress indicated by the Christmas Cattle Show. Is that ridiculous?

Now, let me go into the Cattle Show, mediate among the beeves; I may consider myself mediating also among the combinate, by the bulk of the great being of the gentle-men among whom I have to work my way, it is obvious that much beef has been entombed within them. I have buried a good deal myself under my waistcoat. To the ox we are all sepulchres, but we have no sepulchral look. We attend a meeting of the friends of beef, to take into consideration the provision requisite for Christmas. The occasion is a cheerful one, and we are not afraid to look our oxen in the face. Why should we? They are not less indebted for good cheer to us,

than we for a like help to them.

Let me relieve the mind of any one who thinks that if he were an ox he would not like to be made into beef. If he were an ox learned in the annals of his world, he would like it; he would accept the farmer's care as a great source of comfort to him, and would be proud of that love of beef which brings civilised man into subjection to the bovine race. We toil for them, we think for them, we build them houses and select for them the choicest food; we cause them to increase and multiply, tend upon and preserve their young; maintain a multitude of animals in full enjoyment of the brute pleasures belonging to their days of youth and strength; abohish from among them sickness and the pains factured article. We have been developing of age. For one animal that lives to waste away painfully after a life of vicissitude, we say that, by our aid, there shall be ten enjoying youth, and ignorant of want : all that we ask manufactured goods—so also in beef-it is in return for our care is, that each of the ten produced in various forms, differing in quality. I shall close his comfortable life, by dying before aches and pains can come, and before sickness touches him. For ten years of animal life in one creature, who must during those years suffer much, we put thirty or forty years of life among ten animals who enjoy much, want nothing, and have the brains of clever men spent in their service. There are cruelties connected with the driving and the marketing of oxen, and some other details, which are wanton and unnecessary; against which right-thinking men have to exclaim They are accidents, however, not essential or fit portions of a system that in its own integrity is, like all natural systems, wholly faultless. If we neither ate beef nor drank milk we should have little room for oxen in this country: all the herds that have grazed upon our pastures—oxen and cows that have reposed so tranquilly and looked so much at home upon our fields—all those creatures, and the whole sum of happiness they have enjoyed, would never have been called into existence. Compare the ox and fox community. Truly it is a good thing for the cattle that man was created with a taste for milk and beef. Nothing can be shallower than the appeal made to humanity by Vege-tarians. It is a fine thing for the ox that man is glad to eat him.

Maddiding in that way I could wenture to had even in the face at the Great Smithfield Cattle Show, in Baker Street, London. There mere a good many there to be encountered. There was a sort of gauntlet to be run be-tween double rows of Devons, Herefords, and short-horns; but they had no reason to be victous, and they were not. There were files of Devons—beautiful animals—all alike in colour, and of one colour throughout tawny all over; of Herefords also all alike, but not of one colour throughout, all having tawny bodies and white faces; of fat short-horns, ready to mount any colour, showing little uniformity in that respect; and finally of the Scotch mountain cattle, each of the one dark colour proper to his clan; these last all full of animation, spirit and intelligence, carrying their flesh like chiefs, as they are, the aristocracy of beef. There were a few long-horns at the end of a file, and some Welsh; but the classes before named constitute by fare the most important of the many kinds of manufactured beef.

The main division of our domestic cattle is into the pure races of the cross breeds. Cattle of a pure race maintain for centuries the same general form and colour, and they are generally of one uniform hue. In Caffraria they are all black. The ancient British wild cattle were of a dingy white, with tawny ears; and some of their race still may be seen in parks at Chillingham, Lyme and elsewhere. Cattle of the Ukraine breed have tawny bodies, white faces, and upward froms. They are of the same pure race that we call at home the Herefords. The bull that bore Europa over sea from Crete, as described by Bion, was a Hereford bull. It is our way to ascribe to Hereford a race as old as literature, whose white faces and tawny bodies were as well known to ancient Greeks and Romans as they are to us. The cattle counted by us as belonging to an old Devonshine family, and called the Devons-tawny all over, and somewhat more beautiful as to form than the Herefords-constitute another pure race. These two races are to be respected greatly by all lovers of good beef. They are not the most profitable dairy cattle; but they yield a high class beef. They yielded, it must be confessed, much of the Roast Beef of Old England; but they were in those days less tenderly bred, and they were, as before said, chiefly the old cows that sustained the nation. Now, by care and cultivation they have been developed into beef worth singing over. There is a deep cut of lean meat well covered with fat over their whole top and sides, and they yield famous steaks, for whenever they fail of symmetry the falling off is in the fore quarters, not where the choicest of their ment is situated. Cattle of this kind should be bred chiefly with a view to the beef market, and

of the difference between med ment and better.

There is yet a best beef, which it is the lot only of some of us to est. It is applied by west-end butchers to customers who can afford to pay a penny or twopence application more than their neighbours. This meat is yielded by the Scots cattle, Highlanders of Galloways, a dashing set of oxen, quarters wild, that are brought down to Falkirk bought for stall-feeding, and after undergoing in Norfolk a few months of creature comfart, come to Smithfield with the best beef in the world upon their bones.

For a great proportion of the good roses beef that we shall eat this Christmas, we are under obligation to a new breed called the improved short-horns. This has been called into existence by the dexterous combination of different races into a cross, that should unite in itself the leading qualities of cach. The breed of improved short-horns does not quite do that, and it is liable, like all cross breeds, to degenerate in course of time, if great care be not taken. Of these animals. the young are also liable to more mishaps than belong to the calves of a pure breed; they differ also very much from one another in appearance, having various, and often parti-coloured skins. They prove, however, a stock of great value to the country. They give us admirable milch cows, and supply much of the milk that is consumed among us; they are also more ready to grow fat than any other kind of cattle. They have slack loins, and are defective where their meat ought to be best; but, for a given outlay in food and time, they yield more beef than animals of any one of the established races. They are the chief contributors to Christmas cheer, In manufacturing districts-particularly at Birmingham—there is a large class of working people, with good appetites, who are more concerned to get plenty of good beef, than to be nice about the comparative delicacy of beef flavours. These consumers cat the wellconditioned cows that have done duty in the dairy districts. Short-horned oxen, bred for market, meet the wants of customers whose palates are more curious. Irish and foreign cattle help to fill up any deficiency; for though the manufacture of beef in this country has kept pace, to a remarkable degree, with the increasing demand for dinners, yet the demand is still greater than the home supply. So far then, it is made evident that there are sundry kinds and qualities of beef, and that each producer, if he be wise, will manufacture only that kind of meat in which it is most probable that he can esta-blish a successful trade. It is with farmers as with the butchers: which they shall sell depends upon the kind of custom they expect.

chiefly with a view to the beef market, and will command a good price always in towns Show there are inscribed the articles on where men abide who have become sensible which it has been fed. I shall not enter here

wurzel, swedes, parsnips, carrots, cabdiope, barley, malt, grains, pea-med, gorse, which each feeder selects a fixed combination of two, liree, or four, as the best means of developing his cattle speedily and well. The object of the feeder is quite simple; to produce the healthiest, heaviest, and best conditioned animal in the cheapest way, and in the shortest time. If one farmer can fatten a beast in five years, at sixpence a day, and his neighbour by spending a shilling a day cam bring him to the same point of excellules in two years, it is cheaper, of course, to spend the shilling than the sixpence. There if added, for that reason, to the list of articles of food given to it, as written over each ox in the Show, a statement of the time that has been spent on its production. To these considerations of food and time must be added, of course, a consideration not only of the size and weight, but of the texture and quality of the animal itself. His fat must not be oily, and his lean must not be coarse of grain, There is a short-horned ox here a foot and a half taller than any of his neighbours, but his rearing has been costly, spread over five or six years instead of two or three; and he is an animal with coarse flesh after all. Big as he is, the judges pass him over with contempt.

The study of all these things is promoted Street opens to all farmers a yearly practical display of the results obtained by all the systems that are tried among them. The best method is thus gradually reached. We have already learnt greatly to improve the character of cattle, and to multiply their number. We have discovered, also, how to put good beef upon ox bones in about half the time that was spent thirty years ago on

that important business.

We now, therefore, get better beef and younger, and more of it. The practice of stall-feeding has, in another way, increased the food-producing power of the land. increase of the number of beasts fattened by an acre, now that we use green food in aid of year. grass, is so considerable, that we may regard it as equivalent to the addition of a few countries to the English soil. But it is most to our present purpose to reflect how, as before said. the new system has inverted the old order of things, and having made hung beef a legend, lays the primest joints upon our dishes just when we are prepared most heartily to welcome them—our Christmas Day. It is good for us, ox beef,

> "To meet thee, like a pleasant thought, When such are wanted."

ordered but a Christmas steak of the waiter hotel.

to any details upon oil-cake, linseed, man at his dingy chop-house, who can last the world swedes, parsnips, carrots, cab- hat up but for an loos in the details coffee-room,

> " Near the green holly, And wearilyfat longth should fare ; He needs but look about, and there Thou art !- a friend at hand, to scare His melancholy!"

MY FRENCH MASTER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

My father insisted upon driving M. de Chalabre in his gig to the nearest town through. which the London mail passed; and, during the short time that elapsed before my father was ready, he told us something more about Chalabre. He had never spoken of his ancestral home to any of us before: we knew little of his station in his own country. General Ashburton had met with him in Paris in a set where a man was judged of by his wit, and talent for society, and general brilliance of character, rather than by his wealth and hereditary position. Now we learned for the first time that he was heir to considerable estates in Normandy; to an old Château Chalabre; all of which he had forfeited by his emigration, it was true, but that was under another régime.

"Ah! if my dear friend-your poor mother—were alive now, I could send her such slips of rare and splendid roses from Chalabre, Often when I did see her nursing up some poor little specimen, I longed in secret for my rose garden at Chalabre. And the orangerie! Ah! Miss Fanny, the bride must come to Chalabre who wishes for a beautiful wreath." This was an allusion to my sister's engagement—a fact well known.

to him, as the faithful family friend.

My father came back in high spirits; and began to plan that very evening how to arrange his crops for the ensuing year so as best to spare time for a visit to Château Chalabre; and, as for us, I think we believed that there was no need to delay our French journey beyond the autumn of the present

M. de Chalabre came back in a couple of days; a little damped, we girls fancied, though we hardly liked to speak about it to my father. However, M. de Chalabre explained it to us by saying, that he had found London more crowded and busy than he had expected: that it was smoky and dismal after leaving the country, where the trees were already coming into leaf; and, when we pressed him a little more respecting the reception at Grillon's, he laughed at himself for having forgotten the tendency of the Count de Provence in former days to become stout, and so being dismayed at the mass of corpulence which Louis the Eighteenth presented, as he To the happy thou increasest joy, and even which Louis the Eighteenth presented, as he the sad and lowly diner, who shall have toiled up the long drawing-room of the

. "But what did he say to you?" Fanny saked. " How did he receive you when you were presented ?"

A flash of pain passed over his face, but it was gone directly.

"Oh! his majesty did not recognise my name. It was hardly to be expected he would; though it is a name of note in Normandy; The Duc de Duras reminded him of a circumstance or two, which I had almost hoped his majesty would not have forgotten; but I myself forgot the pressure of long years of exile; it was no wonder he did not remember Tuileries. His hopes are my laws. I go to grepare for my departure. If his majesty does not need my sword, I turn it into a shoughshare at Chalabre. Ah! my friend, I will not forget there all the agricultural science I have learned from you!"

A gift of a hundred pounds would not have pleased my father so much as this last speech. He began forthwith to inquire about the nature of the soil, &c., in a way which made home. As it often happens when a family our poor M. de Chalabre shrug his shoulders has seemed stationary, and secure Yrom

in despairing ignorance.

was not built in a day. It was a long time Fanny's lover returned, and they were married, before I learnt all that I know now. I and left us alone—my father and I. Her was afraid I could not leave home this husband's ship was stationed in the Mediterautumn, but I perceive you'll need some one ranean, and she was to go and live at Malta. to advise you about laying out the ground for with some of his relations there. I know not mext year's crops."

with the full understanding that we were to into confirmed invalidism, by a paralytic pay him a visit in his Norman châtean in the stroke, soon after her departure; and my following September; nor was he content interests were confined to the fluctuating until he had persuaded every one who had reports of a sick-room. I did not care for shown him kindness to promise him a visit at the foreign intelligence which was shaking some appointed time. As for his old land-large with an universal tremor. My hopes, lord at the farm, the comely dame, and buxon Susan—they, we found, were to be franked there and back, under the preferice that the Team of all the state of the French dairymaids had no notion of cleanliness, any more than that the French farming men were judges of stock; so it was ab- I read it aloud to my poor father, rather as solutely necessary to bring over some one a test of his power of enduring interest, than from England to put the affirs of the Chateau Chalabro in order; and Farmer Dobson and his wife considered the favour quite reciprocal.

For some time we did not hear from our The war had made the post befriend. tween Erance and England very uncertain; so we were obliged to wait, and we tried to be patient; but, somehow, our sutturn visit to France was silently given up; and my father gave us long expositions of the disordered state of affairs in a country which had suffered so much as France, and dectured us severely on the folly of having expected to hear so soon. We knew, all the while, that the exposition was repeated to soothe his own impatience, and that the ad-

At last the latter came. There was a brave attempt at cheerfulness in it, which nearly made me cry, more than any complaints would have done. M. de Chalabre had hoped to retain his commission, as Sous-Lieutenant in the Garde du Corps commission signed by Louis the Sixteen himself, in seventeen hundred and ninets one. But the regiment was to be remodelled or reformed, I forget which; and M. da Chalabre assured us that his was not the only case where applicants had been refused. He had then tried for a commission in the Cent Suisses, the Gardes du Paris, the Mousquetaires, but all were full. the Mousquetaires, but all were full. it not a glorious thing for France to have many brave sons ready to fight on the side of honour and loyalty?" To which question Fasny replied, "that it was a shame;" and my father, after a grunt or two, comforted himself by saying, "that M. de Chalabre would have the more time to attend to his neglected estate."

That winter was full of incidents in our despairing ignorance. change for years, and then at last one imporif it was the agitation of parting with her, So M. de Chalabre left our neighbourhood, but my father was stricken down from health father. I kept a letter in my pocket for days from M. de Chalabre, unable to find the time to decipher his French hieroglyphics; at last because I was impatient to know what it contained. The news in it was depressing enough, as everything else seemed to be that gloomy winter. A rich manufacturer of Rouen had bought the Château Chalabre; forfeited to the nation by its former possessor's emigration. His son, M. du Fay, was well-affected towards Louis the Eighteenthat least as long as his government was secure, and promised to be stable, so as not to affect the dyeing and selling of Turkey-red wools; and so the natural legal consequence was, that M. du Fay, Fils, was not to be disturbed imhis purchased and paid-for property. My father cared to hear of this disappointment to our poor friend-cared just for one day, and forgot all about it the next. Then came monition to patience was what he felt that the return from Elba—the hurrying events he himself was needing.

mportant than all.

hundred and fifteen, I went to church. It was poor sick father. He replied ; . many weeks since I had been able to leave many weeks since I had been able to leave my father for so long a time before. Since I had been last there to worship, it seemed as renounce all that. That is now beyond my if my youth had passed away; gone without position, to which I accommodate myself with a warning; leaving no trace behind. After awarning; leaving no trace behind. After all my strength."

Accordingly, when he came to spend an hour with my father, he brought a small my strength. mey dear mother lay buried. A garland of bundle of printed papers, announcing the buildiant yellow immortelles lay on her grave; terms on which M. Chalabre (the "de" was and the unwonted offering took me by sur-dropped now and for evermore) was desirous prize. I knew of the foreign custom, although of teaching French, and a little paragraph at had never seen the kind of wreath before. the bottom of the page solicited the patronage-I took it up, and read one word in the black of schools. Now this was a great coming-floral letters; it was simply "Adicu." I down. In former days, non-teaching at-knew, from the first moment I saw it, that schools had been the line which marked that seen anything of him; nothing, in fact, since band had met with him in Belgium, hurrying gallantry, as offered by a gentleman to a to offer himself as a volunteer to one of the lady, his equal in birth and fortune—instead, Feltre to receive such applications General statement which a workman offers to has at Waterloo. As the recollection of all these I was drawing near the field-path which led had led him so decidedly to take a lower out of the direct road home, to farmer Dob- level in society. To my father, to the day of up the garden walk leading to the house, I listened to my father's children interests with caught M. de Chalabre's eye; he was gazing a true and kindly sympathy for which I ever abstractedly out of the window of what used telt grateful, although he purposely put a to be his sitting room. In an instant he had deterential reserve between him and me, as a joined me in the garden If my youth had barrier to any expression of such feeling on flown, his youth and middle age as well had my part. vanished altogether. He looked older by at question after question rather to stop any mquifies which I, in my turn, might wish to make.

"I return here to my duties; to my only The good God has not seen me fit to turning his hat in his hand. undertake any lugher. Henceforth I am the faithful French tacher; the diligent, punctual French teacher, nothing more. But I do hope to teach the French language as whose happiness I mean to devote my life, or

they poor father, in his second childhood, syntax are my count of second ? Ale the choice of a daily pudding was far emore said this with a proud humiling which gave wonted any reply. I could will whange the country in that August of eighteen subject, and urgs him to next and see any

"To visit the sick, that is my duty as well

M. de Chalabre must have returned to Eng. M de Chalabre had taken up teaching rather land. Such a token of regard was like him, as an amateur profession, than with any and could spring from no one else. But I intention of devoting his life to it. He reswondered a little that we had never heard or pectfully asked me to distribute these papers where I thought fit. I say "respectfully" Lady Ashburton had told me that her hus- visedly; there was none of the old deferontial cleven generals appointed by the Duc de there was the matter-of fact request and Amburton himself had since this died at employer. Only in my father's 200m, he was Brussels, in consequence of wounds received the former M. de Chalabre; he seemed to understand how vam would be all attempts to circumstances gathered in my mund, I found recount or explain the circumstances which son's; and thither I suddenly determined to his death, M de Chalabre maintained the old go, and hear if they had hearnt anything easy footing; assumed a gaiety which he respecting their former lodger. As I went never even pretended to feel anywhere else;

His former lessons had been held in such least twenty years than when he had left us high esteem by those who were privileged to twelve months ago. How much of this was receive them, that he was soon sought after owing to the change in the arrangement of on all sides. The schools of the two principal his dress, I cannot tell He had formerly county towns put forward their claims, and been remarkably dainty in all these things; considered it a favour to receive his instruc-now he was carcless, even to the verge of tions. Morning, noon, and night he was slovenliness. He asked after my sister, after engaged; even if he had not proudly withmy father, in a manner which evinced the drawn himself from all merely society en-deepest, most respectful, interest; but, some-gagements, he would have had no lessure for how, it appeared to me as if he hurred them. His only visits were paid to my father, who looked for them with a kind of children longing. One day, to my surprise, he asked to be allowed to speak to me for an instant alone. He stood silent for a moment,

"You have a right to know-you, my first pupil; next Tuesday I marry myself to Muss Susan Dobson—good, respectable woman, to these gentleman and a Christian; to do as much of it as is not occupied with the best. Henceforth the grammur and the duties of instruction." He looked up at ma.

expecting emigratulations perhaps; but I was too assist stummed with my surprise. The masson bedrammed apple-cheeked Susan who, when she blushed blushed the colour of beetmost; who did not know a word of French; who regarded the nation (always excepting the gentleman before me) as frog-eating Mounseers, the national enemies of England! Infterwards thought, that perhaps this very ignorance constituted one of her charms. No word, nor allusion, nor expressive silence, nor regretful sympathetic sighs, could remind M. de Chalabre of the bitter past, which he was evidently striving to forget. And, most assuredly, never man had a more devoted and admiring wife than poor Susan made M. de Chalabre She was a little awed by him, to be sure; never quite at her case before him; but I imagine husbands do not diable such a tribute to their Jupiter-ship Malabre received my call, after then marriage, with a degree of sober, mistic, happy dignity, which I could not have fore-seen in Susan Dobson They had taken a small cottage on the borders of the forest, it had a garden round it, and the cow, pigs, an I poultry, which were to be her charge, found then keep in the forest. She had a rough country servant to assist her in looking after them; and in what scanty lessure he had, her husband attended to the garden and the bees. Madame Chalabre took me over the neatly furnished cottage with evident pride "Moussire," as she called him, had done this; Moussire had fitted up that Moussile was evidently a man of resource. In a little closet of a dissung-room belonging to Moussire, there hung a pencil drawing. elaborately finished to the condition of a bad pocket book engraving It caught my eye, and I impered to look at it It ignesented a high narrow house of considerable size, with four pepper-box turrets at each corner, and a stiff avenue formed the foreground.

"Château Chalabre ?" said I, inquisitively. "I never asked," my companion replied "Moussire does not always like to be asked questions. It is the picture of some place he is very fond of, for he won't let me dust it

for fear I should smear it'

M. de Chalabi e's mari iage did not diminish the number of his visits to my father. Until that beloved parent's death, he was faithful in doing all he could to lighten the gloom of the sick room. But a chasm, which he had opened, separated any present intercourse with him from the fiee unreserved friendship that had existed formerly. And yet for his sake I used to go and see his wife. I could not forget early days, nor the walks to the top of the clover field, nor the daily posies, nor my mother's dear regard for the emigrant gentleman; nor a thousand little auster and myself. He did not forget either in the closed and sealed chambers of his heart. So, for his sake, I tried to become a recollections, that he is obliged to talk to us,

friend to his wife; and she learned to look upon me as such. It was my employment in the sick chamber to make clothes for the little expected Chalabre baby; and its, mother would fain (as she told me) have ther me to carry the little infant to the fails. that her husband somewhat austerely minded her that they ought to seek a ran-rains among those of their own station in society. But I regarded the pretty little Susan as my god-child nevertheless in my heart, and secretly pledged myself always to take an interest in her. Not two months after my father's death, a sister was boot, and the human heart in M de Chal-bre subdued his pride, the child was to bear she pretty name of his French mother, although France could find no place for him, and had cast him out. That youngest little girl was called Amée

When my father died, Fanny and her husband urged me to leave Brookheld, and come and live with them at Valotta. The estate was left to us, but an eligible tenant offered humself; and my health, which had suffered materially diring my long nuising, did render it desirable for me to seek some change to a warmer chinate. So I went abroad, ostensibly for a year's residence only; but, somehow, that ye is has grown into a lifetime Malta and Genoa have been my dwelling places ever since. Occasionally, it is true, I have paid visits to England, but I have never looked upon it as my home since I left it thirty years ago. During these visits I have seen the Chalabres. He had become more absorbed in his occupation than ever, had published a l'iench grammar on some new principle, of which he presented me with a copy taking some pains to explain how it was to be used. Madaine looked plump and prosperous; the farm which was under her manusement had thriven, and as for the two daughters, behind their Fighsh shyness, they had a good deal of French piquancy and espect. I induced them to take some walks with me, with a view of asking them some questions which should make our friendship an individual reality, not merely an hereditary feeling, but the little monkeys put me through my catechism, and asked me innumerable questions about Prance, which they evidently regarded as their country. "How do you know all about French habits and customs?" asked I "Does Monsieur de does your father talk to you much about France?

"Sometimes, when we are alone with him never when any one is by," answered Susan,
the clder, a grave, noble-looking girl, of
twenty or the eabouts. "I think he does not speak about France before my mother, for fear of hurting her."

"And I think," said little Année ' that he does not speak at all, when he can help it; is only when his heart gets too full with and in English.

French scholars

"Oh yes! Papa always speaks to us in French; it is our own language."

But with all their devotion to their father and to his country, they were most affectionate dutiful daughters to their mother. were her companions, her comionts in the pleasant household labours; most practical, useful young women. But in a privacy not the less secred, because it was understood rather than prescribed, they kept all the enthusiasm, all the iomance of their nature for their father. They were the confidantes of that poor exile's yearnings for France ; the eager listeners for what he chose to tell them of his early days. His words wrought up Susan to make the resolution that, if ever she felt herself free from home duties and responsibilities, she would become a Sister of Charity, like Anne-Marguerite de Chalabre, her father's great-aunt, and model of woman's sanctity. As for Aimée, come what might, she never would leave her father; and that was all she was clear about in picturing her tuture.

Three years ago I was in Paris. An English friend of mine who lives there-English by birth, but murned to a German professor, and very French in manners and ways -asked me to come to har house one evening I was far from well, and disinclined to stir out.

"Oh, but come!" said she "I have a good reason; really a tempting reason. Perhaps this very evening a piece of poetical justice will be done in my salon. A living romance!

Now, can you resist?"
"What is it?" said I, for she was rather in the habit of exaggerating trifles into 10-

mandes.

"A young lady is coming; not in the first youth, but still young, very pretty, daughter of a French emigre, whom my husband knew in Belgium, and who has lived in England ever since.'

"I beg your paidon, but what is her name?" interrupted I, roused to interest.

"De Chalabre. Do you know her!"

"Yes; I am much interested in her. I will gladly come to meet her. How long has she been in Paris! Is it Susan or Aimce

"Now I am not to be baulked of the pleasure of telling you my romance; my hoped-for bit of poetical justice. You must be patient, and you will have answers to all your questions."

I cank back in my easy chair. Some of my Triends are rather long-winded, and it is as well to be settled in a comfortable position before they begin to talk.

"I told you a minute ago, that my husband had become acquainted with M. de Cha-

whitese many of the thoughts could not be ever since; not a very think one it is true, for M de Chalabre was a Franch master in for M de Chalabre was a Franch master in for M de Chalabre was a Franch master in England, and my husbaile of professor in Paris; but still they managed to let such other know how they were going on, and what they were doing, once, if not twice every week their development of their father. year. For myself, I never saw M. de Chalabre."

"I know him well," said I. "I have known

him all my hie." "A year ago his wife died (she was an Englishwoman); she had had a long and suffering illness; and his eldest daughter had devoted herself to her with the patient sweetness of an angel, as he told us, and I can well believe. But after her mother's death, the world, it seems, became distasteful to her: she had been mured to the half-lights, the hushed voices, the constant thought for others required in a sick room, and the noise and rough bustle of healthy people jarred upon her , So she pleaded with her father to allow her to become a Sister of Charity. She told him that he would have given a welcome to any suitor who came to offer to marry her. and bear her away from her home, and her father and sister; and now, when she was called by Religion, would be grudge to part with her? He gave his consent, if not hts. full approbation; and he wrote to my husband to beg me to receive her here, while we sorght out a convent into which she could be acceived. She has been with me two months, and endcared herself to me unspeakably; she goes home next week, unless "-

"But, I beg your pardon; did you not say she wished to become a Sister of Charity?

"It is true; but she was too old to be ulmitted into their order. She is eightand twenty. It has been a grievous disap-pointment to her; she has borne it very patiently and meekly, but I can see how deeply she has felt it And now for my romance. My husband had a pupil some ten years ago, a M du Fay, a clever, scientific young man, one of the tast merchants of Rouen. His grandfather purchased M. de The present ('halabic's ancestial estate. M du l'ay came on business to Pans two or three days ago, and invited my husband to a little dinner; and somehow this story of Suzette Chalabre came out, in consequence of inquiries my husband was making for an escort to take her to England. M. du Fay seemed interested with the story; and asked my husband if he might pay his respects to me, some evening when Suzette should be in, —and so is coming to-night, he, and a friend of his, who was at the dinner party the other day; will you come ?"

I went, more in the hope of seeing Susan Chalabre, and hearing some news about my early home, than with any expectation of "poetical justice." And in that I was right; and yet I was wrong. Susan Chalabre was a labre in Belgium, in eighteen hundred and grave, gentle woman, of an enthusiastic and fifteen. They have kept up a correspondence devoted appearance, not unlike that portrait

of his daughter which arrests every eye in some months before I rectived his appropriate. Ary, Scheffer a sacred pictures. She was silent and sad; her cherished plan of life was nproceed. She talked to me a little in a soft and friendly manner, answering any questions I asked; but, as for the gentlemen, her indiffarence and reserve made it impossible for them to enter into any conversation with her; and the meeting was indisputably

"Oh! my romance! my poetical justice! Before the evening was half over, I would have given up all my castles in the air for one well-sustained conversation of ten minutes long. Now don't laugh at me, for I can't bear it to-night." Such was my friend's parting speech. I did not see her again for two days. The third she came in glowing with excitement.

"You may congratulate me after all; if it was not poetical justice, it is prosaic justice; and, except for the empty romance, that, is a better thing!

"What do you mean ?" said I. "Surely M. du Fay has not proposed for Susan l"

"No! but that charming M. de Frez, hi friend, has; that is to say, not proposed but spoken; no, not spoken, but it seems he asked M. du Fay—whose confident he was— "If he was intending to proceed in his idea of marrying Suzette; and on hearing that he was not, M. de Frez said that he should come to us, and ask us to put him in the way of prosecuting the acquaintance, for that he had been charmed with her; looks, yorce, silence, he admires them all; and we have arranged that he is to be the escort to England; he has business there, he says: and as for Suzette, (she knows nothing of all this, of course, for who dared tell her?) all her anxiety is to return home, and the first person travelling to England will satisfy her, if it does us. And, after all, M. do Frez lives within five leagues of the Château Chalabre, so she can go and see the old place whenever she will."

When I went to bid Susan goodbye, she looked as unconscious and dignified as ever. No idea of a lover had ever crossed her mind. She considered M. de Frez as a kind of necessary incumbrance for the journey. I had not much hopes for him; and yet he was an agreeable man enough, and my friends told me that his character stood firm

and high.

In three months, I was settled for the winter in Rome. In four, I heard that the marriage of Susan Chalabre had taken place. What were the intermediate steps between the cold, civil indifference with which I had last seen her regarding her travelling companion, and the full love with which such a woman as Suzetto Chalabre must love a man before she could call him husband, I never learnt, I wrote to my old French master to It was :-

"Dear friend, dear old pupil, dear dilld the beloved dead, I am an old man of wight, and I tremble towards the grave. write many words; but my own hand shall bid you come to the home of Aimee and here husband. They tell me to ask you to come, and see the bold father's birthplace, while he is yet alive, to show it to you. I have the very apartment in Château Chalabre that was mine when I was a boy, and my mother came in to bless me every night. Susan lives near us. The good God bless my sons-in-law, Bertrand de Frez and Alphonse du Fay, as-He has blessed me all my life long. I think of your father and mother, my dear; and you. must think no harm when I tell you I have had masses said for the repose of their souls. If I make a mistake, (fod will forgive."

My heart could have interpreted this letter even without the pretty letter of Aimée and her husband which accompanied it; and which told how, when M. du Fay came over to his triend's wedding, he had seen the younger sister, and in her seen his fate. The soft, caressing, timid Aimée was more to his taste than the grave and stately Susan. little Aimée managed to rule imperiously at Château Chalabre; or rather, her husband was delighted to indulge her every wish: while Susan, in her grand way, made rather a pomp of her conjugal obedience. But they were both good wives, good daughters.

This last summer, you might have seen an old, old man, dressed in grey, with white flowers in his button-hole (gathered by a grandchild as fair as they), leading an elderly lady about the grounds of Chateau Chalabre, with totter-

ing, unsteady eagerness of gait.
"Here!" said he to me, "just here my mother bade me adieu when first I went to join my regiment. I was impatient to go; I mounted—I rode to yonder great chestnut, and then, looking back, I saw my mother's sorrowful countenance. I sprang off, threw the reins to the groom, and ian back for one more embrace. "My brave boy!" she said; "my own! Be faithful to God and your king!" I never saw her more; but I shall see her soon; and I think I may tell her I have been faithful both to my God and my king.

Before now, he has told his mother all.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GREEK TEAST.

I AM in Mytilene; on storied ground, for Mytilene is the ancient Lesbos, and one of the largest and most beautiful islands of the Egean Sea. It is situated on the coast of Asia, between Tenedos on the north, and Chios on the south. Its first inhabitants were the Pelasgii. It then became an Eolian congratulate him, as I believed I honestly colony, and attained great prosperity, num-might, on his daughter's marriage. It was bering as many as nine considerable towns.

The subjugated by the Athenians; but the foliated during the Peloponnesian was and gain during the Social war. The ancient Losbos was celebrated for its wines; and its invahilants were renowned for their beauty and musical talents; but they were very corrupt. Mytilene was the birth-place of Arion, Terpander, Sappho, Eriune, Alcous, Pittacus, and the philosopher Theophrastus, whom I cannot help considering as one of the most remarkable men of antiquity. St. Paul also "sailed thither from Assos." Among its more modern celebrities it numbers the famous brothers Barbarosse, who, together with Doria, shared the reputation of being the greatest navigators of their age ; and who seized upon Algiers, and braved the power of the Emperor Charles the Fifth for a long time with impunity. The younger of them, surnamed Hariadim, finally ac-knowledged the suzerainty of the Sultan, and added the rich possessions of Algiers, Tunis and Biserte to the dominions of the Porte.

So much for the antecedents of Mytilene. which I have given that the reader may have some interest in it and contrast the past with the present, as he will have an opportunity of doing from the following sketch of the Feast of St. Demetrius.

It is the seventh of November, the feast of St. Demetrius. It is, therefore, with a feeling of very considerable satisfaction that I open my eyes in the morning upon a cloudless sky and a most cognettish streak of sunshine just rising above the sea, which lies glittering so beautifully beneath my open windows. I propose to pass an idle day, and the weather is of consequence to me. I am going for a ramble, and I do not like wet boots, or wind, or clouds, or anything but sunshine. I love to see the shadows lie still upon the valleys; and the tops of the hills stand out clear against the sky of blue and gold to which 1 am growing accustomed.

The difference between a fine day and a dull one is often that between light spirits and a heavy heart. If we are busily cmthe weather; but when we are idle we feel it.

There is a breakfast of new bread, and of goat's milk, of fragrant honey from Mount Hymottus, and of kid chops, fresh mullet, and anchovies, awaiting me in the next room. I hear the cheerful clatter of the plates as 1 am shaving, and the stealthy step of the Greek—who is to be my companion—as he comes creeping up the stairs. I hear, too, the loud neighing of our horses, as they come do n our mysterious street, with its lattices closed and barred by sealous trellis work. in five minutes I shall be doing my duty as a trencherman; and then up and away for the pretty village of Moria, which lies yon-der on the brow of the hill. In that village and there only is the festival of St. Demetries to be celebrated for the service of he Greek Church are so numberous that the countries where it is supreme would be constantly in a ferment was it not for this arrangement, and that our feast is seldom celebrated in more than one place at a time. To be sure these feasts put a complete stop to business everywhere; but with this question we have nothing to do just now.

Breakfast is over, and while we are light ing our cigars the girths are tightening and the servants shouting below. It is impossible to start in the East without a large allowance of shouting; and the Greeks have the strongest lungs I ever heard exercised. Then there is one horse short, a dogged mule suppies his place; we shall have a discussion on this subject which will last an hour. I do not love discussions. I will cut it short, and take the dogged mule myself; perchance I may have learned from Doctor Keith, in my youth, that there is a remedy for doggedness. So, Abdallah, reach me a stout stick-and

The road is narrow, and I give place to my companion. He is a small, thin, angular man, with undecided eyes and an anxious unpleasant smile always upon his face. He is stealthy and catlike in his movements. He seems to walk with muffled feet. In dress he is something like a farce idea of an elderly Frenchman of the old school; except that he wears the red cap, or fez, which is worn by all Turkish subjects as a mark of their nationality. He has a long straight frock coat of an undecided colour, trowsers, and delicate grey jean boots with varnished tips. He has also a superfluity of watch chain. Upon the whole he is a very frequent specimen of the modern Greek. He is not of the race of Polychronopolos, who scudded before us on his wiry horse, over the plains of Corinth. He is not the Greek of the loud voice and ready hand; of the brave apparel and the twirled moustache. He is unhappily of another school far more common. He is of the race which assassinated Capo ployed we can overcome the influence of D'Istrias, and would have broken Byron's heart if he had lived. Who have no sympathy with the learning and honesty of Wyse, or gratitude for the services of the brave and gentle Church. He is of the Greeks who are so proud of the aucient glories of the land they are bringing daily and hourly to shame. He is of that plausible and clever race who have by turns won every statesman in Europe to what is called the Greek cause, only that he might add another to those who have abandoned it with deep disgust. Of the race who would rather live despised on a pittance obtained by intrigue and roguery, than make one single effort for honourable independence. They are the sons of men who were oppressed for many generations, of Turkish Rayahs, of slaves. What need is there to say more or wonder why they are so fallen?

while these thoughts are passing through my mind. On, over the unequal paving of minds. Ou, over the unequal paving of ceremony, among the rest; the paper cigar-accent roads, which may have been trodden ettes of the smokers were restored again by St. Paul; on through shady lanes where to the mouths from which they had be the wild flowers cluster, and where the briar tree and the olive grow entwined together in dark luxuriance; on, through whole forests airs which our coming had interrupted. Their of olive trees, some in all the vigour of their instruments, were a lute of very antique foliage, others withered to dry stumps by the shape, a fiddle and a flageolet. Every now terrible winter of eighteen hundred and fifty, which destroyed half the wealth of the island. We pass merry parties of pleasure-hunters, bound to the same place as ourselves. The peasantry are dressed in their own national costume, and sing gaily on the way; but those who aspire to a higher rank of course deform themselves with Smyrna coats which do not fit them; and all who are under the protection of any foreign consulate assert their superiority to the law by a European hat, and make themselves ridiculous accordingly.

At length a sound of fiddling comes briskly through the pleasant noonday air; and the frequent appearance of little white houses tells us we are near the village. After scrambling up one ravine and down another and crossing a dangerous gutter, which had once been part of an ancient theatre, we find ourselves among a group of men scated on the ground and smoking nargillys. We are at

Moria.

Leaving our horses to the care of our guides, who speedily left them to their own, I put myself under the protection of my acquaintance and begin to partake of the

pleasures of the day.

Now a Greek feast is a feast indeed. It is the only festival I know of which is really worthy of the name. A Yorkshire Christmas or New Year in Norway is nothing to it. Greek feast is one continual round of eating and drinking delicacies, from the beginning to the end of it. From eight c'cleck in the morning, when the holiday makers are ready dressed for business, till twelve o'clock at night, when their palates must be fairly wearied out, they never rest for five minutes. They go from house to house, from café to café, and strut and swagger and talk-(heaven and earth, how they do talk !)—and eat and drink, and sing and dance together, till human nature can hold out no longer. As the night deepens, many an old score is paid off with the ready knife which the revellers carry in their girdles.

The first house we entered was that cf mine host of the solitary locanda at Mytilene. He and his family, comprising a good stout serviceable set of children, were passing a few days at Moria during the gathering of the olives on their estate, and they received us very kindly. We found a large party of men seated in a circle round the room, and no less than twenty one cups of coffee, the three musicians very busy in one corner of same number of small glasses of rakee, with

On I ride with my uncongenial companion, nation in the world so naturally police as the tales thoughts are passing through my Greeks. We took our places, efter some withdrawn; a chibouque was handle to of us, and the musicians again struck up in of us, and the musicians again struck tri and then the players stopped to sing a few bars of an air; and then went on with their playing. Sometimes they played and sang' together.

I am bound, however, to acknowledge that the music was very bad. There was nothing even interesting or original in it to The best of the airs a musical student. were filched from second-rate Italian operas. and spoilt by the most abominable variations. In one, I plainly detected the "Last Rose of Summer," faded and gone indeed. Even the words of the songs—which I took great pains to catch accurately—were worth nothing as poetry or traits of manners. They had poctry or traits of manners. They had nothing national about them. The groan of the patriot, and the sigh of the lover, were alike but an echo. The songs were very bad translations. In fact, modern Greeks are all mere imitators; and, as far as I know, they have not original talent of any kind. They are alike in all things, and in all mere plagiarists

and protenders.

It is due to the company assembled at mine host's, to say that they seemed to have a poor opinion of the musical part of the entertainment themselves; and on a loud clock in the next room striking twelve, the whole circle gravely marched off to dinner, without a word; leaving their musicians in the midst of as unmusical a yowl, as ever

was called by courtesy a song.

We were going to follow, when we were stopped by the hostess bearing in the glyco; or preserved fruit jelly and water, which it is customary always to present to guests in a Greek house. We knew it would be considered discourtcous to refuse it and so stayed. After this, came sugar plums :delicate sweetment, in the confection of which isinglass must play a notable part, a saucer full of the small white fruit of the bread tree, and some ornamental glasses of a very strong, pure spirit, called rakee. . Having disposed of this second course also, it was followed by a third of coffee, made very strong and unstrained. We were then suffered to depart for this once. And so we went visiting, according to the custom of the country, from house to house, feasting at each. The Greeks are very hospitable, though they do not ask you to dinner; and I found on my return home, by an aching head, that I had partaken, during the day, of it. All rose as we entered; for there is no sweetmeats and so on to match. Indeed, tha

at last grow rather beyond a joke ; for, at one house, they brought me in an immense English pint pot, insisting on my drinking compatriots. I could only escape it by a compliment to their national manners; which I need not say - I paid very readily. People even stopped us in the street to insist on our drinking with them.

Let me smile over my indigestion as I will, however. I confess that there was something positively enchanting in being seated on the spotless sofas of those summery houses, with their open windows, through which might be seen the cloudless sky and the distant olive woods; while the west wind came in laden with freshness and the happy hum of the holiday-makers below. was poetical and touching too, to see the beautiful Lesbian women with their large down-cast eyes and faultless features; bringing in their trays of sweetmeats and offering the wine; and when they put down the classes, they always said, "Your health, Lord," (cis vylav ods) in voices which were

music indeed. The Greek is naturally clean in his dress, his person, and his house. We never went anywhere, but that it was plain good healthy soap and water had preceded us. The straw matting of the floors was quite dazzling from its cleanliness, and not a spot marred the snowy whiteness of the walls. Everywhere, too, we were received with the same graceful and innate courtesy. Our pipes were lit by the master of the house in the oriental fashion, carrying first the amber mouthpiece to his own lips; and were always replaced, before they were half-smoked, by fresh ones. Everywhere, the mistress of the house herself presented the glyco, and the pure bright water, which glittered like dissolved diamends. I never tasted water so sweet and delicious.

The houses, in general, here and throughout the East, are small and confined-mere little wooden boxes whitewashed; but those we entered did not lack some rude attempt at internal ornament. In most of them, there were poor, but gaudy prints on national subjects, and the ceilings were generally adorned with gaily painted flowers. In one house, I noticed a picture of Anastathius, the hero of Thessaly, who was cooked over a slow fire by the Turks, during the Greek war of independence. He was represented as struggling with three gigantic Turks, and as I marked the strained and glowing eyes which even children fixed upon this picture, Lithought how well calculated it was to per-perante animosity between the two races. The tables and window sills were usually strewed with fragrant herbs and sometimes a room looked like a fairy bower from the tasteful adornment of the mirrors on the walls.

in the pleasures of the day. The Grook, like the Jow, to whom I often fancy he bears a marked resemblance, is fond of decking his womankind with jewellery, and often sinks half his fortune in this portable form. But he adorns them for his own eyes only, they stay in state at home. They are beautiful dolls, without mind, or heart, indeed, but still beautiful as pictures are, or statues of stone. Greek women have nearly all the same dark. stag-like eyes and brilliant complexions, the same delicate hands and feet, and the luxuriant raven hair. In figure, however, they are the same size all the way down, with no more symmetry than sacks of wheat.

In staying at home, and showing them-selves rarely in public, the modern Greek women appear to have imitated the manners of the Turks; and indeed, let them hate each other ever so cordially, a conquered people will always adopt something from the manners of the conquerors, and women are all aristocrats, from the Archipelago to the Bay of Dublin. Another thing also struck me as remarkable; namely, the total abstinence from any rough or manly sports. The men danced together the same Bacchanalian dances which their forefathers' footed three thousand years ago, if there be truth in ancient urns and vases; but there was no throwing the quoit, no wrestling, no foot race, and perhaps not half-r-dozen men present had backed a horse. three times in his life.

As for the dances, I regret to be obliged to assure the antiquaries that they are very awkward, clumsy hops, when actually performed. Let him fancy half-a-dozen heavy louts, aged between twenty-five and fifty-eight, hopping about and bumping against each other with senseless gestures, while the last man endeavours to win some burly bystander, aged forty-two, to make a goose of himself in the same way. I say, let him fancy this, and the burly bystander blushing and sniggering like a schoolboy caught by his sister's playfellows, and then judge for himself.

But the evening is drawing on; already the sun sheds a mellower light over the sea. and woodland, and the distant horizon grows golden. We have had enough of the feast. Our guide has disappeared drunk, as all guides do when wanted; but I have tightened my own girths, and bitted a ragged pony or two before to-day. I can do so again, and then lighting our cigars, we go gossipping homewards.

I do not know whether such little sketches of far away life and manners as I paint so poorly may please you; but at any rate they are fresh from nature, and I hope no word ever creeps into them to make any man the worse. If, therefore, in passing au idle half hour with the Roving Englishman, you should now and then acquire a better knowledge of other nations than you One thing struck me, especially, and that better knowledge of other nations than you was, that nemerof the women took any part had before, it will not be time misspent; the

3:16.1

Thonestly believe that most of the wars and all feeling between nations, arise from not knowing each other better. 1/1.

HOLIDAYS.

THEY come to us but once in life, The holidays of Yule; When, wild as captives from the cage, We bounded home from school. Unshackled by the dreary task-All lessous put away ; The world a bright revolving mask Of pantomime and play.

What welcome shall we ever have Till this long journey ends, Like that which marked the merry time From sisters and from friends: When presents given and received, Brought heart to heart in view, And every day was golden-leaved, With wonders rich and new!

The Christmas sights, the Christmas lights, The Christmas nights, how grand To us who walked the glittering lanes Of boyhood's fairyland! Remote among its spangled bowers Old memories parade, And watch the gorgeous bubbling hours All rise, and burst, and fade.

We will not sigh to see them pass To know them was enough; Nay, Father, let us joy that we Were made of sterner stuff. Who then enjoyed the Yule Log's blaze In retrospect enjoys: So, welcome to your holidays, My merry girls and boys!

Be blissful in the time of bliss, Unloosed from toil and school: They come to you but once in life, These holidays of Yule. For us, among the world's dark-ways, Our eyes are on one star, Beyond which shine our holidays, Though dim, and distant far.

GHOSTLY PANTOMIMES.

WE take it for granted that every reader of Household Words has a due respect for Pantomimes. Whether Pantomime be of Greek or Italian origin; whether it be a mere exuberance of animal spirits, or whether it possess a psychological meaning beneath its grotesque exterior; are questions into which we shall not enter. We do not (like Chaucer's Wife of Bath) "speak of many hundred years ago," but only of one hundred; simply proposing to show the sort of Christmas entertainment which beguiled the holidays of our great grandmothers and great grandfathers, in the reign of George the Second. We will eater, in the spirit, a theatre of those days, tional and instructive entertainment; and it is said see it, as Dr. Johnson and Hogarth to be hoped that none but principal performent

might have seen it. We will behold the oillamps, and the candles that required snuffing ; the beaux with their periwigs and swords, and the belies with their hoops and powder. We will hear the laughter of lips that have become mere earth in unnumbered graves, and the whispering of silks; we will see the fluttering of the fans, like butterflies in such mer air. And we will see the actors and the scenery which cur forefathers and foremothers saw, and appland or hiss, as it pleases us, the "new Pantomime" which is now a century old.

We propose to effect this necromancy by means of a magazine of the day. There is something, we think, strangely interesting in those old records which bring us into close and vital connexion with our predecessors in their daily life. To be informed of the great events of any era, however distant, seems to be a matter of course: but to be able to rescue the trivialities of an hour from utter extinction; to live with our ancestors whom we never knew, and to see them, not on the public stage of history, but in their private and familiar ways; to be able to fix and perpetuate what might have seemed as evanescent as a breath, as quickly-fading as the hucs of sunset;—this is the true association of our own humanities with those of perished generations. We see the sparkle of eyes, and hear the sound of voices, that had faded into the great Eternity before oursclves were born. Surely these things have their interest. They are the electric tele-graphs of Time, which link the living and the dead in a common brotherhood.

Before we start for the theatre, a few observations on the general character of pantomimic entertainments a century ago, may not be amiss. At that period-if contemporary accounts may be trusted—as great a preponderance of spectacle over the more intellectual features of the drama existed, as that with which the present age has been charged. Pantomimes, accordingly, were highly popular, and in number nine of The World, bearing date March first, seventeen hundred and fiftythree, we find a suggestion which might do admirably for reproduction by any dramatic critic of our own day, exasperated at the withdrawal of the double orders, and finding his stock of original irony approaching nearly to a close. "It were to be wished," says this writer, "that the managers would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with Pantomime; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of And in number forty-three of affording." the same publication, it is remarked that when certain reforms shall have been introduced into this species of drama, "Everybody must allow that a Pantomime will be a most rae tional and instructive entertainment; and it is

differed to have a part in it. How they were food of introducing little children will the town be this winter to read into their entertainment. The suggestion in the articles of news in the Public with reference to fairy tales has been any Advertiser, 'We hear that at each of the theatres royal there is an entire new Panto-mime now in rehearsal, and that the principal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury Lane; and at Covent Gurden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr Barry, Miss Nossiter, &c. It is not to be doubted that a Pantomime so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as most crowded audiences." This is followed by a little bantering about the decay of wits being compensated by the excellence of the stage carpenters; so that if the degeneracy of the drama be a fact, the said degeneracy, basing already outlived many generations, must in itself (like many other degeneracies)

possess a most amfizing stamina. The chief character in Pantomines a century ago, was the Harlequin who made love to, and danced with, the Columbine in much the same fashion which he now employs. The Clown—the principal man now-a-days, owing, probably, to the achievements of the renowned Grimaldi-had no existence in the Pantomimes of George the Second's reign; at any rate, no nominal exist-ence: but the Pantaloon was attended by a servant, who may be looked upon as the germ from which has issued the matchless rogue of modern times—the veritable progenitor of that embodiment of London impudence, knavery, and slang, whom it delighteth us to patronise at Christmas, and whom we cannot help in some sort admiring for the geniality of his humour, and the southern exuberance of his spirits. Another distinction between the Pantomimes of the past and of the present, consists in the fact that the former do not appear to have had any regular "introduction" such as those with which thow preface what we call the harlequinade.

Revertheless, there was something of a story,
which, instead of being kept apart, as now, was mixed up with the rest of the perform-Tales from the Greek mythology were the favourites; but a writer in The Connoisseur for December the ninetcenth, seventeen hundred and fifty-Your, densively suggests the propriety of taking the subjects of Pantomimes from children's fairy This, it appears, had already been tales. done at one of the great theatres, where they had a tiled themselves of the story of Fortumatus and the Wonderful Wishing Cap. The correspondent of The Connoisseur suggests for adoption the old legends of Patient Grigde, Little Red Riding-hood, Puss in Bata, and the Children in the Wood; in the of which he thinks it "would be vastly betty to see the pasteboard robin redbreasts et down by wires upon the stage to cover the sec the bricklayers and their men going to poor innocent babes with paper leaves." It poor innocent babes with paper leaves.' seems that in those days, as in the present,

into their entertainments. The suggestion with reference to fairy takes has been surply carried out in later times; and Pantomimes have no doubt been the gainers in elegance grace, and fancy. In another respect, also, these dramas have certainly improved since the period of which we are writing. At that time, the lax morals of the reign of Charles the Second had not entirely deserted the stage; and the periodical essayists had frequent occasion to reprove the indecerums of Harlequin. It was surely, however, going a little too far, when a contemporary critic spoke of "the absurdity and profaneness of such entertainments.'

Now enter with us into our aërial brougham, and let us glide away into the land of ghosts and shadows-into the spectral past. The present age vanishes like mist; and in an instant our magic chariot lands us before the box entrance of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as it appeared in the middle of last century. Here are plenty of other carriages—ghosts, every one of them; and plenty of people in them—ghosts also: for we are now in the region of departed things, and are going to see a Pantomime acted by dead men and women to a dead audience! Here are gentlemen in velvet and gold lace, and ladies in vast amplitudes of satin. Here are magnificent footnen with their flambeaux; here are the grenadiers with their peaked caps and gaiters; and here, too, are the genuine old Charleys - the "ancient and most quiet" Dogberries - with their quarter-staves and inoffensive lanthorns. There will be a crowded house; yet we shall find plenty of room in any case. All the "quality"—and many of the no-quality-are here to see the new Pantomime of "Harlequin Sorcerer;" the scenery and contrivances are said to be inimitable, and the dresses are all new, and the music is ulmost entirely by Mr. Arne, who himself plays upon the harpsichord. The attraction is therefore great.

Well! we have entered the theatre, and have got a front place; and we have sat through the first piece (to which no one has paid any attention), and the overture to the Pantomime is being performed. At length, the curtain rises, and "the first scene presents us," to use the language of a chronicler of the time, " with a group of witches, exercising their orgies in a wilderness by moonlight. After a few songs, Harlequin crosses the stage, riding in the air between two witches upon a long pole, and jumps in among them." This is followed by a dance of witches, with which the scene concludes; presenting us with a parallel to the dark pieces of incantation with which our modern Pantomimes commonly open. "Next, you Pantomimes commonly open.

^{*} The "London Magazine" for February, 1752.

appears to him; but, as he is climbing up, he is surprised by Pantaloon, who comes out, spening the door, and Harlequin pops in. Hence a warm pursuit ensues of Columbine and our hero by Pantaloon and his servant. The next scene is of a house half-built, him; he tumbles down midst his guards, with real scaffolding before it, and the men and so slips away from them. We then see at work upon it. Columbine retires behind a fence of boards, as before a building (excela pile of bricks; our hero mounts ladder; Pantaloon follows; Harlequin descends, removes ladder, and presently down comes the scaffolding with men and all upon it. You next come to a garden-wall; where climb up by the head, which directly bends as Columbine retires under it, Harlequin is its neck and bites him; he next tries to get turned into an old woman, and the scene up by the hind leg, which in springing back converted into a wall with ballads and gives him a most terrible kick, and the poor coloured wooden prints strung upon it, with dog is carried off with his face all over blood, a large wicker chair, in which Harlequin and beaten to pieces. seats himself, supposed to be selling them. The servant comes in and buys a ballad; and here a slight satirical hint is levelled at the song of 'I love Sue, and Sue loves me,' introduced in the rival 'Harlequin Ranger' of the other house. We have now a most delightful perspective of a farm-house, whence you may hear the coots in the water as at a distance Several rustics with their sweethearts come on; and Mr. Lowe sings an excellent song, to which all join in chorus- - To celebrate harvest home.' This scene removed, a constable comes on, with the bricklayers' men, who have a warrant to take up Harlequin. Then you have a distant view of a baileymow and barn; several swams dancing gradually, and is carried all together into the before it, with Harlequin and Columbine, air The constable and followers opportunely coming in, Columbine is seized, and carried home by Pantaloon." (Here, by the way, we are reminded of the policemen who come to apprehend the Clown in modern Panto-mimes.) "When they are in the house, the servant, after many dumb gestures, introduces a large ostrich, which has a very good effect upon the audience, but perhaps would have a much greater, did one not discover by the extremities that it is Harlequin, whose legs and thighs appear under the body. Columbuse by this means discovers him; and, after having made the whole house ring with applause by plaving several tricks (such as kissing Columbine, biting the servant, and the like), they morrice off both

together.
"We are then carried to a back part of the farm-house, which turns into a shed, where in an instant you have the view of a copper with a fire burning under it. Harlequin drops the curtain." changes himself into an old washer-woman, and on striking a mound raised of flints mixed with earth, it is immediately turned into a washing-tub and stand; then, opening a door, he shows us a horse with real linen upon it, same description of performance in the pre-which is drawn out into many folds to a con-siderable length upon the stage. Pantaloon rearious fun; and we miss the spoken he shows us a horse with real linen upon it,

worth which now marks the time of our and servant come in, and, while being served drams to be morning. Heriequia then stands with the seap-sude, are driven off by the before a balcony, serenading Columbine, who supposed washer-woman with a head of boiling water from the copper, to the no small diversion of both galleries." (How eften have we seen similar pieces of practical wit thus acknowledged in the upper, tolently well painted), which in a moment h converted into a gilt equestrian statue. Har-lequin is discovered to bestride the horse by his succeing: Pantaloon's servant goes to

"After this a scene drops, and gives us a prospect of ruinous, rugged cliffs, with two trees hanging over them, beautifully executed." (This is the dark scene which invariably precedes the conclusion, and wherein we see Harlequin with a temporary deprivation of his magical power.) "The witches come in again, and, after singing awhile, rettre. Then Harlequin appears disconsolate and prostrate upon a couch in an elegant Lightning flashes; and four apartment. devils, in flame-coloured stockings, mount through trap-doors, surround him with their deable-tongued forks, and the whole stage, with the scenery and all upon it, rises up

"Here the Pantonime ends; and the scrupulous critic must not nicely inquire into the reasons why Harlequin is carried upwards into the infernal regions; as also why Pluto and his fair Proserpina descend, in a magnificent throne, afterwards, into a fine pavilion. After a song or two, an imp brings Plato word that poor Harly is trapped at last; but the black-bearded monarch says everything shall be jolly. Then the stage is extended to a prodigious depth, closing with a prospect of fine gardens and a temple." (This is what, in our modern play-bill language, we should call "The Gardens of Delight and the Golden Temple of Felicity in the Realms of ever-beaming Radiance," or something to the same effect.) "We are entertained awhile with the agolity of Messrs. Cook, Grandchamps, Miss Hilliard, Mademoiselle Camargo, and others; then with a grand chorus; lastly with a low. bow from the performers; - and so down

Our necromancy is over. We have seen a Pantomime of our ancestors; and our prerailing impression is, that, with a few differences of detail, it is in the main very like the

humant of the modern Clown, many of whose vacaties appear to be the peculiar property of the Harlequin. We note fewer symmetric feats, and mark the absence of "hits" at the passing follies of the day. But we have learned to entertain a higher appreciation of the scenery and mechanical effects of the stage a hundred years ago, than we should hitherto have owned.

The ghostly actors have vanished into night and silence; the ideal theatre, with all its visionary scenes, its imaginary lights and phentom audience, has passed away; and we are again in our home among the living. Some of these days we too shall be gathered to the dead. Will any of our descendants in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-three, make a spiritual journey backwards, to see any one of the Pantomimes of this present year of grace? Let our Pantomine writers and actors, our mechanists and scene-painters, plume themselves with the thought of that possibility. Such things may be.

THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

HANDEL'S Harmonious Blacksmith may be supposed to have produced harmony through the medium of his blacksmithery; the latter being the object in view, and the former an incidental and spontaneous accompaniment. But our harmonious blacksmith (or whitesmith, for we will not insist upon the colour) proceeds in an inverse order; his smithery is only the means to an end, the end being harmony, or melody, or music, or sweet sounds. He hammers, or stamps, or rolls small pieces of metal, until he brings them to a vibratory state, until, in fact, he infuses the soul of music into them. In this sense only is he a harmonious blacksmith, but what a wide sphere of operation is his-from the humble Jew's harp to the imperial Harmonium, through all the intermediate stages of Accordion and Concertina! All musical amateurs ought to be, but are not, familiar with this curious subject of vibrating springs. Let us talk awhile thereon.

A very pretty bit of musical philosophy is involved in the action of the Jew's harp. When Tom lays out the penny which his aunt gave him, and purchases therewith a Jew's harp; when he places the instrument to his mouth, and makes all sorts of grimaces, and pursings, and poutings, and screwings with his lips, he thinks that he breathes music upon the spring—that the current of breath has chiefly to do with the matter. But Tom is wrong: he is merely connerting his mouth into a sounding-box or resonant cavity; his mouth bears the same two Jew's relation to the spring of the Jew's harp he could so as the body of a guitar or a violin, or the harmony. stretched perchment of a banjo, does to the strings—it increases the body of sound. In as a player on the Jew's harp; he made a

mouth, the player, medices the pitch tone produced. All this may be there sophy to Tom; but let him little sider awhile; for Tom may be pleas learn that in the Netherlands, in the among the Greeks of Smyrua, and in places, the Jew's harp is a valued and beau-tiful musical instrument. The spring of the little piece of mechanism, then, vibrates to and fro when touched with the finger, and in so vibrating it emits a musical sound, definite in pitch but very faint in intensity. But when the instrument is held before the mouth, and the lips and teeth are opened so as to allow the sound to enter the mouth, then does the sound increase in loudness, just as a drum emits a louder sound than a tambourine, although the parchment may be of equal diameter; and if the muscles of the face be so worked that the cavity of the mouth may be continually varying both in form and size, then will the pitch of the sound be altered-becoming more grave as the cavity is enlarged, and more acute as it is diminished. This is analogous to the fact that a big drum yields a lower note than a little one, and a long mouth-organ pipe lower than a short one, and so forth. Our nut, therefore contains three kernels: first, that the striking of the spring produces a faint sound; second, that the reverberation in the mouth converts this faint sound into an audible musical note; third, that variations in the form and size of the cavity of the mouth, give all those variations of pitch which are requisite to the production of a

If Tom could have heard M. Koch or M. Eulenstein play on the Jew's harp, he would have been infinitely delighted. Koch was a private soldier in the Prussian service under Frederic the Great. One evening the King was surprised at hearing soft beautiful music immediately under his window; and, on looking out, he saw a sentinel discoursing sweet sounds; the instrument being a humble Jew's harp. The impatient monarch ordered the man to come up stairs and play to him; but Koch, a true soldier, said that he must not do so without his colonel's orders. "But I am the King!" said Frederick. "I know it, Sire; but if I leave my post to-night, I shall certainly be punished to-morrow." The King was angry; but, himself a soldier, he knew how to respect the firmness and fidelity of the sentinel. On the following day, he had Koch to play to him, gave him a liberal gratuity, and then presented him with his discharge. Koch had been able to produce some unusual musical effects by playing on two Jew's harps at once, the sounds of which he could so modulate as to produce exquisite harmony. When Koch left the army, he travelled through Germany, giving concerts viciness, however, it does something more moderate fortune by his exertions, and spent that this; for by varying the capacity of the decline of his days at Vienna—every way

incified to the official that the Few's harp is member of the same family. really a beautiful and important instrument. M. Enlander was a still more eminent player. He was in accomplished musician, and spent many years in studying the capabilities of the Jew's harp. He found that high tones and low tones ought not to be attempted on the same instrument; and that to produce fine cach one limited to the production of a few notes. He visited the principal European capitals, giving concerts at which he employed no less than sixteen Jew's harps; he played two at a time, changing them during the progress of a tune, and doing this so rapidly and effectively as to make no break in the continuity of the music. He afterwards devised a mode of playing four at once, con-necting them by silken strings in such a way that he could clasp all four with the lips, and strike all the four springs at onco. musical amateurs of those days were thrown quite into extasses by this music; some said the sounds were like those of the Æolian harp, some likened them to a musical shuffbox, some to musical glasses; while oth rs averred that the sounds were like themselves and nothing clsc. No one ever played the Jew's harp so well before, and no one is likely ever to play it so well again; for, if we mistake not, poor Eulenstein lost nearly all his teeth, consequent on the peculiar action to which they had during so many years been exposed.

Our friend Thomas may have the satisfaction of knowing, that although other musical instruments dependent on the vibration of metallic springs may be more costly and pretentious than his penny Jew's harp, there is really none which more beautifully illustrates the principles whereon musical sounds are produced.

Something like thirty years ago, a little instrument was brought into notoriety under the name of the Mouth Harmonica small; but like many other small things, it had considerable power. It depended for its sounds, like the Jew's harp, on the vibration of metallic springs. Flat discs of metal were pierced with oblong slits, which were partially closed by long slips of metal fixed at one end and free to vibrate at the other. According to the size and shape of the slit, and the thickness of the spring, so did each perforation yield a particular note when breathed upon' by the mouth If there were only one cavity and spring, only one sound would be heard, available as a pitch-pipe; if two, they might yield two notes having the interval of a musical fifth: if several, they might afford scope

for the production of a tune. This humble affair, the Mouth Harmonica, was a boyish trifle, a mere toy; but the same principle produced the more efficient Eolina, a little instrument from which we have heard very delicate and beautiful sounds.

control and important instrument. lieve, by Mr. Wheatatons. This the discline tin was a still more eminent player. much in a little space, altogether applied its accomplished musician, and spent predecessor. It was, in fact, a lived distant, in studying the capabilities of the possessing increased powers in virtue of its keys. It was constructed in many different shapes; but the gist of the instrument was, that a current of air should be blown in by the mouth; that the fingers should touch small projecting pins; that these pins should raise valves which covered apertures in a metal plate; that the current should set in vibration a set of tongues or metallic springs adjusted to these apertures; and that nineical sounds should thus be produced, depending in pitch on the length and thickness of the springs.

The harmonious blacksmith, who makes any of the above-named musically - vibrating springs—be they for Jew's-harps, or mouthharmonicons, or colinas, or symphonions-supposes the player to supply a blast of air by means of his mouth; and they thus former But he snug little group among themselves. does not leave musical persons without an alternative; he provides small bellows with which the player can puff away by hand; and thence arise the very pretty group known by the very pretty names of the accordion, the fluting, the concerting, &c. A vibrating metallic spring is still the soul of each instrument, as a few familiar details will enable

us readily to show.

The accordion is, in bulk, nothing more than a pair of bellows, for the whole instrument pants to and fro while being played; but the interior mechanism of these bellows is very ingenious. There are finger-keys for the player to press upon; there are wire levers connecting these keys with a row of circular valves or stops; there are circular holes which are alternately covered and uncovered by these valves; there, are oblong apertures beneath the circular holes, and metallic tongues in these oblong apertures, and an open cavity beneath the metallic tongues. There are as many keys as there are valves and circular holes; but there are two springs behind each hole, attuned differently—generally a whole tone between them. By opening the bellows air rushes in through any valve-hole which happens to have been opened by the pressure of the player's finger on the corresponding key, and produces one note by the vibration of one spring; but when the air Tushes out again by the closing of the bellows, it is forced into a path contiguous to the other spring, and thus produces the other tone. On the multitude of little matters essential to the production of a good accordion; on the key to act as a vent without producing sound; on the extra key to produce a harmonised chord or base-we need not stop to dilate. Some varietiesare called flutinas, or flutina-accordions, claiming to possess a peculiar quality of tone. The well-The Symphonion was a more accomplished made French accordions mount up in price

ion. and a half octaves in compass.

But there is a formidable rival to the accordion, although belonging to the same group in respect to its harmonious blacksmithery. This is the concertina, a really beautiful invention by Professor Wheatstone. As now generally made in England the concertina has two hexagonal ends, about six inches in diameter, and the bellows enable the instrument to stretch out to about a foot in length. There are not keys like those of the accordion, but little studs to be pressed in by the tips of the fingers. With a single-action, there is one spring or tongue to each stud, yielding a sound only when the bellows are pressed inward; but the double-action has a provision of two springs for each note, whereby the same sound may be produced whether the bellows be pressed inward or drawn outward. Since the expiration of the first patent for concertinas, there has been wonderful activity in devising new improvements in every part of the mechanism, both by English and foreign makers; and it is now certainly an instrument of very considerable power; for its facility of fingering affords a scope for rapid execution, while the power of sounding semitones. three or four notes at a time is a source of very rich harmonious combination. Not only have the finer specimens all the tones and semitones for three or more octaves, but they have additional notes for producing more perfeet chords in various keys. There is another surprising variety in power, also, arising from the different register or general pitch of the instrument. Some are treble concertinas. being a C, with such a troop of leger-lines as to indicate an ultra-altissimo acuteness surpassing our humble power to measure; some are tenor or baritone concertinas, embracing about the same scale as the former, but exactly an octave lower in pitch throughout, thereby yielding sounds which have the same ratio as those of a man's tenor voice bear to those of a woman's treble; and lastly there are bass concertinas, some of which have actually a compass of four octaves, descending to a very very low C indeed; the notes throughout being an octave below those of the tenor, and two octaves below those of the treble concertina. It is by these extensive powers that concertina-players are entibled o grapple with lady-like treble tunes, with tunes adapted to tenor or baritone instruments, with chaunts and pealm tunes written for tenor and baritone voices, and with music written for a bass voice, or a violencello, or a bassoon. What wonders the Regondis, and the Blagroves, work with these compact instruments, let the concertrooms tell. rooms tell.

dismiss us even yet. He provides his delicate expression, faupre, orque, cor Anglais, hour

or twelve to two or three hundred little vibrating appropriate and allows us a the Jew's harp, mouth harmonies, coline, and symphonion; or to work them with handbellows, as in the accordion, fluting, are concerting. But he does something more than this; he affords facilities for supplying wind by foot-bellows or pedals, and for playing the instrument by means of keys analogous to those of a pianoforte. Oh, what a family is this! Seraphine, Harmonium, Molophon, Æolodicon, Æolharmonica, Melodium, Me lodion, Æolomusicon; what liquid sweetnes of names! It is like talking music to run over such a list as this. We were about to designate these instruments as first cousins. but they are even more nearly related: they are brothers and sisters.

The seraphine was one of the earliest of the group. It is usually about as large as a small chiffonière or pier-table; and the principal portion of its interior cavity is occupied by a wind chest, governed by a foot pedal. Surmounting the wind chest is a metallic plate, perforated with about five octaves of oblong apertures, in each of which vibrates a metallic tongue. All these tongues are attuned to the proper series of tones and There are valves above the apertures, and finger keys governing the valves. When the player touches a key and lifts the corresponding valve, and at the same time works the bellows or pedal with his foot, a current of air rushes through the aperture, sets the tongue vibrating, and produces the musical note. The same blast of air is available for any of the notes, one or many; so that the player can use as many with about fifty keys or studs, and a scale of fingers at once as the pianist or organist, more than three octaves, the uppermost note and produce analogous richness in harmo-

The harmonium has more pretensions than the seraphine, inasmuch as it introduces a greater number of "stops." A "stop," in a church organ, is a set of pipes, all of which, however they may differ in pitch, have the same general character or quality of sound; this quality may be analogous to that of the sound of the flute; but there is also a quality resembling that of the hautboy, and one resembling that of the clarionet, and of the trumpet, and so on-all depending on the nature and arrangement of the vibrating substance. Some of the great organs have as many as sixty or eighty stops, or even more; each stop consisting of many pipes, attuned so as to yield all the tones and semitones of several octaves. It is to these differences in the quality of the tones, that the surpassing grandenr, and richness, and expression of a fine organ are due. harmonium imitates, in a humble way, this diversity of power. There are numerous stops or qualities of tone, in the best instruments. M. D'Outrelepont, a maker at Paris. But our transposious blacksmith does not advertises a fine list of them-" Violongella,

objust, flute, flute-basé, voix-kumaine, Basson, mattau-phone, bourdon, with," &c. ; and MM. Debain, Alexandre, and other makers, adopt analogous means for throwing great diversity into the tones produced. It surpasseth all our ingenuity to explain exactly and minutely the precise differences between the harmonium, the thelodium, the seolephon, the seolodium, the colharmonica, the colomusicon, and other members of this gentle traternity : but we need not trouble ourselves thereat; for it concerns us at present only to know that their sounds are all, or mainly due to the vibration of metallic springs in carefully cut apertures. It is just possible that, in one or two of the number, the bellows may be blown by the turning of a handle—thus affording a fourth mode of gently appealing to the vibratory tendency of the springs: indeed, we believe, such is the case.

Thus does it appear, then, that our Harmonious Blacksmith is really a clever fellow. No small portion of the music that delights us, is due to the dexterous cumming with which he fashions the dainty little tongues of mewl.

OUR WINE MERCHANT.

Gor up in green and gold, labelled with any other. Not that we have already retained the Royal Arms, and those of the ("ity of "him; no, we have not gone quite so far as motto, and Domine dirige nos for the lower the superb plate glass windows of his Empoone, a pamphlet lies before us, addressed by Our Wine Merchant to the inhabitants of the district in which we reside. That district, familiarly known to the public as Saint Joseph's Wood—though scarcely a treeremains to tell of it, former sylvan glories, and even the shrubs which overhang the pavement are now ruthles dy lopped by the parish authorities—that district, we say, has long been well supplied with the greater part of the good things which are generally considered as essential to the enjoyment of this world, and to preparation for the next. Our mundane together with our spiritual wants have, for the most part, been carefully looked after: we have our butchers and our bakers, our greengrorers and fishmongers, our dispensing chemists and our members of the Royal College of Surgeons—the last-named in great abundance; we have our newsvenders, poulterers, stationers, auctioneers, and undertakers; schools flourish; so do private lunatic establishments. We have numerous churches and multitudinous clerical officiators; we have also a strong police force and a stationhouse of our own, so that if we, or the cabmen who have more than one stand-chance to go wrong, we can be set right again in the shortest possible space of time. But with all these advantages, and with the Rising Suns and Jolly Soldiers—the signs of them no less than is "a good time coming," and while it is on the things themselves—at the corner of every its way we will peep into Our Wine Martond, street, place, and avonue, with a house chant's Vade Meoum, which, we understand, the things themselves—at the corner of every of call for nearly half the ommbuses that has been very liberally distributed throughout

circulate through London at Joseph's Wood has syapted one thing—the south egg that should make our palacs perfect—it has never been able to say, "We have got a first-rate, out-and-out wine-merchant." Of course, we have "bottle and jug departments," which the modest retiring customermoney in his pocket—is invited to enter at the Rising Suns and Jolly Soldiers, aforesaid but however specious the promises placarded about the doors of these establishments, however certainly we may have reckoned on getting the finest, fruitiest, nuttiest, driest, purest, most "natural," most bees-wing-estif we may be allowed the expression-of the several wines offered for our "selection," generally at the low figure of two-and-two per bottle, we confess, as far as our personal experience goes, that the pleasing consciousness of finding these promises literal facts has never yet been realised in all the wide circuit of Saint Joseph's Wood.

So much for the evil . now for the remedy. A "spirited" individual—he will excuse us if the word has more than one meaning-has at last undertaken to supply the great desideratum: and that individual we delight-on paper—to call Our Wine Merchaut, because, up to the present moment we have never had London, with Dien et mon droit as the upper that, but we have delighted our eyes through rium on Saint Joseph's Terrace, where, in the most admired confusion, as if they had just been upheaved by an earthquake, he stender bottles of book, big - bellied champagnes, imperial quarts of sherry, and damity pints of liqueurs, some topsy-turvy, seeking apparently to dive back again to the collar; others struggling, cork upwards to the light, some presenting a broad flank, others a foreshortened base, and all as wall cobwebbed and sawdusted as if Time had given them these appliances, and not "our young man" before the window blinds were raised for the daily display. Delightedly, too, have we gazed - yet not altogother unmingled with awe-through a side window, at an enormous copper carboy, somewhat dinted by the hard work which it has had to do, which stands open mouthed, and ready to be filled with purest spirit, whenever an order shall arrive for bottling off a few gallons. But with even still greater admiration have we gazed on the truck which is always waiting close to the kerbstone, anxious to be off somewhere, no matter how heavily laden, . but which, as far as our observation—and we live opposite-has extended, has not yet stirred a peg, except to be wheeled up to its station in the morning, and back again to the "counting-house" at night. No doubt, there

pasighbourhood. Perhaps it may have the at of making as give an extensive order.

In the introduction to this gorgeous volume—which has for its motte the pregwolnme—which has for its motte the preg-ment truth that "Wine is the revealer of human tarieties," revealing also a few of its own—we read: "In the following pages we shall take the liberty of offering to your notice and consideration a few words about Wine; for it is really astonishing, that while hundreds of familiar books—from Mrs. Glasse to Monsieur Soyer—have been written about domestic cookery, and how to lay out a table, and bring in courses, and make the removes, no book has been written to give young housekeepers an idea of how Wine is to be purchased, how to be managed when sent the one hand and all the advantage on the home, what Wines are necessary to accompany a dinner (and without good Wine a seph's Wood desire more? Let us hear, dinner is worthless), and how to be served; then, of no more complaints; let us also hear and we shall hope that these few observa- Our Wine Merchant when he departs from tions may be found useful, particularly to some of our readers, who are just entering upon that honourable position of becoming housekeepers; and nothing in domestic economy tells more of home comfort, and consequently of home happiness, than the quality and condition of the Wine, and the manner in which it is served; and we respectfully prehope that there will be found in it some hints that may repay the trouble of perusing it.

A good long sentence this, and penned with breath, like a glass of real Glenhvat, of which wino veritas," though modern Wine and old- In the most generous spuit he adds :- " Our fashioned twith seldom run in couples. Truth cellars are at all times on view to any resfor between thirty and forty years; that he view them without meonvemence." has been a resident there for nearly twenty years; and that during that time the question has been many hundred times put to in the most perfect condition when delivered been compelled, in the language of sincerity,

to reply that he knows "of none such."

Its course, therefore, after a moral struggle of between thirty and forty years, was sufficiently obvious. If the mountain won't come to Mahamet, why, Mahamet must go to the pelled solely by a sense of the public necessity, embraces the following stern resolve:—
"We have determined [of course no persuasion of friends or relations could keep him hack now to supply what appeared to us to

[but, my dear sir, it was the want as read this article—you will immediately di cover]; and having premises (of our civil) [that is a great hit], admirably attracted for the purpose, we have had them (at great axpense, oc.) adapted for a first-rate Wins, Spirit, and Ale and Beer trade." He addswhat every one must be certain he would add. beginning with Roman capitals—that every article will be "Pure and Genuine, and in no manner Doctored, Adulterated, or Tampered with in any way; while the price shall," &c., "our only object being," &c., "gain," "retain," "firm conviction," "honestly and fairly," "intention to make," "establishment," "permanence," &c. &c. There! self-devotion on

generalities and enters into particulars:—
CHAITER 1—OF A WINE CELLAR.—Poetry, "genuine, in no manner doctored," &c., introduces this branch of the subject.

> A wine-cellar too hot or cold Muiders wine before it is old.

Lamenting the fact that builders of modern sent this little book to you, in the earnest houses are in the habit of saying, "Oh, we can put the wine-cellar and the dust-bin anywhere," Our Wine Merchant informs us that he at any rate has not been fobbed off tract-like earnestness: it takes away one's in so unworthy a manner—he has constructed a cellar of his own, and thus he describes it: we beg to inform the public that Our Wine - We have had-at very considerable ex-Merchant—but this is anticipation. Having pense—the whole basement of our premises recovered from its effects, we turn to the excavated into the solid earth; and the best Preface, which, like every separate subject judges have pronounced that our cellars, for throughout the work, has its special epigraph. then size (and they are of considerable size), Here we are treated to that rare one—"In are among the most perfect they have seen." may live in a well, but she is not often found pectable person who would wish to see a in a wine-cellar. Our Wine Merchant begins large stock of Wines well arranged; and as his Preface by stating that he has been inti- access to these cellars are easy, and they are mately acquainted with Saint Joseph's Wood perfectly clean and of good height, ladies can A little superfluous information follows:—"In these cellars our Wines are kept, and will be found him, "Do you know where we can obtain a to our customers; and we feel quite satisfied good Bottle of Wine in this neighbourhood, that it will be more to their advantage—Wine at a fair price?" to which question he has from us—moderate quantities—fit for drinking-rather than," &c. &c.

Our Wine Merchant, who has evidently travelled, proceeds to tell us, that in Paris people buy their wine daily, and that the Wine merchants there send round their carts for orders, in the same manner as the butchers and other tradesmen do in England, with a printed list containing a blank column to be filled up; and he wishes [there is itio doubt of it to see this sensible plan followed in Saint Joseph's Wood, The truck then would really have something to do.

CHAPTER II .- A WORD OF ADVICE AS TO

with a heading which runs thus; Good Witte to man is what manure is to trees. Fure Wine makes good blood. A class of good Wine purges off distempers. A cellar without good Wine, a house without woman, and a purse without money, are the three deadly plagues." This chapter is a brief diatribe against factitious Wines and taken: — "We entreat you," he says, "to avoid this trash as poison. Recollect, too, that no one would suffer putrid meat to be set before a friend, and falso wine is in every respect as abhorrent to real hospitality; indeed, bad wine is the guest's horror and the host's disgrace." The corollary to this proposition naturally follows:—"The best thing for persons really not first-rate judges of wine, is to deal with persons of honour and integrity, who are judges of wine," &c .- like Our Wine Merchaut.

CHAPTER III. - OF PORT WINE. - "The becs-wing in Port is the wine-seller's queter noster." Our Wine Merchant is justly indignant with those "cheats"-he calls themthe grocers and fruiterers, who sell share Port at one-and-sixpence per bottle; and, with a knowledge of the subject which seems almost marvellously intuitive, bitterly de-nounces the conduct of those who manufacture Port Wine out of "Red Cape, sandarswood, clder-berries, alcohol, sloes, gumdragon, cider, salt of tartar, and other ingredients of a like character." We make no question that "our premises" would "burst their marble cerements," if such base compounds were—even surreptitiously—intro-duced into "our cellars." But having got hold of a bottle of the real stuff—and we know now where it is to be had-we are taught how to decant and then how to drink The first process having been got through, with a few grammatical inaccuragies, certain points are insisted on. After premising that all Port Wine drinkers invariably hold up their glasses and look through them," Our Wine Merchant, with great gallantry, remarks:—"All glasses, and particularly Port wine glasses, should be of large size, because ladies always ask for half-a-glass of wine, and it is unmannerly, except upon particular ocglasses are too small, they are a tanta-lization, and give the idea of meanness and begrudging, and all glasses should be scrupulously clean and perfect, and without flaw or chip. In all wine-drinking three senses are gratified at once—the taste, the smell, and the sight—and they must all be provided for." He dismisses Port wine, for which he manifestly has himself a great relish, by observing, "It is always a useful and acceptable wine to most persons, and a glass of Port wine and a bisquit, taken regularly at mid-day, is a ca-pital thing for growing boys and girls delicate in health."

"The hitter in Sherry is, the Arms was wine;" that "it should be is or not dinner table, from the soup to the sind entertainment;" that "it is preper served occasionally at all evening balls, and invariably at suppers: glasses of Sherry in a tumbler of pure cold water, with or without a little sugar, is, either for sight or taste, one of the most beautiful things in the world." Our Wine Merchant adds :- " East India Sherry is among the very best of wines, and should always form part of the wines at any entertainment." On reference to page fifty-six of the Vade Mecum, we find an "old, dry, pale East India" marked at from forty-eight to sixty shillings per dozen. Reasonable enough in all conscience,

MADEIRA, the rapid disappearance of which Our Wine Merchant deplores, supplies him with a comment, which also affords him are opportunity of shining as a linguist:—"A glass of Madeira after the soup course at dinner is really delicious. The French, who seldom drink (vins erangers) wines not of their own country, drink Madeira in this way, and occasionally during dinner; and it is a magnificent wine, and particularly for

persons of mature age.

We come now to the wine—CHAPTER VI.
-on which, or by means of which, all are eloquent. "Champagne" poetically exclaims our friend, "looks with Peacock's eyes, and every eye a diamond." We have nothing to find fault with in his account of this "King of Wines," as he calls it, but with respect to its treatment before it comes to table, must observe that Our Wine Merchant's theory is better than his practice. "Effervescing Champagne" he informs us, "will lose that " Effervescing quality if the bottles are stood on end, or placed upright; and therefore they must be carefully piled, with the same sides downwards as they have previously had. The best way is to keep all champagne in the case in which it arrives, with the proper side up, and taken out just before it is wanted."

We think, if our memory serves us, that when we peeped into the Emporium, we saw a few bottles of the "Peacock's eye" standing in the reprehensible manner above described. Those, however, were probably only samples, as mere waste of the wealth with which the cellars below were overflowing. Did the reader ever hear of "Champagne Salad?" Here is Our Wine Merchant's recipe for it. "They (the French) also make Champagne Salad, consisting of strawberries, raspberries, grapes, currants, gooseberries, morsels of melon or pine-apple, (or such of the was are at the dessert) placed in a bowl and covered thickly with pounded loaf-sugar, upon which is poured a bottle of champagne, and then some small globules of transparent ice are placed about in the Salad ; nothing can be more delicious and refreshing. and all the ladies like it." Here is another OF SHERRY, CHAPTER IV., we learn that of the uses of the "Peacock's eye:" "Nothing

an one or two glasses of champagns (with without sponge-cake) served in the terenge" We begin to fear that Qur Wine Merchant is rather a fast man.

BURGUNDY-CHAPTER VIII-is a thome on which our author descants with rapture. It is, he says, "the wine of princes. Burgundy smiles, hock winks, champagne laughs. There are many dreams in a bottle of Burgundy!" In the first rank, and he is right there, he places the "Romanée Conti;" we don't mean to disparage Our Wine Merchant's Romance, (marked at sixty shillings. Hear it, ye grocers and fruiterers!) but if the reader really wants to know where the best is to be had, let him persuade Mr. Bathe of the London Tavern, to produce a bottle of his Romance the next time he dines at that first of all taverns; he will never ask for it anywhere else afterwards. Next in order comes Chambertin, "the pet tipple gin will be of Nap," apropos of which we meet with this half bottles remark, "A bottle of Chambertin, a ragout more pure." à la Sardanapalus, and a lady causeur (query causeuse), are the best companions in France."
"Claret," observes Our Wine Merchant,

"is the wine of the gentle born," and "to give a friend a bottle of claret (perfectly quiet and cool) is one of the most perfect marks of a gentleman." We trust that this distinguishing characteristic will not be lost sight of when we send for a dozen or two at the Emporium. Our Wine Merchant revels in Claret. "It may be served at table from the commencement of the dinner, to the end of the entertainment . . . No wine is so congenial to the human constitution. . . . It is fashionable to drink it in large glasses, and often in large quantities" (an eye to the main chance here) fresh from the cellar, and drink it out of the

black bottle. But we fear, in our admiration of the Vade Mecum, that we may be carried too far. We shall, therefore, say nothing about Hock, "which keeps off the doctor," or Hermitage, which Our Wine Merchant says is "Church wine in name, in strength, and in paternity;" neither shall we dwell upon the rest of the contents of "One of our five guinea hampers," but descend at once to homely "British gin." Very commendably objecting to the frightful abuse of this spirit among the lower orders, who never drink it pure, Our Wine Merchant thinks it is "a good familiar creature, if well used," and furnishes us with the following receipt for converting it into toddy. "In making gin toddy, mind that the water boils-have an iron-stone China jug pour in a little boiling water first, and rinse and warm the jug, then put in first as much loaf sugar as you may require, pour on as perhaps you know. The two join at the it about half a pint of boiling water, well stir nose and lips. There is mucous membrane in

some refreshing to sitters at a card-lable, add lamon juice and sking of lemon, and now taste, and you will find this an aggreethed drink, if properly mixed with a west and soid. now pour in about one fourth of gip more and stir again, set the mixture in front of the fire, or put it on a hob, in a dittle time serve it hot in tumblers, and you, will find a toddy that everybody likes. If this teddy is made thus, and put to keep hot, with a cover over the top, and served the last thing. before guests leave on a cold night, it will be highly appreciated."

But the best made toddy must fail if the

materials be not first-rate; and, therefore. Our Wine Merchant concludes with this word of caution and recommendation: "But. mind, the gin must be good-we keep none but that made by So-and-So, and we serve it in two gallons, (twelve bottles) to our customers, pure and unadulterated, as it comes from their distillery, and one bottle of our gin will be equal in strength to one and a half bottles of the retail shops, and infinitely

And so, with our earnest wish that the carboy and the truck may have plenty to do as the season of festivity draws near, we. shake hands with Our Wine Merchant, and shut up his Vade Mecum.

. AN UGLY NURSLING.

GRUEL, if you please, Mrs. Rummer, for my nursling. I have picked up a Catarrh in the streets, and brought it home with me to be nursed; a very ugly nursling, certainly. At this time of the year there is a catarrh, or a cold, or whatever you please to call it, now in one shape now in another, lying heavily on. the breast of many a woman and man, who -and the course advised is "to serve it out is compelled to stop at home and nurse it. We must feed it upon gruel, Mrs. Rummer, keep it indoors, and let it have plenty of sleep in a warm bed—that is the way to kill it. There is a shorter way of killing it which I think cruel, and that is by depriving it of drink. An ugly catarrh, you see, is not like a pretty baby, though you do perhaps feed both with gruel; you nurse one in order to destroy it, and the other in order to keep it safe and sound.

Put a little brandy in the gruel, Mrs. Rummer—it may do me no good, but it will take away from the sloppiness; and while you stir within the saucepap, faithful housekeeper, to make your brewing thick and slab, I'll case my mind—as fidgetty old gentlemen like well to do-by talking to you freely on the subject

of my ailment.

Mucous membrane, Madam, is the sufferer on these occasions. We are lined with skin outside and with mucous membrane inside, with a spoon, so as to make a syrup, then the nostril, which runs up to a little cavera pour as much more boiling water as you in the bone at the root of the nose—I shall require to have toddy, mix again, and now have that blackaded to-morrow, and a pratty

i that has lined the mouth, and they run the down the windpipe to line all the in passages within the lungs, and down the grillet to line the stomach and the channel themse. Now, because I have chilled my skip, the muceus membrane is to suffer for it. First, it gets dry and red—it swells and courses me to feel, as you are used to say, "stuffed up." Next, a discharge will begin; and I shall consider myself fortunate if the catarrh in the nose does not run down into the langs, and make me cough and wheeze, give me a touch, in fact, of bronchitis. In my case, whatever else it may do, it always runs down by the other road into my stomach, and destroys my relish of my victuals. My friend Whelks, who is an odd fellow, generally catches a cold wrong side upwards. Whenever he eats anything that plagues the membrane in his stomach, that establishes a rebellion along the whole line, up into the nose and down into the lungs, so that he catches cold over his dinner, when he eats what would give you or me only a touch of heartburn.

You, Mrs. Rummer, being an experienced nurse, know very well how a cold like mine should be treated. It should be fed with spoon meat, kept in a warm room, and made to perspire at night. After all fever has departed, if the nursling should still linger in existence, you would suggest choking it with a rump-steak and a pint of port. A good dinner and an extra glass of wine, will make me, as I have often heard you say on such occasions, a free man. You are quite right. That is the sensible, old-fashioned, efficient way of nursing a catarrh, which I commend to all who can afford to stay at home. For, you see, spoon meat and warm rooms only make matters worse, if one is obliged to go to and from them to one's daily business, through all manner of cold or damp, or among all manner of draughts.

If I were a business man, or had to spend much of my day behind the counter in a draughty shop, I would certainly not treat myself in this way. In that case I would try the barbarous but effective method first suggested by Dr. C. J. B. Williams, who advises, when you catch cold, to baulk it at once. Cut away the ground from under it. Let it have nothing to go upon. Of course there cannot be a discharge of fluid into the nose and lungs, unless such fluid is first drawn from the blood; and the blood again has to get it from the food. Let all your food, therefore, he solid. Do not drink a drop of anything. What follows? The blood has a great many pulls upon its resources, for all the natural and necessary processes and secretions in the body; such demands must be met, and the result is, that

one I extinct with it and rang down I couldn't percel go without my coffee and this throat and joins the mucous mem- my tee; but when you next that a cold is coming, Mrs. Rummer, you, if you like may try the plan, and I believe you will and that if you lose no time in beginning forty eight hours of total abstinence from liquisorts will kill a cold entirely. Now, a man who tries this remedy may go out into the air, and the more the better. For the more he walks and creates exhalations from the skin, the more he robs his blood of water and the more thoroughly he breaks the bank on which the nose and throat and lungs rely for the means of making themselves troublesome.

Mrs. Rummer, I have observed that when you have a cold in the nose, you yourself are always in the habit of calling it the Influenza. No doubt, Mrs. Rummer, the influenza is a catarrh; but then it is an epidemic catarrh, and it is by no means always prevailing. It has raged only about a score of times during the last three centuries; and after each visitation, for some years individuals have remained subject to isolated attacks, but that is all. It is an epidemic, and a very strange one. It is produced by some subtle influence in the air; and the Italians therefore called the whole disease the Influence, or Influenza. The French call it the grippe. doctors called it catarrh by contagion. Certainly it is contagious; but that is not all. True influenza not only includes in one complaint the whole run of catarrh, with a more than usual tenderness about the eyes, but it is accompanied with an enormous depression of the spirits and the vital energies. You can no more mistake the depression of influenza for the depression of a cold, than you can mistake a well for a worm-hole.

The disease runs its course rapidly-a previously healthy man is convalescent in a week, but remains debilitated. A sickly man, or an old man, it will often pull down to the The influenza of eighteen hundred grave. and thirty-seven was practically more fatal than cholera; though not so apparently. Many more died of it than die during a season of cholera, but then the numbers attacked are incomparably greater. Influenza will seize at once half the population in a town; and if they all get well again except one in a thousand strong men, and a certain number of the weakly, the mortality may still be very alarming—greater than is caused by cholera, which attacks only a few of us, but destroys one of every two or three on whom it seizes.

There is no mistaking the existence of the mysterious influence which causes this dis-In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three it visited us. On the third of April in that year, the day of its arrival, a ship, the Stag, was coming up the Channel, and at two o'clock arrived off Berry Head, all on board well. There was an easterly which the nose and lungs attempt to over-wind blowing from the land, and in half and draw their small account upon its bank for hour forty of the men were smitten with micus due, it is obliged to refuse payment influenza; by six o'clock, sixty were on the the discharge of the control of the

www.minus way preceded cholera, and it is supposed—incorrectly perhaps—to travel as cholers does, in a given direction without temp switched by the wind. It is said then to be consisted with the mugnetic currents of the the said also to depend on the eleccondition of the air, which becomes mition of electricity in human bodies. the recorded epidemics of this kind beding dry thick fogs. Negatively electric have been observed before an epidemic Missief in and thunderstorms. Meat sent up the tail of a kite has come down putrid. The influence has been ascribed also to the development under certain conditions of vast clauds of vegetable germs or animalcules, wher than the microscopists can detect, as is as sertain that there must exist by myriada female of life too minute even for detection by the best of lenses. A certain animalcule or bearing tungus coming in contact with the passages may be the cause of the peculiar length, and its germs carried about by a person who has been among them may be communicated by him—through contact, or contagion—to his neighbours. So we may explain the certain fact, that a man coming by realway from a town in which there is inducated not being himself sick, may give the sickness to the friends with whom he Mays, in a town not otherwise infected.

Het of all colds or catarrhs the oddest is that caused by hay called the hay asthma. Sappily we are not all apt to catch it. Only a new people, and they, to a marvellous degreen are sensitive to an influence proceeding from fresh hay, which begets all the symptems of a severe cold, excessive itching and pinching over the whole mucous membrane. incering, running at the nose, cough, difficulty of breathing, and so forth. It will affect people not in an ordinary way liable to catch old, will affect them only in the hay season, d then only if they go near ripe grass or w thy. Such people, if they can afford it, the country at that time of year, and live own, or upon some barren stretch of there they are safe. Alady liable to or from this influence one day was attacked my at tea-time, some time after the lay Her children had come in to tea of a care full of new hay, in which they bent flitting. The same lady used to ge Harvilla during the hay-making season,

she was walking taken its in the she was visiting at another place at hay season and was suddenly stracked bed-room with the catarrh. It turns that a large haystack had been since morning in course of removal from a fall

a great distance to a yaru and Dr. Watson, who is my instructor about these things, was called to see the wife of these things, was called to see the wife of the wife of the see the wife of the see the wife of the see the wife of the wife a great distance to a yard close by th her with a crying cold, alarming difficulty of breathing, and loud wheezing. Such symptoms having come on some days before husband had proposed to drive her in to Islington to see a doctor. They accordi had set out, but before they got from Reg Street to Islington the woman sudde became quite well. She had then spent con or two quiet days and easy mights with friends in the City, but directly after she came home the old symptoms returned upon her There was a strong smell of may and the husband stated that his lefts, and and the husband stated that his lefts, and another of the husband stated that his lefts, and have the husband stated that his lefts and have the husband stated that his lefts are highlighted than his lefts and have the husband stated that his left has a number, of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of the husband stated thas a number of the husband stated that his left has a number of t and the nuspana stated with a number of lately been filled with a number of trusses, which were more than usually s It appeared, also, that his wife was always worse at night when the house was shut up. and better in the morning when the windows. we're all opened and the air blaw in. Change of dwelling was advised. The woman moved to a house a hundred yards off and got well immediately. Then she went into the country till the scented hay was all used up. A drier stock having been laid in she returned, and suffered no more than all gift. cough and difficulty of breathing, which di not distress her. Whatever be the precise way in which fresh hay exerts its influence it appears to be that particular grass which gives to the hay its scent—called by the botanists the anthoxanthum odoratum—which is the source of this extremely curious disorder.

Now, I am not going on to talk about the coughs, or old men's and old women's conglish because I am an oldish man and you are an oldish woman, Mrs. Runmer, and we must be carefully what ugly colds we get, and make an end of them. Fill me the tootpan while hot water, and dish up the gruel!

Now Ready, Price Threepence, Stonger, Posterior Halls ANOTHER ROUND OF STORTES

THE CHRISTMAS AND WASHINGTON WASHINGTON

The Extra Christmas Number of "Mountaind Woods," and workedning the memoria of One regular Number of the Marie West of the Control of the Con

THE CHRISTMAS OF BEENE OF SHIP SAME PARTY OF SHIP S

JOURNAL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS. CONDUCTED

Ma. 197.1

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1853.

[Parce 24

THE LONG VOYAGE.

was the wind is blowing and the sleet on rain is driving against the dark windows, I have to sit by the fire, thinking of what I have read in books of voyage and travel. Such books have had a strong fascination for my mind from my earliest childhood; and I wonder it should have come to pass that 1 never have been round the world, never have been akipwrecked, ice-environed, tomahawked, or eaten.

This time of year is crowded with thickcoming funcies. Sitting on my ruddy hearth in the twilight of New Year's Eve, I find incidents of travel rise around me from all the latitudes and longitudes of the globe. They observe no order or sequence, but appear and vanish as they will-"come like shadows, so depart." Columbus, alone upon the sea with waters from his high station on the poop of of the light, "rising and falling with the waves, like a torch in the bark of some fisherman," which is the shining star of a new world. Bruce is caged in Abyssinia, surrounded by the gory horrors which shall often startle him out of his sleep at home when years have passed away. Franklin, come to the end of his unhappy overland journey—would that it had been his last! — hes perishing of hunger with his brave companions, each emaciated figure stretched upon its miserable bed without the power to rise: all, dividing the weary days between their prayers, their remembrances of the dear ones at home, and conversation on the pleasures of eating; the last-named topic being ever present to them, likewise, in their dreams. All the African at him. travellers, wayworn, solitary and sad, submit themselves again to drunken, murderous, man-selling despots, of the lowest order of hudanity; and Mungo Park, fainting under a tree and succoured by a woman, gratefully remembers how his Good Samaritan has always come to him in woman's shape. the wide world over.

A shadow on the wall in which my mind's eye can discern some traces of a rocky seacasat, sective to me a fearful story of travel de-rived from that unpromising narrator of such stories, a parliamentary blue-book. A convict and knows that a pretty little animal on

is its chief figure, and this man escapes wil other prisoners from a penal settlement. is an island, and they seize a boat, and get to the main land. Their way is by a rugged and precipitous sea-shore, and they have no carthly hope of ultimate escape, for, the party of soldiers despatched by an easier course to cut them off, must inevitably arrive at their distant bourne long before them, and retake them if by any hazard they survive the her rors of the way. Famine, as they all must have foreseen, besets them early in their course. Some of the party die and are eaten; some are murdered by the rest and eaten. This one awful creature eats his fill, and sustains his strength, and lives on to be recep-tured and taken back. The unrelateable experiences through which he has passed have been so tremendous, that he is not hanged as he might be, but goes back to his old chained his disaffected crew, looks over the waste of gang work. A little time, and he tempts one other prisoner away, seizes another boat, and his ship, and sees the first uncertain glimmer flies once more-necessarily in the old hopeless direction, for he can take no other. He is soon cut off, and met by the pursuing party, face to face, upon the beach. He is alone. In his former journey he acquired an inappeasable relish for his dreadful food. He urged the new man away, expressly to kill him and eat him. In the pockets on one side of his coarse convict-dress, are portions of the man's body, on which he is regaling; in the pockets on the other side, is an untouched store of salted pork (stolen before he left the island) for which he has no appetite. He is taken back, and he is hanged. But I shall never see that sea-beach on the wall or in the fire, without him, solitary monster, cating as he prowls along, while the sea rages and rises

Captain Bligh (a worse man to be entrusted with arbitrary power there could scarcely be) is handed over the side of the Boundy, and turned adrift on the wide ocean in an open boat, by order of Fletcher Christian one of his officers, at this very minute. Another flash of my fire, and "Thursday October Christian," five-and-twenty years of age, son of the dead and gone Fletcher by a savage mother, leaps aboard His Majesty's ship

repeaking of their lost country far away. bound, driving madly on a January night towards the rocks near Seacombe, on the Island of Purbeck! The captain's two dear daughters are aboard, and five other ladies. The ship has been driving many hours, has seven feet water in her hold, and her mainmast has been cut away. The description of her loss, familiar to me from my early boyhood, seems to be read aloud as she rushes to .. her destiny.

. " About two in the morning of Friday the sixth of pullarmary, the ship still driving, and approaching very w first to the shore, Mr. Henry Meriton, the second ""mate, went again into the cuddy, where the captain outhen was. Another conversation taking place, concerning Procee expressed extreme anxiety for the withon was. bepreservation of his beloved laughters, and earnestly stacked the officer if he could devise any method of 3 waving them. On his answering with great concern, that he feered it would be impossible, but that their only chance would be to wait for morning, the captain lifted up his hands in silent and distressful ejacula tion.

"At this dreadful moment, the ship struck, with such violence as to dash the heads of those standing in the cuddy against the deck above them, and the shock was accompanied by a shrick of horror that burst at one instant from every quarter of the ship.

" Many of the scamen, who had been remarkably inattentive and remiss in their duty during great part of the scorm, now poured upon deck, where no exertions of the officers could keep them, while their assistance might have been useful. They had : actually skulked in their hammocks, leaving the working of the pumps and other necessary labours to the officers of the ship, and the soldiers, who had made uncommon exertions. Roused by a sense of their danger, the same scamen, at this moment, in frantic exclamations, demanded of heaven and their fellow-sufferers that succour which their own efforts timely made, might possibly have procured.

"The ship continued to beat on the rocks; and soon bilging, fell with her broadside towards the shore. When she struck, a number of the men dlimbed up the ensign-staff, under an apprehension of her immediately going to pieces.

"Mr. Meriton, at this orisis, offered to these unhappy beings the best advice which could be given; he recommended that all should come to the side of the ship lying lowest on the rocks, and singly to take the opportunities which might then ...offer, of escaping to the shore.

Having thus provided, to the utmost of his 1) 20wer, for the safety of the desponding crew, he refurned to the round-house, where, by this time, all the passengers, and most of the officers had assembled. The latter were employed in offering consolution to the matering their compassion for the fair and Araiable companions of their misfortimes to prevail bver the sense of their own danger.

a) MIn this charitable work of comfort, Mr. Meriton now joined, by assurances of his opinion, that the

poerd as called a dog, because in his chitched would be tast. Crimin Press observing one was to he had heard of such strange, creatures from young gentlement built in his electronistions of lefting, he had heard of the pressure grown and frequently ery that the him was parting with the growth of the bread fruit trees, said frequently ery that the him was parting what though the sample in the him be quiet, remarking that though the sample in or pieces, he would not be the sample in the sa safe enough.

"It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the seene of this deplorable catastrophs, without describing the place where it happened. The Halsewell struck on the rocks at a part of the shore where the cliff is of vast height, and rives almost perpendicular from its base. But at this particular spot, the foot of the cliff is excavated live a cavern of ten or twelve vards in depth, and of breadth equal to the length of a large ship. The sides of the cavern are so nearly upright, as to be of extremely difficult access; and the bottom is strewed with sharp and uneven rocks, which seem, by some convulsion of the earth, to have been detached from its roof.

" The ship lay with her broadside opposite to the mouth of this cavern, with her whole length stretched almost from side to side of it. But when she struck. it was too dark for the unfortunate persons on board to discover the real magnitude of their danger, and the extreme horror of such a situation.

"In addition to the company already in the roundhouse, they had admitted three black women and two soldiers' wives; who, with the husband of one of them, had been allowed to come in, though the scamen, who had tumultuously demanded entrance to get the lights, had been opposed and kept out by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, the third and fifth mates. The numbers there were, therefore, now increased to near fifty. Captain Pierce sat on a chair, a cot, or some other moveable, with a daughter on each side, whom he alternately pressed to his affectionate breast. The test of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, which was strewed with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture and other articles.

"Here also Mr. Meriton, after having out several wax candles in pieces, and stuck them up in various parts of the round-house, and lighted up all the glass lanthorns he could find, took his seat, intending to wait the approach of dawn; and then assist the partners of his dangers to escape. But, observing that the poor ladies appeared parched and exhausted, he brought a basket of oranges and prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves by sucking a hitle of the juice. At this time they were all tolerably composed, except Miss Mansel, who was in hysteric fits on the floor of the deck of the roundhouse.

"But on Mr. Meriton's return to the company, he perceived a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship; the sides were visibly giving way; the deck seemed to be lifting, and he discovered other strong indications that she could not hold much longer together. On this account, he attempted to go forward to look out, but immediately saw that the ship had separated in the middle, and that the forepart having changed its position, lay rather further out towards the sea. In such an emergency, when the next moment might plunge him into eternity, he determined to seize the present opportunity, and follow the example of the crew and the soldiers, who were now quitting the ship in numbers, and making their way to the shore, though quite ignorant of its nature and description.

"Among other expedients, the ensign star had been unshipped, and attempted to be laid between ship would hold together till the morning, when all the ship's side and some of the rocks, but without saccese. Aur. it manipos saunder before it reached heap. However, by the light of a lanthorn, which a seaman handed through the sky-light of the round-hongs, to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, and on this spar he resolved to attempt luis escape.

his escape.

Accordingly, lying down upon it, he thrust himself forward; however, he soon found that it had no acommunication with the rock; he reached the end off it and then slipped off, receiving a very violent bruise in his fall, and before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge. He now supported himself by swimming, until a returning wave dashed him against the back part of the cuvern. Here he laid hold of a small projection in the tock, but was so much benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a footing, extended his hand, and assisted him until he could secure himself a little on the rock; from which he clambered on a shelf still higher, and out of the reach of the surf.

"Mr. Rogers, the third mate, remained with the captain and the unfortunate ladies and their companions nearly twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had quitted the ship. Soon after the latter left the round-house, the captain asked what was become of him, to which Mr. Rogers replied, that he was gone on deek to see what could be done. After this, a heavy sea breaking over the ship, the ladies exclaimed, "Oh poor Meriton! he is drowned! had he stayed with us he would have been safe!" and they all, particularly Miss Mary Pierce, expressed great concern at the apprehension of his loss.

"The sea was now breaking in at the forespart of the ship, and reached as far as the mainmast. Captain Pierce gave Mr. Rogers a nod, and they took a samp and went together into the stern-gallery, where, after viewing the rocks for some time, Captain Pierce asked Mr. Rogers if he thought there was any possibility of saving the girls; to which he replied, he feared there was none; for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who escaped. They then returned to the round-house, where Mr. Rogers hung up the lamp, and Captain Pierce sat down between his two daughters.

"The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. Macmanus, a midshipman, and Mr. Schutz, a passenger, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape. 'Follow me,' he replied, and they all went into the stern-gullery, and from thence to the upper-quarter-gallery on the poop. While there, a very heavy sea fell on board, and the round-house gave way; Mr. Rogers heard the ladies shrick at intervals, as if the water reached them; the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

"Mr, Brimer had followed him to the poop, where they remained together about five minutes, when on the breaking of this heavy sea, they jointly seized a hen-coop. The same wave which proved fatal to some of those below, carried him and his companion to the rock, on which they were violently dashed and miserably bruised.

Here on the rock were twenty seven men; but it now being low water, and as they were convinced that on the flowing of the tide all must be washed off, many attempted to get to the back or the sides of the cavern, beyond the reach of the returning sea. Scarcely more than six, besides Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, succeeded. "Mr. Regers, on gaining this station, was so nearly explanated, that had his excitions been protracted only a few minutes forget, his must have work under them. He was now prevented from joining Mr. Meriton, by at least twenty was between them, none of whom could move without the simulation of his life.

nent peril of his life.

"They found that a very considerable, remainer of the crew, seamen, and soldiers, and some present officers, were in the same situation as themselves, though many who had reached the rocks below, perished in attempting to ascend. They could get discern some part of the ship, and in their dreary station solaced themselves with the hopes of its remaining entire until day-break; for, in the milist of their own distress, the sufferings of the females on board affected them with the most poignant anguish; and every sea that broke inspired distinguish their of their safety.

"But, alsa, their apprehensions were too soon sealised! Within a very few minutes of the time that Mr. Rogers gained the rock, an universal shelek, which long vibrated in their ears, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophs. In a few morasuits all was hushed, except the roaring of the winds, and the dashing of the waves; the wresk was baried in the deep, and not an atom of it was ever afterwards seen."

The most beautiful and affecting incident I know, associated with a shipwreck, succeeds this dismal story for a winter night. The Grosvenor, East Indiaman homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavour to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separate into two parties—never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might he supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this shild is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed, on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass (he patiently walking at all other times); they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beset by fions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hungen by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—O Father of all mankind, the name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to ait down.

polisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of The party, stoceeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby ; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is griped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes thin in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness and then the time comes when they both are Middle begtheir wretched partners in despair, Triduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day, they wait by them two days. On the morn-Ing of the third, they move very softly about, in making their preparations for the resump-tion of their journey; for, the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment, The moment comes, the fire is dying—and the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but

a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit-who can doubt it!-with the child, where he and the poor chrpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least

of there, ye have done it unto Me As I recal the dispersal and disappearance of nearly all the participators in this once famous shipwreck (a mere handful being recovered at last), and the legends that were long afterwards revived from time to time among the English officers at the Cape, of a white woman with an infant, said to have been seen weeping outside a savage hut The in the interior, who was whisperingly assocrated with the remembrance of the missing Thates saved from the wrecked vessel, and who Was often sought but never found, thoughts offen sought kind of travel come into my mind. Thoughts of a voyager unexpectedly sum-moned from home, who travelled a vast dismoned from home, who travelled a sast distance, and could never return. Thoughts of this unhappy way farer in the depths of his equal the yearly income of a good many spirity. In the bitterness of his aguish, in the distribution of his desire to set right what he of Liverpool is fully a match for the whole where the lift write and do what he had left underly trade of Belgium to portugal.

Fold filete were many many things he had These are suggestive facts. Among other dieglectied. Thirtie matters while he was at things they surgest, is the question, how lione and surrounded by them, but mings of can so much business be done with the

by his side, and neither of the two shall be suighty moment when he was at an immeasure where he held until the great last days and statement. There were many many fairly that the rest go on for their lives, they take the last inadequately felt, there allowed with them. The corperator district where many trivial injuries that he had not forgiven, there was love that he had but poorly returned, there was friendship that he had too lightly prized; there were a million kind words that he might have spoken, a million kind looks that he might have gives, uncountable slight easy deeds in which he might have been most truly great and good. O for a day (he would exclaim) for but one day to make amends! But the sun never shone upon that happy day, and out of his remote captivity he never came.

Why does this traveller's fate obscure, on New Year's Eve, the other histories of travellers with which my mind was filled but now, and cast a solemn shadow over me! Must I one day make his journey! Even so. Who shall say, that I may not then be tor-tured by such late regrets. that I may not then look from my exile on my empty place and undone work! I stand upon a sea shore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I may little heed them: but, with every wave the sea is rising, and I know that it will float me on this traveller's voyage

at last.

IRON INCIDENTS.

I Am going to speak here of a little northwest passage which connects the waters-not of two oceans, the Pacific and Atlantic-but, of two rivers, the Thames and Mersey. Its "Point Riley" is in the longitude of Easton Square. My track is on the line established by the London and North-Western Railway Company. This body is not only wealthier than any other corporation in the world, but is distinguished by having a larger and more

important field of operation. The resources of the English people will be made very apparent when we have reflected that the value of the stock in trade connected with this one little home transaction is rather more than the whole capital of the East India Company, which rules over a hundred millions of people; it is quite double that of the Bank of England; and it comes very close up to the total outlay upon the three thousand miles of carral now established in Great Britain and Ireland. Fürthermore we may reflect that it conveys every year more passengers than there are people in Scotland. Its monthly receipts

interior december one man description design and description one man description on the state of every, year nearly ten millions of passengers and four millions of tons of goods and coals, at the same time earning minety, thousand morands for the conveyance of parcels and upwards of eighty thousand for the transport of horses, carriages and cattle? How do Captain Hugh, in London, and Mr. Braithwaite Poole, in Liverpool, contrive to keep masses like these perpetually rolling to and fio between them, with no more display of effort than a pair of villagers would make over a game at bowls?

Easily as the whole thing seems to be taken, there is a vast deal of hidden work that keeps the line alive. One main secret of economical and easy management consists in the fact that the Company carries on for itself The broken nails—the very hoof-parings and the manufacture of all that it requires for hair-cuttings and mane-trimmings, of these daily use. Carriages, waggons, engines, coke and gas, are produced on railway premises

and by railway servants.

Besides the well-known London terminus for passengers, the many stations built along the lines, and the great termini at Liverpool and Manchester, there are connected with the railway business goods' depôts at Camden Town and Haydon Square, London; at Manchester, and at three separate spots in Liverpool. There are also waggon and carriage manufactories at Birmingham, rolling-mills for rails at Crewe, and locomotive factories at Crewe and Wolverton.

We will speak of the last first. 'The locomotive depôt at Crewe employs about sixteen hundred operatives, who are constantly engaged in the manufacture of new engines and tenders. So perfect is their organisation and their skill that they at some seasons turn out a new engine with its accompanying tender every week, and seldom produce less than

forty in a year.

The Wolverton factory gives employment to about nine hundred workmen, and these are engaged solely upon repairs and alterations. Crewe is the nursery, and Wolverton the hospital for locomotives. At the Wolverton infirmary may be seen scores of the metal steeds laid up, or rather laid down, in regular wards, as distinct and orderly and comfortable as the wards of Saint Bartholo-There is the worn-out ward, the ricketty ward, and the "accidents" ward; and there are sundry other wards, in all of which locomotives are to be seen undergoing curs. Red hot pieces of iron are being forcibly administered here; holes are being probed, and nuts screwed on there; steam-hammers are battering; steam lathes are paring the callosities; hundreds of locomotive surgeons—stalwart, brawny-limbed and ironinsted—dress and bind up the cases in their
wards with a tremendous energy. There are
sickly-looking locomotives being fitted with
large page at Crewe of an entirely new conlast stage of collapse, having strong doses of struction, and of such power, that their

per limit owners in resistant bus it is a property resistant for the period of the state of the who are seldom at a loss... In the most desperate cases they effect a cure. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of these battered patients come out perfectly restored to their bereaved stokers, to run upon the rails (see fast as ever, and with no diminution in their healthy appetite for coke and water. Even the one incurable among a hundred invalue does not entirely perish. By the help 1961, blast furnace and steam-hammer, he is heaten young again, and eventually reproduced as a new locomotive, called perhaps the Phoenix. Nothing is wasted in the railway hospital.

iron steeds—are turned to useful purposes. Odd lumps of iron, crooked buts of boilerplate, bruised wheels and fractured spokes are heaped in piles upon the blast furnace; and, when of a bright white heat, are welded together. Many of these welded masses are again exposed to a like heat; and then, brought under the action of a great steam hammer, become fit for duty as axles, or cranks, or anything requiring strength and

In addition to the kind of work thus indicated there are, in various parts of the dezen acres covered by the hospital at Wolverton, many other operations to be watched. Huge and solid bars of iron or of copper are there cut through whilst cold and hard, as readily as a cook snips carrots in her kitchen; engines driving wheels of eight feet in diameter may be seen placed on a steam-lathe and sunn like humming-tops, whilst shavings fly from their hard sides as freely as deal chips. Great steam planes, too, cut and trim, and smooth the most rugged metal surfaces.

Wolverton, having been formed entirely by the Company, is a railway colony. Not a lint stood where Wolverton now is when the directors determined to establish their logo-motive hospital. Now, hundreds of pretty red-bricked model cottages, a neat model church, a model school-100m, and an opera-tives' library, a mechanics' institute, shops, and even an apothecary's store, are there established; all neut, clean and orderly, and all exclusively belonging to the railway world.

At Crewe the works are on a larger scale. There, too, the Company has built a little town, let out at very low rates to the operatives and their superintendents. This is the

the offer to nonvey the main by then from London to Edinburgh in less than four

Much consideration must be taken for the food of working locomotives. To keep the whole, stud of the North-Western Railway properly fed, it is required that six enormous coke baking establishments should be at work incessantly, the consumption being at the rate of a thousand tons a day. Would it be possible to conceive any line of road so borsed under the old system of coaches and yearly value in food of one hundred and Wh seventy thousand pounds? Yet that is the value of the coke yearly devoured upon a single railway line... The Company's coachmen, grooms, and stablemen, cost the annual sum of one hundred and eight thousand pounds; thekinfirmary, one hundred and fifty thousand; their carriages and waggons one hundred and forty thousand.

But, however large we may think these establishments to be, the depôts at Liver-inot less than a thousand a month, nearly all pool are yet more extensive, while the constant complaint in them is, that they want and the Colonies. The brewers of pale ale While looking through one of the wom. five great establishments which the North-Western Company maintain in Liverpool, it edified me to compare the modern depôt and its suite of noble offices with the old single station, that for some years sufficed for the first wants of the line constructed between Liverpool and Manchester. That wry-faced little pile of buildings is yet standing, or rather leaning against more substantial works—a miserable little place that still shelbers a clerk or two. The smallest her mitage of a railway-station, down in the remotest part of Cornwall, would consider itself now the superior of so trumpery an office. Twenty years make a great change in England. May the present New Year's Day be held to justify that new and most acute remark!

The Company's operations in Liverpool are now on a very large scale. There is a new. passengers' station in Lime Street, with a great arched roof of glass and iron; an ex-*tensive and bustling coal depôt; a cattle station; lastly, there are two depôts con-- nected with the carrying trade-namely, the Napping and Great Howard Street goods stations. Through them is passed one-third of the entire theffic of the port. There twenty lines of rail diverge from great piles of capa-cious storchouses; cranes are at work; engines come and go, tugging at long trains tons a week. This depôt has been formed of her y waggons and trucks covered up in out of one of the Fast India Company's old black. Whence they all come, and winther warehouses. Sluggish monopoly has given the will go, and how it can be possible to place to bustling competition. The amount has them all in order for a fair start by of work done at this one station day and P.M., nevery morning, puzzled me, the initiated, much. Each waggon, truck, or schet fixed upon it, the colour of the ticket preserved ginger, and nankeens have civen telling at once whether the suck to which it up their rooms to Manchester cottons, Brad-

is attached has to so horis south, east, of west. As the Attached ridges men begin to sort these sources of loaded waggons, grouping them into long lines socording their colours, and then sub-arranging the carriages of each line, according to the addresses printed on their cards. Those going the shortest distance are put last, and merely have to be unhooked as they reach their des tination. Ready and covered up by the appointed time, the trains glide away swilly through the tunnel, as worms run into their

What sort of goods pass through these warehouses? A good deal of everything: bales of silks and packages of sacking; musical." instruments and agricultural tools; ponderous machinery and children's toys; potatoes, pigs, perfumery; glass, grindstones, guano-all are to be seen here daily, hourly, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. We were assured that the average number of pianofortes passing through these depôts is designed for shipment to the New World transmit about eight thousand tuns of their beer annually through the hands of the Company's manager.

Little need be said of London goods stations; but in coming back to town I took a peep at the depôt for stores in Euston Square. There are lanthorns enough there for a Chinese feast; casks of nails and screws and hinges, full to the bung; tallow and oil enough to keep some tribes of Esquimaux throughout the winter; brushes, brooms, and shovels in such multitude that one might imagine a design on the part of the North-Western directors to make one magnificent, clean sweep of it from Euston Square to Line Street,

Liverpool.

The East and West India Dock Junction, now North Loudon Railway, connects the above-named docks and the Eastern Counties and Tilbury railways with the London and North-Western and Great Northern lines. It also passes on, as Londoners all know, from Camden Town, and intersecting the South-Western railway, runs to Kew Cardens. This line is little and important. By means of its newly fitted depôt at Haydon Square, goods of all kinds which were formerly carted from Canden Town to the City, are now conveyed by rail during the night; and thus there is removed from our too crowded thoroughfares a traffic of about four thousand of work done at this one station day and night, so quietly and unobtrusively, would very much astonish Leadenhall Street men. vered wap, when loaded, has a coloured Indian coralis and bandanties, China taptaba,

and our former or an a production of the product

ford alpaces, hardwood, crodeer, and other trigital, manufactured goods. The work the treat litting cranes is performed litting trans is performed litting by means of a beautiful hydrabile machine. It is a surface railway waggons, heavily laden, are, by means of this power, lowered from the appear story, which is on a level with the railway, to the basement floor. There they are unloaded into carriers' waggons, and then, being emoty-lifted again to the level then, being empty lifted again to the level of the line, ready to run and fetch another load.

At Poplar there are other premises for carrying on the export and coal business of the Company. Within a capacious dock steam colliers that arrive from Newcastle in forty-eight hours, are unloaded in one day by hydraulic machinery, and long before they are down the river the coals brought by them have been distributed by the North London rail among a dozen coal depots along the eastern and the northern suburbs of the town.

Commodious and airy vaults for the safe storage of beer in wood, ready for export to all parts of the world, have been prepared both at Poplar and at Haydon Square. An idea of the extent to which this branch of the shipping trade is carried on may be formed, when I say that within those two stations I saw eight acres of malt liquor in casks belonging only to two Burton brewers.

Before ending these few notes of my North-Western exploration, let me say a word about the post-office department of the railway. The North-Western company possesses twenty-six carriages fitted up as travelling post-offices. They contain desks, tables for sorting letters, lamps, pigeon-holes, &c. &c. Twenty-six travelling clerks and their redcoated assistants start every night by the mail trains. The letters have to be minutely arranged on the road out, ready to be dropped at the various post stations along the lines, and it is not often that the whole labour is finished much before cock-crow.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN. GREEK EASTER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE Greek Lent is over, and it is Easter at Constantinople. All night long great guns have been firing afar off, and small arms are being discharged by excitable persons at every street corner. You might fancy the town was being stormed, instead of holding high festival—so violent is the noise and During the day the streets are uproar. crowded as a fair, and perambulated by itinerant vendors of good things as boisterous as on a Saturday night at Wapping. Fowls, for us to walk arm in arm, our toes would be sweetmeats, rank pastry, various preparations broken a hundred times over if we ended of milk and rakee, seem to be the chief things | voured to do so; we separate, therefore, and which furnish a Greek merry-making at Con-pick our way over flat stones and smooth stantinople. Little boys with eager black places as carefully as possible. As we do so

even and tailous domplarions are in their glary, and go walling had shootoling about sof shall supplicate a second and a supplicate.

Here is a Greek and there a Greek with splendid pictures que the made dark matted hair falling about in wild array. know no race of men more manufacture appearance. They go swaggering the from street to street in all the bravery and their national costume, and you may their voices a hundred yards off as wrangle and glare at each other on the smallest occasion of dispute. The dominant race, the grave and dignified Turke, curry then selves very differently. They sit about, cross-legged, on the benches of coffee-houses, or before their itinerant stalls of mohalile and yaourt. However dirty, poor, and miserable the Turk may be, he always smokes and yaourt. his pipe with the same grand calm air. When two or three of them are together they may perhaps tell each other now and then that God is great; but this is evidently the only attempt at conversation which is suited to their sense of self-importance and the heat of the day.

Moving on through the motley crowd which fills the sunlit streets, and taking silent note of these things, I saunter along past the guard-house at the street corner, where the officer on service is smoking a pipe; past the artillery ground and its uscless guns; past the immense dung heap which has been collecting for years beside it; and past the legion of dog vermin, who how thereon perpetually, and form a distinct colony of their kind. At length I arrive at "the great field of the dead," or the Moslem burial ground, where a species of fair is being held. It is a strange place to choose; but I have remarked that Eastern nations generally are fond of playing above their dead; perhaps because they usually chose the most beautiful sites for cemeteries. The Grand Champ des Morts, which is the local name for the place where I now stand, occupies indeed one of the most beautiful positions in the country, commanding a magnificent view of the Golden Horn, and of the mosques and minarets of the Turkish city, and of Scutari on the other side of the way. They look very beautiful, seen through the clear air and reflected in the waves. I would almost rather take my usual sent at yonder café there and look my daily fill, than remain in the noisy fair. I turn infleed to do so; but there are a party of Greeks, hopelessly drunk, congregated round my quiet corner. Just at this time also, meeting with a friend, I find that I am fairly in for what is to follow, and so may as well make up my mind to it.

The paths are far too narrow and ill paved

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The scene around us now, beggars description. Though the afternoon is excessively sultry and threatens rain, every tonbstone to his companions who are changing at him crowded with a separate party of jolly down a little hill. Greeks; and there they are again swinging themselves from the branches of trees, and riding round on wooden horses made to turn about a pole. Some of the gentlemen occupied in these invigorating exercises are reverend gree beards, with bald heads. I need not say, they are all of the same hopeful

nationality—all Greeks.

Women there are, of course, none but the dainty dames of Pera. The men dance toself-pictured on old vasts and in the silent thwacking the sides of his sorry back till chambers of Pompeii. Some ten or twelve they sound again.

men, of ages between twenty and fifty-five, they sound again.

There will be partied, too, in the evening, take each other by the hand and form themself-es into a semicircle. They then begin to stamp their feet slowly, and to excite themselves, until the measured stamp becomes a squabbles in consequence. Already four frantic jump, the song a howl. They are persont have asked me if my companion is headed by a dancing master who twills a entitled to put the word honorable before handkerchief, and directs their movements. his name, and evidently look upon him with others, and sometimes we see some sunburnt Pera! old fellow look as bashful as a maiden when asked to join the party; but he always ends by giving his consent and will come; scuffling along, blushing and smirking until interesting.

Let us leave the dancers and look elsewhere: perhaps we shall find that the amusements of holiday makers are very much alike all over the world. We have nearly tumbled all over the world. We have nearly tumbled over a thimble rig table! Gambling games of all kinds are going on as briskly among the tombs as at A cot Heath after the winning of the Emperor's Cup. There is populus shooting for follipops of a dirtier, and greasier There are shows in canvas tents, inconceivably Turkey.

These little gainals are so prompt and feworest fair. Every there, there is the same eager, clous in their assaults, and have moreovers.

we muse upon the reasons which have always noisy, picturescue upond, and life and death filled. Museliman rile, at least in modern are jostling each other indeed. See there is filles, higher word for semi-barbarism, a breekless urchin seated on the sculptural ristional sloth, and indifference to all things. The scene around us how, beggars description. Though the afternoon is excessively to the composition of rice and olives, while he reflect this companions who are charging at his

Let us go away and join the beauty and fashion of Pera. We shall have some difficulty in making our way through the dust; the men on stilts, the music, the booths, the sellors of yaourt, pancakes, rice kabobs (fried, nuts, olives, and onions chopped up together, an unsavoury mess); but we shall find the, beauty and fashion quite time enough, I dare, say. We shall find them among paper cigars, tents, jugglers and taletellers; but there gether their uncouth national dances to, a rade and inharmonious music. It is the same that may have been danced by the companions of Leonidas and Miltiades, of in the ancient Chorus—the dance we see pictured on old vases and in the silent through the sides of his sorry hack till

One by one as the dancers retire from sheer much less respect after my answer in the exhaustion, their places are filled up by negative. Ye gods, society's squabbles at

A DEFENCE OF ILEAS.

ONE of the peculiarities which strikes me he warms to the fun, after which he jumps most among the mhabitants of Turkey is away as histily as the rest I could have wished the dencers had not been so duty word inhabitants, because all are not Turkey and down at heel 'as they are; and I who live in Turkey, and all are alike in this could have dispensed with the presence of a fat old lady in a great coat, with her rian, Wallack, Moldavian. Greek, or Jew, head bound up for the face-ache, who comes to inspect the proceedings; but, in spite of light wherever they find them, and fondle them these described to the proceedings; but, in spite of light wherever they find them, and fondle them these drawbacks, the scene is curious and before putting them to death. They show as much art and address in their capture as a keen sportsman may evince in trying to get a, shot at a flock of wild ducks. The fleasare not, ungrateful for being thus held in honour, and have effected a very considerable settlement in the country. They are, in point of fact, one of the nationalities of Turkey; the only one which has nothing to ask of the There is popul government; which has no wrongs to redress or injured interests to bluster about. Most kind than our own, if possible; there is of the houses being of wood, they find throwing of sticks at a mark with an ingenious for the catching of the prize, to are utterly inaccessible to the broom of the sticks from any houseman. I use the word houseman because, we disagreeable consequences of a correct aim, there is no such thing as a housemail, ing()

elical a basen haptipoint of the hilliant of t if he be stothful.

"No idea of dirt or disgrace seems to attach to a houseful of fleas-these puguacious little thims being looked upon as recognised proprietors in the country, and as having as migh right there as any one else. Any attempt, therefore, to exterminate them from a bed or a sola would be laughed to scorn utterly. A Perote lady (and a Perote lady is the very essence of fine ladyism) will often stop several times in the course of a flitation, languidly to catch a flea upon her dress : feebly similing while she twiddles him in her fingers, and then, passively dropping him on the floor. Two grave Galuta merchants will stop in the midst of a bargain sportively to catch a flea on the shirt front of an acquaintance; and, cracking out his crisp life on the counter, will proceed to draw a bill on London or to discuss the exchange, the depreciation of Kaim's, and the rise of gold.

No individual throughout the country seems to be able to resist the fascination of hunting a flea wherever he sees him. What trapping was to the Red Indians-what the fox-chase was to the squire of our childhood -flea-hunting is to the Oriental: it is a passion—a delight. As soon as the lively little game breaks cover, no matter where or when, the eyes of the Perote light up with an unwonted fire; a keen sporting expression passes over his face; he raises his hand stealthily by a sort of instinct; the certainty of his aim might pass into a proverb, and the next moment the hand has descended, and the Perote is twiddling his finger and thumb with tranquil satisfaction, and has resumed He would his occupation, be it what it may stop to catch a flea, on his way to be hanged or to be married. He must have missed appointments, lost fortunes, by the habit; but it is engrafted in his nature, and is unconquerable.

I have gone into rooms where fleas lay thick as dust upon the floor, and each of my steps must have killed hundreds of them; but, if I ever ventured to express the smallest distaste upon the occasion, I became as incomprehensible to the men of Pera, as if I had told a Chinese I disliked stewed

They will even argue the point with you, if you press them closely, and maintain that the flea is like the elder Mirabeau—the friend of men. They will tell you that fleas keep up an irritation on the skin which is highly beneficial in a hot country, and prevents the accumulation of morbid humours, stick of a brother sportsman, who offered by in the mosques in the purpose.

Waiter about finding them constantly in the mosques in the market-place, in the the bread! (some baked and some alive), palace by the sweat cool sea-side, and in the that individual, who spoke all the languages coffee-houses in the hot and suit to the languages.

of the world in sai french severer me the baker had a superstition about them and thought them lucky i fumping sum with a light hand, I found he was not quite the from the same idea himself, and that it potentials generally throughout the country. generally throughout the country. He that to allay the initation they occasion was at all times a pleasing occupation that it was to be remarked, no flea ever the a man in a dangerous place, or injured his eye. or his ear, or opened an artery; therefore, fleas were the friends of men. He did not know (nor do I) what many of the Perste. gentlemen would do if it were not for the unfailing entertainment supplied by fleas. He believed they kept people who had nothing to do, out of muchiel. He said that the courteons catching of a flea upon the person of another, offered a frequent and pleasant opportunity of commencing a conversation, or beginning That acquaintances so an acquaintance. formed had often ripened into warm and lasting friendships. He had even known more than one instance of Perote marriages brought about by a cheerful and inoffensive gallantry of this kind. He was much surprised at the unjustifiable anger of an English lady at dinner, upon whose shoulder he had succeeded in catching a flea by an adroit movement of his left hand while his right was occupied in presenting her a dish of hid stuffed with chestnuts. She screamed, and her gentleman threatened to horse-He confessed his feelings were whip him. hurt and dus reason confounded by this behaviour on the part of my country people. No Perote lady would have raised her eyes from her plate during such an occurrence.

I endeavoured to soothe him by saying we were a people who lived in an inclement climate, and to whom, therefore, the utility of the flea was comparatively unknown; but he would not credit it. He could not bring his mind to bear all at once on a fact which appeared to him so remarkable. I was like the Christian knight who told an African king that he could ride his horse dry-footed over some of our rivers in winter; and who,

was mamediately bowstrung.

I remember a personage of no according to see him hunt and kill two fleas, who were reposing the linen cover of a soft. He I remember a personage of no mean rank, together on the linen cover of a soft. He began by rousing them into night with the golden point of his pencil, and then pursued them in a state of the liveliest excitement for some minutes. (He had a long white beard and was a man of an august presence.) length he ran down his game, and taking them in the usual way between his finger and thumb, finally slew them upon the pipe-

wherever there is a Perote there is a flea, and the Perote's greatest delight is to capture it.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The shut-out wind is humming,
The trees are dark and still;
No sound is in the valley,
No sound is on the hill;
The fields are lost in blackness,
The heavens are all cloud;
But the echoes are astir,
And the night is glad and loud
With the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

The sullen days of Winter
Seem past, though but begun;
For, the earth, like Age, grown youthful,
Runs back towards the san.
The swift and golden fountains
Of the light again are flowing;
And the infant Year leaps up
With his visage fresh and glowing;
And, with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a shaking.

Our mother Earth, this midnight,
Is merrier than she seems:
A sweet new life is stirring
In her soul, like loosened streams:
The Spirit of all things living
Murmurs round her in the gloom;
And she sees the Spring far off,
Starting out from leaf and bloom
At the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The repound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a shaking.

The seeds, abed and sleeping.

The sap within the houghs,
Give a start of joy, and dumbly
Join in with our canouse:
The nightmare-like December
In the fields is lying dead,
And the dawn light of our rooms
Paints the drifting clouds with red,
As with swinging and with ringing,

All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy ar a -shaking.

The squirrel, snake, and dormouse,
Wake up in hole and nest,
And feel the New Year cotning,
And relapse into their rest
With a sense of the hot sunshine
In a forest full of leaves:
Yes, every living thing
Freshly growing life receives
From the swinging and the ringing
'Of the massive belts, awaking,
The rebound of whose sowid

Rest theireavy air a shaking.

Yet more ! Our earth-star ripeus!

(What with sun-hear and with tedbe)
Through the budding and the dying of those endless leaves, the Years.

In the dark yet lustrous Fusure
What life-forms may be earl'd!
Every New Year's morn for aye
Is a birthday to the world;
When, with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a shaking.

Not a year but has its purpose,
God-tutored and subline;
Every moment, like a sculptor,
Shapes the marble mass of Time.
We shall see, in the great revkoning
When the final Good is wrought,
That each act was something gam'd
From the aching realm of Nought;
Even the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Daylight dies when night approaches,
And night when sunbeams range:
The dull days have made a turning:
Nothing changeless is but Change.
Let us sing, then, and be merry
(Since earth's dark side is but half),
Yet with conscience in our murth
And a graveness in our beugh;
For, with swinging and with ringing
All the New Year bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking,
And old Death and young breath
A strange under song are making.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

THERE is one great fault in most of the novels and romances of my acquaintance, and that is that all the interesting advertures are limited to persons of extraordinary personal attractions. Can't an ugly fellow meet with surprising accidents by flood or field? Must all the people who run up ladders when a house is on fire and save beautiful young ladies from being burnt to death - must all the heroes of this sort be six feet high, five-and-twenty years of age, and end with a baronetcy and twelve thousand a year? It is a most unfair distribution of the gifts of fiction, so perhaps Truth may be more just; and therefore I write down what happened, some thirty years ago, to my friend John Belton, of the house of Jones, Belton and Jones.

John Belton even then was not handsome; but he was big. Everything about him was big—his eyes, his nose, his mouth—but his manner was biggest of all. He was something like Louis the Fourteenth, only bigger; and with a considerable quantity of John Bullism in addition to the French dignity of the Grand Monarque. When big John Belton was Sheriff of his native city he expanded

It was supposed there more than ever. would have been no room for him in the narrower streets of his jurisdiction if he had swelled out any more, so they didn't make him a knight. The consequences might have been awful. Big men, you may have remarked, are often addicted to very small pursuits. Belton was very fond of fishing. We used to laugh to see him affix a small bait to a small hook, and bring out at last a very small curricle and the beautiful bay horses restored trout. But he was as much gratified as if him to better thoughts. "He's out of money, it had been a whale." So every year when perhaps. I'll lend him twenty pounds." his principal, as he called old Jones, had gone "The obligation you will conter upon me, for his holiday, and his ships were fairly off sir," continued the stranger, "is the greatest on their long voyages, and the homeward-which one man can bestow on another. I bound ones not expected for a month, he used know I have no right to ask it, except of the to pack up his trunk and arrange his fish-sincerest of my friends-but with me the ing-rods, and away he went to his favourite appearance of a gentleman is a sufficient stream in the beautiful county of Hants, and guarantee that my request, though not we heard no more of him till a notice from acceded to, will at all events be excused." Llovd's summoned him back again to his desk in Riches Court.

One autumn he had buried himself as usual for the genteel. in the solitudes of the Downs. He had carried "Say no more, sir, by way of apology," he his conquering rod from brook to brook and said. "I'll do what you want, I'll be bound waded up to his chin, and toiled beneath his unless "-he added with a playfulness which basket, and persuaded himself he was honour-never left him - "unless it be to rob a ably and usefully discharging the duties of his church." station in life; and, full of this happy consciousness, he had slept soundly every night for dreadful a business. It is merely to accompany a fortnight in the little cottage about nine me for a few miles along this road and be miles from Winchester; which, out of compli- witness to a deed—" ment to that classical seminary, though withhad risen early; he was walking at a rapid between his knees. pace towards the scene of his morning's work, "I shall witness it with the greatest plea—a river at some distance from his ras in sure," he said. "Some important document," arbe—when on crossing the high road to get he thought; "his will, perhaps, or perhaps on the gentle down which led to the valley he his marriage settlement." But there was a time, or at least Mr. Belton had never heard of it ;-but he has often said that a feeling came over him, on hearing that very common-place sound, that all was not right. A sort of alloverishness came upon him, and he wished he had staid in bed, instead of wandering over Hampshire hills at six o'clock in the morning. The vehicle came near him and stopped-a strong determined dead stop it made, just at his side - and, on turning his eyes towards it, he saw a young man of seven or eightand-twenty years of age, descending from the curricle, evidently with the intention of addressing him. He was surprised but not displeased. Belton was always fond lane, and put them into a hard gallop with of high society and he felt that this was a Lord.

"Will you excuse me, sir," said the stranger, lifting his hat in a stately but grace ful manner, "if I take the liberty of requesting a favour at your hands!

Belton bowed in a very stately and graceful | he inquired.

manuer, too.

" Certainly, sir; whatever lies in my power."

"It is what I expected from your appearance. One gentleman is rarely disappointed when he throws himself on the generosity

of another."
"Oh! hang it," thought John Belton. "Here's a gentleman in distress. I won't give him a farthing." But a look at the carriele and the beautiful bay horses restored

Belton's weakness we all knew, from his earliest appearance in the City, was a passion

wedding.

story-teller.

The stranger smiled. "It is not on quite so

The stranger paused and looked at Belton, out any pedantic regard to strict accuracy, he who by this time had taken his seat in the called his Rus in urbe. But, on a certain carriage, and was sitting in an easy attitude morning, the even tenor of his way was inter- (as if he had been used to curricles every day rupted in a very disagreeable manner. He of his life), with his rod and fishing-basket

was in search of, he heard the noise of wheels, (coldness and firmness in the expression of Animal magnetism was not ungented at that the handsome features of his companion, which did not accord with the idea of a

> The fiery bays stepped out in noble style. Belton was great on horseflesh, as on all other branches of life and art; and guessed the prices of the animals; and told anecdotes of the horrid bargains his friends had made at Tattersall's; and was just in the middle of his famous anecdote of the Lord Mayor's horse which had been in the dragoons, and which horse carried his lordship almost into collision with George the Third on the trum-

> an exclamation that he feared they were too "It must be the will of some rich old relation at the last gasp," thought the discomfited

> pets' sounding a charge, when the stranger

turned his horses sharp round up a narrow

"Is there any danger of immediate death?"

"Considerable," replied his companion, and

they now took along the level summit of the down, and perceived three gentlemen engaged in conversation at the side of a phaeton from which it was evident they had just alighted.

Two of the gentlemen came forward and shook hands with the owner of the curricle,

and looked inquiringly at Mr. Belton.
The colonel has deceived me at the last moment," said the young man in an explana-tory tone; "and my friend here has kindly horror-struck perpetrator of the crime intoconsented to take his place."

This seemed quite satisfactory; and one of

blockhead my principal old Jones is. Change his resolution!" he said aloud. "When he Change has once made up his mind, you might as soon ask a milestone to grow into buttermilk."

"Then we may proceed to business at once," said the gentleman, drawing himself

up and assuming a haughty look.
"With all my heart," said Belton.

"Will you step, or shall I?"

"You, if you please."

You'll drop your handkerchief?"

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Belton, placing his handkerchief in the breast-pocket of his coat, and considering that the gentleman was warning him against the depredations of rustic thieves.

In the space of two minutes from the time they arrived on the ground, Mr. Belton, with the half-consciousness of a person in an opium dream, saw some curious evolutions per-attempt. He had some vague recollection or formed without having the slightest idea of a law by which the person found in prescuced, what they meant. His companion took his stand opposite the third gentleman of the other party, who had kept some little way retired. The active individual who had entered into such a strange conversation with him, took long steps, loading pistols, whispering to the two gentlemen, and, making himself excessively useful in a way he had never observed before. The tall and powerful figure of his friend might have been a study for painter or sculptor. His lips firmly contracted; his cheek pale. There was one peouliarity of his attitude which it was im-There was one possible not to observe; with his left elbow was used in continually smoothing the long was used in continually smoothing the long combe or ravine by which they had as moustaches which adorned his lips. While cended; and, on the upland levels of she all the preparations were going on he never moved from that one position, till on a pistol being placed in his hand, he turned rapidly round, was ched the fall of a handkerchief which was dropped by the active assistant, and two sharp cracks went off at the same moment. When Mr. Belton looked again he saw his companion stretched on the ground,

again whipped the smoking steeds. On breast-his face covered with blood, and the dising the height, "Thank heaven!" he exchanged weapon tying close to his nervoless hand. The third member of the original party came quickly up from the phaeton. where he had stood; grasped the wrist of the recumbent figure, and shook his head on discovering no pulse. With a cloth which he had rapidly unrolled he tied up the char of the unfortunate combatant, giving lim' the ghastly appearance of a corpse; and, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, this is an unformate affair. The wound is fatal. We must tunate affair. The wound is fatal. the phaeton, mounted the box, and drove off

at full gallop across the down.

the gentlemen taking Belton aside, said:

"It is useless, I suppose, to change the resolution of your principal?"

"This gentleman knows me," thought

Belton, "and is aware what a pig-headed of the unfortunate young man. He over-This was too serious a matter to be misunderstood any more. Belton was terrified? came the instinctive horror which all men have of death, and placed his hand on the victim's breast. There was vital warmth still there; but he could detect no beating of the pulse. The cloth round the jaw became saturated with blood; and, sickened with the sight, bewildered with surprise, and utterly unknowing what to do, he was wakened at last from the torpor of his despair by hearing, at a great distance, the voices of some of the shepherds noisily guiding their flocks.

He rushed away, scarcely caring in what direction. In spite of his eminent skill in horseflesh, his practical education in that department had been neglected; and he had not the least hope of being able to drive the fiery coursers in the curricle, even if he had known in what direction to make the of a murdered man was instantly executed, or at all events imprisoned for trial. But who was to give notice of the terrible event? Was the corpse to lie there, unhouselled, unanointed, on the summit of that bare moor; looking up into noonday sun and midnight stars with that awful visage, with the white cloth round the chin? These thoughts passed through him with the rapidity of lightning-perhaps they did not occupy half a minute altogether. But the good prevailed over the timid in Belton's nature; and he determined that his late companion, if beyoud the reach of human aid, should at least have Christian burial. He made right across the combe or ravine by which they had as

work to drive five rearing horses, which was his interpretation of their being all on end but felt sure now that the curricle would be a very easy affair in the hands of such a charloteer.

"Then here's half-a-crown for you," he said. "Go to that hill, and you will see a gentleman—lying on his back—only to refresh himself, of course. Halp him into the carriage you will see near, and drive to the nearest surgeon's: he has met with a slight accident. In fact," he added with a faint laugh, "he has had a hurl out of his drag and requires a plaster."

"I be Doctor Whimbler's man," said the shepherd: "he rents all these downs, and lives in that ere red house among the turnips

with the broken chimbly pots."
"That's very lucky," said Belton. hurry on and tell the Doctor to be ready

to receive his patient.

So saying, he turned away in the very opposite direction; and, was rushing off as fast as he could, when the man called him back. The summons shook him like a leaf; he feit his knees bend under him; but the man had only stopped him to point out the nearest way to Doctor Whimbler's; and Belton, saying he had to call on a friend on the road, continued his walk at a pace that would have done

honour to a steam-engine.

But where to go? He had no notion in what direction his Rus in urbe lay. Even if he had, what was the use of going there ! The hue and cry would be up in a very short time; the people who had seen him sitting so statelily in the curricle would be sure to recognise him; and—here a dreadful thought overwhelmed him, as if he were already looking on the judge's black cap — his rod and basket! he had left them in the carriage! Was his name on the handle? Was there a card with his address on the lid? He could not rasember; and therefore took it for granted that they were. "John Belton, Riches Court." What was the use of further concealment ! He would inquire for a magistrate-for a policeman-for a turnkey; he would give himself up to justice. He has often told me that this resolution calmed him like a charm. He was now going to be hanged, and knew the worst. He even became jocular. He saw a considerable amount of humour in the rapidity of the change that had taken place in his position. Half an hour had altered it for life. He merely accepted a polite stranger's offer of a seat in his carriage, and had become enveloped in an affair with which he had no original concern, and must make his appearance on a scaffold for the murder of a man he had never seen before. In these meditations many miles were passed over, many bye-ways sought out, many turnings and twistings scientifically performed to riority which this gave him over everybody put his pursuers off the seent; but at dast he he met. A week passed on, and he will felt faint and hungry, and was under the unsuspected. He ventured to look at the

Belton thought probably it was tremendous necessity of seeking the haunts of men. ork to drive five rearing horses, which was Some smoke at a little distance directed him to date present all on end; towards a village at the foot of a gentle eminence. He looked out for a public house, very easy affair in the hands of such a mansion which he feebly began to recognise as one he had seen before. It was not, how ever, a house of entertainment; it was a red brick house; it stood in a field of turnips

had broken chin ney pots.
"I say, my man," he said to a lad of ten of twelve who passed him while gazing on the object of his surprise, "there's a penny for you. Whose house is that?"

"That be Doctor Whimbler's, sir-thank'ee." Doctor Whimbler's !- the very place in all the world it was his object to avoid? The love of life grew strong as the danger of death drew near. He slunk like a guilty wretch from hedgerow to hedgerow, and finally got into a wayside inn.

Three or four labouring men were refreshing themselves. Belton ordered some bread

and cheese and a glass of beer.

"He was dead, I tell ye, afore Jem Stokes"

got up to the Down," said one.

"Well, I heard say that he groaned four or five times after he got to Whimbler's," said another; "but whoever did it will be hanged,"

and that's a great comfort."

"Yes, it is," said all the guests, except one. Mr. Belton did not enjoy his bread and cheese

so much as usual.

"It was a duel," continued the first orator, "about Miss Florimond at the Hall. The Captain said he would have her, though her father had promised her to Sir Charles. So Sir Charles shot the Captain, and if he's hanged she on't have ne'er a husband at all."

This seemed to be considered a good joke, and the men laughed accordingly. Belton did not laugh, but he joined in the conver-

sation.

"Miss Florimond will be much to be pitied," he said. "Who was the Captain ""

"He's the dead man up at old Whimbler's; and there goes the beadle for the Crowner's jury," said the man: "they'll send out" warrant for the seconds, and I spose they'll all be hung in a fortnight.

Belton left unfinished his bread and cheese, paid his reckoning without saying a word, and walked at his utmost speed away from the fatal neighbourhood. A coach overtook him when he was nearly worn out. It was bound for London. He got inside, pulled down the blinds, and determined to keep his own counsel, and let events take their course.

From that day he was more attentive to business than ever. A weight was on him. But it was like the weight of a king's crown; it had dignity as well as care. He was the depository of a tramendous secret, and he swelled with the consciousness of the supeis unknown; and the medical man, it is sup- Murder is so much more aristocratic than theft.

posed, has gone to America."

visions of the murdered man for some days, but after the lapse of a few weeks the strange longing came upon him which has impelled so iniquities. He would go to Rus in urbe once more, and make inquiries for himself. He would find out who Miss Florimond at the Hall was. Florimond was a beautiful Belton was romantic, in spite of : name. weighing thirteen stone. What an ending it wwould be if he but then there was that Sir resume his apartments in the Rus in urbe.

wished-for hotel.

considered himself free from any moral guilt course with the unhappy victim of the laws nof society he had no feelings of regret acfor the loss of a personal friend. He had, therefore, got entirely over the first shock of the scene; and, if the truth must be told, Lifear some little portion of pride and gratification mingled with his remembrance of the : dead. It is not every ship-broker who takes will be the only argument resorted to by irresistible and conclusive.

newspapers. Only once he caught a glimpse people who have perhaps no other way of of the awful subject. It was an allusion to showing their patrician blood. These conthe late fatal duel in Hampshire, and though siderations had some weight with Mr. Belton; the reporter was wrong in the date there and, though he would have scorned to join a could be no doubt it alluded to the same housebreaker in forcing his way into a larder, event. "The seconds have absconded, and he considered at rather a feather in his cap have hitherto eluded discovery. One of them that he had assisted at an affair of honour.

The bar of the "Isaac's Arms" was left in Time had its usual soothing effect. He had solitary possession to Belton all night. The landlord had been bottling off his winter's ale, and felt the effects of the operation so powerfully that he could not speak. In answer to many evil there to visit the scene of their some questions about Miss Florimond at the Hall, he hiccupped a good deal about the odds being five to one, and then remembered that the name was Miss Rosamond, and that she was a chestnut filly rising four. The caudles burnt themselves nearly out—the gusts of a rising wind were heard against the outside walls-a pale, watery moon moved ghostlike A.Charles, the actual culprit. It would be an in the sky, like the wreck of the flying Dutchexcellent secondary punishment to cut him man floating noiselessly over the waves—the out. So, at the end of two months, Belton waiter, who enacted the parts also of gardener ordered a new suit of clothes; a bright green and stableman, came in with "the gentle-satin waistcoat; with a diamond stud in the man's slippers," and Belton, who was now frill of his shirt, which would have equalled a very sleepy, could only gather from the rather king's ransom if it had been real; a pair of indistinct replies of the multifarious funcboots with fixed brass spurs on the heels; tionary, that, though they were very dull just and set off, without consulting anybody, to now, there would be rare doings next week, sume his apartments in the Rus in urbe. as Sir Charles was going to marry the young The plea of a sudden call to town soon exlady at the Hall. The surname of Sir Charles plained to his housekeeper the cause of his was unknown to the intelligent hostler; the disappearance; and he lost no time in making Christian name of the young lady laboured all the inquiries he could venture on without under the same disadvantage. He had never exciting suspicion. With this view he re- heard him called anything but "Sir Charles" sumed his piscatorial pursuits, and as he dis--and had never heard her called anything at covered that near the scene of the dreadful all. But the marriage was to be on Wednestransaction there was a house of entertain-day, and both horses were ordered for eleven ment called the "Isaac's Arms," in honour of o'clock. This was ample food for a long series old Isaac Walton, he betook himself to his of meditations. Miss Florimond was going rod, and strolled, in a very unconcerned to marry the survivor—forgetting the gallant manner, from brook to brook, till, at the close young fellow who had died for her sake. The of a sharp October day, he found himself in whole picture of that awful hour presented the coffee-room, or rather the bar, of the itself afresh. He saw the frightful wound; the preternatural calm—the rigid features— If there appears a little frivolity in the ease, and the girl was about to lay her hand, before with which Mr. Belton reconciled himself to the altar, in the hand of the man who had the sad event, you must bear in mind that he pulled the trigger-who had taken the aim! He tried to banish the thought, but couldn't. attending the affair. He could not justly be It haunted him, and oppressed his spirits becharged with any intentional wrong, and as youd the power of brandy to raise them. he had only had a very few minutes' inter- Great were his efforts in that way; and perhaps his unnatural excitement was produced by the unusual quantity he drank to explain the extraordinary incident which occurred that night. I am not superstitious; but it is useless to deny that persons under strong agitation of the nervous system have their senses so sharpened that they see strange, unearthly appearances which it is impossible part in a duel with a Sir Charles. (A to account for by the ordinary laws of nature; meeting is an heir-loom of feudal times, and and, however difficult it may be to bring ourto account for by the ordinary laws of nature; a very knightly method of settling a dispute, selves to a belief in these startling departures No duellist has yet been hanged; and, till from the usual course of human affairs, I think that tremendens event takes place, the pistol that the evidence that "such things be" is

The "Isaac's Arms" was a long, rambling, old-fashioned inn, with a narrow passage running through it from end to end. The bedrooms lay to the south of this passage, while a window or two looked northward over some quiet fields, by the side of which lay the parish road. With the caudle in his hand, Belton paused a long time on his way to bed, and looked out of the window. The night had grown wilder than before—the wind was louder-the obscurations of the moon darker and more frequent. In one of the sudden clearings of the sky he thought he saw something in motion on the narrow road, but the light of his own candle confused him, and he laid it on the floor of the passage and looked out again. The quick tramp of a horse now met his ear, and, wondering who could be in such rapid motion at that time of night, and in that retired situation, he slipped down stairs and went out by the northern door, which commanded the road by which the traveller must pass. The traveller pulled up an i dismounted within a yard of where he stood. The moon was under a cloud-he could see very indistinctly.

"Is the chaise ready? They are close at hand," said a voice he did not recognise.

"I really don't know," said Belton.

The speaker started—and by a rapid motion pulled the cloak closer round.

"Are you a gentleman?" resumed the voice hurriedly.

"I should think I was," replied Belton.

"Then I am safe. You will be secret—pass

The clouds dispersed for a moment. stranger was a lady of tall and graceful presence, closely muffled, but revealing enough of shape and motion in the riding habit in he asked me to go with him to Gravesend in which she was dressed, to complete the conquest which her musical voice had begun. But Belton had no time for the display of his admiration. The stranger disappeared, and the horse, when left to itself, celebrated his recovered liberty by some well directed kicks in the immediate proximity of Mr. Belton's eyes, which made him beat a rapid retreat towards the house. The clatter of the emancipated animal's gallop was shortly lost in distance, and Belton, after ten minutes' ineffectual search for the mysterious lady, gave up the attempt to discover her retreat; and, wearied more than ever, chilled with the night air, and puzzled at the strange event, he went once more up-stairs and entered on the long narrow passage which conducted to his room. His candle was still on the floor; and, on going forward to lift it up, he saw as distinctly as if it had been in open day a figure, standing silent and erect at the other end. It was not fancy that conjured up the which won our liking. He stood near the terrible appearance. It was the form of a tall and handsome man-resting the left elbow in the right hand, and smoothing the hands with him and wished him a prosperous monstache—there was the same firm expression of the eyes and mouth, and round the side, and on looking once more to the quarter-

jaw was rolled a white cloth concessing the cheek, and sustaining the chin exactly as he had seen it applied by the surgeon on the morning of the death. 1. 36000 0 1 13

Belton gazed horror-struck for some time, The figure made no movement. There it stood fixed and rigid, still playing with the moustache, and looking with those uneasthly eyes as if expecting to be addressed by the witness of his fate. Belton could stand the sight no longer, but made a forward rush to seize his candle. In his terror and agitation he overturned the light, and the duellist and his second were left in total darkness. Ever through the long hours of that awful night Belton, who groped his way to his bed, saw nothing but the features of the murdered man; near him-near him they seemed to come; if sleep for a moment closed his eyes, clearer and clearer the phantom rose to view; and feverish, ill and with conscience awakened with all its stings, he rose early in the morning and, without any allusion to the adventures of the night, betook himself to town.

There was something too painful in this incident to be kept entirely to himself. He told it to his friends. I heard it very soon after it occurred; and though we all goodnatured laboured to dispel his allusion, it was He became, as the saying is, an in vain. altered character. He subscribed to charities, and became governor of hospitals, and grew immensely rich, and had a charming family, and gave dinners to lords, and put Charlie Belton, his eldest son, into the crack regiment of the service. The memory of the night at the "Isaac's Arms" by these means was beginning to die out, or at least it was not so much talked of as before. But, about two years ago, a magnificent new ship he had just launched, which was going to carry out the recently appointed Governor to one of our noblest dependencies. The great man was to embark at Gravesend, and Belton resolved to get everything ready for his reception. The cabins designed for his Excellency and suite were fitted up as if for an Indian King, and very difficult to please must his Excellency have been, if he felt discontented with the attention bestowed on his comfort. The small vessel which brought him on board at Gravesend was to take us on shore. The Governor stepped on deck and was received by Belton with all the respect due to his rank. He was a man about fifty years of age, and supported on his arm a lady a few years younger but still wearing the remains of exquisite beauty. With somewhat haughty manners he had a bold manly appearance which attracted notice, and a sweet smile helm and looked with admiration at the proportions of the noble ship. Belton shook

See there! see there.!" deck we had lefthow he

The Governor had rested his left elbow in his hind, and was smoothing his moustache. There you a visible scar on his left cheek, imperfectly concealed by his whisker.

That's the man I saw die on the Hampshire Downs, whose ghost I saw at the

Tampsning Downs, whose guose I saw at the Tampsning Downs, whose guose I saw at the Tampsning Ta perhaps you had taken too much brandy

But Belton was overcome with astonish-dent, On arriving in town we looked at one ment, On arriving in town we looked at one of the biographical compilations of the day; we found he had served in all quarters of the globe, and that he had married Miss Florimond, daughter of Alfred Hope, Esquire, of

the Hall.

Belton was disappointed and displeased to find that his ghostly visitation had faded in the light of common day. But there are some people who turn everything to profit. Charlie Belton was shortly afterwards ordered on foreign service within the limits of his Excellency's command. A letter from Belton, with an account of his share in certain transactions long ago, produced a friendship which it is probable will never decrease. Charlie is aide-de-camp to the Governor, and has outstripped all his contemporaries in the rapidity of his rise. And Belion himself

CHIPS.

things, and is no believer in ghosts.

thinks, that duels are sometimes excellent

VOICES FROM THE DEEP.

THERE have drifted ashore to us a chip or two sent over ships' sides. One is a letter from a master mariner at the Antipodes, evoked by two former articles in this journal.* master mariner not only confirms the account that has, been given in these pages of the Sailors' Homes Afloat, but even reveals to us, below the lowest deep depicted there, a lower deep. Worse than the top-gallant, he says, is the lower forecastle.

The mais thing to be seen to by any man who desires to advocate the cause of the seaman is, says our friend, "better houserooms, that, when they are off duty, they may have a place somewhat fit for a human being to live in. Act of Parliament says they are to have nine feet of deck space; now one that knows anything of shipboart inner be aware that this is not enough when it is measured, as it is in a ship's forel castle with the round of the bow and chaincables going sthrough it. Any respectable sailor-man, always has a chest to hold his

Bee page 629, vol. 71, and page 286, vol. vil.

clothes, and a holient frequently them obliged to allow spreed of them to posterior cheats, below, nway, irom; the place they him in, to make room for the others. Daniye the British seaman, better accommodations board his vessel, be a little more liberal in' his dietary scale, and there would not in venture to say, be one complaint for every hundred there is at the present time "arail"

We think there would not. when when your Another chip comes from an Englisher man who has picked up experience on board vessels belonging to the United States navy, and speaks of such a visit as it? is in the power of every courteous Engar lishman visiting America to pay to any fire-spitter that sails under the stars and stripes. " I found the officers much more civiland good-natured than our own. Captain Fitz-premier would think that a mere traveller in search of information ought to go to blue books, and he would resent the intrusion of a strange man with a card upon the quarterdeck. Captain Cheke, however, of New York, was ready to give information to the full. extent of his own knowledge.

" Λ regulation in America forbids the navyeto employ scamen not subjects of the United States. Immense numbers of Her Majesty's lieges, and of those sife may one day be ill. able to spare, continue to evade this regulation and obtain employment as Americans...
The United States Government pays abless bodied seamen about two pounds a month. and allows to them such superabundant rations that ten men usually live upon the foodof eight: they mess together and receive the difference in money. Their pay is, however, if generally kept in arrear to prevent desertion 4.11 advances are never made. The Americans, are in one point quite as weak as we; they fire a great many useless salutes, and every time a gun is discharged four-fifths of at dollar fly away in smoke out of the American treasury.

We are to be tempted into no remarks of a our own upon the British Admiralty, and the perfection at which by long practice its works men have arrived in the art of sawing ships asunder. We have produced our chips wet no from the sea, and will not let them becomen; dry over the heat of what might prove sand tedious discussion.

TUCKED UP.

LITERATURE—though I do not say it asknow lazy man—is full of sleep, Sancho Panatal blessed the man who invented it, aFor Slackerov speare's opinion see Henry Fourth, Machethaw and other of his well-known writings. Bishop of Hall, too, is not the only author of prose whoday has delighted us with beautiful reflections or a that Great Restorer. To go no farther there is is myself. I prosed upon it in the first volume is of Household Words, page three hundred and, thirty-three. But what is sleep, sakes by a itself? What is steep on a chair? and, with jugal couch, and it is probably correct. deference to Shakespeare, I may ask, perhaps, what visithe signification alegren the top of a seem inabter to most people among us to be "iwapped round with sleep as with a garmental if we are not wrapped round also with sheets and blankets.

There is something—in a domestic way at any rate-sacred about bed. Not only by mani but by all animals, it is agreed that wherever the Bed is there is Home. The tiger picks his dinner up anywhere in the forest; the cormorant speeds over the waves and devours his prey wherever it is caught. But when they retire within themselves. when they go home to repose after their toils -man, beast, and bird retire each to a fixed resting-place. At night, when

The sea-fowl has gone to her nest, The beast is laid down in his lair,

sea-fowl and beast are in their homes, and so are men, except those few of them who have been led by their social propensities to meet with one another.

Civilized man works hard with head and limbs; a good bed is therefore of importance to him. To sleep on the bare ground implies -at least in climates such as ours-the extreme want, a want more extreme than even homelessness; while, on the other hand, to lie on heds of down is a proverbial way of expressing the condition of those who possess every fleshly comfort in perfection. We know the man by his bed. It is the sign and emblem of his whole material condition. I am not sure whether a minute analysis of men's beds would not reveal as much of character as mi examination of their skulls. There may arise, some day, practitioners who will construct out of this hint a science, calling it Thalamology. It should include a study of the bumps left upon the couch after a sleeper has arisen.

Latin writers, and especially the satirists, when angry with luxury, struck at their countrymen with most effect by lashing them in bed. They urged against them many picturesque descriptions of the rude state of the beds of their forefathers. Even the wealthiest of the real old Romans were content to sleep on straw, or on dry leaves, laid on the ground and covered with the skins of beasts. Etymology - good servant to History when kindly used testifies to the fact. Of the two Latin words commonly used to mean beds or couches; one implies that the material of bed wasteriginally "gathered" for the purpose-gleaned out of the fields or off the trees; the other the substances used were twisted. and formed into mattrastes, just as the coassed kind of mate are made in England at

men sprang first out of the ground or were spontaneously generated out of nucl or sime, it is not remarkable if they erred in supposing that every other people pigged after manner of their ancestors. In each of the two most ancient writings repeatedly mentioned, as familiarly at the now. Nor is it likely they were either rude in fashion, or of, mean materials; because one, in particular, of the books alluded to describes a state of society so well supplied, not merely with the necessaries but the elegancies of life, that no less than between twenty and thirty different, kinds of musical instruments are named in it, The commodiousness and beauty of the furni-. ture and instruments formerly in use among the Orientals, are likewise attested by extant. sculptures of a very remote antiquity, As for Homer's heroes, their beds were, indeed, laid upon the floor; but they were made of skins with the wool or fur on, spread over, with fine carpets, and these again covered with rich purple stuffs. The Greeks in later, times slept upon raised beds.

But they were the descendants of those old luxury-abhorring Romans, who in the period; of the Empire—and even earlier—attained to the highest pitch of luxury—if luxury be costliness—in the appointments of their couches. They derived hints towards this, and many another notion of voluptuousness, from the nations they subdued; and, they went far to better the instruction. Their beds were filled with the most delicate down; their mattrasses were stuffed with finest wool. If wood continued to be the material used for the framework of their bedsteads, and dining couches, it was richly wrought and inlaid. Ivory, however, was preferred then silver-finally, golde; the costly fabric being, in each case, made doubly precious by the sculptor's skill, and spread with cushious and counterpanes of gold and purple. "Such" delights were, of course, then, as now, attain-in able only by the rich. The plebeian, even in after Sulla's time, still slept, as his ancestors had done in the time of Numa, stretched upon a straw or flock-filled truss; and still, at the late age when Pliny wrote, the soldier's camp bed was no softer.

In none, perhaps, of the manifold appliances of human life, are differences of condition and resources more observable than in the means employed for getting rest. A consideration of climate enters largely, of course, into the great bed question. The statement of the bench on the bench of the bench o that lines his snow-built but, and lies-snugly and enquel-overlaid with moss and skins, welli'm warmed and lighted by his seal oil laure. The native of the tropics lies down, without it this day; 1 to 1 to 1 savage, Salvator like palm leaves; or, for greater coolness and sketch at an interest matron's con security, may sing the hammock between

trees, and sleep rocked, by the odour-laden night wind. Such contrasts are agreeable as well as necessary; of the two methods, each is in its way equally conducive to repose. Not so agreeable and surely not so necessary are the contrasts that shock an inquirer into beds, on our own soil. Here, while there are some who can sink nightly to rest in the midst of all the delicious accessories of more than Roman luxury, a greater number keep cold Christmas upon heaps of rags and vernin, on the cleaner earth. And if we do not talk of such extremes, yet, taking as a test the beds and bed-linen of the labouring classes, cent countries.

Misery, they say, makes men acquainted toilets. with strange bedfellows; and it makes him The world is full of affecting bed scenes, acquainted also with strange beds, and it is Cloomily from his meagre pillow the poor the diggings.

soft. Madame Pfeiffer, who has tried the pillows of many lands, avers that the wooden Then we may change the scene, and think bolsters of the Chinese are particularly com- of the sick bed of the Christian statesman, the fortable. And was not Jacob content with a

which some reference ought to be madeof the best herse-hair. editions of such poems.

Surely we ought not to have false notions of bed, when we spend in it a third part of cour lives. We ought to respect it too. It is our birthplace. There we lay, when there were lavished upon our unconscious infancy the first outpourings of a mother's tengerness. There we have rested through our

tall to sound steen, with a double portion warm kisses and good nights. Grown peop too, have felt that luxury of sick-bed car "It is worth while being sick," exclaimed, his dying days, a late distanguished natur philosopher—"It is worth while being sick."

Scenes varied as those that the world without has witnessed—some more touching than any that its greater stage has had to show-have the bed for their centre, and the bed-room walls for their circumference. Even the outer world, however, has sometimes intruded upon its seclusion. In their bed and of the classes nearest them in Station, chambers, kings and ministers have held their we shall find our countrymen to be less com-levées (thence so named); and fair ladies fortably furnished than their equals in adja- have, ere now, received their visitors and adorers, either behind bed-curtains or at their

not misery alone that can do that. They man, who is sick looks out upon a desolate who have travelled much, and through home; now raising his eyes imploringly countries differing much in custom and in heavenward; now, with a smile that slides climate, must have felt every contrast quickly into a sigh, playing languidly with strongly in this respect. Imagine the the emaciated child that sits beside him. He transfer, rapid as travelling now is, from chides and soothes, by turns, the voices of a nest of eider-plumage in one of the the little ones that cry for bread alternately sybaritic capitals of Europe, to the coarse to him and to their mother. His health and rug of an Arab tent, or half a blanket at strength were the sole wealth of the small household; but its sources are dried up, as Great is the variety of inclination in the the shallow brook dries in the day of heat. choice of pillows; some faneying, or requir- Alas for those who must draw water thence ing them high, some low; some hard, some or perish, when there is left to them nothing but the empty bed.

philosopher, or the divine. We may hear Walsingham repress the ill-timed jocularity There is material for bedmaking frequently of courtly friends; and Burghley, like Jacob mentioned by the poets of a certain class to of old, blessing the sorrowing circle that sur-which some reference ought to be made—rounded him. We may hear Jewel making roses. Who has not heard of "a hed of a pulpit of his death-bed; or Newton, with roses?" Who has ever seen them mentioned that holy, humility which belongs always to by any upholsterer in his list of bedding? the great and good, speaking of his immortal But if the poets mean a garden bed of roses, labours as the pastime of a child who picks full of thorns - their vegetable fleas - let up shells upon the brink of the wide unthem indulge themselves with a stretch out known sea. We may think of Schwartz, in the moonlight or the rain, until the who, when unable to leave his missionary's gardener sticks his rake into them in the travelling cot, still employed himself in the morning. I am for a snug room, and a bed instruction of the affectionate Hindoo. We Wherever rhyme may see, in a hundred thousand instauces, does not forbid-even, I think, in spite of how a good man's bed may be made a school rhyme—I would suggest printing in such of wisdom, and preach more truth than was passages, horse-hair for roses in all future ever uttered in Athenian portisoes, with better emphasis than ever has been reached by any orator whose voice has rolled under the fretted vault or echoed down the aisles of a cathedral. But all bed thoughts are not, sad or solemn. Bed taken in large doses is a cure, I think, for disappointment. Bacon lay many days in bed after his disgrace. T could quote cases in which a subsidence measles, and, as children, felt the luxury of between the sheets has proved in no small being ill-a little ill-just ill enough to be degree effectual as a cure for a bad fall and kept warm in bed; the object, all day, of fond sprained heart in love. Tinderides received service and attention, and dismissed at night a prostrating blow, when his proposals were

rejected by Clounting for, believing himself sleep? We eminet all live file of the to be desperately carnest, yet entertaining at artifacer or field-labourer.

The same time a fair opinion of the value of the offer, it had not occurred to him to anticipate any rebuilf. Being repelled, however, he retreated to his chamber, and to bed. Day after day went by—his friends despaired of ever seeing him again. At the end of a forthic life in the representation of the seeing him again. At the end of a forthic life in the life of the life forthight, Tinderides reappeared among living men in good health and spirits, went about his affairs as usual, and, has never since mentioned Cloantha's name. All that he had of her he smothered in bed, and lived at ease ever thereafter.

A noticeable and necessary circumstance. connected with true lying in bed, is the entire giving up of one's self to the peculiarities as far as, in such a place, they can be indulged-of one's own natural character Together with the dress and ornaments of the day, we lay aside what Mr. Carlyle calls its shams. Bed makes of us unsophisticated men and women. The Lord Chancellor might be a costermonger, or a costermonger a Lord Chancellor when they are both upon their backs. Bed brings them to a

level.

The ma'd that chares—and, for her reward, as she acknowledges, "enjoys her bed"—is no freer of limb, or more natural of breathing. than the most fastidious lady in the land. It is impossible to tell which of the two may

Widely different, however, doubtless, are the dreams of folks so different. Though it is not at all the fact, that people dream most at night about things that have occupied them in the daytime, yet it is true, that the general complexion of dreams is in harmony with each person's peculiar character and habits. The courtier, the lawyer, the parson, the soldier-all alike under the sceptre of the same Queen Mab-dream each with a characsteristic difference. Our dreams take their colour from conscience, as well as from experience. They are, besides, as much influenced by natural temperament, as by any other agency. The melancholy and contemplative flamlet had bad dreams; while many a differently tempered man has had to complain of the cock-or, if a Londoner, the sweep who

" Reft away ' His fancied bliss, and brought substantial woe."

Perhaps the most marvellous among bed incidents, is that a sleeping man should quit his place of refuge; that in dark nights, and while his senses are chained up, a person shall get up out of his bed to perform a series of actions, for the performance of which in his waking hours the carefullest use of the senses is quite indispensable. is quite indispensable. For the sleeper to get out of bed is at least irrational, and it is very marvellous, for even when we are awake the act of rising is not easy.

ful. He may need more sleep than others, but he will not always have it. In periods of mental anxiety, too, and in sickness and old age, sleep, which so freely visits the healthy, the happy, and the young, is apt, like a false friend, to keep at a distance. It is hard, sometimes, for the best and wisest to fill an unquiet night with peaceful rumina-tions. The best use of such hours is the devetional. The author of the Morning and Evening. Hymns, sung by every English child, likewise composed one which is less known, for midnight; it was his custom, at the proper hour, to accompany this hymn with his lute. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, in whom we witness the nearest recent approach in the Church of England to a truly primitive bishop, was often heard, in his sick-bed, soothing the hours of wakefulness and pain with midnight orisons. After the death of another prelate of the like stamp, Andrewes, the manuscript of whose Book of Devotion, now equally familiar to the scholar's desk and to the table of the cottager, was found in his bed "so soiled by usage, and stained with tears, that it was scarcely readable,'

Another useful bed-employment when oue waits for sleep, is to recal to distinct remembrance agreeable and innocent passages of one's past life, to renew virtuous friendships, to rejoice again over just successes, to encourage a just sentiment concerning them. Bishop Hall (who has a fine passage somewhere, in relation to this subject) observes that he is a miserable student who allows his waking thoughts at night to run in the same current as his work by day. Nevertheless, I have faith in the benefit of concentrated thought, as a refreshment—an anodyne—to' a brain wearied with the random freaks of its own wakeful fancy. Some studentsamong whom the great thinker, Descartes, may be quoted-have adopted the practice of making their bed their study; tempted to this abuse of a good thing by experience of the aid to profound meditation afforded by the easy, recumbent posture, and the silence

of a solitary chamber.

The last lying in bed, what is that like? One wonders how that person feels, whose whole world has been turned into a bedstead. What are the feelings of the man so cribbed and cabined, when he thinks of the work at that time being done in the sunlight by the healthy and the strong? Then, however, is the time for looking forward.

For, there is another bed to come the e act of rising is not easy.

What are we to do at night, if we don't place. So poetry names it the "narrow bed," Make the grave, too, in a cemetery; and what does cemetery mean! Etymology replies that it means dornitory. It is a bedroom-nothing more.

If Sense were duly installed at the Horse Guards as commander-in-chief for a twelvemonth, vice Tradition invalided, there probably would not draw blood, the boy would soon be bustle in the British army. would be knocked down. The enemy is off Almost everything needs to be changed cacept the courage and spirit of the men. have brave soldiers who go hampered into hattle, and are never beaten-fighting often, it is true, with other bodies of men hampered absurdly like themselves. They wear coats of the brightest colour, that they may be easy marks for the shot of the enemy, they are halfstrangled with stocks which prevent the free passage of venous blood out of the head, and hinder the brain from working clearly, or the eye from keeping its sight keen. The infantry are ill-clothed, and march with their chests oppressed by the ill-arranged belt of a clumsy | slowly pursued by one guardsman, whose horse and heavy knapsack which is a direct cause of disease. The cavalry are perched on multary saddles, and taught to ride in a military style, which is not hall so free and firm as the style dsually adopted by the same men when they go out after the hounds, and ride like English gentlemen—the best riders in all Europe. Their swords, grated down in steel scalbards, are scarcely more capable of cutting, than policemen's truncheous; their car-bines are so slung as to gall the weater's hips if his horse trots, and the rider is so heavily weighted with encumbrances of arms! and armour, that the best horse cannot sustain a pace of seven miles an hour. We could fill some columns with a mere bald list of the I illed or captured them at the rate of about things that require alteration in the British two a day. Call the boy a Sikh, with free

We are certainly not fighting men oursolves, and we cannot read in a cold-blooded way about hacking and hewing. Inevitable as war for some time must continue to be, we are never able to leave out of sight its mivery and horror. No feeling of humanity, however, can induce us to remain contented with the fact that thousands of our English soldiers and many foreign soldiers are sent into a battle trussed for slaughter, and deprived of at least half the use of their limbs, and that their lives are sacrificed to antiquated

notions of correct military "style."

We invite attention to the two remarkably fine men on show daily on each side of the Horse Guards. With the permission of the fiction let us have a battle in Whitehall, let us mount a street boy on an active pony put a platfight his hand and bid him fight them.

He snaps his powder in the face of one by
way of challenge. Out they come, brave
the bows, able in the maclves to crush the rage He maps his powder in the face of one by have been our disaster, not our victory.

way of challenge. Out they come, brave We have been particularly led into referows, able in themselves to crush the ragafections of this kind by a sensible and recovery that has been thoughtful book upon cavalry that has been

half the foetry of simple with. "We handsome armour, and there are all, from both the grave, too, in a cemetery; and what toes cemetery mean! Etymology replies that the means dormitory. It is a bedroom—nothing more.

THE HORSE GUARDS RAMPANT.

THE HORSE GUARDS RAMPANT. and comes back to the charge. One handsome trooper strikes at him; and if he could reach the nimble enemy (though his sword however, and has shot the other trooper in his right arm just as he was lifting up his carbine. Away gallops the pony them, to Charing Cross, the troopers lumbering tig-hind. The unwounded soldier takes to his carbine, but it is so much encumbered with the belt and hook, that he is unable to bring it freely to his shoulder; he cannot take good aim, and misses. The boy has it loaded his one pistol once more behind the Opera Colonnade, and, gilloping round the two soldiers at Charing Cross, inflicts a second wound upon the one whose arm is shot, and retreats; is already at a loss for wind. Soon finding time to load again, he inflicts a wound so serious on the pursuer, that he reels, and by the very weight of his impediments, is overbalanced and unscated Galloping back to Charing Cross, the boy finds that the other man in armour has already toppled off his horse's back. He makes the two handsome. Horse Guards both his prisoners. horse's back

Very absurd, perhaps, but not impossible. Call the street boy a Cossack, with a lanceso blunt that twenty blows from it have been borne without fatal hurt—and such a Cossack mounted on a pony, is the man who was the terror of magnificent French currassiers, and limbs and a sharp sword; and such a Sikh is the man who cuts down English soldiers at a blow. The Swiss, going on foot only with pikes and halberds against heavy French gendarmerie, almost annihilated them at the battle of Novara. Marshal Saxe said "Cavalry which cannot charge at speed over a couple of thousand yards, to pounce upon the foe, is good for nothing." Charge at speed! In the last was the fine French cunassiers were compelled to charge at trot, because their houses could not work under their weight; and awful was the execuartillery on cavalry of that kind in the present day would be terrible. If the French cavalry at Waterloo had been a little lighter; if it could, after Maishal Saxe's plan, have ppunped upon the British squares, leaving the men little time for second loading; Waterloo might

in blished recently by Captain Nolan. We all small and well built, their average height sind draw upon that book for illustrations of not being shove five feet four. There was an some politics to which we have referred. Captain callizange, a Prussian lance, has given countries, that the value of cavalry depends this account of one affair between the nimble upon the height of man and horse but the simile points to which we have referred. Cap-tail distratuge, a Prusian lance, has given this account of one affair between the ninble Cossects and the heavy French dragoons. "Several squadrons were told off to attack the enemy in flank and rear during the conflift. All these orders were steadily obeyed, they pressed in upon the French, and sur rounded their squadrons here I saw, my self, many of the French dragoons cut down or speared after firing off their cirabines, before they could draw their swords. The French steadily defended themselves at first, as well active adversaries, who swu med about them off all sides, however, presently, some of danger them turned, and their example was soon Items

two thousant yields outside the cump. The it not ridiculous that our soldiers should men of the minth. Nikolius hussus spring on be compelled by routine to ride after the their horses," Klapki sits 'and gilloped gawky and unlimity fishion used by foreigners, to the resone. A splendid sight it was to see whose pure misfortune it is that they know this swarm of light hor emen dishing in or no better? the he try can essert, fursting their ranks stander, cutting d will direction. The horse in teaching it to jump up perpenditering them in all directions. The hussins captured the whole of the enemy's guns which, with a number of priseners, they brought triumphrimity into comp. The Hungurum keep their seats while doing so, in riding at unencumber I troops. They were no stocks, but simple handkerchiefs about their necks

As for our prepisterous military stool s, the best advice concerning them was given by in one line with the bods might cle it the he id, while lighter es can only muddle it .

We would have-in place of these tre mendous horselords into which the members of our capality are converted, for pure pur poses of show -- ictive men tolerably light, hitple of limb, good riders, riding naturally

truth is, that a cavalry soldier should be as light and small as can be consistent with the possession of strength, numbleness, and vigotir; that a powerful house lightly and naturally idden by a strong mun, who is not himself weighed down with trappings, carries into battle a most formidable soldier, who puts the impetus and strength of horse and man at once into each blow that he strikes who is in the best position for attack or self-defence, as chiviry standing still can do against such and who has the furest chance when hardly pressed of fighting his way bravely out of

It's hadly to be credited that, in this land followed by the remaining squalions. The of horsem inship our cavalry are, for tradi-reserve, instead of advancing to restore the tron's sake, sent to expose their lives in battle, fight, joined in the flight, in a short time riding very much as Guy Fawkes rides every one was galloping town is Jucisth, and the entire plain was covered with seat the time of Murlborough, when Flance and the time of Murlborough, when Flance and seen in close order, it was a regular hunt, Germany came to be regarded as great miliand most of those who were taken pusmers try lights, and English soldiers took to the mith hid previously fillen from their horses" riding ways of Frenchmen and Germans—who his the late Hunguran war klapka relates a bold attack on the part of the enemy with a choise between their legs. The English are regiment of curressiers and a largide of gains, the best riders in Western Europe; our by which the rear guard was driven in, only women ride better than continental men. Is

hussais, who performed brilliant actions a trot they bump upon their saddles like so throughout the whole wu, are really light and many raminers bumping upon paving-stones Our civalry soldiers bump in the same way, because it is part of their routine duty to sit in the German ,way with the legs nearly, The old knights I'r Pergusson, the army surgion. It the in armour, being havily weighted, were men's neeks are to be tortured for the public compelled to take care how they threw the good, he proposed that they should have centre of gravity too far to one side; if issues established in them, they possibly they had not studied balance uding, they would often have come down, at unexpected moments, in the dust But of what use ar such it iditions in this country? Englishm n lenn to sit then horses as tamiliarly and safely as then chang, and let then horses take them over hedge and disch with perfect erse. The natural way of riding Mover mind what the height of each may be, if his he only active, strong, intelligent, and quick of sight. Even in what we call out light cavalry, there are to be found men liding—taking them with all their transmels—twenty stone. In one of the fibest regressible ways of riding common already and ordained for the use of our anny, done both, and does worse then that The gavalry, well a soldier who depends upon his bilance, cannot give his whole large without reservation and the soldier who depends upon his bilance, cannot give his whole large without reservation and the soldier who depends upon his bilance, cannot give his whole large without reservation and the soldier who depends upon his bilance, cannot give his whole large without reservation and the soldier who depends upon his bilance, cannot give his whole large without reservation and the soldier who depends upon his bilance.

cannot tike his whole body out against enemy when he rides into battle. Part of his attention, and dexterity, and physical strength, have to be diverted to the business of maintaining his artificial seat; sitting naturally, he would be as comfortable as though he had under him an easy chair, and at the same time would carry about, not only the whole of his own energy unimpaired, but also the whole energy of the horse, which would be but the lower part of him; for English riders, when on horseback, are

Ridiculously cumbered, and compelled to ride in the worst way, how are our cavalry soldiers armed? The arming of infantry has been improved, and the artillery service has become very much more formidable than it used to be; but our men of war on horseback carry swords which, but for their weight, might as well have been supplied from a stall at the Pantheon. We see the effect of this in the behaviour of two classes of our Anglo-Indian soldiers; one set of Indians are allowed to fight with their own weapons, and to sit their horses after their own reasonable way; it is a very irregular proceeding, and they are called Irregulars. They are as brave as Britons, and acquit themselves like heroes in the day of battle. The brothers of these 4 men become Indian Regulars, wear regulation stocks, tight regulation clothes, are perched on a regulation saddle, and provided with a regulation sword. The swords they rarely use.
At Rumungger," says Captain Thackwell,
It would have been difficult to point out half-a-dozen men who had made use of their swords. On approaching the enemy, they have immediate recourse to their pistols, the loading and firing of which form their sole occupation." Captain Nolan quotes a few practical remarks on this subject from a letter published in the Delhi Gazette, whereof the writer protests that "There is scarcely a more pitiable spectacle in the world than a native trooper mounted on an English (military) saddle, tightened by his dress to the stiffness of a mummy, half-suffocated with a leather collar, and a regulation sword in his hand, which must always be blunted by the steel scabbard in which it is encased. This poor fellow, who has the utmost difficulty in sticking to his saddle and preserving his stirrups, whose body and arms are rendered , useless by a tight dragoon dress, and whose sword would scarcely cut a turnip in two, is ordered to charge the enemy; and, if he fails do what few men in the world would do in his place, courts of inquiry are held, regiments disbanded, and their cowardice is comhitts represent. This is truly ridiculous; the system, and not the man is to be blanted.

How although an English soldier trained to

and Roction Limits, with the play gives them are of more use than the suppellit unduly cumbered and restrained.

In the Sikh war, arms, heads, hands, and legs of British soldiers were topped off by the energy on all sides, while English swordsmen laboured often in vain even to draw blood. Yet the Sikhs, as it was found, used chiefly our own cast off dragoon blades, fitted into new handles, sharpened until they had a razor edge, and worn in wooden scabbards from which they were never drawn except in action. In such scabbards they were not blunted, and they were noiseless; they made none of that incessant clauking which almost drowns the trumpet or bugle, and quite the word of command, in the ranks of our own cavalry regiments; and which, unless the men wrap hay about the steel, renders any attempt at a surprise by cavalry perfectly absurd. The wooden scabbards, it was found upon inquiry, are even less brittle than steel ones.

A squadron of the third dragoons charged a band of Sikh horsemen under Major Upett. The Sikhs let the squadron enter. A dragoon of the front rank thrust with his sword point at the nearest Sikh. The weapon broke into the skin, but did not penetrate so far as to do any serious mischief. The Sikh in return struck the dragoon across the mouth and took his head off. A Sikh at Chillianwallah galloped up to the horse artillery, cut down the two first men and attacked the third. He, seeing that his comrades had been unable to save their lives by the use of their blunt swords, left his sword in the scabbard and fought off the assailant with his riding-whip -flogging away the Sikh's horse to keep the fatal arm at a safe distance. So he saved himself.

There can be no doubt that heavy ridingwhips would be more formidable weapons in all warfare than the cavalry swords now in use. It would not indeed be a bad reform if battles were decided only by the thong, and if victory remained literally with the army that could beat the other off the field.

The execution done in battle now is mainly done by fire-arms. Cavalry soldiers in France, Germany, and England, might as well carry whips as regulation swords. At well carry whips as regulation swords. the battle of Heilsberg, in eighteen hundred and seven, a division of French cuirassiers fought hand to hand with two regiments of Prussian horse. What sort of hacking and hewing they did upon one another may be judged from the fact that one French officer came out of the fray with fifty two new wounds, safe in life and limb; and that one of the heroes of the fight was a Captain Gebhart, who did not use his sabre but performed prodigies of valour and did great exe-Mow although an English soldier trained to cution with the shaft of a broken large-make the best of this preposterous equipment in other words, with a big stick by the care no enemy. English blood congests power of which he knocked several cuirsessers behind a ligatime as much as Indian blood; off their horses. वक्षरः लेलका

pose. It runs thus

at to Far Wisheads, this day, 11th Nov., 1642. Hear Friend,—Let the saddler see to the horse gent. I learn from one, many are ill served. If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as nought.

"From your Friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

" Auditor Squire."

And so we are reminded that we have said nothing yet about the trooper's horse. Good as English horses are, and better still as they may be, there is a vice in our system which does some little injury to the best class of saddle-horses used for working purposes. The race-horse breed does them no good. For their purpose, race-horses suit perfectly; they are capable of putting out great speed for a short time. They have long legs, straight shoulders, and delicate constitutions. There is no power of endurance in them. They cannot maintain speed or hard labour day after day. Our cavalry horses are a little on the same model, long-legged, straight shouldered, and less capable of sustained They stand work than could be wished, high, and so come up to the old standard of excellence; but their height is one symptom of their weakness. They are no match for the wiry little Persian and Arab horses used by our troops in India. An officer in India rode his charger, an Arab little more than fourteen hands high, four hundred miles in five consecutive days, and the horse did not even throw out a windgall. A man weighing, when in marching order, twenty-two and a half stone, was carried with case on a march of eight hundred miles by a small Persian horse which, in the course of the march, even wam a broad and rapid river under him; the man saying that "a bussar and his horse should not part company," and declining to make use of the ferry-boat. Probably there is no horse in the English army able with anything like equal ease to do either of these two things, and it becomes a question whether the introduction into this country of a little more of the hardy oriental breed of horses, to the exclusion of a certain amount of our more artificial race-horse blood from the cavalry stud of the nation, would not be an excellent appendix to the five hundred other reforms necessary before English cavalry shall become as efficient as it ought to be. At present let It be confessed, that we are no worse than our nearest neighbours; indeed, not so bad, for they are not nearly so well horsed, are worse riders even in their own bad way, and are equally encumbered. But if we make our army horsemen what they casily may become, and what each naturally would be if left to his

Taplain Tistan quotes a most sensible adding a man to our called thosps, we inorease by at least one think their strong as

AMY, THE CHILD.

I FOUND the story of Amy, the Child in an old German pocket-book.

One Sunday afternoon, in summer-time, the village children went into the church to be taught their catechism. Among them was Amy, the shepherd's step-daughter, some seven years old. She was a tender-hearted child; and when the clergyman, after speaking of our duty towards our neighbour, said. "All people who would please God, must do good according to their means, be those means ever so little," she could not refrain from weeping.

For, Amy was very poor, and felt inno-cently persuaded that she had no power whatever to gladden by her love or kindres any earthly creature; not even a lamb, or a

young dove. She had neither, poor child: So, Amy came out of church with sadness in her heart, thinking that God would take. no pleasure in her, because (but that was only her own idea) she had never yet dune good to any one.

Not wishing that her eyes, now red with weeping, should be seen at home, she went into the fields, and laid herself down under a wild rose bush. There, she remarked that the leaves of the shrub, tarnished with dust, were dry and drooping, and that the pretty pink blossoms looked pale and faded; for there had been no rain for a very long time.

She hastened to a brook that flowed by at no great distance, drew water in the hollow of her hand, (for cup she had none) and thus toilfully and by slow degrees, often going and as often returning, she washed the dust away. from the languishing rose bush, and so refreshed its roots by the timely moisture, that soon it reared itself again in strength and beauty, and joyfully and fragrantly unfolded its blossoms to the sun.

After that, little Amy wandered on by the side of the brook in the meadows, whence she had obtained the water. As she gazed, upon it, she almost envied the silver stream, because it had been able to do good to the rose tree.

On what she herself had done, she did not bestow a single thought.

Proceeding a little way further, she observed a great stone lying in the bed of the narrow brook, and so choking up the channel; that the water could only struggle past it; slowly; and, as it were, drop by drop. Owing to this obstacle, all the merry prattle of the stream was at an end. This grieved Amy on the water's account; so, with naked feet she went into the stream, and shook the own devices, we at once make them what our heavy stone. Some time elapsed before the neighbours never can become, and, without could move it from its place; but, at tangeth,

the top of the Then the streamlet flewed merrily s, and the purling waves seemed to be musmoring thanks to the gentle child.

And onward still went Amy, for at home

he knew there was no one who cared to inquire after her. She was disliked by her step-father, and even her own mother leved the younger children much better than she This constituted the great sorrow loved her.

of Amy's life.

Going far about, and ever sad because she had done good to no one, she at last returned to the village. Now, by the very first cottage she came to, there lay, in a little garden, a sick child whose mother was gone to glean the neighbouring fields Before she went, however, she had made a toy-a little windthe put together with thin slips of woodand had placed it by her little son, to amuse im, and to make the time appear shorter to him during her absence.

Every breath of an, however, had died away beneath the trees, so that the tiny sails of the windmill turned round no more And the sick child, missing the playful motion, is sorrowfully upon the green turf, under

the yellow marigolds, and wept.

Then, Amy stepped quickly over the low den-hedge, heedless that it tore her only staday frock, knelt before the little windsail, and blew with all her might upon its alender sails. Thus impelled, they were soon is merry motion, as at first. Then the sick child laugned, and clapped his little hands, and Amy, delighted at his pleasure, was never weary of urging the sails round and round with her breath

At last the child, tired out by the joy which the little windmill had given him, fell fast asleep; and Amy, warned by the even ing shadows which began to gather round her, turned her step towards home Faint

had exten nothing.

When she reached the cottage door, and stopped there for a moment with beating and quarrelsome, resounding from within He had just returned from the alchouse, and was in his well-known angry humour, which the hast cause of irritation might swell into a gorn Unfortunately, as Amy, trembling, entered the room, her torn frock caught his we. His passion was kindled at the sight mused to fury in a moment, he stumbled ward, and, with his powerful fist, struck

hen, Amy bowed her htad like the tallen upon her temple. As she sank, pale and dring, to the ground, her mother, with Even the stern and kneeled being her. aftery man, madenly sobered by his own

So, bushie Anty, and laid her speed for the small inner chamber, and her green branches, and varies flowers, such as mariguida and par poppies; for the child was dead!

But, while the parents bitterly reproach themselves, and wished they had been kin

to poor Amy, behold a wonder!

The door of the chamber gently epon and the waves of the Brook which Amy i set free, came gently rippling by, in the stall ness, and sprinkled the mouth and eye the dead child. The cool drops flowed her veins, and once more set the arre blood in motion.

Then, she again unclosed her eyes, whise so lately had been dim and motionless, as she heard the soft waves, like gentle voices,

murmuring these words in her car: "This we do unto thee, in return for the

good thou didst unto us'

Yet a little while, and the chamber was again

stirred by the presence of some kindly power.
This time it was a gentle Breeze which entered with softly fluttering wings Tea-derly it kissed the forehead of the child, and lovingly it breathed its fiesh breath into her bosom.

Then, Amy's heart began to thrill with quicker life, and she stretched out her hand to the many-coloured flowers, and rejoiced in

then beauty

And the Breeze softly said

"I bring thee buck the breath which thou didst expend upon the sick child's pleasure!

Then, Amy smiled, as it she were full of bliss. When the Biceze had ceased to murmur its soft words, an Angel came gliding in, through the low door of the little chamber, and in his hand he held a guland of fresh fragi int 10818. These he laid against the check of the pale child, and, lot they restored to it the hues of life, and they bloomed and exhausted was she, for since noon she again. And the flowers seemed to whisper:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the

good thou didst unto us ! "

And the Angel kissed Amy on the foreheart, she heard her step-father's voice, loud head, eyes, and mouth, and then came life back to her in its strength

And the Augel said to her

"Forasmuch as thou hast done good nocording to thy means, and thou knewest it not, therefore shall a tenfold blessing rest upon thee !"

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Nobody's Story

THE SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

sung rather young at present-I am ting on in years, but still I am rather ang-I have no particular adventures of my own to fall back upon. It wouldn't much the test anybody here, I suppose, to know what a screw the Reverend is, or what a within she is, or how they do stick it into parents particularly hair-cutting, and medicharged in his half's account twelve and sixpence for two pills-tolerably profitable at and threepence a-piece, I should thinkand he never took them either, but put them

and he never rook thou, the shameful. It's not has to the beef, it's shameful. It's not Popular beef isn't veins. You can heef. Regular beef isn't veins. You can hew regular beef. Besides which, there's ravy to regular beef, and you never see a cop to ours. Another of our fellows went home, ill, and heard the family doctor tell his pither that he couldn't account for his com-pitant unless it was the beer. Of course it

However, heef and Old Cheeseman are two ifferent things. So is beer. It was Old Cheeseman I meant to tell about; not the manner in which our fellows get their constitutions destroyed for the sake of profit.

Why look at the pic-crust alone. There's takiness in it. It's solid—like damp lead. Then our fellows get nightmares, and are to see the control of the contr ellows. Who can wonder!

Old Cheseman one night walked in his less put his hat on over his night cap, got pld of a fishing rod and a cricket bat, and ent down into the parlour, where they naturally thought from his appearance he was a Ghost. Why, he never would have done that, if his meals had been wholesome.

brought there, very small, in a post-chaise a woman who was always taking shaking him—and that was the membered about it. He never west in for the holidays. His accounts the learnt any extras) were sent to bank the Bank paid them; and he had a besuit twice a year, and went into be They were always too big at twelve. him, too.

In the Midsummer holidays, some fellows who lived within walking dis used to come back and climb the trees side the playground wall, on purpose to let at Old Chee eman reading there by himself. He was always as mild as the tea-and that's pretty mild, I should hope !- so when they whistled to him, he looked up and nodded and when they said "Halloa Old Cheeseman, what have you had for dinner?" he said " Belied mutton;" and when they said "An't in all tary, Old Cheeseman?" he said." It is a little dull, sometimes;" and then they said." good bye, Old Cheeseman!" and climbed design again. Of course it was imposing on Cheeseman to give him nothing but be mutton through a whole Vacation, by was just like the system. When they di give him boiled mutton they gave him pudding, pretending it was a treat

So Old Cheeseman went on ... brought him into other troubleshed loneliness; because when the to come back, not wanting to he glad to see them: which was a when they were not at all that to use it and so he got his head knowled against wa and that was the way his hose hill. But was a favourite in general. Once a subs tas a Ghost. Why, he never would have tion was raised for him; and to keep us tion was resembled; before the held with two white mies; a rabbit, a pigeon with they'll be corry for it.

The begin to walk in our sleeps, I with two white mies; a rabbit, a pigeon a beautiful purpose. Old Cheesenan is beautiful purpose. Old Cheesenan is a realist them that they all the same that the same that

of course Old Cheeseman used to be called by the names of all sorts of cheeses—Double Glosterman, Family Cheshireman, Dutch-man, North Wiltshireman, and all that. But he never minded it. And I don't mean to say he was old in point of years-because he wasn't-only he was called, from the first, Old Cheeseman.

At last, Old Cheeseman was made second Latin Master. He was brought in one morning at the beginning of a new half, and presented to the school in that capacity as " Mr. Cheeseman." Then our fellows all agreed that Old Cheeseman was a spy, and a deserter, who had gone over to the enemy's camp, and sold himself for gold. It was no excuse for him that he had sold himself for very little gold -two pound ten a quarter, and his washing, as was reported. It was decided by a Parnament which sat about it, that Old Chreseman's morcenary motives could alone be taken into account, and that he had "coined our blood for drachmas." The Parliament took the expression out of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius.

When it was settled in this strong way that Old Cheeseman was a tremendous traitor, who had wormed himself into our fellows secrets on purpose to get himself into favour by giving up everything he knew, all courageous fellows were invited to come forward and enrol themselves in a Society for making mon: the Society went against him, the more a set against him. The President of the Jane stood by him. She used to give him a Society was First boy, named Bob Tanter. His father was in the West Indies, and he owned, hiriself, that his father was worth Millions. He had great power among our fellows, and he wrote a parody, beginning,

"Who made believe to be so meck That we could hardly hear him speak, Yel turned out an Informing Sneak? Old Cheeseman."

-and on in that way through more than a dozen verses, which he used to go and sing, everymorning, close by the new master's desk. He trained one of the low boys too, a rosy cheeked little Brass who didn't care what he did, to go up to him with his Latin Grammar one morning, and say it so .- Nominations pronominum-Old Cheeseman, raro caprimitur-was never suspected, nist distinctionisof being an informer, aut emphasis gratiduntil he proved one. Ut-for instance, Vos dumnastis-when he sold the boys Quasi-as though, dicat-he should say, Pretarea nemo -l'm a Judas! All this produced a great effect on Old Cheeseman. He had never had: much hair; but what he had, largan to get thisner and thinner every day. He grew own study and got a fellow off from severe faler and more worn; and sometimes of an punishment, of her own kind comfortable evening he was seen sitting at his desk with heart. So the deputation didn't much like a precious long snuft to his candle and his the job. However they went up, and the hands before his face, crying. But no member President told Jane all about it. Upon of the Society could pity him, even if he felt which Jane turned very red, burst into tears, inclined, because the President said it was informed the President and the deputation, Old Cheeseman's conscience.

So Old Cheeseman went on, and diday he lead a miserable life! Of course the Reverend turned up his nose at him, and of course she did-because both of them always do that, at all the masters—but he suffered from the fellows most, and he suffered from them constantly. He never told about it, that the Society could find out; but he got no credit for that, because the President said it was Old Checseman's cowardice.

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He had only one friend in the world, and that one was almost as powerless as he was, for it was only Jane. Jane was a sort of a wardrobe-woman to our fellows, and took care of the hoxes She had come at first, I believe, as a kind of apprentice-some of our fellows say from a Charity, but I don't know—and after her time was out, had stopped at so much a year. So little a year, perhaps I ought to say, for it is far more likely. However, she had put some pounds in the Savings' Bank, and she was a very nice young woman. She was not quite pretty; but she had a very frank, honest, bright fuce, and all our fellows were fond of her. She was uncommonly neat and cheerful, and uncommonly comfortable and kind. And if anything was the matter with a fellow's mother, he always went and showed the letter to Jane.

Jane was Old Checseman's friend. The good-humoured look out of her still-room window, sometimes, that seemed to set him up for the day. She used to pass out of the orchard and the kitchen-garden (always kept locked, I believe you!) through the playground, when she might have gone the other way, only to give a turn of her head, as much as to say "Keep up your spirits!" to Old Cheeseman. This slip of a room was so fresh and orderly, that it was well known who looked after it while he was at his desk; and when our fellows saw a smoking hot dumpling on his plate at dinner, they knew with indignation who had sent it up.

Under these circumstances, the Society resolved, after a quantity of meeting and de-bating, that Jane should be requested to cut Old Cheeseman dead; and that if sho refused, she must be sent to Coventry berself. So a deputation, headed by the President, was appointed to wait on Jane, and inform her of the vote the Society had been under the painful necessity of passing. She was very much respected for all her good qualities, and there was a story about her having once waylaid the Reverend in his in a way not at all like her usual way, that

were a parcel of malicious young body out of the room. Consequently it was entered in the Society's book (kept in astronomical cypher for fear of detection), that all communication with Jane was interdicted: and the President addressed the members on this convincing instance of Old Cheeseman's undermining.

But Jane was as true to Old Cheeseman as Old Cheeseman was false to our fellowsin their opinion at all events-and steadily continued to be his only friend. It was a great exasperation to the Society, because Jane was as much a loss to them as she was a gain to him; and being more inveterate against him than ever, they treated him worse than ever. At last, one morning, his desk stood empty, his room was peeped into and found to be vacant, and a whisper went about among the pale faces of our fellows that Old Cheeseman, unable to bear it any longer, had got up early and drowned himself.

The mysterious looks of the other masters after breakfast, and the evident fact that Old Cheeseman was not expected, confirmed the Society in this opinion. Some began to discuss whether the President was liable to hanging or only transportation for life, and the President's face showed a great anxiety to know which. However, he said that a jury of his country should find him game; and that in his address he should put it to them to lay their hands upon their hearts, and say whether they as Britons approved of Informers, and how they thought they would like it themselves. Some of the Society considered that he had better run away until he found a Forest, where he might change clothes with a woodcutter and stain his face with blackberries; but the unjority believed that if he stood his ground, his fatherbelonging as he did to the West Indies, and being worth Millions-could buy him off.

All our fellows' hearts beat fast when the Reverend came in, and made a sort of a Roman, or a Field Marshal, of himself with the ruler; as he always did before delivering an address. But their fears were nothing to their astonishment when he came out with the story that Old Cheeseman, "so long our respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge," he called him —O yes! I dare say! Much of that!—was the orphan child of a disinherited young lady who had married against her father's wish, and whose young husband had died, and who had died of sorrow herself, and whose unfortunate baby (Old Cheese-man) had been brought up at the cost of a grandfather who would never consent to see it, baby, boy, or man: which grandfather was now dead, and serve him right—that's my putting in-and which grandfather's large property, there being no will, was now, and all of a sudden and for ever, Old There had been much discussing and dis-

and the supplement of the same

Cheeseman's! Our so long required friend and fellow-pilgrim in the plasmant plains of knowledge, the Reverend wound up a lot of bothering quotations by saying, would "come among us once more" that day fortnight, when he desired to take leave of us himself in a more particular manner. With these words, he stared severely round at our fellows, and went solemnly out.

There was precious consternation among the members of the Society, now. Lots of them wanted to resign, and lots more began to try to make out that they had never belonged to it. However, the President stuck up and said that they must stand or fall together, and that if a breach was made it should be over his body-which was. meant to encourage the Society: but it didn't The President further said, he would consider the position in which they stood, and would give them his best opinion and advice in a few days. This was eagerly looked for, as he knew a good deal of the world on account of his father's being in the West Indies.

After days and days of hard thinking, and drawing armies all over his slate, the President called our fellows together, and made the matter clear. He said it was plain that when Old Cheeseman came on the appointed day, his first revenge would be to impeach the Society, and have it flogged all round. After witnessing with joy the torture of his. enemies, and gloating over the cries which agony would extort from them, the probability was that he would invite the Revenend, on pretence of conversation, into a private room-say the parlour into which Parents were shown, where the two great globes were which were never used-and would there reproach him with the various frauds and oppressions he had endured at his hands. At the close of his observations he would make a signal to a Prizefighter concealed in the passage, who would then appear and pitch into the Reverend till he was left insensible. Old Cheeseman would then make Jane a present of from five to ten pounds, and would leave the establishment in fiendish triumph.

The President explained that against the parlour part, or • the Jane part, of these arrangements he had nothing to say; but, on the part of the Society, he counselled deadly resistance. With this view he recommended that all available desks should be filled with stones, and that the first word of the complaint should be the signal to every fellow to let fly at Old Cheeseman. The bold advice put the Society in better spirits, and was unanimously taken. A post about Old Cheeseman's size was put up in the playground, and all our fellows practised at it till it was dinted all over.

When the day came, and Places were called, every fellow sat down in a tremble

with it was the general opinion that he would appear in a sort of a triumphal car.drawn by four horses, with two livery servants in front, and the Prizefighter in disguise up behind So, all our fellows sat listening for the sound of wheels. But no wheels were heard, for Old Cheeseman walked after all, and came into

the school without any preparation. Pretty much as he used to be, only dressed in black. "Gentlemen," said the Reverend, presenting him, "our so long respected friend and fellow pilgrim in the pleasant plains of know-

ledge, is desirous to offer a word or two.

Attention, gentlemen, one and all!",

Every fellow stole his hand into his desk and looked at the President. The President was all ready, and taking aim at Old Cheeseman with his eyes.

What did Old Cheeseman then, but walk up to his old desk, look round him with a queer smile as if there was a tear in his eye, and begin in a quavering mild voice, "My "dear companions and old friends!"

Every fellow's hand came out of his desk,

and the President suddenly began to cry.
"My dear companions and old friends," said Old Cheeseman, "you have heard of my good fortune. I have passed so many years under this roof-my entire life so far, I may say-that I hope you have been glad to hear of it for my sake. I could never enjoy it without exchanging congratulations with you. If we have ever misunderstood one another at all, pray my dear boys let us forgive and forget. I have a great tenderness for you, and I am sure you return it. I want in the fulness of a grateful heart to shake hands with you every one. I have come back to do it, if you please, my dear boys."

Since the President had begun to cry, several other fellows had broken out here and there: but now, when Old Cheeseman began with him as first boy, laid his left hand affectionately on his shoulder and gave him his right; and when the President said "Indeed I don't deserve it, Sir; upon my honour I don't;" there was sobbing and crying all over the school. Every other crying all over the school. Every other fellow said he didn't deserve it, much in the same way; but Old Cheeseman, not minding that a bit, went cheerfully round to every boy, and wound up with every master-

finishing off the Reverend last. Then a snivelling little chap in a corner, who was always under some punishment or other, set up a shrill cry of "Success to Old Choeseman! Hoorray!" The Reverend glared upon him, and said "Mr. Cheeseman, Sir." But, Old Cheeseman protesting that he liked Fis old name a great deal better than his new one, all our fellows took up the cry; and, for I den't know how many minutes, there turned out that Bob Tarter's father wasn't was such a thundering of feet and hands, and worth Millions! He wasn't worth anything such a rearing of Old Cheeseman, as never Bob had gone for a solder, and Old Cheese. was heard.

dining-room of the most magnificen Fowls, tongues, preserves, fruits, confect aries, jellies, neguses, harley sugar temples, trifies, crackers—eat all you can and postet what you like—all as Old Cheeseman's expenge. After that, speeches, whole holiday, double and treble sets of all manners of things for all manners of games, dankeys, pony-chaises and drive yourself, dinner for all the masters at the Seven Bells (twenty pound a-head our fellows estimated it at), an annual holiday and feast fixed for that day every year, and another on Old Cheeseman's birthday-Reverend bound down before the fellows to allow it, so that he could never back out-all at Old Cheeseman's expense.

And didn't our fellows go down in a body and cheer outside the Seven Bells? O no! But there's something else besides. Don't look at the next story-teller, for there's more yet. Next day, it was resolved that the Society should make it up with Jane, and then be dissolved. What do you think of Jane being gone, though! "What? Gone for ever?" said our fellows, with long faces. "Yes, to be sure," was all the answer they could get. None of the people about the house would say anything more. At length, the first boy took upon himself to ask the Reverend whether our old friend Jane was really gone? The Reverend (he has got a daughter at home-turn up nose, and red) replied severely, "Yes Sir, Miss Pitt is gone." The idea of calling Jane, Miss Pitt! Some said she had been sent away in disgrace for taking money from Old Cheeseman; others said she had gone into Old Cheeseman's service at a rise of ten pounds a year. All that our fellows knew, was, she was gone.

It was two or three months afterwards, when, one afternoon, an open carriage stopped at the cricket-field, just outside bounds, with a lady and gentleman in it, who looked at the game a long time and stood up to see it played. . Nebody thought much about them. until the same little snivelling chap came in, against all rules, from the post where he was Scout, and said, "It's Jane!" Both Elevens forgot the game directly, and ran crowding round the carriage. It was Jane! In such a bonnet! And if you'll believe me, Jane was married to Old Cheeseman.

It soon became quite a regular thing when our fellows were hard at it in the playground, to see a carriage at the low part of the wall where it joins the high part, and a lady and gentleman standing up in it, looking over. The gentleman was always Old Cheeseman, and the lady was always Jane.

The first time I ever saw them, I saw them. in that way. There had been a good many changes among our fellows then, and it had turned out that Bob Tarter's father wasn't worth Millions! He wasn't worth anything. man had purchased his discharge. But that's After that, there was a spread in the not the carriage. The carriage stopped, and

* So you have never sent me to Coventry after all !" said the lady, laughing, as our fellows swarmed up the wall to shake hands with her. "Are you never going to do it?"
"Never! never! never!" on all sides.

I didn't understand what she meant then, but of course I do now. I was very much pleased with her face though, and with her good way, and I couldn't help looking at her—and at him too—with all our fellows clustering so joyfully about them.

They soon took notice of me as a new boy, so I thought I might as well swarm up the wall myself, and shake hands with them as the rest did. I was quite as glad to see them as the rest were, and was quite as familiar with them in a moment.

"Only a fortnight now," said Old Cheeseman, "to the holidays. Who stops? Anybody?"

A good many fingers pointed at me, and a good many voices cried, "He does!" For it was the year when you were all away; and rather low I was about it, I can tell you.

"Oh!" said Old Cheeseman. "But it's solitary here in the holiday time. He had better come to us.

So I went to their delightful house, and was as happy as I could possibly be. They understand how to conduct themselves towards boys, they do. When they take a boy to the play, for instance, they do take line. They don't go in after it's begun, or come out before it's over. They know how to bring a boy up, too. Look at their own! Though he is very little as yet, what a capital boy he is! Why, my next favourite to Mrs. Cheeseman and Old Cheeseman, is young Checseman.

So, now I have told you all I know about Old Cheeseman. And it's not much after all, I am afraid. Is it?

THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

I HAVE never told you my secret, my ear nices. However, this Christmas, dear nicces. which may well be the last to an old woman, I will give the whole story; for though it is a strange story, and a sad one, it is true; and what sin there was in it I trust I may have expiated by my tears and my repentance. Perhaps the last expiation of all is this painful confession.

We were very young at the time, Lucy and I, and the neighbours said we were So we were, I believe, though enpretty. tirely different; for Lucy was quiet, and fair, and I was full of life and spirits; wild beyond any power of control, and reckless. fit to be in leading-strings myself than to serted room—my heart beating with excite-guide or govern my sister. But she was so ment, my foolish head dizzy with hope and good, so quiet, and so wise, that she needed faith. The church-clock chimed a quarter fit to be in leading-strings myself than to no one's guidance; for if advice was to be past twelve as I opened the door. given, it was she who gave it, not I; and! It was an awful night.

flows stopped as soon as it was I never knew her judgment or perception fail. She was the derling of the house. My mother had died soon after Liney was borne A picture in the dining room of her, in spite of all the difference of dress, was exactly like Lucy; and, as Lucy was new seventeen and my mother had been only eighteen when it was taken, there was no discrepancy of years.

> One Allhallow's eve a party of us—all young girls, not one of us twenty years of age—were trying our fortunes round the drawing-room fire; throwing nuts into the brightest blaze, to hear if mythic "He"'s loved any of us, and in what proportion; or pouring hot lead into water, to find cradles and rings, or purses and coffins; or breaking the whites of eggs into tumblers half full of water, and then drawing up the white into pictures of the future—the prettiest experiment of all. I remember Lucy could only make a recumbent figure of hers, like a marble monument in mi-niature; and 1, a maze of masks and skulls and things that looked like dancing apes or imps, and vapoury lines that did not require much imagination to fashion into ghosts or spirits; for they were clearly human in the outline, but thin and vapoury. And we all laughed a great deal, and teazed one another, and were as full of fun and mischief, and innocence and thoughtlessness, as a nest

of young birds.
There was a certain room at the other end of our rambling old manor-house, which was said to be haunted, and which my father had therefore discontinued as a dwelling-room, so that we children might not be frightened by foolish servants; and he had made it into a lumber-place-a kind of ground-floor granary-where no one had any business. Well, it was proposed that one of us should go into this room alone, lock the door, stand before a glass, pare and eat an apple-very deliberately looking fixedly in the glass all the time; and then, if the mind never once wandered, the future husband would be clearly shown in the glass. As I was always the foolhardy girl of every party, and was, moreover, very desirous of seeing that apocryphal individual, my future husband (whose non-appearance I used to wonder at and bewail in secret), I was glad enough to make the trial, notwithstanding the entreaties of some of the more timid. Lucy, above all, clung to me, and besought me earnestly not to go-at last, almost with tears. But my pride of courage, and my curiosity, and a certain nameless feeling of attraction, were too strong for me. laughed Lucy and her abettors into silence; uttered half a dozen bravados; and, taking up a bed-room candle, passed through the I was the elder by two years; but more long silent passages, to the cold, dark, de-

The windows

algol, as if every instant they would burst in nose and the dilating nostries; the during with some strong man's hand on the bars, his shoulder against the frames and the trees howled and shricked, as if each branch were sentient and in pain. The ivy beat against the window, sometimes with fury, and sometimes with the leaves slowly scraping against the glass, and drawing out long shrill sounds, like spirits crying to each other. In the room itself it was worse. Rats had made it their refuge for many years, and they rushed behind the wainscot and down inside the walls, bringing with them showers of lime and dust, which rattled like chains, or sounded like men's feet hurrying to and fro; and every now and then a cry broke through the room, one could not tell from where or from what, but a cry, distinct and human; heavy blows seemed to be struck on the floor, which cracked like parting ice beneath my feet, and loud knockings shook the walls. Yet in this I reasoned on tumult, I was not afraid. each new sound very calmly—and said, "Those are rats," or "those are leaves," and "birds in the chimney," or "owls in the ivy," as each new howl or scream struck my ear. And I was not in the least frightened or disturbed; it all seemed natural and familiar. I placed the candle on a table in the midst of the room, where an old broken mirror stood; and, looking steadily into the glass (having first wiped off the dust), I began to eat Eve's forbidden fruit, wishing intently, as I had been bidden, for the apparition of my future husband.

In about ten minutes I heard a dull, vague, unearthly sound; felt, not heard. It was as if countless wings rushed by, and small low voices whispering too; as if a crowd, a multitude of life was about me; as if shadowy faces crushed up against me, and eyes and hands, and sneering lips, all mocked me. was sufficated. The air was so heavy-so filled with life, that I could not breathe. I was pressed on from all sides, and could not turn nor move without parting thickening vapours. I heard my own name—I can swear to that today! I heard it repeated through the room; and then bursts of laughter followed, and the wings rustled and fluttered, and the whispering voices mocked and chattered, and the heavy air, so filled with life, hung heavier and thicker, and the Things pressed up to me closer, and checked the breath on my lips with the clammy breath from theirs.

I was not alarmed. I was not excited; but I was fascinated and spell-bound; yet with every sense seeming to possess ten times its natural power. I still went on looking in the glass still earnestly desiring an apparition when suddenly I saw a man's face to ring; over my shoulder in the glass. The low forehead, with the short curling leaned forward to kiss me. As she bent her hair, blankes jet, growing down in a sharp head, I felt the same warm blast rush over point; the dark eyes, beneath thick eye- my lips, and my sister, cried, "Why, Lizzie, brows, burning with a peculiar light; the your lips burn like fire !"

curled into a smilecurled into a smile—I see them all plain before me now. And O the smile that was !- the mockery and sneer, the derision the sarcasm, the contempt, the victor that were in it!—even then it struck into me a sense of submission. The eyes looked full into mine: those eyes and mine fastened on each other; and, as I ended my task, the church clock chimed the half-hour; and, suddenly released, as if from a spell, I turned round, expecting to see a living man standing beside me. But I met only the chill air coming in from the loose window, and the solitude of the dark night. The Life had gone; the wings had rushed away; the voices had died out, and I was alone; with the rate behind the wainscot, the owls hooting in the ivy, and the wind howling through the trees.

Convinced that either some trick had been played me, or that some one was concealed in the room, I searched every corner of it. I lifted lids of boxes filled with the dust of ages and with rotting paper lying like bleaching skin. I took down the chimneyboard, and soot and ashes flew up in clouds. I opened dim old closets, where all manner of foul insects had made their homes, and where daylight had not entered for generations, but I found nothing. Satisfied that nothing human was in the room, and that no one could have been there to-night-nor for many months, if not years-and still nerved to a state of desperate courage, I went back to the drawing-room. But, as I left that room I felt that something flowed out with me; and, all through the long passages, I retained the sensation that this something was behind me. My steps were heavy; the consciousness of pursuit Laving paralysed, not quickened me; for I knew that when I left that haunted room I had not left it alone. As I opened the drawing-room door the blazing fire and the strong lamp-light bursting out upon me with a peculiar expression of cheerfulness and welcome—I heard a laugh close at my elbow, and felt a hot blast across my neck. I started back, but the laugh died away, and all I saw were two points of light, fiery and flaming, that somehow fashioned themselves into eyes beneath their heavy brows, and looked at me meaniugly through the darkness.

They all wanted to know what I had seen; but I refused to say a word; not liking to tell a falsehood then, and not liking to expose myself to ridicule. For I felt that what I had seen was true, and that no sophistry and no argument, no reasoning and no ridicule, could shake my belief in it. My sweet Lucy came up to me-seeing me look so pale and wild-threw her arms round my neck, and

Presence was with me still, never leaving me day nor night; by my pillow, its whispering voice often waking me from wild dreams; by my side, in the broad sunlight; by my s de, in the still moonlight; never absent, busy at my brain, busy at my heart—a form ever banded to me. It flitted like a cold cloud between my sweet sister's eyes and mine, and dimmed them so that I could scarcely see their beauty. It drowned my father's voice; and his words fell confused and indistinct.

Not long after, a stranger came into our neighbourhood. He bought Green Howe, a deserted old property by the river-side, where no one had lived for many many years; not since the young bride, Mrs. Braithwaite, had been found in the river one morning, entangled among the dank weeds and dripping alders, strangled and drowned, and her husband dead-none knew how -lying by the chapel door. The place had had a bad name ever since, and no one would hve there. However, it was said that a stranger, who had been long in the East, a Mr. Felix, had now bought it, and that he was coming to reside there. And, true enough, one day the whole of our little town of Thornhill was in a state of excitement; for probed the weakness I was scarcely conscious a travelling-carriage and four, followed by another full of servants-Hindoos, or Lascars, or Negroes; dark-coloured, strangelooking people - passed through, and Mr. Felix took possession of Green Howe.

My father called on him after a time; and I, as the mistress of the house, went with him. Green Howe had been changed, as if by magic, and we both said so together, as we entered the iron gates that led up the broad walk. The ruined garden was one mass of plants, fresh and green, many of them quite new to me; and the shrubbery, which had been a wilderness, was restored to order. The house looked larger than before, now that it was so beautifully decorated; and the broken trellis-work, which used to hang dangling among the ivy, was matted with creeping roses, and jasmine, which left on me the impression of having been in flower, which could scarcely believe that this was the de-Berted, ill-omened Green Howe. The foreign servants, too, in Eastern dresses, covered with rings, and necklaces, and earrings; the foreign smells of sandal-wood, and cam hor, and musk; country girl, had never seen before, made such a powerful impression on me, that I felt as if carried away to some unknown region. As we entered, Mr. Felix came to meet us; and drawing aside a heavy curtain that seemed all of gold and fire-for the flame-coloured with him I felt borne away in a torrent. flowers danced and quivered on the gold—he words fell upon me mysterious and thrilling, led us into an inner room, where the darkened and he gave me fleeting glimpses into worlds

and so they dul, and for long after. The light the atmosphere heavy with perfumes the statues; the birds like living jewels; the magnificence of stuffs, and the luminious ness of arrangement, overpowered in the felt as if I had sunk into a lethargy in which I heard only the rich voice, and saw only the fine form of our stranger host.

He was certainly very handsome; talli dark, yet pale as marble: his very lips were pale; with eyes that were extremely bright; but which had an expression behind them that subdued me. His manners were graceful. He was very cordial to us, and made us stay a long time; taking us through his: grounds to see his improvements, and pointing out here and there further alterations to-be made; all with such a disregard for local. difficulties, and for cost, that, had he been one of the princes of the genii he could not have talked more royally. He was more than merely attentive to me; speaking to me often and in a lower voice, bending down near to me, and looking at me with eyes that thrilled through every nerve and fibre. I saw that my father was uneasy; and, when we left, I asked him how he liked our new neighbour. He said, "Not much, Lizzie," with a grave and almost displeased look, as if he had of myself. I thought at the time that he was: harsh.

However, as there was nothing positively to object to in Mr. Felix, my father's impulse of distrust could not well be indulged without rudeness; and my dear father was too thoroughly a gentleman ever to be rude even to his enemy. We therefore saw a great deal of the stranger; who established himself in our house on the most familiar footing, and forced on my father and Lucy an intimacy they both disliked but could not avoid. For it was forced with such consummate skill and tact, that there was nothing which the most rigid could object to.

I gradually became an altered being under his influence. In one thing only a happier in the loss of the Voice and the Form which had haunted me. Since I had known Felix this terror had gone. The reality had was impossible. It was a fairy palace; and we absorbed the shadow. But in nothing else was this strange man's influence over me, beneficial. I remember that I used to hate myself for my excessive irritability of temper when I was away from him. Everything at home displeased me. Everything seemed so the curtains that hung everywhere in place of small and mean and old and poor after doors, some of velvet, and some of cloth of the lordly glory of that house; and the very gold; the air of luxury, such as I, a simple caresses of my family and olden schools. day friends were irksome and hateful to All except my Lucy lost its charm; me. and to her I was faithful as ever; to her I never changed. But her influence seemed to war with his, wonderfully. When

which had never opened themselves to me before; glimpses seen and gone like the Arabian gardens.

When I came back to my sweet sister, her pure eyes and the holy light that lay in them, her gentle voice speaking of the sacred things of heaven and the earnest things of life, seemed to me like a former existence: a state I had lived in years ago. But this divided influence nearly killed me; it seemed to part my very soul and wrench my being in twain; and this, more than all the rest. made me sad beyond anything people believed possible in one so gay and reckless as I had been.

My father's dislike to Felix increased daily; and Lucy, who had never been known to use a harsh word in her life, from the first refused to believe a thought of good in him, or to allow him one single claim to praise. She used to cling to me in a wild, beseeching way, and entreat me with prayers, such as a mother might have poured out before an erring child, to stop in time, and to return to those who loved "For your soul is lost from among us, Lizzie," she used to say; "and nothing but a frame remains of the full life of love you once gave us!" But one word, one look, from Felix was enough to make me forget every ear nad every prayer of her who, until now, Lucy's eyes fixed plaintively on mine, and had been my idol and my law.

At last my dear father commanded me not forgiven. to see Felix again. I felt as if I should have died. In vain I wept and prayed. In vain I summer sun came on, her spirit faded more gave full license to my thoughts, and suffered rapidly away. I have known since, that it was words to pour from my lips which ought never grief more than malady which was killing

I was in the drawing-room. Suddenly, noiselessly, Felix was beside me. He had suffering that I, who ought to have rather not entered by the door which was directly in front of me; and the window was closed. I never could understand this sudden appearance; for I am certain that he had not been concealed.

"Your father has spoken of me, Lizzie?" he said with a singular smile. I was silent. "And has forbidden you to see me again ?'

he continued.

"Yes," I answered, impelled to speak by something stronger than my will.

"And you intend to obey him?"
"No," I said again, in the same manner,

as if I had been talking in a dream.

He smiled again. Who was he so like He smiled again. Who was he so like when he smiled? I could not remember, and yet I knew that he was like some one I had seen—a face that hovered outside my nemory, on the horizon, and never floated **r-enough to** be distinctly realised.

"You are right, Lizzie," he then said; there are ties which are stronger that a father's commands—ties which no man has the right, and no man has the power to break. Meet me to-morrow at noon in the Low ane; we will speak further."

uor in any loving manner: it was simply a command, unaccompanied by one tender word or look. He had never said he loved me-never; it seemed to be too well understood between us to need assurances.

I answered, "Yes," burying my face in my hands, in shame at this my first act of diaobedience to my father; and, when I raised my head, he was goze. Gone as he had entered, without a footfall sounding ever so

lightly.

I met him the next day; and it was not the only time that I did so. Day after day I stole at his command from the house, to walk with him in the Low Lane-the lane which the country people said was haunted, and which was consequently always deserted. And there we used to walk or sit under the blighted elm tree for hours ;-he talking, but I not understanding all he said: for there was a tone of grandeur and of mystery in his words that overpowered without enlightening me, and that left my spirit dazzled rather than convinced. I had to give reasons at home for my long absences, and he bade me say that I had been with old Dame Todd, the blind widow of Thornhill Rise, and that I had been reading the Bible to her. And I obeyed; although, while I said it, I felt heard her murmur a prayer that I might be

Lucy grew ill. As the flowers and the to have crept into my heart. In vain; my her. The look of nameless suffering, which father was inexorable. through life with undying sorrow. It was died for her, had caused. But not even her illness stayed me. In the intervals I nursed her tenderly and lovingly as before; but for hours and hours I left her-all through the long days of summer-to walk in the Low Lane, and to sit in my world of poetry and fire. When I came back my sister was often weeping, and I knew that it was for me-I, who once would have given my life to save her from one hour of sorrow. Then I would fling myself on my knees beside her, in an agony of shame and repentance, and promise better things of the morrow, and vow strong efforts against the power and the spell that were on me. But the morrow subjected me to the same unhallowed fascination, the same faithlessness.

At last Felix told me that I must come with him; that I must leave my home, and take part in his life; that I belonged to him and to him only, and that I could not break the tablet of a fate ordained; that I was his destiny, and he mine, and that I must fulfil the law which the stars had written in the sky. I fought against this. I spoke of my father's anger, and of my sister's illness. I and not say this in any supplicating, prayed to him for pity, not to force this es

me, and knelt in the shadows of the autumn susset to ask from him forbearance.

I did not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many days. At last he conquered. When I said "Yes" he kissed the scarf I wore round my neck. Until then he had never touched even my hand with his lips. I consented to leave my sister, who I well knew was dying; I consented to leave my father, whose whole life had been one act of love and care for his children; and to bring a stain on our name, unstained until then. I consented to leave those who loved me-

all I loved-for a stranger.

.All was prepared; the hurrying clouds, lead-coloured, and the howling wind, the fit companions in nature with the evil and the despair of my soul. Lucy was worse to-day; but though I felt going to my death, in leaving her, I could not resist. Had his voice called me to the scaffold, I must have gone. It was the last day of October, and at midnight when I was to leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping sister, who was dreaming in her sleep, and cried, and grasped my hand, and called aloud, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Come back!" But the spell was on me, and I deft her; and still her dreaming voice called out, choking with sobs, "Not there! not there, Lizzie! Come back to me!"

I was to leave the house by the large, old, haunted room that I have spoken of before; Felix waiting for me outside. And, a little after twelve o'clock, I opened the door to pass through. This time the chill, and the damp, and the darkness unnerved me. The broken mirror was in the middle of the room, as before, and, in passing it, I mechanically raised my eyes. Then I remembered that it was Allhallow's eve, the anniversary of the apparition of last year. As I looked, the room, which had been so deadly still, became filled with the sound I had heard before. The rushing of large wings, and the crowd of whispering voices flowed like a river round me; and again, glaring into my eyes, was the same face in the glass that I had seen before, the sneering smile even more triumphant, the blighting stare of the fiery eyes, the low brow and the coal-black hair, and the look of mockery. All were there; and all I had seen before and since; for it was Felix who was gazing at me from the glass. When I turned to speak to him, the room was empty. Not a living creature Not a living creature was there; only a low laugh, and the far-off voices whispering, and the wings. And then a hand tapped on the window, and the voice of Felix cried from outside, "Come, Lizzie, come!"

I staggered, rather than walked, to the window; and, as I was close to it-my hand raised to open it—there stood between me and it a pale figure clothed in white; her face more pale than the linen round it. Her hair hung down on her breast, and her blue

mine. She was silent, and yet it seemed as if a volume of love and of entreaty flowed from her libs; as if I heard words of deathless affection. It was Lucy; standing there in this bitter midnight cold—giving her life to save me. Felix called to me again, impact tiently; and, as he called, the figure turned, and beckened me; beckening me gently, lovingly, beseachingly; and then slowly: faded away. The chime of the half-hour sounded; and, I fled from the room to my sister. I found her lying dead on the floor; her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand stretched out as if in supplication.

The next day Felix disappeared; he and his whole retinue; and Green Howe fell into. ruins again. No one knew where he went, as no one knew from whence he came. And to this day I sometimes doubt whether or not he was a clever adventurer, who had heard of my father's wealth; and who, seeing my weak and imaginative character, had acted on it. for his own purposes. All that I do know is that my sister's spirit saved me from ruin: and that she died to save me. She had seen and known all, and gave herself for my salvation down to the last and supreme effort she made to rescue me. She died at that hour of half-past twelve; and at half-past twelve, as I live before you all, she appeared to me and recalled me.

And this is the reason why I never married, and why I pass Allhallow's eve in prayer by my sister's grave. I have told you to-night this story of mine, because I feel that I shall not live over another last night of October, but that before the next white Christmas roses come out like winter stars on the earth I shall be at peace in the grave. Not in the grave; let me rather hope with my blessed

OVER THE WAY'S STORY.

sister in Heaven!

ONCE upon a time, before I retired from mercantile pursuits and came to live over the way, I lived, for many years, in Ursine Lane.

Ursine Lane is a very rich, narrow, dark, dirty, straggling, lane in the great city of London (said by some to be itself as rich, as dark, and as dirty). Ursine Lane leads from Cheapside into Thames Street, facing Sir John Pigg's wharf; but whether Ursine Lane be above or below Bow Church, I shall not tell you. Neither, whether its name be derived from a bear-garden, (which was in great vogue in its environs in Queen Bess's time), or from an Ursuline Nunnery which flourished in its vicinity, before big, bad King Harry sent nuns to spin, or to do anything elsesthey could. Ursine Lane it was before the great fire of London, and Ursine Lane it is now.

The houses in Ursine Lane are very old, very inconvenient, and very dilapidated; and eyes, looked earnestly and mournfully into I don't think another great fire (all the liquees

sixteen, a few years ago; and since then, Ursine Lane has been provided with a species of roofing in the shape of great wooden beams to shore up its opposite sides. The district surveyor shakes his head very much at Ursine Lane, and resides as far from it as he can. The cats of the neighbourhood find great delectation in the shoring beams, using them, in the night season, as rialtos and bridges, not of sighs, but of miauws; but foot passengers look wistfully and somewhat fearfully upwards at these wooden defences. Yet Ursine Lane remains. To be sure, if you were to pull it down, you would have to remove the old church of St. Nicholas Bearcroft, where the bells ring every Friday night, in conformity with a bequest of Master Miniver Squirrell, furrier, obiit sixteen hundred and eighty-four, piously to commemorate his escape from the paws of a grisly bear while travelling in the wilds of Muscovy. You would have to demolish the brave gilt lion, and the brave gilt unicorn at the extremity of the churchwardens' pew, who (saving their gender) with the clerk, the sexton, and two or three deaf old shopkeepers and their wives, are pretty nearly all the dearly beloved brethren whom the Reverend Tremaine Popples, M.A, can gather together as a congregation. Worse than all, if Ursine Lane pace of bales of tarlatan and barège. down - the old established, constitutional, St. Ursula herself. So Ursine Lane remains. At a certain period of the world's history,

Now it is not at all necessary for a Manchester warehouseman-or, indeed, for any warehouseman-to be a beast or a brute, or anything disagreeable. Quite the contrary. For instance, next door to the Beast's were the counting houses and warerooms of Tapperly and Grigg, also Manchester warehousemen, as merry, light-hearted, black bushy eyebrows nearly meeting on his good-humoured young fellows as you would forchead; with a horseshoe frown between his wish to seen Tapperly was somewhat of a sporting character, rode away every afternoon on a high-stepping brown mare, and ged regularly about the entrance to "Tats" whether he booked any bets or not. as for Grigg, he was the Coryphous of all hands plunged in his trousers pockets; with the middle class soirees, dancing academies a great seal and ribbons and the savage and subscription balls in London, and it was ticking watch 1 have mentioned—such was a moving sight to see him in his farrous Barnard Braddlescroggs. From the ears and Crusader costume at a Drury Lane Bal nostrils of such men you see small hairs Masque. Nor was old Sir William Watch growing, indomitable by tweezers; signs of of the firm of Watch, Watch, and Rover, inflexibility of purpose, and stern virility. Manchester warehousemen) at the corner, Their joints crack as they walk. His did. who was fined so many thousand, pounds for Very rich, as his father, old Simon Braddle-

it may have been yesterday, it may have

being well insured, depend upon it) would do smuggling once upon a time, at all beautifies the neighbourhood any harm, in clearing the or brutish. He was a white headed, charitable rubbishing old lane away. Number four jolly old gentleman, fond of old port and old tumbled in, and across the road on to number sougs and old clerks and porters, and his cheque-book was as open as his heart. Lacteal. Flewitt, and Company, again, on the other side of the Beast's domicile, the great dealers. in gauzes and ribbons, were mild, placable; pious men, the beloved of Clapham. But the Beast was a Beast and no mistake. Everybody said he was; and what everybody says, must be true. His name was Braddlescroggs.

Barnard Braddlescroggs. He was the head, the trunk and the tail of the firm: No Co., no son, no nephew, no brothers: B. Braddlescrous glared at you from either door-jamb. His warerooms were extensive, gloomy, dark, and crowded. So were his counting-houses, which were mostly under-ground, and candle-lit. He loved to keep his subordinates in these dark dens, where he could rush in upon them suddenly, and growl You came wandering through at them. these subterraneans upon wan men, pent up among parasols and cartons of gay ribbons; upon pale lads in spectacles registering silks and merinos by the light of flickering, strongsinclling tallow candles in rusty sconces. There was no counting-house community; no deskfellowship: the clerks were isolated-dammed up in steep little pulpits, relegated behind walls of cotton goods, consigned to the inwere to come down, the pump must come Beast was everywhere. He prowled about continually. He lurked in holes and corners. vested, endowed pump; built, so tradition He reprimanded clerks on staircases, and disruns, over a fountain blessed by the great charged porters in dark entries. His deep, He reprintended clerks on staircases, and disharsh, grating voice could ever be heard growling during the hours of business, somewhere, like a sullen carthquake. His stern been yesterday twenty yours, there dwelt in this dismal avenue, a Beast. Everybody called him a Beast. He was a Manchester ware-very watch, when wound up, made a savage gnashing noise, as though the works were in torment. He was a Beast.

Tall, square, sinewy, and muscular in person; large and angular in features; with a puissant, rebellious head of grey hair that would have defied all the brushing, combing, and greasing of the Burlington Arcade; with eyes; with stubbly whiskers, like horse-hair spikes, rather indented in his cheekbones than growing on his cheeks; with a large, stiff, shirt collar and frill defending his face like chevaux-de-frise; with large, coarse, bony

scroggs, had been before him, B. Braddlescrongs was not an avaricious man. He had never been known to lend or advance a penny to the necessitous; but he paid his clerks and servants liberal salaries. This was a little unaccountable in the Beast but it was said that they did not hate him the less. He gave largely to stern charities, such as dragged sinners to repentance, or administered elecmosynary food, education and blows (in a progressively liberal proportion) to orphan children. He was a visiting justice to strict gaols, and was supposed not to have quite made up his mind as to what system of prison discipline was best-unremitting corporal punishment, or continuous solitary confinement. He apprenticed boys to hard trades, or assisted them to emigrate to inclement climates. He was a member of a rigid persussion, and one high in authority, and had half built a chapel at his own expense; but everybody said that few people thanked him, rupts within the meaning of the penal clauses. —men who had remained in the galleries of Everybody knew it. The merchants and theatres till the performances were concluded. brokers, his compeers, fell away from him on 'Change; his correspondents opened his hard, him at all) with fear and trembling. The pale-faced William Braddlescroggs, at waiters at the "Cock" in Threadneedle John Simcox the corresponding clerk. Street, where he took a fiery bowl of Mulligatawny soup for lunch, daily, didn't like him. At his club at the West End he had a bowwindow and a pile of newspapers all to himself-dined by himself-drank by himselfgrowled to himself.

There had been a Mrs. Braddlescroggs; a delicate, blue-eyed little womah out of Devonshire, who had been Beauty to the Beast. She died early. Her husband was not reported to have beaten her, or starved her, or top of the ladder once—a rich man at least verbally ill-treated her, but simply to have by paternal inheritance, with a carriage and frightened her to death. Everybody said so, horses and lands; but when he tumbled She could never take those mild blue eyes of hers off her terrible husband, and diedlooking at him timorously. One son had to rise again. The dupe of every shallow been born to B. B. at her demise. He grew up a pale, fair-haired, frightened lad, with his an excellent arithmetician, yet quite unable mother's eyes. The Beast had treated him to put two and two together in a business (everybody was indignant at it) from his sense; he had never even had strength of carliest years with unvarying and consistent character to be his own enemy; he had severity; and at fourteen he was removed always found such a multiplicity of friends from the school of the rigid persuasion, where ready to do the inimical for him. If you let he had received his dreary compercial education, to his father's rigider, drearier establishment in Ursine Lane. He had a departout of it; he would not get drunk himself,

ment to himself there, and a tallow candle to himself.

The clerks, some twelve in number, all dired and slept in the house. They had a dismal dormitory over some stables in Grizzly Buildings, at the back of Ursine Lane; and dined in a dingy, uncarpeted room at the top of the building—on one unvarying bill of fare of beef, mutton, and potatoes-plenty of it, though, for the Beast never stinted them: which was remarkable in such a Beast. The domestic arrangements were superintended by a housekeeper—a tall, melancholy, middle-aged lady, supposed to have been once in affluent circumstances. She had been very good-looking, too, once, but had something the matter with her spine, and not unfre-quently fell downstairs, or upstairs, in fits of syncope. When the Beast had no one else to abuse and mal-treat, he would go upstairs and abuse Mrs Plimmets, and threaten her with dismissal and inevitable starvation. or were grateful to him for his generosity. Business hours concluded at eight nightly, He was such a Beast. He bit the orphan's and from that hour to ten P.M. the clerks were nose off, and bullied the widow. He gave permitted to walk where they listed—but alms as one who pelts a dog with marrow- exclusion and expulsion were the never failing bones, hurting him while he feeds him. Those result of a moment's unpunctuality in rein his employment who embezzled or robbed turning home. The porters slept out of the him, were it of but a penny piece, he merci-lessly prosecuted to conviction. Everybody superior beings—as men of strange experiences had observed it. He sued all debtors, opposed and knowledge of life—men who had been all insolvents, and strove to bring all pank- present at orgies prolonged beyond midnight

Of the dozen clerks who kept the books of Barnard Braddlescroggs (save that grim fierce letters with palpitating hearts; his auriferous banker's pass-book of his) and clerks cowered before him; his maid servants registered his wares, I have to deal with but passed him (when they had courage to pass two. My business lies only with blue-eyed, him at all) with fear and trembling. The pale faced William Braddlescroggs, and with

Simcox among his fellow clerks, Mr. Simcox among the porters, Jack Simcox among his intimates at the "Admiral Benbow" near Camberwell Gate, " you Simcox," growling chief. A grey-haired, smiling, redfaced simpleton was Simcox; kind of heart, simple of mind, affectionate of disposition. confiding of nature, infirm of purpose, con-(which he did at five-and-twenty, very quickly and right to the bottom), he never managed knave; the victim in every egregious scheme;

John Simcox had a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. If I were writing fiction instead of sober (though weiled) truth, I should picture him to you as a victim with some two score of sovereigns per annum. No; he had a hundred and twenty of those yellow tokens annually-for the Beast never studed in this respect either: which was again remarkable in such a Beast. One hendred and twenty golden sovereigns anmustly, had John Simcox; and they were of she was consciously proud, but with a nose about as much use to him as one hundred and approaching to—what shall I say?—the twenty penny pieces. When a man has a snub. Chemists' assistants had addressed quarter's salary amounting to twenty-seven acrostics to her; and the young man at the pounds, receivable next Thursday, and out of that has a score of three pounds due at the madly in love with her. Helena, daughter "Admiral Benbow," and has promised to number two, aged twenty, was also tall, had (and will) lend ten pounds to a friend, and also black eyes, black ringlets, white resplenhas borrowed five more of another friend dent shoulders, was the beloved of apothehimself, which he means to pay; and has caries, and the Laura of Petrarchs in the besides his little rent to meet, and his little linen-drapery line. These young ladies were butcher and his little grocer and his little both acknowledged, recognised, established tailor, it is not very difficult to imagine how as beauties in the Camberwellian district. butcher and his little grocer and his little both acknowledged, recognised, established tailor, it is not very difficult to imagine how as beauties in the Camberwellian district. the man may be considerably embarrassed in They dressed, somehow, in the brightest and satisfying all these demands out of the capital. most variegated colours; they had, somehow, out the slightest command of himself or entrance to the parish church always created his money--you will have no difficulty in a sensation. quarter-days were worse than their commencement.

Nor will you be surprised that "executions" in Simcox's little house in Carolinaterrace, Albany-road, Camberwell, were of frequent occurrence; that writs against him were always "out," and the brokers always "in." That he was as well known in the county court as the judge. That orders for payment were always coming due and never being paid. His creditors never arrested him, however. If they did so, they knew he and boon companion of Simcox, had inti-would lose his situation; so the poor man mated, in his cups, at the "Admiral Benbow," went on from week to week, and from month to month, borrowing here and borrowing ladies; but his matrimonial proposals genethere, obtaining small advances from loan rally vanished with his inchriety; and he was societies held at public-houses, robbing Peter to pay Paul-always in a muddle, in short; but still smoking his nightly pipes, and drinklag his nightly glasses, and singing his nightly supposed to have two wives already, alive, and tha "Admiral Benbow."

And daughter number three—have I for gotten her? Not by any means. Was she

ariy life, and direct from the finishing of Camberwell, and of the chemist's assistant;

but would allow you to make him so, with more ignorant than a Zooboo Kaffir. When the most charming willingness and equa-shinity. There are many Simcoxes in the world, and more rogues always ready to celerity, Mrs. Simcox, finding herself with prey upon them; yet though I should like to three daughters of tender age and a ruined hang the rogues, I should not like to see the husband, took refuge in floods of tears; sub-breed of Simcox quite extinct. a nervous fever; and ultimately subsided into permanent ill health, curl papers, and shoes down at heel.

When the events took place herein a trated, the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Simcer, were all grown up. Madeline, aged twentytwo, was a young lady of surprising altitude; with shoulders of great breadth and sharpness of outline, with very large black eyes and very large black ringlets, attributes of which But, when the administrator of the capital the prettiest of bonnets, the tightest of gloves, happens to be (as Simcox was) a man with-The chemist's assistant kissed forming a conviction that the end of Simonx's his hand as they passed; the young man at the circulating library laid down his book, and sighed; passing young ladies envied and disparaged; passing young gentlemen admired and aspired; yet, somehow, Miss Madeline would be twenty-three next birthday, and Miss Helena twenty-one, and no swain had yet declared himself in explicit terms; no one had said, "I have a hundred a year, with a prospect of an advance: take it, my heart, and hand." Old Muggers, indeed, the tailor of Acacia Cottages, the friend, creditor, his willingness to marry either of the young besides known to be a dreadfully wicked old man, addicted to drinking, smoking, and snuff-taking. As a climax of villany, he was

And daughter number three-have I forgotten her? Not by any means. Was she a inith) a young lady highly accomplished but they were neither brilliant nor piercing to useful and productive arts of tambourand Poonsh painting; but of all resplendent ringlets. She was an ordinary estic or household duties considerably girl, a "plain little thing" (according to the assistant.

This young person (Bessy by name), from the earliest periods of authentic record to the mature age of sixteen, had occupied, in the Sincox household, an analogous position to that of the celebrated Cinderella. She did not exactly sit in the chimney corner among the ashes; but she lighted the fire, waited upon, dressed, and was otherwise the humble and willing drudge of her accomplished relatives. She did not exactly dress in rags; but she trotted about the house and neighbourhood in a shabby brown merino frock, which she had wofully outgrown, a lamentable old beaver bonnet, and a faded Paisley shawl which held a sort of middle rank in appearance, between a duster and a pocket-handkerchief well to do in the world. As a child, she was punished for the things she did not do, and doubly punished for those she did do. As a girl, she ran of errands, fetched the beer, lighted the fire (as I have said), read the sentimental novels to her manima as she lay upon the sofa, and accompanied her sisters on the pianoforte when they rehearsed those famous songs and duets with which they did terrific execution in the Camberwell circles.

Honest Simcox, like a stupid, undiscerning shiftless man as he was, did not entertain the domestic or Camberwell opinion concerning He maintained that she had more Bessy. sense in her little finger than her sisters put together (with his wife into the bargain, the honest fellow thought, I dare swear, though he did not dare to say so). He called her his little darling, his little Mentor, his willing, patient Betsy-petsy, with other foolish and weakminded expressions of endearment. What else could you expect of a red-nosed warehouseman's clerk who fuddled himself nightly at the "Admiral Benbow!" Profoundly submissive to his wife in most instances, he had frequently presumed, during Bessy's nonage, to differ from Mrs. Simcox as to the amount of whipping meted out to his youngest daughter for childish delinquencies, and had undertook to inflict that punishment for a fault the child had never committed, and to "stay justice in its mid career." process of time the alliance between the snubbed, neglected little girl and her father became of so close a nature as to be almost recognised and permitted by the rest of the family. Bessy was reckoned among the rest of the low company with whom the degraded Simcox chose to associate. She was allowed he muddled himself at home; and to lead Benbow," when he performed that operation smelling warehouse, and rest herself upon a abroad. Notably of late times she had been commissioned to fetch her papa home from When the Beast of Ursine Lane met Beasy

Camberwell opinion); there was "nothing Ursine Lane on the eventual quarter day; and the meek gliding help of Bessy had often saved that infirm old fellow from many a dark and dangerous pitfall. The child would wait patiently outside the doors of problic-houses while her father boozed within: she would lead him away gently but firmly from his riotous companions, or, meeting them and taking them aside, would plead passionately, tearfully, that they would not make papa tipsy to-night. Some of the disreputable personages with whom she was brought into such strange contact were quite subdued and abashed by her earnest, artless looks and speech. Jack Flooks himself, formerly of the Stock Exchange, now principally of the bar of the "Bag o' Nails," the very worst, most dissipated and most reckless of Simcox's associates forbore drinking with Bessy's father for one whole week, and actually returned, in a private and mysterious manner, to Bessy two half-crowns he had borrowed of him! So useful was this filial surveillance found to be by the other branches of his family that the quarter-day functions of our plain little Bessy were gradually extended, and became next of weekly and afterwards of diurnal occurrence. It was good to see this girl arrayed in the forlorn beaver bonnet and the faded Paisley shawl, with her mild, beaming, ordinary, little countenance, arrive at about a quarter to eight at the Thames Street corner of Ursine Lane, and there wait patiently until her father's official duties were over. She became almost as well known in the neighbourhood as St. Nicholas Bearward, or as the famous sanctified pump itself. The fellowship porters from Sir John Pigg's wharf touched their caps to her; the majestic beadle of St. Nicholas (a cunning man, omnipotent over the fire escape, king of the keys of the engine-house, and supposed to know where the fire-plug was, much better than the turncock) spoke her kindly; all the clerks in Braddlescroggs's house knew her, nodded to her, smiled at her, and privately expressed their mutual opinions as to what a beast Braddlescroggs was, not to ask that daughter for childish delinquencies, and had dear little girl in, and let her rest herself, or once even dared to interfere when his lady sit by the fire in winter. The pot-boy of the "Bear and Ragged Staff," in his evening excursions with the supper beer, grew quite enamoured (in his silent, sheepish fashion) of this affectionate daughter, and would, I dare say, had he dared, have offered her refreshment from his beer-can; nay, even the majestic wealthy Mr. Drum, the wholesale grocer and provision merchant, who stood all day with his hands in his pockets, under his own gibbet-like crane, a very Jack Ketch of With to pull off his muddy boots, to prepare his India produce, had addressed cheering and dinner, to fill his pipe and mix his grog when benevolent words to her from the depths of he muddled himself at home; and to lead his double chin; had conferred figs upon him home, shambling, from the "Admiral her; had pressed her to enter his saccharine

Simpor he either scowled at her, or made her sarcastic bows, and asked her at what pot-house her father was about to get drunk that night, and whether he had taught her to drink gin, too? Sometimes he growled forth his determination to have no "bits of girls" hanging about his "place;" sometimes he told her that she would not have to come many times more, for that he was determined on discharging that "drunken old dog," her papa. In the majority of instances, however, he passed her without any other notice than a scowl, and a savage rattle of the keys and silver in his pockets. The little maiden trembled fearfully when she saw him, and had quiet fits of weeping (in which a corner of the Paisley shawl was brought into frequent requisition) over against the pump, when he had spoken to her. There was a lad called William Braddlescroggs, with blue eyes and fair hair, who blushed very violently whenever he saw Bessy, and had once been bold enough to tell her that it was a fine evening. In this flagrant crime he was then and there detected by his father, who drove him back into the warehouse.

"As this is quarter-day, my Bessy," was the remark of John Simcox to his daughter, one twenty-eighth of March, "as this is quarter-day, I think, my child, that I will take one close of the"

take one glass of ale.

It was about half-past eight, I think, and Bessy and her papa were traversing the large thoroughfare known as the New Kent Road. There is in that vicinity, as you are aware that stunning Champagne Ale House, known as the "Leather Bottel." Into that stunning ale house did John Simcox enter, leaving his little Bessy outside, with fifteen pounds, the balance of what he had already expended of The night was very his quarter's salary. lowering, and rain appeared to be imminent. It came down, presently, in big, pattering drops, but John had promised not to be long. Why should I tell, in extense, the humilia-

ting tale of how John Simcox got tipsy that night? How he forced all the money, pound by pound, from his little daughter? when after immense labour and trouble, he had at last been brought to his own street door, he suddenly started off at an unknown tangent (running hard and straight), and disappeared: How his daughter wandered about, weeping, in the pouring rain, seeking him; how, at two o'clock in the morning, a deleful party arrived at a little house in Camberwell—a very moist policeman, a weeping, all vering, drenched little girl over whom the discipal had in pity thrown his oil-all cape, and a penniless, hatless, drunken my, all covered with mud, utterly sodden, witched, and degraded. Drop the curtain r pity's sake. The first impulse of Mrs. Simcox, after

proaches, was to best Bessy. The anger

was something fearful to riew. An enrage sheep is frantic. She was frustrated how ever, in her benevolent intention first by the policeman, afterwards by Bessy herself, who wet, fatigued, and miserable (but in an artfu and designing manner, no doubt), first contrived to faint away, and next day chose to fall into a high fever.

In this fever-in the access thereof-she lay three long weeks. In a lamentable state of languor, she lay many long weeks more. The brokers were in again. The parlour carpet was taken up and sent to the pawnbroker's. There were no invalid comforts in the house; no broth, nor chickens to make it, no arrowroot, no sago, no Port wine, no any-

thing to speak of, that was really wanted. Stay, I am wrong. There were plenty of doctors; there was plenty of doctor's stuff. The chemists, apothecaries, and medical practitioners of the neighbourhood, treated the Simcox family, and the little sick daughter, in particular, in a liberal and considerate manner. Not one charged a penny, and all were unremitting in attention. Kind-hearted Mr. Sphoon, of Walworth, sent in—so to speak-a hamper of quinine. Young Tuckett, close by, who had just passed the Hall and College, and opened his shop, offered to do anything for Bessy. He would have dissected her even, I am sure. Great Doctor Bibby came from Camberwell Grove, in his own carriage, with his own footman with the black worsted tags on his shoulder, and majestically ordered change of air, and red Port wine for Bessy Simcox. A majestic man was Dr. Bibby, and a portly, and a deep-voiced, and a rich. His boots creaked, and his carriage springs oscillated—but he left a sovereign on the Simcox mantelpiece, for all that.

So there was something of those things needful in the little house at Camberwell. There was besides, a certain nurse, active, devoted, patient, soothing, and gentle. Not Mrs. Simcox, who still lay on the sofa, now reading the sentimental novels, now moaning over the family difficulties. Not the Misses Sincox, who though they did tend their sister, did it very fretfully and cross-grainedly, and unanimously declared that the child made herself out to be a great deal worse than she really was. This nurse had rather a red nose, and a tremulous hand. He came home earlier from the City now; but he never stopped at the stunning Champagne Ale House. He had not been to the "Admiral Benbow" for seven weeks. He sat by his daughter's pillow; he read to her; he carried her in his arms like a child as she was; he wept over the injury he had done her; he promised, and meant, and prayed for, amend-

But what were the attentions of the doc- ; duly loading her besotted husband with re- tors, the hamper of quinine, the sovereign on the mantelpiece, even, after all ! They were of this matron, generally so gently anguid, but drops in the great muddled ocean of the

Simcor smbarrasments. A sovereign would not take Bessy to Malvern or Ventnor; the quinine would not give her red Port wine and change of air. The nurse grew desperate. There was no money to be borrowed, none to be obtained from the pawnbroker, none to be received until next quarter-day—before which, another month must elapse. Should he attempt to obtain a small advance of money from the Beast himself-the terrible Braddlescroggs? Should he offer him two hundred per cent. interest; should he fall down on his knees before him; should he write him a supplicatory letter; should he?

One evening, Simcox came home from the office with many smiles upon his face. He had borrowed the money, after many difficulties, from the chief clerk. Ten pounds. He would have to pay very heavy interest for it, but never mind. Mrs. Simcox should take Bessy to Ventuor for a fortnight or three weeks. Quarter-day would soon come round. Soon come round. Now and then his family remarked, that the many smile dropped from their papa's countenance like a rather haggard, rather weary, rather terrible; but then, you see, he would have to dingy wareroom after wareroom, counting-pay such a heavy interest for the ten pounds. house after counting-house, where the clerks Mrs. Simcox was delighted at the prospect of her country trip; poor Bessy smiled and thanked her papa; and the two Miss Simcoxes-who had their own private conviction that an excursion to the sca-side was the very thing for them; to air their beauty as it were—and not for that designing bit of a thing, Bessy, with her pale face—the two Miss Simcoxes, I say, went to bed in a huff.

To the pleasant Island of Wight in the British Channel, and the county of Hamp-shire did the little convalescent from Cam-berwell and her parent proceed. Bessy gathered shells and sea-weeds, and bought sand pictures on cardboard by the Underchff, and sand in bottles, and saw the donkey at Carisbroke Castle, and wondered at Little St. Lawrence Church, and the magnificent yachting dandies at Cowes and Ryde, until her pale face grew quite rosy, and her dark eyes had something of a sparkle in them. Her mamma lay on the sofa as usual, exhausted the stock of sentimental novels in the Ventnor circulating library, varying these home occupations occasionally by taking exercise in a but a hard metallic ring. wheel-chair, and "nagging" at Bessy. pair came back to London together, and were at the little mansion at Camberwell about a week before quarter-day. The peccant Simcox had been exemplarily abstemious during their absence; but his daughters had not been able to avoid remarking that he was silent, reserved, and auxious-looking. see he had to pay such heavy interest for the ten pounds he had borrowed of the chief

Three days before quarterday, it was ten minutes to eight P.M., and Bessy Simcox was waiting for her, father. She was confident, hopeful, cheerful now: she thanked God for her illness and the change it had wrought in her dear papa. Ten minutes to eight, and a hot summer's evening. She was watching the lamp-lighter going round with his ladder and his little glimmering lantern, when she was accosted by one of Mr. Braddlescroggs's porters. He was an ugly forbidding man with a vicious-looking fur cap (such as porters of workhouses and wicked skippers of colliers wear), and had never before saluted or spoken to her. She began to tremble violently when John Malingerer (a special favourite of the Beast's, if he could have favoured any one, and supposed to be a porter after his own heart), addressed her.

"Hi!" said the porter, "you're wanted."
"Me — wanted? Where? By whom? Where? By whom?" stammered Bessy.

"Counting-house - Governor - Bisness." replied John Malingerer, in short growling periods..

Bessy followed him, still trembling. The mask, and that, underneath, he wore a look porter walked before her, looming like the genius of Misfortune. He led her through house after counting-house, where the clerks all were silent and subdued. He led her at last into a dingy sanctum, dimly lighted by one shaded lamp. In this safe there were piles of dingy papers and more dingy ledgers; great piles of accounts on hooks in the wall, with their long iron necks and white bodies like ghosts of dead bills who had hanged themselves; a huge iron safe throwing hideous shadows against the wall, and three silent men.

That is to say:

John Simcox, white, trembling and with wild eyes.

The Beast, neither more nor less a Beast than he usually was.

A tall man with a very sharp shirt collar, a great coat, a black stock; very thin iron-grey hair; a face which looked as if it had once been full of wrinkles and furrows which had been half ironed out; very peculiar and very heavy boots, brown berlin gloves, and a demeanour which confirmed you immediately in a conviction that were you to strike at him violently with a sledge hammer, his frame would give forth in response no fleshy "thud,"

The Beast was standing up: his back against a tall, desk on spectral legs, his hands in his pockets. So also, standing, in a corner, was Simcox. So also, not exactly corner, was Simcox. So also, not exactly anywhere but somewhere, somehow, and about Simcox, and about Bessy, and particularly about the door and the iron-safe, in which he seemed to take absorbing interest,

was the tall man in the peculiar boots.

"Come here, my girl," said the grating voice of Jarnard Braddlescroggs the Beast.

My girl came there, to the foot of a table, spare the object of his wrath, to send her she was desired. She heard the grating to prison, to take all they had, to show them voice; she heard, much louder, the beating of her own heart; she heard, loudest of all, a dreadful voice within her crying over and over again that papa had borrowed ten pounds, and that he would have to pay very heavy interest for it, and that quarter day would soon come round, soon come round.

"This person's name is Lurcher," pursued

the Beast.

The person coughed. The cough struck on the girl's heart like a knell. Onc.
"He is an officer."

An officer of what? Of the Household Brigade; of the yeomanry cavalry; of the Sheriff of Middlesex's batallion, a customhouse officer, a naval officer, a relieving officer? But Bessy knew in a moment. She might have known it at first from the peculiar boots the officer wore - boots such as no the custody of his prisoner, threw the whole other officer, or man, or woman can wear, force of his contemplative energies into the But her own heart told her. It said plainly: iron safe, in which, as a subject, he appeared "This is a police-officer, and he has come to immediately to bury himself. take your father into custody."

It was all told directly. Oh Bessy, Bessy! The ten pounds borrowed from the chief clerk, for which he would have to pay such heavy interest. The ten pounds were borrowed from the Petty Cash. The miserable Simcox's account was lifteen pounds deficient; he had promised to refund the money on "I will spare your father, child, and requarter-day; he had begged and prayed for tain him in his situation," continued the he had promised to refund the money on time; the Beast was inexorable, and Lurcher, the officer, was there to take him to prison

for embezzlement.
"You daughter of this man," said the Beast; "you must go home without him. You tell his wife, and the rest of his people, that I have locked him up, and that I'll transport him, for robbery."

"Robbery, no, sir," cried poor Sincox from e corner. "Before God, no! It was only the corner.

"Silence!" said the Beast. "I'll prosecute you, I'll transport you, I'll hang you. By G., I'll reform you, somehow. Girl," he continued, turning to Bessy. "Go home. Stop! I'll send a clerk with you to see if there are any of my goods at home. I dare say there are, and you'll move 'em to-night. You won't though. I'll have a search-warrant. I'll put you all in gaol. I'll transport you all. Come here, one of you fellows in the office" (this with a roar), "and go with this girl to Camberwell. Lurcher, take the rascal

What was poor Bessy to dod What could she do but fall down on her knees, clasping he do, but amid sobs and broken articulation say that it was all her fault? That it was for her, her dear papa had taken the money. That for her use it had been spent. What could Bessy do to save her father from ruin and she do but implore the Beast, for the love disgrace and a prison? She would have laid of heaven, for the love of his own son, for down her life for him, she would have cheer-the love of his dear father and nother, to fully consented never to see him again—till the

to prison, to take all they had, to show them mercy, as he hoped mercy to be shown to him hereafter?

She did all this and more. It was good though pitiful, to see the child on her knees in her mean dress, with her streaming eyes, and her poor hair all hanging about her eyes, and to hear her artless, yet passionate supplications. The Beast moved nor muscle nor face ; but it is upon record that Mr. Lurcher, after creaking about on the peculiar boots for some seconds, turned aside into the shadow of the iron safe, and blew his nose.

"Lurcher," observed the Beast, "Wait a moment before I give this man into your

charge."

Mr. Lurcher bent some portion of his body between his occiput and his spine, and, considering himself temporarily relieved from

"Come here!" was the monosyllabic command of the Beast; addressed both to father and daughter. ' He led them into yet an inner sauctum, a sort of cupboard, full of books and papers, where there was a dreadful screw copying press, like an instrument of torture in the Inquisition.

Beast, without ever taking his hands from his pockets, or altering an inflection of his voice, "on these, and these conditions only. My housekeeper is old and blind, and I shall soon turn her adrift, and let her go to the workhouse - everybody says so, I believe. The short time she will remain, she will be able to instruct you in as much as I shall require of you. You will have to keep this house for me and my clerks, and you must never quit it save once in six weeks, for six hours at a time; and I expect you to adhere to this engagement for two years. All communication between you and your family, save during your hours of liberty, I strictly prohibit. You will have twenty pounds a year as wages, half of which can go to augment your father's salary. At the same time I shall require from him a written acknowledgment that he has embezzled my monies; and if you quit my service I shall use it against him, ruin him, and imprison him. Make up your mind quickly, for the policeman is waiting,"

What was poor Bessy to do? To part from her dear father, never to see him save at intervals, and then only for a short time; to know that he was in the same house, and not be able to run and embrace him! All this was hard, very hard, but what would not

great day comes, when we shall all meet to part incite Bessy (we must call her Beauty now) no more. She consented. Mr. Lurcher was privately spoken to and dismissed; the Beast subsided into his usual taciturnity; Bessy led her stricken, broken, trembling parent home. They passed through the long dingy warerooms: the clerks whispering and looking as

they passed.

Bessy's wardrobe was not sufficiently voluminous to occasion the expenditure of any very great time in packing. It was soon put up, in a very small, shabby black box, studded with brass nails-many of them deficient. This, with Bessy herself, arrived at nine o'clock the next morning, as per agreement, at the Cheapside corner of Ursine Lane, where one of Mr. Braddlescroggs's porters was in waiting; who brought Bessy and her box to the dismal Manchester warehouse owned by the Beast of Ursine Lanc.

And here, in the top floor of this lugubrious mansion, lived, for two long years, Bessy Simcox. At stated periods she saw her family for a few hours, and then went blind or bedridden was sent adrift or to the back to her prison-house. She carved the workhouse; that old John Simcox was not beef and mutton for the hungry clerks, she mended their linen, she gave out candles, she calculated washing bills. The old, old story of Beauty and the Beast was being done over again in Ursine Lane, Chenpside. Bessy ripened into a Beauty, in this dismal hothouse; and the Beast was—as I have told you he always was. Beauty dwelt in no fairy palace; surrounded by no rose-bushes, no sweet-smelling gardens, no invisible hands to wait on her at supper. It was all hard, stern, uncompromising reality. She had to deal with an imperious, sullen, brutal master. Everybody knew it. She dealt with him as Bessy had the art of dealing with every one. She bore with him meekly, gently, patiently. She strove to win his forbearance, his respect. She won them both, and more-his love.

Yes, his love! Don't be afraid: the Beast never changed to Prince Azor. He never lay among the rosebushes sick to death, and threatening to die unless Beauty married him. But at the end of the two years-when their contract was at an end, and when its fulfilment had given him time to know Bessy well, and to save the father through the child -he besought Bessy to remain with him in the same capacity, offering her munificent terms and any degree of liberty she required as regarded communication with her family. Bessy stayed. She stayed two years; she stayed three; she stays there, now, to witness if I lie.

Not alone however. It occurred to William B., fanior-the lad with the blue eyes and fair hair-to grow up to be a tall young man, and to fall violently in love with the pretty little housekeeper. It occurred to his father, instead of smiting him on the hip immediately, or eating him up alive in wild beast fashion, to tell him he was a very sensible fellow, and to

to encourage his addresses, which indeed, dear little puss! she was nothing loth to do. So Beauty was married. Not to the Beast, but to the Beast's son; and Beauty and William and the Beast all removed to a pretty house in the prettiest country near London, where they dwell to this day, again to witness if I lie.

The Beast is a Beast no longer. Everybody admits that he is not a Beast now; some few are even doubtful whether he ever was a Beast. He carries on the Ursine Lane business (in partnership with his son) still, and is a very rough-headed and rough-voiced old man. But the rough kernel and rough integument are worn away from his heart, and he is genial and jovial among his dependents. Charitable in secret, he had always been, even in his most bruttsh times; and you are not to believe (for Braddlescroggs talked nonsense sometimes and he knew it) that the old housekeeper, when she became allowed sufficient funds for his pipe and his glass (in strict moderation) at the Admiral Benbow; or that the two Misses Simcox, when they married at last (after superhuman exertions), went dowerless. No. The Beast remembered, and was generous to them all.

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

Tunoucu the blue and frosty heavens, Christmas stars were shining bright; The glistening lamps of the great City Almost matched their gleaming light; And the winter snow was lying, And the winter winds were sighing, Long ago one Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple, Pealing bells were sounding clear. (Never with such tone of gladness, Save when Christmas time is near) Many a one that night was merry Who had soiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven. Friends, long puted, reconcile; Voices, all unused to laughter, Eves that had forgot to smile, Anxious hearts that feared the morrow. Freed from all their care awhile.

Rich and poor felt the same blessing From the gracious season fall: Joy and plenty in the cottage; Peace and teasting in the hall; And the voices of the children Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened: Gloom, and sickness, and despair Abiding in the gilded chamber, Climbing up the marble stair, Stilling even the voice of mourning. For child lay dying there.

ANOTHER ROUND OF STURIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE

Whiten curtains fell around him,

Velvet carpets hushed the tread,

Many costly toys were lying,

All unhoeded, by his bed;

And his tangled golden ringlets

Wert on downy pillows spread.

All the skill of the great City

To save that little life was vain;

That little thread from being broken;

That fatal word from being spoken;

Nay, his very mother's pain,

And the mighty love within her,

Could not give him health again.

And she knelt there still beside him,

She alone with strength to smile,

And to promise he should suffer

'And with murmur'd song and story
The long weary hours beguile.

Buddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant meaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised the blue and wondering cyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision,
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered
Smiling o'er the little bed;
White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a statlike light was shining
In a Glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel Leaning o'er the little nest, In his arms the sick child folding, Laid him gently on his breast. Sobs and wailings from the mother, And her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings; and, through the air,
Bore the pretty child, and held him
One his heart with loving care,
A red branch of blooming roses
Placing softly by him there.

While the child thus clinging, floated Towards the mansions of the Blest, Gazing from his shining guardian

To the flowers upon his breast, Thus the angel spake, still smiling On the little heavenly guest:

"Know, O little one! that Heaven Does no earthly thing disdain, Man's poor joys find there an echo Just at surely as his pain; Love, on earth so feebly striving,

Lives divine in Heaven again !

"Cnee, in yonder town below us, in a poor and narrow street, Dwelt a little sickly oiphan. "Gehtle aid, or pity sweet, Ner in life's rugged pathway Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forethought
That should only come with age,
Weighad upon his baby spirit,
Bhowed him soon life's sternest page;
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrot
Was his only hertage!

"All too weak for children partimes
Drearily the hours spect of the hours spect of the hours spect of the hours."
On his hands so small and thembling Leaning his poor aching head,
On through dark and painful hours,
Lying sleepless on no bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away;
Dreams of rosy happy children,
Laughing merrily at play;
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing branches of white May.

"Scarce a glimpse of the blue heavens
Gleamed above the narrow street,
And the sultry air of Summer
(That you called so warm and sweet,)
Fevered the poor Orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps Slowly forth he dared to crawl, Through the crowded city's pathways, Till he reached a garden-wall; Where 'mud princely halls and mansions Stood the lordiest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches, Velvet glades where shadows hide; There were sparkling fountains glancing, Flowers whose rich luxuriant pride Wafted a breath of precious perfume To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron
Pressed bis wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place;
Never had his fairest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
And laughing when the petals floated
Downward on your golden hair;
And the fond cycs watching o'er you,
And the splendour spread before you,
Told, a House's Hope was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing His pale face of want and woe, Turning to the ragged Orphan, Gave him coin, and bade him go, Down his cheeks so thin and wasted, Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender young heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passing them through the stern grating,
With the gentle word, "Farewell!"

"Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Joy the sleeping Scraph stirred;
In his hand he clasped the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret,
Poor no more, but rich and bright;
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and Rest, and Hops, and Light
Floated round the Orphan's pillow
Through the states summer night.

"Day damned, yet the visions lasted; All too weak to rise he lay Did he dreum that none spake harshly All were strangely kind that day? Yes; he thought his treasured roses Must have charmed all ills away.

"And he smiled, though they were fading; One by one their leaves were shed; Such bright things could never perish, They would bloom again,' he said. When the next day's sun had risen Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father Does no gentle deed disdain; And in hearts that beat in heaven, Still all tender thoughts remain; Love on the cold earth beginning Lives divine and pure again!'

Thus the angel ceased, and gently O'er his little burthen leant : While the child gazed from the shining Loving eyes that o'er him bent, To the blooming roses by him, Wondering what that mystery meant.

Then the radiant angel answered, And with holy meaning smiled: " Ere your tender, loving spirit Sin and the hard world defiled, Mercy gave me leave to seek you; I was once that little child !

THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

In the year seventeen hundred and sixtynine, the little town of Barford was thrown into a state of great excitement by the intelligence that a gentleman (and "quite the gentleman," said the landlord of the George Inn), had been looking at Mr. Clavering's old house. This house was neither in the town nor in the country. It stood on the outskirts of Barford, on the road-side leading to Derby. The last occupant had been a Mr. Clavering—a Nofthumberland gentleman of good family—who had come to live in Barford while he was but a younger son; but when some elder branches of the family died, he had returned to take possession of the family estate. The house of which I speak was called the White House, from its being covered with a greyish kind of stucco. It had a good garden to the back, and Mr. Clavering had built capital stables, with what were then considered the latest improvements. The point of good stabling was expected to let the house, as it was in a hunting county; otherwise it had few recom-There were many bed-rooms; mendations. some entered through others, even to the bow-windows.

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the White House. It did not seem to be very tempting to strangers, though, the good people of Barford rather piqued themselves on it, as the largest house in the town; and as a house in which "townspeople" and "county people" had often met at Mr. Clavering's friendly dinners. To appreciate this circumstance of pleasant recollection, you should have lived some years in a little country. town, surrounded by gentlemen's seats, You . would then understand how a bow or a courtesy from a member of a county family elevates the individuals who receive it almost as much, in their own eyes, as the pair of blue garters fringed with silver did Mr. Bickerstaff's ward. They trip lightly on air for a whole day afterwards. Now Mr. Clavering was gone, where could town and county mingle?

I mention these things that you may have an idea of the desirability of the letting of the White House in the Barfordites' imagination: and to make the mixture thick and slab, you must add for yourselves the bustle, the mystery, and the importance which every little event either causes or assumes in a small town; and then, perhaps, it will be no wonder to you that twenty ragged little urchins accompanied "the gentleman" aforesaid to the door of the White House; and that, although he was above an hour inspecting it under the auspices of Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, thirty more had joined themselves on to the wondering crowd before his exit, and awaited such crumbs of intelligence as they could gather before they were threatened or whipped out of hearing distance. Presently out came "the gentleman" and the lawyer's clerk. The latter was speaking as he followed the former over the threshold. The gentleman was tall, well dressed, handsome; but there was a sinister cold look in his quickglancing, light blue eye, which a keen observer might not have liked. There were no keen observers among the boys, and ill-conditioned gaping girls. But they stood too near; inconveniently close; and the gentleman, lifting up his right-hand, in which he carried a short riding whip, dealt one or two sharp blows to the nearest, with a look of savage enjoyments on his face as they moved away whimpering and crying. An instant after, his expression

of countenance had changed. "Here!" said he, drawing out a handful of money, partly silver, partly copper, and throwing it into the midst of them. "Scramble for it! fight it out, my lads! come this after-noon, at three, to the George, and I'll throw you out some more." So the boys hurrahed number of five, leading one beyond the other; for him as he walked off with the agent's several sitting-rooms of the small and poky clerk. He chuckled to himself, as over a kind, wainscotted round with wood, and pleasant thought. "I'll have some fun with then painted a heavy slate colour; one good those lads," he said; "I'll have some fun with those lads," he said; "I'll have some fun with those lads," he said; "I'll have some fun with prowling and prying about me I'll tell you both looking into the garden, with pleasant thought. "I'll have some fun with those lads," he said; "I'll have some fun with those lads," w-windows.
Such was the accommodation offered by You come and see the faces and the liowling.

man with a purse full of money, who kept years' experience as stable-boy, groom, many horses, and spoke familiarly of noble-peacher, and what not he, old Isaac men—above all, who thought of taking the Wormeley, and what not—ne, old takes men—above all, who thought of taking the Wormeley, was meekly listening to the White House—could be anything but a gen—wisdom of this stranger, only now and then tleman; but still the uneasy wonder as to giving one of his quick, up-turning, cunning who this Mr. Robinson Higgins could be, filled glances, not unlike the sharp o'er-canny looks the clerk's mind long after Mr. Higgins, Mr. of the poor deceased Reynard, round whom Higgins's servants, and Mr. Higgins's stud the hounds were howling, unadmonished by had taken possession of the White House.

effective in their character, enough to make stables were a sight to be seen. Since the days of the Roman Emperor never was there such provision made for the care, the comfort, and the health of horses. But every one said it was no wonder, when they were led through Barford, covered up to their eyes, but curving their arched and delicate necks, and prancing with short high steps, in reford highly approved of his preference. Not only was it kind and thoughtful to give omployment to the lounging lads themselves, but they were receiving such a training in Mr. Higgins's stables as might fit them for Doncaster or Newmarket. The district of Derbyshire in which Barford was situated, was too close to Leicestershire not to support a hunt and a pack of hounds. The master of the hounds was a certain Sir Harry Manley, who a man by the "length of his fork," not by the expression of his countenance, or the shape of his head. But as Sir Harry was wont to observe, there was such a thing as too long a fork, so his approbation was withheld until he had seen a man on horseback; and if his seat there was square and easy, his hand light, and his courage good, Sir Harry hailed him as a brother.

Mr. Higgins attended the first meet of the season, not asea subscriber but as an amateur. The Barford huntamen piqued themselves on their hold riding; and their knowledge of the

Labill be very glad if you will dive with me and calm, without a hair turned on the sleek at two; and by that time I may have made skin of the latter, supremely addressing the my mind respecting the house."

old huntsman as he hacked off the sail of the Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, agreed to come fox; and he, the old man, who was testy old huntsman as he hacked off the tail of the to the George at two, but, somehow, he had a even under Sir Harry's slightest rebuke, and distaste for his entertainer. Mr. Jones would flew out on any other member of the hunt not like to have said, even to himself, that a that dared to utter a word against his sixty. the short whip, which was now tucked into The White House was re-stuccoed (this Wormeley's well-worn pocket. When Sir time of a pale yellow colour), and put into Harry rode into the copse—full of dead thorough repair by the accommodating and brushwood and wet tangled grass-and was delighted landlord; while his tenant seemed followed by the members of the hunt, as one inclined to spend any amount of money on by one they cantered past, Mr. Higgins took internal decorations, which were showy and off his cap and bowed—half deferentially, half insolently-with a lurking smile in the the White House a mue days' wonder to the corner of his eye at the discomfited looks of good people of Barford. The slate-coloured one or two of the laggards. "A famous run, paints became pink, and were picked out with sir," said Sir Harry. "The first time you gold; the old-fashioned bannisters were re- have hunted in our country, but I hope we placed by newly gilt ones; but, above all, the shall see you often."

"I hope to become a member of the hunt,

sir," said Mr. Higgins.
"Most happy—proud, I'm sure, to receive so daring a rider among us. You took the Cropper-gate, I fancy; while some of our friends here "--scowling at one or two cowards by way of finishing his speech. "Allow me to introduce myself-master of the hounds" pressed eagerness. Only one groom came he fumbled in his waiscoat pocket for the with them; yet they required the care of card on which his name was formally inthree men. Mr. Higgins, however, preferred scribed. "Some of our friends here are kind engaging two lads out of Barford; and Barchough to come home with me to dinner;

might I ask for the honour ?'
"My name is Higgins," replied the stranger, bowing low. "I am only lately come to occupy the White House at Barford, and I have not as yet presented my letters of in-

troduction."

"Hang it " replied Sir Harry; "a man with a seat like yours, and that good brush in your hand, might ride up to any door in the county (I'm a Leicestershire man!), and was aut a huntsman aut nullus. He measured be a welcome guest. Mr. Higgins, I shall be proud to become better acquainted with you over my dinner table."

Mr. Higgins knew pretty well how to improve the acquaintance thus begun. He could sing a good song, tell a good story, and was well up in practical jokes; with plenty of that keen wordly sense, which seems like an instinct in some men, and which in this case taught him on whom he might play off such jokes, with impunity from their resentment, and with a security of applause from the more boisterous, vehement, or prosor bold riding; and their knowledge of the perous. At the end of twelve mouths Mr. Robinson Higgins was, out-and-out, the most popular member of Barford hunt; had beaten all the others by a couple of lengths. as his first patron, Sir Harry, observed one evening, when they were just leaving the dinner-table of an old hunting squire in the

neighbourhood.

"Because, you know," said Squire Hearn, holding Sir Harry by the button-"I mean, you see, this young spark is looking sweet upon Catherine; and she's a good girl, and will have ten thousand pounds down the day she's married, by her mother's will; andexcuse me, Sir Harry-but I should not like

my girl to throw herself away."

Though Sir Harry had a long ride before him, and but the early and short light of a new moon to take it in, his kind heart was so much touched by Squire Hearn's trembling tearful anxiety, that he stopped, and turned back into the dining-room to say, with more asseverations than I care to give:

"My good Squire, I may say, I know that man pretty well by this time; and a better fellow never existed. If I had twenty daughters, he should have the pick of them.

Squire Hearn never thought of asking the grounds for his old friend's opinion of Mr. Higgins; it had been given with too much earnestness for any doubts to cross the old man's mind as to the possibility of its not being well tounded. Mr. Hearn was not a doubter or a thinker, or suspicious by nature; it was simply his love for Catherine, his only child, that prompted his anxiety in this case; and, after what Sir Harry had said, the old man could totter with an easy mind, though not with very steady legs, into the drawing room, where his bonny blushing daughter Catherine and Mr. Higgins stood close together on the hearth-rug-he whispering, she listening with downcast eyes. She looked so happy, so like her dead mother had looked when the Squire was a young man, that all his thought was how to please her most. His son and heir was about to be married, and bring his wife to live with the Squiré; Barford and the White House were not distant an hour's ride; and, even as these thoughts passed through his mind, he asked Mr. Higgins if he could not stay all night—the young moon was already set—the roads would be dark—and Catherine looked up with a pretty anxiety, which, however, had not much doubt in it, for the answer.

With every encouragement of this kind from the old Squire, it took everybody rather by surprise when one morning it was discovered that Miss Catherine Harn was missing; and when, according to the usual fashion in such cases, a note was found, saying that she had eloped with "the man of her heart," and gone to Gretna Green, quietly have stopped at home and been married in the parish church. She had always remarks, and draw ill-natured conclusions been a romantic, sentimental girl; very pretty from very simple premises, in every place; and very affectionate, and very much spoiled, and in Barford this bird of ill omen was a and very much wanting in common sense. Miss Platt. She did not hunt-so Mr.

want of confidence in his never-varying affection; but when his son came, hot with indignation from the Baronet's (his future fatherin-law's house, where every form of law and of ceremony was to accompany his own impending marriage), Squire Hearn pleaded the cause of the young couple with imploring cogency, and protested that it was a piece spirit in his daughter, which he admired and was proud of. However, it ended with Mr. Nathaniel Hearn's declaring that he and his wife would have nothing to do with his sister and her husband. "Wait till you've seen him, Nat!" said the old Squire, trembling with his distressful anticipations of family discord, "He's an excuse for any girl. Only ask Sir Harry's opinion of him." "Confound Sir Harry! So that a man sits his horse well, Sir Harry cares nothing about anything else. Who is this man-this fellow? Where does he come from? What are his means? Who are his family?"

"He comes from the south — Surrey or Somersetshire, I forget which; and he pays his way well and liberally. There's not a tradesman in Barford but says he cares no more for money than for water; he spends like a prince, Nat. I don't know who his family are, but he seals with a coat of arms which may tell you if you want to knowand he goes regularly to collect his rents from his estates in the south. Oh, Nat! if you would but be friendly, I should be as well pleased with Kitty's marriage as any

father in the county."

Mr. Nathaniel Hearn gloomed, and muttered an oath or two to himself. The poor old father was reaping the consequences of his weak indulgence to his two children. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hearn kept apart from Catherine and her husband; and Squire Hearn durst never ask them to Levison Hall, though it was his own house. Indeed, he stole. away as if he were a culprit whenever he went to visit the White House; and if he passed a night there, he was fain to equivocate when he returned home the next day; an equivocation which was well interpreted by the surly proud Nathaniel. But the younger Mr. and Mrs. Hearn were the only people who did not visit at the White House. Mr. and Mrs, Higgins were decidedly more popular than their brother and sister-in-law. She made a very pretty sweet-tempered hostess, and her education had not been such as to make her intolerant of any want of refinement in the associates who gathered round her husband. She had gentle smiles for townspeople as well as county people; and unconsciously played an admirable second in her husband's no one could imagine why she could not project of making himself universally popular.

But there is some one to make ill-natured Her indulgent father was deeply hurt at this Higgins's admirable rising did not call out her admiration. She did not drink-so the well-selected wines, so lavishly dispensed among his guests, could never mollify Miss Pratt. She could not bear comic songs, or buffo stories-so, in that way, her approbation was impregnable. And these three secrets of popularity constituted Mr. Higgins's great charm. Miss Pratt sat and watched. face looked immoveably grave at the end of any of Mr. Higgins's best stories; but there was a keen needle-like glance of her unwinkthan saw, and which made him shiver, even on a hot day, when it fell upon him. Miss Pratt was a dissenter, and, to propitate this female Mordecai, Mr. Higgins asked the disto dinner; kept himself and his company in good order; gave a handsome donation to the poor of the chapel. All in vain— Miss Pratt stirred not a muscle more of her face towards graciousness; and Mr. Higgins was conscious that, in spite of all his open efforts to captivate Mr. Davis. there was a secret influence on the other side, throwing in doubts and suspicions, and evil interpretations of all he said or did. Miss Pratt, the little, plain old maid, living on eighty pounds a-year, was the thorn in the popular Mr. Higgins's side, although she had never spoken one uncivil word to him; indeed, on the contrary, had treated him with a stiff and elaborate civility.

The thorn—the grief to Mrs. Higgins was They had no children! Oh! how she would stand and envy the careless busy motion of half-a-dozen children; and then, when observed, move on with a deep, deep sigh of yearning regret. But it was as well. It was noticed that Mr. Higgins was

remarkably careful of his health. He ate, drank, took exercise, rested, by some secret rules of his own; occasionally bursting into an excess, it is true, but only on rare occasions -such as when he returned from visiting his estates in the south, and collecting his rents. That unusual exertion and fatigue—for there were no stage-coaches within forty miles of Barford, and he, like most country gentlemen of that day, would have preferred riding if there had been—seemed to require some strange excess to compensate for it; and rumours went through the town, that he shut himself up, and drank enormously for some days after his return. But no one was admitted to these orgies.

• One day—they remembered it well afterwards—the hounds met not far from the wn; and the fox was found in a part of the wild heath, which was beginning to be "Not at all! not at all! Let me see. You enclosed by a few of the more wealthy towns- have dining-room, drawing-room"—he hesipeople, who were desirous of building tated, and Mr. Dudgeon filled up the blank as themselves houses rather more in the country than those they had hitherto lived in. Among these, the principal was a Mr. Dudgeon, the attorney of Barford, and the agent for all the I confess I took some pains in arranging it, county families about. The firm of Dudgeon and, though far smaller than what you would

had managed the leases, the marriage settle-ments, and the wills, of the neighbourhood for generations. Mr. Dudgeon's father had the responsibility of collecting the land-owners rents just as the present Mr. Dudgeon had at the time of which I speak : and as his son and his son's son have done since. Their business was an hereditary estate to them ; and with something of the old feudal feeling, was mixed a kind of proud humility at their position towards the squires whose family secrets they had mastered, and the mysteries of whose fortunes and estates were better known to the Messrs. Dudgeon than to themselves.

Mr. John Dudgeon had built himself a senting minister whose services she attended house on Wildbury Heath; a mere cottage, as he called it: but though only two stories high, it spread out far and wide, and workpeople from Derby had been sent for on purpose to make the inside as complete as possible. The gardens too were exquisite in arrangement, if not very extensive; and not a flower was grown in them but of the rarest species. It must have been somewhat of a mortification to the owner of this dainty place when, on the day of which I speak, the fox after a long race, during which he had described a circle of many miles, took refuge in the garden; but Mr. Dudgeon put a good face on the matter when a gentleman hunter, with the careless insolence of the squires of those days and that place, rode across the velvet lawn, and tapping at the window of the dining-room with his whip handle, asked permission-no! that is not it-rather, informed Mr. Dudgeon of their intention—to enter his garden in a body, and have the fox unearthed. Mr. Dudgeon compelled himself to smile assent, with the grace of a masculine Griselda; and then he hastily gave orders to have all that the house afforded of provision set out for luncheon, guessing rightly enough that a six hours' run would give even homely fare an acceptable welcome. He bore without wincing the entrance of the dirty boots into his exquisitely clean rooms; he only felt grateful for the care with which Mr. Higgins strode about, laboriously and noiselessly moving on the tip of his toes, as he reconnoitred the rooms with a curious eye.

"I'm going to build a house myself, Dudgeon; and, upon my word, I don't think

I could take a better model than yours"
"Oh! my poor cottage would be too small to afford any hints for such a house as you would wish to build, Mr. Higgins," replied Mr. Dudgeon, gently rubbing his hands nevertheless at the compliment,

he expected.

"Four sitting-rooms and the bed-rooms.

require, it may, nevertheless, afford you some bints.

So they left the eating gentlemen with their months and their plates quite full, and the scent of the fox overpowering that of the hasty rashers of ham; and they carefully in-Ťhen spected all the ground-floor rooms. Mr. Dudgeon said:

"If you are not tired, Mr. Higgins—it is rather my hobby, so you must pull me up if you are—we will go upstairs, and I will show you my sanctum."

Mr. Dudgeon's sanctum was the centre room, over the porch, which formed a balcony, and which was carefully filled with choice flowers in pots. Inside, there were all kinds of elegant contrivances for hiding the real strength of all the boxes and chests required by the particular nature of Mr. Dudgeon's business; for although his office was in Barford, he kept (as he informed Mr. Higgins) what was the most valuable here, as being safer than an office which was locked up and left every night. But, as Mr. Higgins reminded him with a sly poke in the side when next they met, his own house was not over-secure. A fortnight after the gentlemen of the Barford hunt lunched there, Mr. Dudgeon's strong-box.—in his sanctum upstairs, with the mysterious spring bolt to the window invented by himself, and the secret of which was only known to the inventor and a few of his most intimate friends, to whom he had proudly shown it ;-this strong-box, containing the collected Christmas rents of halfa-dozen landlords, (there was then no bank nearer than Derby,) was vifled; and the secretly rich Mr. Dudgeon had to stop his agent in his purchases of paintings by Flemish artists, because the money was required to make good the missing rents.

The Dogberries and Verges of those days

were quite incapable of obtaining any clue to the robber or robbers; and though one or two vagrants were taken up and brought before Mr. Dunover and Mr. Higgins, the magistrates who usually attended in the court-room at Barford, there was no evidence brought against them, and after a couple of nights' durance in the lock-ups they were set at liberty. But it became a standing joke with Mr. Higgins to ask Mr. Dudgeon, from time to time, whether he could recommend him a place of safety for his valuables; or, if he had made any more inventions lately for

securing houses from robbers.

About two years after this time—about seven years after Mr. Higgins had been married-one Tuesday evening, Mr. Davis was sitting reading the news in the coffeeroom of the George-inn. He belonged to a clab of gentlemen who met there occasionally to play at whist, to read what few newspapers and magazines were published in those days, to chat about the market at Denby, and prices "Who do you mean, my dear sir? What all over the country. This Tuesday night, it is this mudder you are so full of? No one has was a black frost; and few people were in been murdered here."

the room. Mr. Davis was astrious to finish an article in the "Gentleman's Magazine; indeed, he was making extracts from it, intending to answer it, and yet unable with his small income to purchase a copy. So he staid late; it was past nine, and at ten o'clock. the room was closed. But while he wrote, Mr. Higgins came in. He was pale and haggard with cold; Mr. Davis, who had had for some time sole possession of the tire, moved politely on one side, and handed to the new comer the sole London newspaper which the room. afforded. Mr. Higgins accepted it, and made some remark on the intense coldness of the weather; but Mr. Davis was too full of his article, and intended reply, to fall into con-vergation readily. Mr. Higgins hitched his chair nearer to the fire, and put his feet on the fender, giving an audible shudder. He put the newspaper on one end of the table near him, and sat gazing into the red embers of the fire, crouching down over them as if his very marrow were chilled. At length he said:

"There is no account of the murder at Bath in that paper?" Mr. Davis, who had finished taking his notes, and was preparing

to go, stopped short, and asked: "Has there been a murder at Bath? No! I have not seen anything of it-who was

murdered?"

"Oh! it was a shocking, terrible murder!". said Mr. Higgins not raising his look from the tire, but gazing on with his eyes dilated till the whites were seen all round them. "A terrible, terrible murder! I wonder what will become of the nurderer? I can fancy the red glowing centre of that fire-look and see how infinitely distant it seems, and how the distance magnifies it into something awful and unquenchable."

"My dear sir, you are feverish; how you shake and shiver!" said Mr. Davis, thinking privately that his companion had symptoms of

fever, and that he was wandering in his mind.
"Oh, no!" said Mr. Higgins. "I am not feverish. It is the night which is so cold." And for a time he talked with Mr. Davis about the article in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for he was rather a reader himself, and could take more interest in Mr. Davis's pursuits than most of the people at Barford. length it drew near to ten, and Mr. Davis rose up to go home to his lodgings.

"No, Davis, don't go. I want you here. We will have a bottle of port together, and that will put Saunders into good humour. I want to tell you about this murder," he continued, dropping his voice, and speaking hourse and low. "She was an old woman, and he killed her, sitting reading her Bible by her own fireside!" He looked at Mr. Davis with a strange searching gaze, as if trying to find some sympathy in the horror which the idea presented to him.

No, you fool! I tell you it was in Bath!" said Mr. Higgins, with sudden passion; and then calming himself to most velvet-smoothness of manner, he laid his hand on Mr. Davis's knee, there, as they sat by the fire, and gently detaining him, began the narration of the crime he was so full of; but his voice and manuer were constrained to a stony quietude; he never looked in Mr. Davis's face; once or twice, as Mr. Davis remembered afterwards, his grip tightened like a

compressing vice.

"She lived in a small house in a quiet old-fashioned street, she and her maid. People said she was a good old woman; but for all that she hoarded and hoarded, and never gave to the poor. Mr. Davis, it is wicked not to give to the poor-wicked-wicked, is it not? I always give to the poor, for once I read in the Bible that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins.' The wicked old woman never gave, but hoarded her money, and saved, and saved. Some one heard of it; I say she threw a temptation in his way, and God will punish her for it. And this man-or it might be a woman, who knows ?-and this person-heard also that she went to church in the mornings, and her maid in the afternoons; and so—while the maid was at church, and the street and the house quite still, and the darkness of a winter afternoon coming on-she was nodding over the Bible—and that, mark you! is a sin, and one that God will avenge sooner or later; and a step came in the dusk up the stair, and that person I told you of stood in the room. At first he—no! At first, it is supposed—for, you understand, all this is mere guess work -it is supposed that he asked her civilly enough to give him her money, or to tell him where it was; but the old miser defied him, and would not ask for mercy and give up her keys, even when ife threatened her, but looked him in the face as if he had been a baby-Oh, God! Mr. Davis, I once dreamt when I was a little innocent boy that I should commit a crime like this, and I wakened up crying; and my mother comforted me-that is the reason I tremble so now—that

and the cold, for it is very very cold!'
"But did he murder the old lady?" asked Mr. Davis. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I

am interested by your story."
"Yes! he gut her throat; and there she lies wet in her quiet little parlour, with her face upturned and all ghastly white, in the middle of a pool of blood. Mr. Davis, this wine is no better than water; I must have somethrandy!"

Mar. Davis was horror-struck by the

story, which seemed to have fascinated him as much as it had done his companion.

"Have they got any clue to the murderer f'

wonder-Mr. Davis-I should not wonder if he repented after all, and did bitter pensace for his crime; and if so—will there be mercy of for him at the last day ?"

"God knows!" said Mr. Davis, with solemnity. "It is an awful story," continued he, rousing himself; "I hardly like to leave this warm light room and go out into the darkness after hearing it. But it must be done," buttoning on his great coat-"I can only say I hope and trust they will find out the murderer and hang him. If you'll take. my advice, Mr. Higgins, you'll have your bed' warmed, and drink a treacle-posset just the last thing; and, if you'll allow me, I'll send you my answer to Philologus before it goes up to old Urban."

The next morning Mr. Davis went to call on Miss Pratt, who was not very well; and by way of being agreeable and entertaining, he related to her all he had heard the night before about the murder at Bath; and really he made a very pretty connected story out of it, and interested Miss Pratt very much in the late of the old lady—partly because of a similarity in their situations; for she also privately hoarded money, and had but one servant, and stopped at home alone on Sunday afternoons to allow her servant to go to

church.

"And when did all this happen?" she askėd.

"I don't know if Mr. Higgins named the day; and yet I think it must have been on this very last Sunday.

"And to-day is Wednesday. Ill news

travels fast.'

"Yes, Mr. Higgins thought it might have been in the London newspaper.

Where did Mr.

"That it could never be. Higgins learn all about it?"

"I don't know, I did not ask; I think he only came home yesterday: he had been south to collect his rents, somebody said.

Miss Pratt grunted. She used to vent her dislike and suspicions of Mr. Higgins in a grunt whenever his name was mentioned. "Well, I shan't see you for some days.

Godfrey Merton has asked me to go and stay with him and his sister; and I think it will do me good. Besides," added she, "these winter evenings—and these murderers at large in the country—I don't quite like living with only Peggy to call to in case of need.

Miss Pratt went to stay with her cousin, Mr. Merton. He was an active magistrate, and enjoyed his reputation as such. One day he came in, having just received his letters.

"Bad account of the morals of your little town here, Jessy!" said he, touching one or his letters. "You've either a murderer among you, or some friend of a murderer. Here's a poor old lady at Bath had her throat cut last Sunday week; and I've a letter from the tumbler of raw brandy before he answered.

No! no clue whatever. They will never efficient aid, as they are pleased to call it towards finding out the culprit. It seems he Home Office, asking to lend them 'my very efficient aid,' as they are pleased to call its to-

The state of the s lady had ket by to work; and he wrapped the spigot round with a piece of a letter taken out of his pocket, as may be supposed; and this piece of a letter was found afterwards; there are only these letters on the outside, 'ne, Esq., -arford, -egworth,' which some one has ingeniously made out to mean Burford, near Kegworth. On the other side there is some allusion to a race-horse, I conjecture, though the name is singular enough; Caurch - and - King - and - down - with-the-Rump."

Miss Pratt caught at this name immediately; it had hurt her feelings as a dissenter only a few months ago, and she

remembered it well.

"Mr. Nat Hearn has-or had (as I am speaking in the witness-box, as it were, nest take care of my tenses), a horse with that ridiculous name."

"Mr. Nat Hearn," repeated Mr. Merton, making a note of the intelligence; then he recurred to his letter from the Home Office

again.
"There is also a piece of a small key, broken in the futile attempt to open a deskwell, well. Nothing more of consequence. The letter is what we must rely upon.

"Mr. Davis said that Mr. Higgins told

him-" Miss Pratt began.

"Higgins!" exclaimed Mr. Morton, "ns. Is it Huggins, the blustering fellow that ran

away with Nat Hearn's sister ?" "Yes!" said Miss Pratt. "But though he

has never been a favourite of mine-

" It is too "as." repeated Mr. Merton. horrible to think of; a member of the hunt -kind old Squire Hearn's son-in-law! Who in ns. ?"

"There's Jackson, and Higginson, and Blenkinsop, and Davis and Jones. Cousin! One thing strikes me—how did Mr. Higgins know all about it to tell Mr. Davis on Tuesday what had happened on Sunday afternoon?"

There is no need to add much more. Those curious in lives of the highwaymen may find the name of Higgins as conspicuous among those armals as that of Claude Duval. Kate Hearn's husband collected his rents on the highway, like many another "gentleman" of the day; but, having been unlucky in one or two of his adventures, and hearing exaggirated accounts of the hoarded wealth of the old lady at Bath, he was led on from robbery to murder, and was hung for his crime at Derby, in seventeen hundred and seventy-five.

ness him in his last moments—his awful last already,—the farm which my father had moments. Her old father went with her given me, to keep me quiet and contented at everywhere but into her husband's cell; and home. For the closing perspective of ourse wring her heart by constantly accusing him-view, there was the sea, like a bright blue.

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This extension in

north which is the

must have been thirsty, and of a comfortable self of having promoted her marriage with a olly turn a fer before going to his horrid work man of whom he knew so little. He abdicated he samped a barrel of ginger wine the old his squireship in favour of his son Mathanial. Nat was prosperous, and the helplass silly; father could be of no use to him; but to his widowed daughter the foolish fond old man; was all in all; her knight, her protector, here companion - her most faithful loving companion panion. Only he ever declined assuming they office of her counsellor-shaking his head sadly, and saying-

"Ah! Kate, Kate! it I had had more wisen dom to have advised thee letter, thou need'sta not have been an exile here in Brussels, shrinking from the sight of every English, person as if they knew thy story."

I saw the White House not a mouth ago x it was to let, perhaps for the twentieth time, since Mr. Higgins occupied it; but still the. tradition goes in Barford that once upon a. time a highwayman lived there, and amassed untold treasures; and that the ill-gotten wealth yet remains walled up in some unknown concealed changer; but in what part. of the house no one knows.

Will any of you become tenants, and try to . find out this mysterious closet? I can furnish the exact address to any applicant who wishes for it.

UNCLE GEORGE'S STORY.

We had devoted the morning before my wedding day to the arrangement of those troublesome, delightful, endless little affairs, which the world says must be set in order. on such occasions; and late in the afternoon, we walked down, Charlotte and myself, to take a last bachelor and maiden peep at the home which, next day was to be ours in partnership. Goody Barnes, already installed else have you in Barford with names that end as our cook and housekeeper, stood at the door, ready to receive us as we crossed the market-place to inspect our cottage for the twentieth time, -cottage by courtesy, -next door to my father's mansion, by far the best and handsomest in the place. It was some distance from Charlotte's house, where she and her widowed mother lived ;-all the way down the lime-tree avenue, then over thetebreezy common, besides traversing the principal and only street, which terminated in the village market-place.

The front of our house was quakerlike, in . point of neatness and humility. But enter! It is not hard to display good taste when the banker's book puts no veto on the choise gems of furniture, which give the finishing touch to the whole. Then pass through, and bestow a glance upon our living rooms looking down upon that greatest of luxuries, a He had not been an unkind husband; and terraced garden, commanding the countryhis poor wife took lodgings in Derby to be and not a little of that country mines

of transfer of the care of

rampart rising before us. White-sailed vessels, for self-willed steamers, flitted to and fre for our amusement.

We tripped down the terrace steps, and of course looked in upon the little artificial grotto to the right, which I had caused to be ·lined throughout with foreign shells and glittering spars,—more gifts from my ever-hountiful father. Charlotte and I went laughingly along the straight gravel walk, flanked on each side with a regiment of dahlias; that led us to the little gate, opening to give us admission to my father's own pleasureground and orchard.

The dear old man was rejoiced to receive A daughter was what he so long had ·wished for. We hardly knew whether to smile, or weep for joy, as we all sat together on the same rustic bench, overshadowed by the tulip-tree, which some one said my father had himself brought from North America. But of the means by which he became possessed of many of his choicest treasures, he never breathed a syllable to me. His father, I very well knew, was nothing more than a homely farmer, cultivating no great extent of not too productive sea-side land; but Charlotte's lace dress which she was to wear to-morrow — again another present from him—was, her mother proudly pronounced, valuable and handsome enough for a princess.

Charlotte half whispered, half said aloud that she had no fear now that Richard Leroy, her boisterous admirer, would dare to attempt his reported threat to carry her off to the continent in his cutter. Richard's name made my father frown, so we said no more; we lapsed again into that dreamy state of silent enjoyment, which was the best

expression of our happiness.

Leroy's father was called a farmer; but on our portion of the English coast there are many things that are well understood rather than clearly and distinctly expressed; and no one had ever enlightened my ignorance. My father was on speaking terms with him. that was all; courteous, but distant; half timid, half mysterious. He discouraged my childish intimacy with Richard; yet he did not go so far as to forbid it. Once, when I urged him to allow me to accompany young Leroy in his boat, to fish in the Channel one calm and bright summer morning, he peremptorily answered, "No! I do not wish you to learn to be a smuggler." But then, he instantly checked himself, and afterwards was more anxious and kind to me than ever. Still **Bichard** and I continued playfellows until we grew up, and both admired Charlotte. He could have made a formal proposal for her and, if the marked discouragement of her family had not shut out every opportunity. This touched his pride, and once made him declare, in an off-hand way, that it would spring of the pretty stream which ran through cost him but very little trouble to land such it, something like a light cloud running along

Islands, if orange groves and orange blossoms were what my lady cared about. It is wenderful how far, and how swiftly, insedicative words do fly when once they are uttered. Such speeches did not close the breach, but instead, laid the first foundation for one of those confirmed estrangements which village neighbourhoods only know. The repugnance manifested by Charlotte's friends was partly caused by the mystery which hung to Richard's ample means. The choice was unhesitatingly made in my favour. In con-Richard Leroy really did lie, amongst us, under an unexpressed and indefinite ban, which was by no means likely to be removed by the roystering, scornful air of superiority with which he mostly spoke of, looked at, and treated us.

Charlotte and I took leave of my father on that grey September evening with the full consiction that every blessing was in store for us which affection and wealth had the power to procure. Over the green, and up the lime-tree avenue, and then, good-night, my lady-love ! Good-night, thus parting, for the very last time. To-morrow-ah! think of to-morrow. The quarters of the church clock strike half-past nine. Good-night, dear mother-in-law. And, once more, good-night,

Charlotte!

It was somewhat early to leave; but my father's plans required it. He desired that we should be married, not at the church of the village where we all resided, but at one distant a short walk, in which he took a peculiar interest-where he had selected the spot for a family burial-place, and where he wished the family registers to be kept. It was a secluded hamlet; and my father had simply made the request that I would lodge for a while at a farm-house there, in order that the wedding might be performed at the place he fixed his heart upon. My duty and

my interest were to obey.

"Good night, Charlotte," had not long been uttered, before I was fairly on the way to my temporary home. Our village, and its few scattered lights, were soon left behind, and I then was upon the open down, walking on with a springing step. On one side was spread the English Channel; and from time to time I could mark the appearance of the light at Cape Grinez, on the French coast opposite. There it was, coming and going, flashing out and dying away, with never-feasing coquetry. The cliff lay between my Ceasing coquetry. path and the sea. There was no danger; for, although the moon was not up, it was bright starlight. I knew every inch of the way as well as I did my father's garden walks. September, however, mists will rise; and, as I approached the valley, there came the offspring of the pretty stream which ran through. in France, or even on one of the Azore fog coming on? Perhaps there may be. If

so, better steer quite clear of the cliff, by first layer of flints was not more than seven means of a gentle circuit inland. It is quite or eight feet overhead. Those once reached, impossible to miss the valley; and, once in the valley, it is equally difficult to miss the hamlet. Richard Leroy has been frequently backward and forward the last few evenings: it would be strange if we should chance to meet here, and on such an occasion.

On, and still on, cheerily. In a few minutes more I shall reach the farm, and then, to pass one more solitary night is almost a pleasurable delay, a refinement in happiness.
I could sing and dance for joy. Yes, dance
all alone, on this elastic turf! There: just one foolish caper; just one-

Good God! is this not the shock of an earthquake? I hasten to advance another step, but the ground beneath me quivers and sinks. I grasp at the side of a yawning pitfall, but grasp in vain. Down, down,

down, I fall headlong.

When my senses returned, and I could look about me, the moon had risen, and was sh ning in at the treacherous hole through which I had fallen. A glance was only too sufficient to explain my position. Why had I always so foolishly refused to allow the farmer to meet me half way, and accompany me to his house every evening; knowing, as I did know, how the chalk and limestone of the district had been undermined in catacombs, sinuous and secret for wells, flint, manure, building materials, and worse purposes?

My poor father and Charlotte!

Patience. It can hardly be possible that now, on the eve of my marriage, I am suddenly doomed to a lingering death. The night must be passed here, and daylight will show some means of escape. I will lie down on this heap of earth that fell under me.

Amidst despairing thoughts, and a hideous waking nightmare, daylight slowly came.

The waning moon had not revealed the extremity of my despair; but now it was clearly visible that I had fallen double the height I supposed. But for the turf which had fallen under me, I must have been killed on the spot. The hole was too large for me to creep up, by pressing against it with my back and knees; and there were no friendly knobs or protuberances visible up its smooth sides. The chasm increased in diameter as it descended, like an inverted funnel. I might possibly climb up a wall; but could I creep along a ceiling?

I shouted as I lay; no one answered. shouted again and again. Then I thought that too much shouting would exhaust my strength, and unfit me for the task of mounting. I measured with my eye the distances from stratum to stratum of each well-marked layer of chalk. And then, the successive beds of flint—they gave me the greatest hopes. If foot-holes could be only cut! Though the feat was difficult, it might be practicable. The stempt must be nade.

I could secure a footing, and obtain a first starting-place for escape. I tried to climb to them with my feet and hands. Impossible; the crumbling wall would not support half my weight. As fast as I attempted to get haudhold or footing, it fell in fragments to the ground.

But, a better thought—to dig it away, and make a mound so high that, by standing on it, I could manage to reach the flint with my hands. I had my knife to help me; and, after much hard work, my object was accomplished,

and I got within reach of the shelf,

My hands had firm hold of the horizontal flint. They were cut with clinging; but I found that, by raising myself, and then thrusting my feet into the chalk and marl, I could support myself with one hand only, leaving the other free to work. I did work; clearing away the chalk above the flint, so as to give me greater standing-room. At fast, I thought I might venture upon the ledge itself. By a supreme effort, I reached the shelf; but moisture had made the chalk unctuous and slippery to the baffled grasp. It was in vain to think of mounting higher, with no point of support, no firm footing. A desperate leap across the chasm afforded not the slightest hope; because, even if successful, I could not for one moment maintain the advantage gained. I was determined to remain on the ledge of flint. Another moment, and a rattling on the floor soon taught me my powerlessness. Down sunk the chalk beneath my weight; and the stony table fell from its fixture, only just failing to crush me under it.

Stunned and cut, and bruised, I spent some time prostrated by half-conscious but acute sensations of misery. Sleep, which as yet I had not felt, began to steal over me, but could gain no mastery. With each moment of incipient unconsciousness, Charlotte was presented to me, first, in her wedding-dress; next, on our terrace beckoning me gaily from the garden below; then, we were walking arm-in-arm in smiling conversation; or seated happily together in my father's But the full consciousness whichrapidly succeeded presented each moment the hideous truth. It was now broad day; and I realised Charlotte's sufferings. I beheld her awaiting me in her bridal dress; now hastening to the window, and straining her sight over the valley, in the hope of my approach; now stricken down by despair at my absence. My father, too, whose life had been always bound up in mine! These fancies destroyed my power of thought. I felt wild and frenzied. I raved and shouted, and then listened, knowing no answer could come.

But an answer did come: a maddening answer. The sound of bells, dull, dead, and, at was difficult, it might be practicable. The in my hideous well-hole, just distinguishable, tempt must be made.

They ring out my marriage-peal. Why was I arose, stiff and bruised. No matter. The not buried alive when I first fell?

I could have drunk blood, in my thirst, had it been offered to me. Die a faust, Telt full well; but let me not die with my mouth in flame! Then came the struggle of sleep; and then fitful, tantalising dreams. Charlotte appeared to me plucking grapes, and dropping them playfully into my mouth; or catching water in the hollow of her hand, from the little cascade in our grotto, and I drank But hark! drip, drip, and again drip! Is this madness still? No. There must be water cozing somewhere out of the sides of this detested hole. Where the treacherous wall is slimiest, where the green patches are brightest and widest spread on the clammy sides of my living sepulchre, there will be the spot to dig and to search.

Again the knife. Every blow gives a mofe dead and hollow sound. The chalk dislodged is certainly not moister; but the blade sticks fast into wood-the wood of a cask; something slowly begins to trickle down. It is

brandy!

Brandy! shall I taste it? Yet, why not? I did; and soon for a time remembered

I retained a vivid and excited consciousness up to one precise moment, which might have been marked by a stop-watch, and then all outward things were shut out, as suddenly as if a lamp had been extinguished. A long and utter blank succeeded. I have no further of any bodily suffering. Had I died by alcoholic poison-and it is a miracle the brandy did not kill me-then would have been the end of my actual and conscious existence. My senses were dead. If what happened afterwards had occurred at that time, there would have been no story for you to listen to.

Once more, a burning thirst. Hunger had entirely passed away. I looked up, and all was dark; not even the stars or the cloudy sky were to be seen at the opening of my cavern. A shower of earth and heavy stones fell upon me as I lay. I still was barely awake and conscious, and a groan was the only evidence which escaped me that I had

again recovered the use of my senses. "Halloa! What's that down there?" said

a voice, whose tone was familiar to me. uttered a faint but frantic cry.

I heard a moment's whispering, and the hollow echo of departing footsteps, and then all was still again. The voice overhead once

more addressed me.
Courage, George; keep up your spirits! In two minutes I will come and help you.

Don't you know me?"

I then did know that it could be no other Than my old rival, Richard Leroy. Before I could collect my thoughts, a light glimmered rection opposite the fallen table of flint, and that over it. Richard appeared, with a lantern Richard became good friends, and the old in one hand, and a rope tied to a stick across gentleman acquired such affluence over him, n the other

"Have you strength enough left to sit und this, and to hold by the rope while I have you up?"
"I think I have," I said. I got the stick

under ome, and held by the rope to keep steady on my seat. Richard planted his feet firmly on the edge of his standing-place, and hauled me up. By a sleight of hand and an effort of strength, in which I was too weak to render him the least accordance to the least accordance. render him the least assistance, he landed me at the mouth of a subterranean gallery opening into the well. I could just see, oh looking back, that if I had only maintained my position on the ledge of flint, and improved it a little, I might, by a daring and vigorous leap, have sprung to the entrance of this very gallery. But those ideas were now useless. I was so thoroughly worn out that I could scarcely stand, and an entreaty for

"You shall drink your fill in one instant, and I am heartily glad to have helped you; but first let me mention one thing. understood that you keep my secret. You cannot leave this place—unless I blindfold you, which would be an insult—without learning the way to return to it; and, of course, what you see along the galleries are to you nothing but shadows and dreams.

water preceded even my expression of thanks.

Have I your promise?"

I was unable to make any other reply than to seize his hand, and burst into tears. How recollection either of the duration of time, or I got from the caverus to the face of the cliff, how thence to the beach, the secluded hamlet, and the sleeping village, does really seem to my memory like a vision. On the way across the downs, Leroy stopped once or twice, more for the sake of resting my aching limbs, than of taking breath or repose himself. During those intervals, he quietly remarked to me how prejudiced and unfair we had all of us been to him; that as for Charlotte, he considered her as a child, a little sister, almost even as a baby plaything. She was not the woman for him: he, for his part, liked a girl with a little more of the devil about her. No doubt he could have carried her off; and no doubt she would have loved him desperately a fortnight afterwards. But, when he had once got her, what should he have done with such a blue-eyed milk-and-water angel as that? Nothing serious to annoy us had ever entered his And my father ought not quite to forget the source of his own fortune, and hold himself aloof from his equals; although he inight be lying quiet in harbour at present. Really, it was a joke, that, instead of eloping with the bride, he should be bringing home the eloped bridegroom!

I fainted when he carried me into my father's house, and I remember no more than linst one side of the well; and then, in the his temporary adieu. But afterwards, all went on slowly and surely. My father and "pleasure trips" some that Leroy's

came rare, and finally ceased altogether. At the last run, he brought a foreign wife over with him, and nothing besides—a Dutch woman of great beauty and accomplishments; who, as he said, was as fitting a helpmate for him, as Charlotte, he acknowledged, was for me. He also took a neighbouring parish church and its appurtenances into lavour, and settled down as a landsman within a few miles of us. And, if our families continue to go on in the friendly way they have done for the last few years, it seems likely that a Richard may conduct a Charlotte, to enter their names together in a favourite register-book.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

Until I was fifteen I lived at home with my widowed mother and two sisters. My mother was the widow of an officer, who was killed in one of the battles with Hyder Ali, and enjoyed a pension from the Indian Government. I was the youngest; and soon after my fifteenth birthday she died suddenly. My sisters went to India on the invitation of a distant relation of my mother; and I was sent to school, where I was very unhappy. You will, therefore, easily imagine with what pleasure I received a visit from a handsome jovial old gentleman, who told me that he was my father's elder half-brother; that they had been separated by a quarrel early in life, but that now, being a widower and childless, he had found me out, and determined to adopt me.

The truth was, the old man loved company; and that as his chief income-a large onewas derived from a mine, near which he lived, in a very remote part of the country, he was well pleased to have a young companion who looked like a gentleman, and could be useful as carver, cellar-keeper, and secretary.

Installed in his house, a room was assigned to me, and I had a servant, and a couple of excellent horses. He made me understand that I need give myself no further anxiety on the subject of my future, that I might abandon the idea of proceeding to India in the Company's service, where a cadetship had been secured for me; and that so long as I conformed to his ways, it was no matter whether I studied or not; in fact, it was no matter what I did.

Some time after becoming thus settled at Beechgrove Hall, my uncle's attacks of gout, in spite of the generous living he adopted as a precaution, became so severe, that he was unable to stir out except in a wheeled chair, and it was with difficulty that he was lifted occasionally into his carriage. consequence was, that to me all his business naturally fell, and although he grumbled at losing my society and attention, he was to see that young pretty creature sitting up

I was well provided with introduc-London. tions and with funds. My uncle's business occupied me in the morning, for I dreaded his displeasure too much to neglect it; but in the evenings I plunged into every amusement, with all the keen zest of novelty and youth.

I cannot say that up to that period I had never been in love. My uncle had twice seriously warned me that if I made a fool of myself for anything less than a large fortune, he would never forgive me. Sir," he said, when, on the second occasion, he saw me blush and tremble—for I was too proud. and too self-willed to bear patiently such control—" If, Sir, you like to make an ass of yourself for a pretty face, like Miss Willington, with her three brothers and five sisters, half of whom you'd have to keep, you may do it with your own money; you shall not do it with mine.'

I told my only confident, Dr. Creeleigh, of this; he answered me, "You have only about a hundred and twenty a year of your own from the estate you inherited from your father, and you are living with your horses and dogs at the rate of five hundred a year. How would you like to see your wife and children dressed and housed like the curate -poor Mr. Serge? Your uncle can't live for ever." The argument was enough for me, who had only found Clara Willington the best partner in a country dance. My time was not come.

My lodgings in London were in a large. old-fashioned house in Westminster-formerly the residence of a nobleman-which was a perfect caravanserai, in the number and variety of its inmates. The best rooms were let to Members of Parliament and persons like myself; but, in the upper floor, many persons of humbler means but genteel pretensions had rooms. Here, I frequently met on the stairs, carrying a roll of music, a tall, elegant female figure, dressed in black, and closely veiled; sometimes, when I had to step on one side, a slight bow was exchanged, but for several weeks that was At length my curiosity was piqued; the neat aukles, a small white hand, a dark curl peeping out of the veil, made me anxious to know more.

Enquiries discreetly applied to Mrs. Gough. the housekeeper, told me enough to make me wish to know still more. Her name was Laura Delacourt; not more than twenty or twenty-two years of age; she had lived four years previously with her husband in the best apartments in the house in great luxury for one winter. Mr. Delacourt was a Frenchman and a gambler; very handsome, and very dissipated; it seemed as if it was her fortune they were spending. Mrs. Gough said it was enough to make one's heart break obliged to send me to London to watch the in her ball dress when her husband had sent progress of a canal bill, in which he was her hen alone, and remained to play until desply interested. It was my first visit to daylight. They went away, and nothing

more was heard of them until just before my Atrival About that time Madame Delacourt, become very humble, had taken a room on the third floor; had only mentioned her husband, to say he was dead, and now apparently lived by giving music lessons.

It would be too long a story to tell how, by making the old housekeeper my ambassador, by anonymous presents of fruit and game, by offering to take music dessons, and by professing to require large quantities of niusic copied, I made first the acquaintance, and then became the intimate friend of Madama Delacourt. While keeping me at a freezing distance, and insisting on always having present at our interviews a half-servant half-companion, of that indescribable age, figure, and appearance that is only grow. in France, she step by step confided to me her history. An English girl, born in France, the "daughter of a war prisoner at Verdun, married to the very handsome Monsieur Delacourt, at sixteen, by a mother who was herself anxious to make a second marriage. In twelve months Monsieur Delacourt had expended her small fortune, and described her for an opera dancer of twice her age.

All this, told with a charming accent in melancholy tones—she looking on me sadly with a face which, for expression, I have never seen equalled—produced an impression which those only can understand who have been

themselves young and in love.

For weeks this went on, without one sign of encouragement on her part, except that she allowed me to sit with her in the evenings, while her bonne faddled at some interminable work, and she sang-O! how divinely! She would receive no presents directly from me; but I sent them anonymously, and dresses and furniture and costly trifles and books reached her daily. I spoke at last; and then she stopped me with a cold faint smile, saying, "Cease! I must not listen to you." She ture, indress, but especially in jewels. I remonpleaded her too recent widowhood, but I persevered; and, after a time, conquered.

She knew my small fortune and large

expectations; she knew that our marriage must be a secret; but she was willing to live anywhere, and was well content to quit a life in which she had known so much trouble.

Before the session ended we were married in an obscure church in the City, with no one present but the clerk and the pew-opener. We spent the www following days at a small inn, in a fishing village. Then I had to leave town and carry out the plan I had proposed. I left my wite in lodgings, under an assumed name, at a town within forty fulls of our resident. I had some time previously persuad my uncle to let me take a lease from Log Mardall of some untouched mineral hd, oń véry favourable terms, in a wild mly-peopled district, which was only visited the gentry for field sports. This afforded he an excuse for being away from hone one or two days every week.

Not far from the mines was the remains of a forest, and coverts abounding in game, It is little sloping dell, one of the Lord Mardalle ancestors had built a small shooting lodger and one of the keepers in charge had planted there fruit trees and ornamental trees, for which he had a taste, being the son of a gardener. On this wild nest, miles away: from any other residence, I had fixed my, mind. It was half in ruins, and there was no difficulty in obtaining possession. With money, and workmen at my command, very soon a garden smiled, and a fountain bubbled at Orchard Spring; roses and climbing plants; covered the steep hill side, and the small stone cottage was made, at a slight expense, a wonder of comfort. The cage being ready I brought my bird there. The first months were all joy, all happiness. My uncle only complained that I had lost my jovial spirits.

I counted every day until the day when I

could mount my horse and set off for the new mines. Five-and-twenty miles to ride over a rough mountain road; two fords to cross, often swelled by winter rains; but day or night, moonlight or dark, I dashed along, pressing too often my willing horse with loose, rein up and down.steep hills; all lost in love and anxious thought I rode, until in the distance the plashing sound of the mountain torrent rolling over our garden cascade, told

me I was near my darling.

My horse's footsteps were heard, and before I had passed the avenue the door flew open, the bright fire blazed out, and Laura came

forward to receive me in her arms.

I had begged her to get everything she might require from London, and have it sent, to avoid all suspicion, to the nearest port, and then brought by her own servant, a country clown, with a horse and cart; and I had given her a cheque-book, signed in blank. After a time I saw signs of extravagance; in furnistrated gently and was met first with tears; then sullen fits. I learned that Laura had a temper for which I was quite unprepared.

The ice was broken; no more pleasant holydays at Orchard Spring. The girl once so humble now assumed a haughty jealous air; every word was a cause of offence; I never came when wanted, or stayed as long as I was required; half my time was spent in scenes of repreach, of tears, hysterics, lamentations; peace was only to be purchased by some costly present. Our maid-servant, a simple country girl, stood amazed; the meek angel had become a tigress. I loved her still, but feared her; yet even love began to fail A dreadful idea before so much violence. began slowly to intrude itself into my mind. Was she tired of me? Was her story of her. life true ? Had she ever loved me ? The next time that I made up my banker's book I was shocked to find that, in the short time-since my last remonstrance, Loura had drawn a large sum of money. I lost no time in

galloping to Orchard Spring. She was absent. Where was she ! No one knew. Severe crossexamination brought out that she had been

two days; I had not been expected that week. I thought I should have choked. In the midst I heard the steps of her lierte. She came in and confronted me. Looking most beautiful and demoniacal, she defied me; she threatened to expose me to my uncle; declared she had never loved me, but had taken me for a home. At length her frenzy rose to such a height, that she struck me. Then all the violent pent-up rage of my heart broke out. I know not what sufficient to cause such an effusion of blood. passed, until I found myself galloping furiously across the mountain ridge that divided the county. Obliged to slacken my pace in impression in favour of the prisoner. He saw passing through a ford, some one spoke to the body at five o'clock, and it was scarcely me; how I answered I know not. Whatever cold. He had found in one of the victim's it was, it was a mad answer.

The landlord, when he saw me, started back plate had been found on the kitchen table, with an exclamation of horror. My face and shirt were covered with blood.

awakened, and found myself in the custody of two constables. Two mounted gamekeepers, and Lord Mardall had followed and traced me to the inn.

" On what charge?" I asked, amazed.

the gamekeepers.

was unable to give any coherent answers; and was committed to the county jail. My uncle remitted me a sum of money for my defence, and desired never to see me again.

I will give you the description of my trial

from the newspapers.

The prisoner had clandestinely married a tady of great beauty and unknown family, probably in station beneath himself, and had placed her under an assumed name in a lonely cottage. After a season of affection quarrels had her well; used to drive her in the gaol cart; broken out, which, as would be proved by the servant, had constantly increased in violence. On the last occasion when the unfortunate vic-tim was seen alive by her servant, a quarrel of a most fearful description had commenced. It was something about money. The servant had been so much alarmed, that she had left the cottage and gone down to her mother's, a mile away over the hill, where she had previously been ordered to go to obtain some poultry. From something that passed, her would then be proved that Lord Mardall, at the examination to go on.

tracted by the howling of a dog, when out shooting the next morning had entered the open door of the cottage, and had there found the prisoner's wife dead, with a savere fracture of the skull. The prisoner had been pursued, from some information as to his usual course, and found asleep in the chiraney-corner of the Moor Inn, his clothes and shirt deeply stained with blood. It could be proved that he had washed his face and hands immediately on entering, and attributed the blood to the fall from his horse. But on examination no cuts were found on his person

But, when Lord Mardall was called, he deposed to two facts which produced a great hands a lock of hair, which she had evidently I listened to nothing, and pressed on my torn from herassailant in her struggles; which weary steed until just before reaching the had been desperate. He had sealed it up, and moorland, when, descending into a water-never let it out of his possession. The nails course, he fell on his head, throwing me over of her other hand were broken, and were with such force, that for some time I lay marked with blood. She had no rings on senseless. I came to myself to find my pour either of her hands, though she was in the horse standing over me dead lame. I led him habit of wearing a great number; there were on to the inn door, and knocked. It was marks of rings, and of one which seemed midnight, and I was not readily admitted to have been violently torn off. A packet of a knife, and a loaf marked with blood.

Counsel were not allowed to address the Worn-out, bruised, and exhausted by jury for the defence in those days, and the fatigue and passion, I slept. I was rudely prisoner was not in a condition to speak on the evidence against him. Witnesses for the defence were called, who proved that the lady wore frequently certain peculiar bracelets. The prisoner, who seemed stupified by his emotions, de lined to say anything; but "For murder," said Lord Mardall. his counsel asked the maid-servant, and also "The lady at Orchard Spring," said one of the farmer who occasionally sold meat to his counsel asked the maid-servant, and also Orchard Spring, if they should know the I was examined before magistrates; but rings and bracelets if they saw them.

He then called Richard Perkins, jailor of the county prison, and asked him these questions; "Had you any prisoner committed about the

same time as the prisoner at the bar ?"

"I had a man called Hay-making Dick, for horse stealing, the day after the discovery of the murder.'

" Was it a valuable horse?"

"No; it was a mare, blind of one eye, very; old, and with a large fen spavin. I knew but when warm, she was faster than anything about.

"Do you suppose Hay-making Dick took the t

mare to sell?

"Certainly not She would not fetch a crown, except to those that knew her. No doubt he. had been up to some mischief, and wanted to get out of the county, only luckily he rode, against the blacksmith that owned the mare. and was taken."

The judge thought these questions irrele-

Has Perkins searched the prisoner, and

The gaoler produced two bracelets, four rings—one a diamond hopp, one a seal ring—and a canvass wheat-bag, containing gold, with several French coins. On one of the bracelets was engraved "Charles to Laura," and a date. In answer to another question, he had found several severe scratches on Dick's face, made apparently by nails, which he declared had been done in an up and down fight at Broad-green Fair. Also a severe raw scar on his left temple, as if hair had been pulled out.

At this stage of the proceedings, by order of the judge, the prisoner Dick was brought up. The lock of hair taken by Lord Mardall from the murdered lady's hand was compared with Dick's head. It matched exactly although Dick's hair had been cut short and washed. Then a Mr. Mouley gave evidence, that when he met the prisoner, on the night of the murder, immediately after he had left the cottage, there certainly was no blood on his face or dress. The landlord of the Moon Inn was called, and deposed, that he found the corn, placed before the prisoner's horse, unesten and much stained with blood. On examining the horse's tongue, he saw that it had been half-bitten off in the fall the animal bad suffered. No doubt the blood had dripped over the young Squire.

It was a bright moonlight night shining in

the prisoner's face.

The judge summed up for an acquittal, and the jury gave a verdict of Not Guilty, with-

out leaving the box.

A week after, Haymaking Dick made an attempt to break out of prison, in which he knocked out the brains of a turnkey with his irons. He was tried and condemned for this, and when hope of escape was gone, he called a favourite turnkey to him and said, "Bill, I killed the Frenchwoman. I knew she always had plenty of money and jewels, and I watched my opportunity to get 'em."

Thus ends the newspaper report. My uncle died of gout in his stomach on the day of the trial, and died almost insolvent. By Lord Mardall's influence I received an appointment from the East India Company, and afterwards a commission in their irregular service.

THE SCHOLAR'S STORY.

PERCEIVE a general fear on the part of pleasant company, that I am going to tret into black-letter, and beguile the time by being as dry as ashes. No, there is no such fear, you can assure me? I am glad to hear it; but I thought there was.

At any rate, both to relieve your minds and to place myself beyond suspicion, I will say at once that my story is a ballad. It was taken down, as I am going to repeat it,

seventy one years ago by the mother of the person who communicated it to M. Villemarque when he was making the indection of Breton Ballads. It is slightly entered by the chronicles and Ecclesiastical factor the time; but no more of them or you saily will suspect me. It runs, according to any version, thus.

Sole child of her house, a lovely maid, In the lordly halls of Rohan played.

Played till thirteen, when her sire was bent To see her wed; and she gave consent.

And many a lord of high degree Came suing, her chosen knight to be;

But amongst them all there pleased her none Save the noble Count Mathieu alone;

Lord of the Castle of Trongoli, A princely knight of Italy.

To him so courteous, true, and brave, Her neart the maiden freely gave.

Three years since the day they first were wed In peace and in bliss away had sped,

When tidings came on the winds abroad That all were to take the cross of God.

Then spake the Count like a noble knight: "Aye first in birth should be first in fight!"

"And, since to this Paynim war I must, Dear cousin, I leave thee here in trust.

"My wife and my child I leave to thee; Guard them, good clerk, as thy life for me!"

Early next morn, from his castle gate, As rode forth the knight in bannered state,

Down the marble steps, all full of fears, The lady hied her, with means and tears—

The loving, sweet lady, sobbing wild—And, laid on her breast, her baby child.

She ran to her lord with breathless speed, As backward he reined his fiery steed;

She caught and she clasped him round the knee; She wept, and she prayed him pitcously:

"Oh stay with me, stay! my lord, my love! Go not, I beg, by the saints above;

"Leave me not here alone, I pray, To weep on your baby's face alway !"

The knight was touched with her sad despair, And fondly gazed on her face so fair;

And stretched out his hand, and stooping low, Raised her up straight to his saddle-bow;

And held her pressed to his bosom then, And kissed her o'er and o'er agen.

Come, dry these tears, my little Joan; A single year, it will soon be flown!"

His baby dear in his arms he took, And looked on him with a proud, fond look:

"My boy, when thou 'rt a man," said he, Wilt ride to the wars along with me P"

Then away he spurred across the plain, And old and young they wept amain;

Both rich and poor, wept every one; But that same clerk—ah! he wept none. The translations classe, one making side.

With a fair specimes the lady piled:

The spided now is that single year,

And aded too is the war, I hear;

Fit yet, thy lord to return to thee,

toold seem in no haste at all to be.

Now, ask of your heart, my lady dear,
Is there no other might please it here?

"Need wives still keep themselves unwed,
Fen though their husbands should not be dead?"

"Bilenos! thou wretched clerk!" cried she,

"Silence! thou wretched clerk!" cried she,
"Thy heart is filled full of sin, I see."
"When my lord returns, if I whisper him,

Thou knows't he'll tear thee limb from limb!"
"As soon as the clerk thus answered she
He stole to the kennel secretly.

He called to the hound so swift and true, The hound that his lord loved best, he knew.

It came to his call—leapt up in play; One gash in the throat, and dead it lay.

As trickled the blood from out the throat, He dipped in that red ink and wrote:

A letter he wrote, with a liar's heed, And sent it straight to the camp with speed.

And these were the words the letter hore; "Dear lord, your wife she is fretting sore;

"Fretting and grieving, your wife so dear, a
For a sad mischance befullen here.

"Chasing the doe on the mountain-side, Thy beautiful greyhound burst and died." The Count so guildless then answer mades

And thus to his faithless consin said:
"Now, bid my own little wife, I pray,
To fret not for this mischance one day.

"My hound is dead-well! money have I Another, when I come back, to buy.

"Yet say she'd better not hunt agen, For hunters are oft but wildish men."

The miscreant clerk once more he came, As she wept in her bower, to the peerless dame.

"O lady, with weeping night and day, Your beauty is fading fast away."

"And what care I though it fading be, When my own dear lord comes not to me!"

"Thy own dear lord has, I fancy, wed Another ere this, or else he's dead.

"The Moorish maidens though dark are fair, And,gold in plenty have got to spare;

"The Moorish chiefs on the battle plain Thousands of valiant as he have slain.

"If he 's wed another—Oh curse, not fret; Or, if he 's dead—why, straight forget!"

"If he's wed another I'll die," she said;
"And I'll die likewise, if he be dead!"

"In case one chances to lose the key, No need for burning the box, I see.

"Twere wiser, if I might speak my mind, A new and a better key to find." • "Now hold, there were his mills the tength, "Tie foul will indicate washing state than don

As soon as the clerk thus answered size.

He looked at the lord's own favourite stand, or Unmatched for beauty, for strength and appear

White as an egg, and more smooth to teach, Light as a bird, and for fire none such;

On nought had she fed, since she was born, Save fine chopped heath and the best of corn.

Awhile the bonny white mure he eyed, Then struck his dirk in her velvet side;

And when the bonny white mare tay dead, Again to the Count he wrote and said:

"Of a fresh mischance I now send word, But let it not vex thee much, dear lord;

Illasting back from a revel last night, My lady rode on thy favourite white—

"So hotly rode, if stumbled and fell, And broke both legs, as I grieve to tell."

The Count then answered, "Ah! woe is me My bonny white mare no more to see?

"My more she has killed; my hound killed too;. Good cousin, now give her counsel true.

"Yet sould her not either; but, say from me, To no more revels at night must she.

"Not horses' legs alone, I fear, But wifely vows may be broken there!"

1V.

The clerk a few days let pass, and then Back to the charge returned agen.

" lady, now yield, or you die !" said he;

"Choose which you will—choose speedily!"
"Ten thousand deaths would I rather die,

Than shame upon me my God should cry!"

The clark, when he saw he nought might gain,
No more could his smothered wrath contain;

So soon as those words had left her tongue, His dagger right at her head he flung. But swift her white angel, hovering nigh,

Turned it aside as it flashed her by.

The lady straight to her chamber flow,

The lady straight to her chamber flew, And bolt and bar behind her drew.

The clerk his dagger snatched up and shook, And grinned with an angry ban-dog's look. Down the broad stairs in his rage came tac.

Two steps at a time, two steps and three.

Then on to the nurse's room he crept, Where softly the winsome baby slept—Softly, and sweetly, and all alone;

One arm from the silken cradle thrown— One little round arm just o'er it laid, Folded the other beneath his head:

His little white breast—sh! hush! be still! Poor mother, go now and weep your fill!

Away to his room the clerk then sped,
And wrote a letter in black and red;

In haste, post haste, to the Count waste hat? "There is need, dear lord, sore need of thee five

"Oh speed new, speed, to thy eastle back, For all runs riot, and runs to wrack.

"Thy hound is killed, and thy mare is killed, But not for these with such grief I m filled.

"Nor is it for these thou flow wilt care; Thy durling is dead! thy son, thy heir!

"The sow she seized and devoured him all, While thy wife was dancing at the ball;

"Dancing there with the miller gay, Her young gallant, as the people say."

٧.

That letter came to the valiant knight, Hastening home from the Paynim fight;

With trumpet sound, from that Eastern strand 'Hastening home to his own dear land.

So soon as he read the missive through, Fearful to see his anger grew.

The scroll in his mailed hand he took, And crumpled it up with futious look; To bits with his teeth he tore the sheet,

And spat them out at his house's feet.
"Now quick to Buttany, quick, my men,

The homes that you love to see agen!
"Thou loitering squire! ride yet more quick,
Or my lance shall teach thee how to prick!"

But when he stood at his castle gate, Three lordly blows he struck it straight;

Three angry blows he struck thereon, Which made them tremble every one.

The clerk he heard, and down he hied,

And opened at once the portal wale.

"Oh cursed cousin, that this should be!

"Oh cursed cousin, that this should be! Did I not trust my wife to thee?"

His spear down the traitor's throat he drove, Till out at his back the red point clove.

Then up he rushed to the build bower, Where drooped his lady like some pair flower. And ere she could speak a single word,

She tell at his feet beneath his sword.

VI.

"O holy priest! now tell to me What didst thou up at the castle see?"

"I saw a grief and a terror more Than ever I saw on earth before.

"I saw a martyr give up her bréath, And her slayer sorrowing e'en to death."

"O holy priest! now tell to me What didst thou down at the crossway see?"

"I saw a corpse that all manghed lay, And the dogs and ravens made their prey."

"Oh holy priest! now tell to me
What didst thou next in the churchyard see?"

a new made grave, in soft modelight,

"Nursing a little child on her knec-A dark red wound on his breast had he,

"A noble-hound lay conched at her right, A steed at her left of bonnest white; |

- "The first a grath in its throat had wide, And this as deep a sish in its side.
- "They reised their heads to the lade's knee, And they licked her soft hands tenderly.
- "She gently patted their necks, the while . Smiking, though stilly, a fair sweet smile.
- "The child, as it fain its love would speak, * Caressed and fondled its mother's cheek.
- "But down went the moon then silently, And my eyes no more their forms could see; "
- "But I heard a bird from out the skies Warbling a song of Paradise!"

NOBODY'S STORY.

He lived on the bank of a mighty river, broad and deep, which was always silently rolling on to a vast undiscovered ocean. It had rolled on, ever since the world began it had changed its course sometimes, and tuned into new channels, leaving its old ways dry and barren; but it had ever been upon the flow, and ever was to flow until Time should be no more. Against its strong, unfathomable stream, nothing made head. No living creature, no flower, no leaf, no particle of animate or inanimate existence, ever strayed back from the undiscovered ocean. The tide of the river set resistlessly towards it; and the tide never stopped, any more than the earth stops in its cucling round the sun.

He lived in a busy place, and he worked very hard to live. He had no hope of ever being each enough to live a month without hard work, but he was quite content, God knows, to labour with a cheerful will. He was one of an immense family, all of whose sons and daughters gained their daily bread by daily work, prolonged from their rising up betimes until their lying down at night. Beyond this destiny he had no prospect, and

he sought none.

There was over-much drumming, trumpeting, and speechmaking, in the neighbourhood where he dwelt; but he had nothing to do with that. Such clash and uproar came from the Eigwig family, at the unaccountable proceedings of which race, he marvelled much. They set up the strangest statues, in iron, marble, bronze, and brass, before his door; and darkened his house with the legs and tails of uncouth images of horses. He wondered what it all meant, smiled in a rough good-humoured way he had, and kept at his hard work.

The Bigwig family (composed of all the structurest people thereabouts, and all the noisiest) had undertaken to save him the trouble of thinking for himself, and to manage him and his affairs. "Why truly," said he. "I have little time upon my hands; and it you will be so good as to take care of me, in return for the money I pay over "—for the Bigwig family were not above his money—"I shall be relieved and much obliged, consider-

ing that you know best." Hence the drumming, trumpeting, and speechmaking, and the ugly images of horses which he was expected to fall down and worship.

"I dow't understand all this," said he,

rubbing his furrowed brow confusedly. "But it has a meaning, maybe, if I could find it

"It means," returned the Bigwig family, suspecting something of what he said, "honour and glory in the highest, to the highest merit.

"Oh!" said he. And he was glad to hear that.

But, when he looked among the images in iron, marble, bronze, and brass, he failed to find a rather meritorious countryman of his, once the son of a Warwickshire wool-dealer, or any single countryman whomsoever of that kind. He could find none of the men whose knowledge had rescued him and his children from terrific and disfiguring disease. whose boldness had raised his forefathers from the condition of serfs, whose wise fancy had opened a new and high existence to the humblest, whose skill had filled the working man's world with accumulated wonders. Whereas, he did find others whom he knew no good of, and even others whom he knew much ill of.

"Humph!" said he. "I don't quite under-

stand it.

So, he went home, and sat down by his fire-

side to get it out of his mind.

New, his fire-side was a bare one, all hemmed in by blackened streets; but it was a precious place to him. The hands of his wife were hardened with toil, and she was old before her time; but she was dear to him. His children, stunted in their growth, bore traces of unwholesome nurture; but they had beauty in his sight. Above all other things, it was an earnest desire of this man's soul that his children should be taught. 4" If I am sometimes misled," said he, "for want of knowledge, at least let them know better, and avoid my mistakes. If it is hard to me to reap the harvest of pleasure and instruction that is stored in books, let it be easier to them."

But, the Bigwig family broke out into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and peared among the labourers, and was slaying indispensable above all other things; and them by thousands. Going forth to look the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses; impounded one another in courts Lay and courts Ecclesiastical; threw dirt, exchanged pummelings, and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile, this man, in his short evening down alike. snatches at his fireside, saw the denion Igno-

rance arise there, and take this shildren to itself. He saw his daughter perverted into a heavy slatternly drudge; he saw his son go moping down the ways of low sensuality, to brutality and crime; he saw the dawning light of intelligence in the eyes of his babies so changing into cunning and suspicion, that he could have rather wished them idiots.

3 ... 34

"I don't understand this any the better.": said he; "but I think it cannot be right; Nay, by the clouded Heaven above me, I

protest against this as my wrong !"

Becoming peaceable again (for his passion was usually short-lived, and his nature kind), he looked about him on his Sundays and holidays, and he saw how much monotony and weariness there was, and thence how drunken-: ness arose with all its train of ruin. Then he appealed to the Bigwig family, and said, "We are a labouring people, and I have a glimmering suspicion in me that labouring people of whatever condition were madeby a higher intelligence than yours, as I, poorly understand it-to be in need of mental refreshment and recreation. See what we fall into, when we rest without it. Come! Amuse me harmlessly, show me something, give me an escape!"

But, here the Bigwig family fell into a state of uproar absolutely deafening. When some few voices were faintly heard, proposing to show him the wonders of the world, the greatness of creation, the mighty changes of time, the workings of nature and the beauties of art-to show him these things, that is to say, at any period of his life when he could look upon them-there arose among the Bigwigs such roaring and raving, such pulpiting and petitioning, such maundering and memorialising, such name-calling and dirt-throwing, such a shrill wind of parliamentary questioning and feeble replying— where "I dare not" waited on "I would" that the poor fellow stood aghast, staring

wildly around.

"Have I provoked all this," said he, with his hands to his affrighted ears, "by what was meant to be an innocent request, plainly arising out of my familiar experience, and the common knowledge of all men who choose to open their eyes? I don't understand, and I am not understood. What is to come of such

a state of things!" He was bending over his work, often asking himself the question, when the news began to spread that a pestilence had apthem by thousands. Going forth to look about him, he soon found this to be true. The dying and the dead were mingled in the close and tainted houses among which his life was passed. New poison was distilled into the always murky, always sickening air. The robust and the weak, old age and infancy, the father and the mother, all were stricken What means of flight had he?

marined there, where he was, and say those who were dearest to him die. A kind preacher came to him, and would have said some frayers to soften his heart in his gloom,

but he replied : "O what avails it, missionary, to come to me, a man condemned to residence in this feetid place, where every sense bestowed upon me for my delight becomes a torment, and where every minute of my numbered days is new mire added to the heap under which I lie appressed! But, give me my first glimpse of Heaven, through a little of its light and air ; give me pare water; help me to be clean; lighten this heavy atmosphere and heavy life, in which our spirits sink, and we become the indifferent and callous creatures you too often see us; gently and kindly take the bodies of those who die among us, out of the small room where we grow to be so familiar with the awful change that even its sanctity is lost to us; and, Teacher, then I will hear—none know better than you, how willingly—of Him whose thoughts were so much with the poor, and who had compassion for all human sorrow !"

He was at his work again, solitary and sad, when his Mister came and stood neu to him dresged in black. He. also, had suffered heavily. His young wife, his beautiful and good young wile, was dead; so too, his only child "Master, 'tis hard to bear-I know it-but

be comforted. I would give you comfort, if I

could.

The Master thanked him from his heart, but, said he, "O you labouring men! The cale mity began among you If you had but hved more healthdy and decently, I should not be the widowed and bereft mourner that

I am this day "

"Master," returned the other, shaking his head," "I have begun to understand a little that most calamities will come from us, as this one did, and that none will stop at our poor doors, until we are united with that great squabbling family yonder, to do the things that are right. We cannot live healthily and decently, unless they who undertook to manage us provide the means We cannot be instructed, unless they will teach us; we cannot be nationally amused, unless they will amuse us; we cannot but have some false gods of our own, while they set up so many of theirs in all the public places. The evil consequences of imperfect instruction, the evil consequences of perpicious neglect, the evil consequences of unnatural restraint and the denial of humanizing enjoyments, will all come from us, and none of them will stop with us. They will spread for and wide. They always do; they always have done-just like the pestilence. I understand so much, I think, at last."

Manage work ! "O you labouring men! How and the strong men! A strong to be trouble de we ever th some

"Master," he replied, "I am N little likely to be heard of, (nor yet much, wanted to be heard of, perhaps) except when there is some trouble. But it never begins with me, and it perer transmit with me, sure as Death, it comes down to me.

goes up from me."

There was so much reason in what hadd, that the Digwig family, getting wind it,, and being hornbly fughtened by the late desolation, resolved to unite with him to do the things that were right—at all events, so far as the said things were associated with the direct prevention, humanly speaking of another pestilence. But, as their fear were off, which it soon began to do, they resulted their falling out among themselves, and aid nothing. Consequently the scourge appeared igain — low down as before — and spirad avengingly upward as before, and carried off vast numbers of the brawlers But not a man among them ever admitted, if it the least degree he ever perceived, that he had anything to do with it anything to do with it.

So Nobody lived and died in the old, old, old way; and this, in the main, is the whole

of Nobody's story.

. Had he no name, you ask? Perhaps it was Legion. It matters little what his name

was. Let us call him Legion.

If you were ever in the Belgian villages near the field of Waterloo, you will have seen, in some quiet little church, a monument creeted by futhful companions in arms to the memory of Colonel A, Major B, Captains C D and E, Lucutan ants F and G, Ensigns H I and J, seven non-commissioned officers, and one hundred and thirty rank and file. who tell in the discharge of their duty on the memorable day. The story of Nobody is the story of the rank and file of the earth. They bent their share of the battle; they have their part in the victory; they fall; they leave no name but in the mass. The march leave no name but in the mass. of the proudest of us, leads to the dusty of the proudest of us, leads to the dusty way by which they go. O! Let us think of them this year at the Christmas fire, and not forget them when it is burnt out.

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ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

I no not know that I had anything to do at Dahomey, when I used to put this magnificent heading outside my letters to my brother Tom; but I do know the name of my appointment, which is more than most of us did. I was called Sub Vice-Consul, and I think I was the only salaried funcmy appointment, which is more than most of us did. I was called Sub Vice-Consul, and by ne means an intellect mighty of us did. I was called Sub Vice-Consul, and I think I was the only salaried functionary of the kind extant. I was appointed and would have figured well as the head because Sir Hector Stubble, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Dahomey, had quarrelled with everbody about him, so violently and so often that the service could no longer go on. I life. Dahomey was a very bad school for the need scarcely add that he also quarrelled with me. He would not have anything to say to the Honourable Mr. Faddleton, our long, that at last he could speak to none save secretary, because he lisped; nor to his in the grating language of harsh command. first attaché, because he squinted; nor to He seemed to look upon mankind as a mere the six other attachés, for equally cogent reasons.

Between the Consulate and the Embassy there was open war; one pretending to all authority, and the other granting none.

A person arriving as I did in Dahomey, from any other quarter of the world, and finding himself in an official situation, as a slave. Nature never could have made a man so thoroughly unamiable.

Sir Hector Stubble had no heart, no he had lost his way and got into the Inquisition.

Sir Hector Stubble had set every living being within his influence by the ears. He had a talent for it. You could not walk across the street with a British subject, whom you met by accident, without that British subject immediately falling foul of every other British subject in the place—and there of much more importance than the greatest were a good many of them—all at logger-practical thinker who ever served manwere a good many of them—all at logger-heads. Slander and backbiting, complaints kind. and annoyances, quarrels and jars of all

Sir Hector could have contrived to make nearly the whole of his subsequent life among himself so disagreeable. He was a man of fair average capacity, upright, and hard-working. But a more hard, stern, unjust, free men. unikind, unloveable man never stood within the icy circle of his own pride and ill temper. He was haughty and stiff-necked beyond any superior to the rest of their countrymen, as

man L have ever seen. He trampled on other men's feelings as deliberately and unflinchingly as if they were wooden puppets made to work his will. He was not a greatminded man, for he had favourites and jealousies and petty enmities; he had small of a public school, or the principal of a college

He had been at Dahomey nearly all his rearing of an English gentleman. He had exercised too much power over others so in the grating language of harsh command. set of tools: when he wanted an instrument he took it; and when he had done with it, he put it aside. Terhaps it was the long habit of dealing with persons placed in an improper position of subordination to him which made him treat every one under him

world was made, and all that in it is; other people had no business there except in so far as they were useful to him. His private secretary or his valet-any one upon whom his completeness in any way depended -would have appeared to him an individual

No one had ever owed him a service or a kinds were going on from morning till kind word. In seventy long years of a life night. The very cats and dogs about the passed in honour and fair public repute, he premises learned to look shyly at each had never gained a private friend. He had other. I never could account for, or explain to for which he was unripe—that of Secretary reveelf how a man so thoroughly respectable of Embassy at Dahomey. He had passed

not to find a great many who are ready and able to cope with them. So the chief characteristic of Sir Hector's mind became at last an insane jealousy.

Such was Sir Hector Stubble; yet he was one of the celebrities of the world. In Mayfair it would have been laughable to express a doubt about him; but in Dahomey we knew him better. We had some pleasant fellows among us, as there are everywhere—men perhaps not very likely to do much in the world, but gentle and good-natured. The speciality chosen by the attachés at Dahomey was more in the agreeable than the assful line. They kept pianos in their rooms; and sang little French songs, which did not respect anything very particularly, to impossible tunes. They rode and dined together, and were great men in a small way. They knew the people of the opera in private life, and were proud of entertaining them. They were the despair of the bankers' sons and parvenus, whom they snubbed from the lifeight of their grandeue. They were fond of patronising, and behaved as people having authority. They were exceedingly pleasant fellows, but I am afraid they were official snobs.

We gave our minds to secrets in the same way as our chief: we were mysterious, and fond of speaking nothings to each other in an under tone. Two or three of us were never gathered together without many communications of a private and confidential nature being interchanged between us. We took each other apart for the purpose, and told the same thing privately and confidentially to every one of the party; but we would not for the world have spoken it out, although it had been probably the town-talk for several days. Secrecy was the mainspring of our lives. Our minds fed upon it, and became all turn and twist and shuffle in consequence. We were faught to believe this necessary for carrying on the business of the world. It was our idea of diplomacy.

As for our Secretary of Embassy at Dahomey, he was a myth. We rarely saw him. Sir Hector hated him, and his appointment was a painful species of sinecure. He never saw a despatch, and of course he never sent one, except on the days when he drew his salary. When Sir Hector went away on leave, he knew as much of the business of the Embassy and the manner of conducting it, as people in general know of the political affairs of Japan. He was supposed to live somewhere, with a very private and confidential establishment; but further, we knew nothing of him, except that he was a pale, fair, nervous man of fifty, rather overtainself.

There was another class of persons attached our Embassy at Dahomey, whose existence could never contemplate without being thed with a screne joy. They were the

Dragomen or Interpreters. In our other Embassies the ignorance of the staff is only tacitly connived at the price paid for trans-lations being allowed in the extraordinary expenses. But at Dahomey this ignorance is proudly acknowledged, and a species of official interpreter has grown up indigenous to the place. The chief of them is officially recognised by a salary of one thousand pounds a year. These gentlemen—I mean the dragomen—display the beauty of our diplomatic system in a very refreshing and agreeable manner. It must be borne in mind that the very key-stone of that system is secrecy. The dragomen are foreigners, they are not English gentlemen, in official rank they are beneath our seventh unpaid attacks. a raw lad of nineteen; are altogether in an shame on them if they do things now and then that ought to be left undone, and yet it is through the hands of these gentlemen that all those secret and confidential matters pass, which we fearfully acute diplomatists take so much pains to hide. They have brothers and cousins in trade-men who make their bread on the Exchange, and they have others who serve as dragomen in other They form a class apart. Embassies. wonder how many or how few of the private and confidential affairs of Embassies are communicated by these gentlemen to each other. I wonder whether they have always been proof against the witchery of a power which spent forty-eight thousand pounds in one week to mollify any who would listen to the pleasant chink of money!

Meanwhile, in my time, there were four English gentlemen who were appointed by Sir Charles Grandison (Minister for Foreign Affairs) especially for this service. They had been educated at the Government expense; and were known to be perfectly capable of performing their duties. Why they were not employed was a secret hidden in the diplomatic bosom of the mighty Sir Hector Stubble.

The duties of dragomen to most of the other Embassies at Dahomey, were filled by gentlemen of the country to which those Embassics belonged, bred to the business. In Austria they were usually chosen from the most distinguished Oriental scholars of the University of Vienna. In France they begin their career as jeunes de langues. The other Embassies had a decided advantage ever us in this respect. Russia indeed employed one of two foreign dragomen, but then every member of that Embassy spoke Dahometan, so that it mattered little.

There are, perhaps, no duties which require more close attention and ability, more tact and judgment than those of an able interpreter. He should not only render the words of his chief, but the very tone and manner in which they are said. A remark made in one voice and repeated in another,

may have quite a different meaning, and a solky stupid fellow might thing about a war. Every smile, every intonation of a chief therefore ought to be copied. A dragoman should look upon himself merely as the faithful mouthpiece of his superior. If he add one word more or less to a phrase, he may spoil the work of the ablest negociator. No one can discharge such duties properly who has not considered and felt them. I will go arther and say that nobody can render rightly the ideas of one English gentleman, but another English gentleman. By the term English gentleman, I mean a man who has been educated in the ideas of persons of our standard of honour, and accustomed to live habitually with them. For we have our own straightforward Island way of looking at things. We may be right, or we may be wrong; but for my part, I believe a high-minded honourable Englishman makes the best and safest of negociators. He must, however, be clearly understood; for if you bother him and put him out, he grows hot and confused. Now, in our negociations with the Court of Dahomey, the British ambas ador was not understood, for the simple reason, that not one of the dragomer had a thorough knowledge of English. Even their reports to the Embassy on the most trifling occasions were made in a kind of barbarous French, which it was a great question, nine times out of ten, if the ambassador understood in his turn. Bless my heart! Had our schools there. and universities no youths between the ages of ten and twenty-five, who could make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the English and Dahometan? I have known men who mastered the latter in twelve months. It is the casiest of jargons.

It may be readily supposed, after what I have said, that I did mighty little in my official career at Dahomey. But I brought away a thought or two on our Embassies in

general, and I proceed to note them.

I should like to see our embassies form more of a council than they do: many heads are better than one. The wisest ambassador may, now and then, be the bester for a little wholesome advice; although he never will be induced to take it unless it is im-posed upon him. He grants any of his suite a voice in an affair of importance, as grudgingly as an absolute king grants a parliament.

I would like to see the duties of each member of an Embassy clearly fixed and appointed as in other services, so that he may qualify himself to fulfil them; and not be forced into a place for which he is unfit by habit and education, at the pleasure of a chief who does not take the trouble to know

him.

I would like to see men of more real mark and importance attached to our Embassies, and an invitation to dinner is merely an They would thus acquire an immense in assurance of good will. It saves a vast deal

nineteen can be of no use upon a foreign mission, except to bring It into disrepute while he is sowing his wild cats. He is a mere encumbrance and could learn his busi-ness much better at home.

Let us be represented abroad as we really are; in our best colours; by our best men who have really shown ability, and earned continherited) distinction. Let us have really respectable Embassies, which may help to advance the progress of science and civilisation all over the world; which may carry the healthy genius of our land from one hemisphere to the other, and bring us back numberless practical benefits in return. What stores of useful information. not only to Government, but to the public might be gleaned by really able and useful men attached to our diplomatic establishments; by draughtsmen, surveyors, engineers, physicians, soldiers, lawyers, sound men thoroughly accustomed to observe, and scholars!

Our Embassics might be much more numerous than they are. At Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Berlin, Naples, Madrid, we could hardly have too many clear-headed, hardworking men; while such a farce as our missions at Hanover, Stuttgardt, Dresden, and so forth, ought to be abolished as ridiculous. Charges d'affaires with a thousand a year, not too proud to attend to their business, would really be of service

As it is, how does the case stand? Not one in twenty of our diplomatic servants knows anything of our real interests, either in art, letters, science, or commerce. Will you only consider the notable case of Lord Fiddlededec at Timbuctoo. Yet he is but one example out of several. Useful treaties, therefore, are seldom made except by men like Ashburton or Bruck, who were altogether out of the regular line.

We are essentially a commercial people; and our public servants should be qualified to look to the interests of that commerce which they are placed in positions of honour and emolument to protect. This is precisely where our diplomacy most signally fails. writes home despatches about the health of sevene princes and their relations to the third and fourth generation; about the opinions of this man or that man on Noodle or Doodle questions, worth as little as the men themselves. It presents the assurance of its high consideration; and it smiles. and it dines, and it bows, with curious

I do not mean by any means to object to dining. Lord Palmerston never said a truer thing than when he assured us that dining was the soul of diplomacy. No good was ever done without being on pleasant terms with peoples crease of weight and importance. A lad of of trouble, talk, and loss of time. People

guage, style, and proper feeling; and although the circulars of his successors have not always been so happily expressed yet it it easy to trace through them the same hearly English rightmindedness. Why is this? The consuls are men who could be told what they are required to do. It was impossible to use the same freedom with Lord Fiddlededee.

We should have no permanent Embassie The objects for which they were established are gone by. When news was scarce, and the intercourse between nations rare and difficult, it might be all very well to have the power and majesty of a great nation re-presented by the quantity of lace on a man's coat, and the servants in his suite. the nations of the world know each other and nothing more. But I apprehend that too well to have need of such follies; and a black coat and a walking stick are as potent for all good, as a harlequin jacket and a baton. For all ordinary everyday purposes, Charges d'affaires would be quite sufficient and more useful. If on any special occasion we require special Embassies, we can send them. I would fix the salaries of Charges d'affaires at the larger courts, at three thousand pounds a year, exclusive of table money; and at other courts, at from one thousand to two thousand pounds, which is still more than is given by foreign governments. If Government thinks proper at any time to choose a special man for special purposes, and desires to invest him with peculiar splendour and importance, then by all means let him have the rank of ambassador, or any other rank, and for salary, pay him what such special services may be worth; now three thousand pounds, and now ten thousand pounds, if the right man cannot afford his time for less. It is manifest that in all great international questions this manner of acting would be attended with advantage, and that a negociator having special knowledge of the business in hand, would be much more likely to bring it to a useful and satisfactory issue, than a man who never gave five minutes' attention to the subject in his life. It is a great error to make diplomacy a close professiou.

The mischief of the existing system is, that high place is not as it ought to be, the reward of services rendered to the State, or the reward of ability; it has proved an inheritance in certain families, and is considered as a pro-

vision for their dependents.

Office, in England, is notoriously bartered . ship; and fitness and the interest of the service have rarely anything to do with the chances of a candidate. We have men enough in England whose recognised abilities, whose writings, or whose speeches, show as plainly as possible their aptitude for the public service. lumber. On the other hand the Consular Ser- But our ministers resolutely refuse to know

They feel expansive and understand this. good natured at dinner time—they are ready to listen to things adroitly dropped. After the fish and Madeira, little angles and asperities of character are apt to wear away. A cause is sustained with more wit and heard with more good nature. Things can be said, which could not be hazarded in a formal audience: I have known a matter which had kept all the pens of the Foreign Office at work for a long time, brought to a happy issue in taking up the odd trick at whist. What I complain of is, that our diplomatists dine and make merry, and that nothing comes of it. Lord Malmsbury indeed startled the diplomatic world by saying, in one of his remarkable speeches, that an ambassador was merely an organ of his Government, this was an idea of the true functions of a foreign envoy, in which its profound originator will preserve an exclusive right for **éverm**ore.

No man at the head of our Foreign Office, though as able and indefatigable as Lord Palmerston, or as honest and laborious as Lord Clarendon, can attend to the details of all the business of all the countries in the world. It is the duty of the envoy to relieve him of this; to present him projects, already formed, for approval or rejection. It is the duty of every minister at a foreign court to make himself specially acquainted with the things relating to that country. If he wait for orders from the Foreign Office upon very many important subjects, his mission is an expensive folly or a deliberate imposition. Diplomatists being really able men, I wonder if International Postal Treatics would be such clumsy things as they are! There is not a merchant who could not suggest practical improvements by the handful on this subject alone. Consequently, I wish that English diplomatists would mix more with the commercial classes; and I would like to see a few more hard-working hands sometimes at the tables of ambassadors, and fewer stars of the order of St. Somebody.

It may be urged that a great deal of the business I have set down here is proper to Consuls, and that the duties of Ambassadors are altogether different. If so, I should be infinitely obliged to any one who would have the kindness to point out to me what the

duties of Ambassadors really are.

3

The plain truth is, our diplomatic service whas been allowed to run riot. Instead of for political considerations or private friendbeing most important part of the machinery of an enlightened and progressive state, alive withoth to her own interests and the general advancement of civilisation; it has been allowed to become mere useless obsolete lumber-or, worse than that, expensive and mischievous rice has been remarkably well looked after, of their existence. Connection they persist in Lord Palmerston's numerous regulations for holding as the first thing necessary; and the guidance of consuls are models of lan-there is a joke on the subject, which has

passed into history. When Lord Fiddlededee was appointed Minister at Timbuctoo, an shory politician asked indignantly what were bis aniecedents? "Oh," replied a wit, who has furnished half the good sayings of the day, "You had better ask what are his day, "You

Are you, therefore, a cousin of the great Duke of Thunderbolt ? Do you belong to the eccentric family of the Blazes ! Are you the thick-headed brother of a thick-headed peer? Are you his importunate cousin? Are you the son of the confidential steward of his first wife's half-brother, who is paralytic, and has twenty thousand pounds a-year? Have you got a friend with a borough in his pocket, and who does not want anything himself? If so, nothing in the world is easier than to get you a place. If not, go about your Lusiness.

If you wish to see Patronage in another point of view, I can oblige you. It is not long since that a certain very useful post was suppressed at the request of the Austrian Government. The official to whom it had been given was dismissed with a pension of one thousand pounds a year. He was quite a young man; and-what is rather rare in the subordinate ranks of the public service—a remarkably able one; yet there he was, in the prime of life, to receive one thousand pounds a year from an easy-going public for doing nothing to the end of his days. Its doing nothing to the end of his days. Its ghosts in it. I do not believe in gnoses, situation in our civil service; but it was any man ought to have seen ghosts, I ought; easier to give pensions than to find vacancies, easier to give pensions than to find vacancies, kind friends of to-day, that all my truest and kind friends are cone to the ghost-land; and porters. Well, it was not long after the bastowal of this sung pension that the friends of our young gentleman returned to power. They of course lost no time in providing for him afresh; but he keeps his where most of my friends lie, or even into pension still, and if he have good luck, in the church if I had occasion. these days of retrenchment and economy, he may perhaps be suppressed again, and how many years ago it is now, but it was may get another pension when his friends not very long after I was made clerk—the go out.

all public offices submitted to Parliament, being ill, seeing that there would be no one. The ministers of the several departments may to ring the bells. Now I always made a. have the advantage of recommending this point of sitting up with the sexton on that man or that man; but let his appointment inght, and taking a hand at the bells; for I be in all cases ratified, at least by the tacit consent of Parliament; so that if there should be any well-grounded objection to the appointment of any particular man it may be a lonely place. He was a much older man heard beforehand. Most ministers would be than I was, and I knew he was glad of my soashamed to recommend a Fiddlededee or a Tweedledum if the thing were not done

snugly, in the dark.

many a foreigner have I seen-albeit he may was agreed that I should. have been the subject of an arbitrary govern-ment—open his amused eyes in wonder man because I knew that he was tunid and

so much to honour Fiderededess and Tweediedums, and can flist no whithis repre-

A LEAF FROM THE PARISH REGISTER.

I HAD once a long search to make aniting the register books of Chorley Parish. extended over many years, and kept me poring, day after day, over the musty pages in the old vestry-room. Abraham Stedman, the clerk-whom we all know very well in Chorley-kept me company the whole time; and in one of my mid-day pauses, when we were sharing some bread-and-cheese and beer over the vestry fire, he told me the following. passage in his life :-

I have lived in the parish, said he, going on now for seventy years. When I think of past times, my present friends in the place seem strangers to me. Our old acquaintances die off one by one, and new ones come into their places so gradually, that we scarsely miss them; but one day we look round, and find that the world has passed into strange

hands:

At this point Abraham Stedman paused and looked at the vestry fire for a few moments; I was silent, waiting for him to

proceed.]

The story I am going to tell you is wonderful enough, though there are no I am sure they would pay me a visit if they could. Besides, I never feared to walk about an old house in the dark at midnight, or to go at that silent time through the churchyard

On Christmas Eve-1 cannot say exactly rector (that was poor Mr. Godby) told me he I would have the lists of candidates for was in a little perplexity about the sexton's could ring them pretty well, and it seemed to me only a little kindness, proper to the senson, to offer to keep him company in such a lonely place. He was a much older man ciety. We used to have a little fire up in the beliry, and make toast and posset an hour or two after midnight. But this time the At present, Fiddlededee and Tweedledum sexton was ill, and I promised the rector at are the great staple English sample. And once that I would ring the bells; and so it

at the extraordinary Island which delights a little superstitious; but, for myself, I did

half that eleven, on that Christmas eve, I took my eye. I felt a little uneasy at this strange lamps had either dropped out for want of oil, or been blown out by the gusts. I could not see any one in the street; but, as I left my door, I fancied that I heard footsteps a little way behind me. I should not have noticed it then, if it had not been that on several nights previously I had fancied that some person had secretly followed me, as I went iron-plated door, and again to fumble among about the town. I came up to a little band my bunch of keys to find the right one. I of carol singers soon after, and stood listening am not a man of weak nerve; but a strange to them a minute or two. When I bade sensation came over me, as I stood there them good night and a merry Christmas, I had forgotten about the footsteps. It was striking the three-quarters as I passed over and had a faint smell of mouldering leather, the stile into the churchyard; and just after such as you smell in some libraries. I believe that I caught a sound like the footsteps it made me feel faint; for, just then, I had again. I looked back, and waited a while; so strong a tingling in the ears, that I seemed but I could hear nothing more. I was to hear the bells already beginning to peal ashemed to walk back a little way, for I forth in the belfry. I listened, and fancied I began to think that I was becoming a coward, heard distinctly that confused jingle which and conjuring up things out of my fear. precedes a full peal. The fancy terrified me It was true I had fancied this before for the moment, for I knew that I had seen that night; but it had never troubled me the sexton ill in bed that day, and that even till then, and so I did not doubt it was he could not be there, unless he had got the some superstitious feeling about my task key from me. But when this notion had that was at the bottom of it. "What object passed, I set it down for another invention could any one have in following a poor of mine, and began to think the tombstone man like me, night after night!" I asked affair no more worthy of belief than this. So myself. So I went on through the pathway I turned the great key with both my hands; between the gravestenes, humming an old and, opening an inner fire-proof door. I let ditty.

Now, though I had resolved to banish all thought of the supposed footsteps from my mind, I could not help just turning half round as I stood with the great key in the lock, and looking about in the direction I had come. I own I was frightened then, for, at about thirty yards' distance, I saw distinctly, as I believed, the dark head of a man peeping at me over the top of one of the tombstones. I stood in the shadow of the church porch, so that it would be difficult for any one at that distance to observe I was looking that way. The tombstone was some way from the gravel path, and out of the line of any one passing through the church-yard, and indeed, as you know, no one would have occasion to pass through the churchyard unless he were going to the church, like myself. I besitated for a moment, and then walked briskly towards it; but the head seemed to withdraw itself immediately and disappear. What was more. stone which had deceived me. But this into the church after dark.

not mind at all going there alone. At exactly tombstone exactly in a line with the first to all the church keys, and started from my fancy; but it would not do to go back, for it house to fulfil my promise. It was very dark was near twelve, and I had promised the that night, and windy, and several of our old rector to be in the belfry, ready to ring out a peal on the stroke of midnight. So I opened the door quickly; closed it behind me, and walked feeling my way down the aisle.

I was quite in the dark, for my lanthern was in the vestry-room, and I kept a tinderbox and matches there to light it. I had to grope about for the keyhole of the heavy myself into the vestry-room.

When I was once in there, I knew where to find my lanthorn and tinder-box in a moment. I always kept them on the second shelf from the ground, in the closet just behind where the plan of the parish estate at East Haydocke hangs up framed and glazed. But the pew opener kept her dusters and brushes there also, and we used to have words about her throwing my things out of order sometimes. This time 1 found that she had scattered my matches, and I had to stoop down and feel about for them. among all the things at the bottom of the closel, which took some time. When I found them, I struck a light and blew the tinder with my breath. I saw the sexton do exactly the same thing one night as I stood in the dark, right at the end of the aisle, and his face reflected the fire at every puff and looked quite devilish as it shone out strongly and faded away again. I mention this because I have thought of it since, and I believe it had strange, I walked round the very stone, and something to do with what befel me that could see no one near; nor could I hear any night. I lighted my candle, and shut it up movement. A little further was another in my lanthorn. It gave a very weak light combstone, somewhat higher and with a and the sides of the lanthorn were of thick, carved top, and I tried to persuade myself that | yellow horn, very dirty and dusty with lying it was this top coming close behind the other in the closet; for I rarely had occasion to go

could not be; for stand how I would in the Swinging this lanthorn, then, in one hand, wurch porch, I could not bring the second and holding some faggots under the other

arm to light my fire with, I went up the steps again into the dark side aisle. Just at that moment, and as I was shutting the vestry-room door, I suddenly felt a heavy hand laid upon my arm. I started, and hand laid upon my arm. cried "Who's there?" letting my lanthorn fall, so that the light went out. Nobody answered; but some one immediately held me from behind, trying to keep back my arms with extraordinary strength. I was not a weak man then, although I am short; but I struggled long to get round and face my enemy, and just as I was getting a little more free, another one came to his assistance. I called aloud for help; but they stuffed my mouth with something, and swore if I called they would shoot me through the head. this they bound my arms tightly, and led me back into the vestry-room, where I sat on a chair, while they lighted a candle they had with them.

I was a little frightened, as you may suppose; but I thought they were only thieves, who had followed me, and got into the church, through my forgetting, in my fright about the tombstone, to fasten the church door; and, as I knew that there was very little of value in the vestry-room, I was rather glad to think how they would be baffled. When they got a light, I saw that they had half masks on. They were well dressed, and although they swore at me, it was evident that they were not common burglars: I could tell that from their language. One laid a long shining pair of pistols on the baize that covered the table, out of my reach. I knew he did it to intimidate me; for he asked mc immediately for my keys, in a loud voice. It was no use my refusing them; I was quite helpless, and they had nothing to do but to take them out of my hands. I told them that the rector kept all the plate in his house, and that there was nothing in any of the closets but a few bottles of wine, and some wax can lles. The oldest man, I think, asked me then where the books were kept; but I would not tell him. I determined that, let them do what they might to me, I would keep to my determination not to tell them where the books were. They tried much to terrify me, with words at first, but finding that did not do, the elder one, who was the principal in everything, put his pistol to my ear, and declared he would ask me three times, and after the third time, fire. Now I was in great sat, with my back to the wall, I looked right terror at this, and never believed myself into the church, and the door was left open. so near death as 1 did then; but I had made 1 could feel a cold wind rushing from it into so near death as I did then; but I had made | I could feel a cold wind rushing from it into a kind of vow to myself, and being in a the room; and, as I sat staring into the darkchurch, I thought a curse would be upon me ness, strange fancies troubled me. I saw if I yielded; so I held my tongue; and, dark shapes floating about, as I thought, and when he found I was firm, instead of firing peeping at me from the sides of the doorway; he flung his pistol down upon the table again, and began sullenly to try all the locks he little flakes of light, moving in the gloomy could find about the room with the keys he space beyond. I would have given anything had taken from me. In this way he soon for the power to close the door. I fancied found the books he wanted in a fire-proof strange roises, and began to think of the safe.

And now both of them began to pore over the books by the light of the candle. chose two with vellum covers, which I knew to be the marriage registers—the old and the new one-containing all the marriages that had taken place at old Chorley church for seventy years back. I heard, one ask the other if there was no index; for they did not understand our way of indexing, which was merely to write down all the letters of the alphabet, with the numbers of the pages at which names beginning with each letter could be found—taking the first letter from the bridegroom's name, of course. So they had a long search, each of them turning over the leaves of one book and examining it page by page. I watched their faces, and tried to bear in mind at what part of the book they were, in case they should stop. The one who had the old book came to a place, at last, which seemed to contain what he was looking for. He showed it to his companion, and they conferred together for a moment, in a whisper. Immediately after, the older one tore out I thought some half-dozen leaves. He was going to burn them in the flame of the candle at first; but his companion stayed him, and he tore them up, and put them in his pockets. As soon as they had done this, they turned hastily to depart, as if they were anxious to be gone now their business was done. The older one took some more cord from his pocket, and bound me fast in the great vestry chair, drawing the cords round my wrists and ancles, till I cried out with the pain. Then threatening again to return, and blow my brains out if they heard my voice, they went out down the aisle, leaving the vestry-room door open. All this happened in little more than half an hour; for the clock chimed the two-quarters after midnight at this very moment.

I sat there two hours alone; but it seemed to me so long that, if I had not heard every quarter chime, I should have expected to see the day dawn through the stained glass window. It was the dreariest two hours that ever I passed in my life. It was bitter cold, and sitting there helplessly in one position, my limbs grew frozen, and the cords seemed to get tighter and tighter, and stop the movement of my blood. It is no wonder I felt nervous after such a scene. Where I and now and then I noticed something like people I had known who lay in the vatits

just below me or in the graves about the church; and several times a heavy hand just in the spot where the man had first seized me. Once I could not persuade mysolf but that I could hear a low, deep tone from the organ; and again the supposed jangling of the bells annoyed me. So I sat, listening intently, when the whistling of the wind paused out of doors, and hearing and seeing all kinds of strange things, till the

chimes went the quarter after two.

Soon after that, I saw a little shining light moving about at the bottom of the church. It came nearer to me, and I heard a footstep. I had fancied so many things, that I was not sure yet whether I was deceived again, but now I heard some one call "Abraham Stedman! Abraham Stedman!" three times. 4t was the rector's voice, and I answered him : but he did not know where I was till I called to him to come into the vestry-room. He held up his lamp, and was much surprised to find me as I was. I related to him what had happened, and he unbound me. He told me he had lain awake since midnight wondering to hear no bells ringing, and had grown uneasy; for he thought I could not have failed to keep my word, and he knew that I was in the church alone. So at last, he had determined to come in search of me.

This affair made a great stir in Chorley. But we could get no clue to the parties; nor to their object in mutilating the register. They had taken out so many leaves that it was impossible to tell what particular entry they had wanted to destroy; but it was a curious thing, that on examining the skeleton index, we found that, although there were as many as thirty entries in those six leaves, every one of them began with one of three letters. This was a very small clue, and the marriages at that part were all of many years back; so that no one could ever tell what the names were. It was no wonder that we could get no trace of the two men. Before the next year came round, Chorley people had got some new thing to talk about; and, as no one came for a copy of the missing entries in the register, they began to forget all about my adventure.

Eighteen months after the night which I was bound in the vestry-room, old Mr. Godby sent for me one night, and told me he thought he might yet be able to trace the two strangers. He had got a copy of a London newspaper, in which there was an advertisement addressed to parish clerks, inquiring for the marringe register of a Mr. Maclean, which took place about thirty years before. The initial of that name was one of our three leto ters; but as the advertisement mentioned no place, that would seem a very small matter to go upon. But I had always thought that

underneath which were torn with it, to put, us off the scent. Now, on this first page, we found there were two entries, both beginning with M; which was something more. Besides, Mr. Godby reasoned, that a register, about which the parties interested were so uncertain, was the very one which, any person knowing of its existence, and having an interest in preventing its appearance, might en-deavour to destroy. These three reasons seemed to him so good, that he went up to London about it; and a day or two after, he wrote to me to join him. We were soon upon the scent now; for Mr. Godby had ascertained who were the persons likely to We were soon be guilty, supposing that we were right in our conjecture, that the missing register concerned this family. When I saw one of them, I recognised him immediately, although he had worn a mask in the church. I knew him by his appearance, but when he spoke, I could swear that he was the man, and the officer' accordingly arrested him. We got such evidence against him afterwards, as clearly to prove him guilty. People were hung for such a crime then; and it was with great difficulty that he escaped with transportation. He confessed all about it afterwards, and said his companion had gone abroad since, he did not know whither; and I believe they never caught him. His mofive -as you may suppose-was to defraud childrene of large property, by destroying the proofs of their legitimacy; by which he benefited as the next of kin of the deceased person: but the lawyers set all to rights again, in spite of the missing register.

THE STEAM WHISTLE IN INDIA.

Br way of contrast to the tale I am about to tell, let me dwell for two seconds (electric time) upon the opening of the first railway in England. Of the thousands who are daily sliding down the rails laid between Liverpool and Manchester, there are a few, perhaps, who, when they pass Parkside and the white tablet that marks the spot where Mr. Huskisson lost his life, think of the day when the Rocket made its trial trip, encouraged by the cheers of thousands of spectators, among whom were the great men of the land. The Rocket set in motion not merely a few carriages, but the whole railway system. And that was only seven-and-twenty years ago. Now, look at Bradshaw, and imagine what I felt as an old Indian just come home.

On the eighteenth of November, 'fifty-two, I saw the run of the first train and for the first time heard the steam whistle in India. Was there a grand inauguration, were there speeches, was there joy? Let me be reporter :-

I was on my way from the Punjaub to the entry which the two strangers had searched | England, and so reached Bombay. Being a for was on the first of the leaves which they poor Bengalee, with no friends or acquaint-tore out, and that it was the other leaves ances in the land of ducks, I betook myself

fit for palki-travelling and utterly impassable for carriages, was all that I had been accus-tomed to see in the way of road, and our track there, bad as it was in itself, used to be crossed by unbridged nullahs, or sometimes cut asunder by broad rivers, unfordable, and equally unsaddled with a bridge. I had seen accompanied by a party of their friends, on better things on my way through Scinde. It was, therefore, with a luxurious sense of enjoyment that, when I had sent on my bag- ing, I took up my station on the bridge. It gage to Hope Hall, I took reins between my fingers, and drove out of the fort in a hired buggy over the smooth macadamised road. I admired civilisation. Savage life is not good for the bones. The buggy really was a tumble-down affair, dragged about by an animal that might have served as spare horse to Don Quixote; but it was very well, and there was the fine road, and I said to myself with a thought of lands over the sea, "Now I begin to get a foretaste of our English comfort, and of the refinement of an European capital!"

As I mused, I was dragged in my buggy to a handsome stone bridge; and, carelessly turning my head, expecting, as a matter of course, to see the usual yellow nullah, creeping along at it sluggish cold weather pace, I was amazed. For what I saw was a dry gravel bed, a double line of rails, trim fences: in fact, the Bombay and Calcutta railway!

talk about railways for India. But Indian talks are always such abominably long talks that I have seldom paid much heed to them. I had, moreover, been much occupied by my own business, with which no hope of any railway ever was connected. People "up country" have long since become tired of asking or hearing about any such European Calcutta merchants now alive may come to travel by cheap trains from the Ditch to Hooghly, but the Punjaubite knows that he must jog on to the end of his days in the good old style; that is to say, in a creaking, leaking, confined crib of a palki; and at the good old pace.

But having actually seen the railroad, my up-country faith was strengthened and my interest revived. I hurried on to Hope Hall, and began to inquire of every person whom I encountered, when the line was to be opened, how far it went, and all about it. was astonished—as I had no right to be at the ignorance and indifference with which my inquiries were all met. Nobody knew anything about it. As it seemed, also, nobody cared. The opening, some thought, had

to the Hope Hall Hotel. I had spent the Ducks had become quite at much discoveral years in remote districts on the heartened as their neighbours at the hope north-western frontier, and more recently in lessly slow progress made in all such matters. It appeared certain, however, that twentyfour miles of rail-from Bombay to Tannahwere really finished; and, at last, by dint of much inquiry, I discovered that the informants who fixed next day for the business of opening were in the right. At some time of other in the forenoon, the railway authorities, would make their trial trip.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock the next mornwas quite described; no gathering of Europeans and natives indicated expectation of a strange event. I waited patiently, with my, eyes staring abroad over the parapet, until half-past eleven; and, by that time my perseverance in looking out had collected a small crowd around me. About a hundred natives seeing a sahib wait so pertinaciously, thought that something must be in the wind, and being always glad to witness a tomasha, equally glad of an excuse for sitting still in placid expectation of no matter what, they wandered up and down or sat upon the bridge, talking and laughing, jesting and smoking after their own manner.

The day was fine, November being one of the most enjoyable months in the Indian year; sky cloudless; sun glaring, indeed, but not intolerable; leafy foliage; white houses; flowing-robed, brown-skinned, easy-going natives, all full of the laziness of India, sugges-Of course, I knew that there had been tive of the primitive East, of the land of dreams and fables.

Suddenly out spoke, in its own harsh and peremptory way, the unmistakeable Steam Whistle! The white gates which marked a stream crossing a little way down the line were thrown open; and, with a shriel, and a puff, and a whiz, and a rattle, engine and train, consisting of four covered waggons, smoked under our legs. I knew the natives too well to expect that they would show any great excitement at the apparition. With a few ejaculations of "Wah! wah!" they turned slowly away, and began to disperse.

"Well, what do you think of that?" I asked of one of them—a fat, well-to-do, and evidently most conservative Burmeah.

"Too quick, sir-too quick-all be killed." He had no more to say about it.

The train went on, attaining at one time a speed of forty miles an hour, screaming and frightening the birds in the flat quiet meadows, but not at all alarming or surprising Hinduenen and Hindu-cattle. At Tannah the occupants of the train got out and took tiffin in a tunnel. The tunnel was unfinished—the trip, therefore, ended in it, and its cave was used. taken place already; others believed that as a cool saloon. A few complimentary it was fixed for next day—or imagined it speeches having been made, all hands got on the bear that it was fixed for next day—or imagined it speeches having been made, all hands got on board the train again, and rolled back to Day, very possibly. Either the listlessness of Bombay. The bridge, when they went under Anglo-Indians had not been overstated, or it the second time, was quite deserted.

Thus it was that the Indian railway system

crept into existence.
The fact that a train had been running to Tannah and back was casually mentioned at some mess tables in town that evening, but did not excite much more interest in the English than it had excited in the native mind. The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway is at home regarded as one of the greatest historical events of the present century. Perhaps a hundred years hence, this record of the way in which the first train was seen in India may be read with interest in households accustomed to hear of such lines as the direct Calais and Mooltan, or out of which some son may have gone by the express train from Boulogne to Lahore. For, hereafter, mail trains shall run nightly through the plains of the Indus, and scream in the deserts of Beloochistan; passengers shall look out of their carriage windows at the Persian Gulf as they fly by; and farmers speculate upon the corn crops while they pass through Mesopotamia. All this is inevitably to come. Although India has made the small beginning, which I stood on the bridge and saw made, there is no silencing that steam whistle or stopping the rapid advance of the giant locomotive.

OFF! OFF!

I was reflecting the other day with a good deal of satisfaction upon the improved spirit of modern criticism. Certainly, the reading public has reason to be rejoiced that good sense, good taste and right feeling have pretty nearly discountenanced that pungency of ridicule and bitterness of invective with which critics were wont to assail authors, and that fierceness of retort and defiant tu quoqueism wherewith the book-writer retaliated upon the reviewer. It appears by this time to be generally understood that such exhibitions were most unseemly and disgraceful to the actors engaged in them, and that their neatly. But, while we applaud the verdict tendency in all cases has been to degrade literature. The wit and dexterity of Pope can reconcile few of us now-a-days to the gross personalities and filthy machinery of The Dunciad, several of the heroes of which might have found a sufficing vengeance upon the poet in a court of law; and one needs not to be very old to remember critical articles in magazines of great reputation, written by men of very vigorous minds and with uncommon powers of humour, in which the antecedents of an author, his person, and sometimes (following Pope) even his poverty, been brought to bear against him by of accessaries to public scorn and conempt. None of us can doubt, now, that literature was herein degraded, and that the responsibility which is upon at men—but especially upon men with those dangerous weapons, pen and ink, in their hands—to be temperate and forbearing was most blame | most anxious thought upon, he has undergone

fully set at nought. Dull authors will undoubtedly continue to write; and much waste of vivacity will be shown in exposing their sorry pretensions; and sprightly writers will, as heretofore, be taken to task by very self-sufficient and leaden critics; but it is to be hoped that the day is gone by when the publication of a bad poent subjected the bard to a punishment hardly preferable to the pillory; when the alleged vulgarity of one author was denounced in the language of Billingsgate, when his want of feeling and nature was stigmatised with utterly un-

feeling and unnatural bitterness.

The crushing, extinguishing, tomahawking system having been well nigh abolished, there is one further reformation, in which the interests of literature are deeply concerned, that I could wish to see achieved. The abuse of which I am about to speak is one of which, I fancy, a moment's consideration will convince anybody of the expediency of getting rid. It is so barbarous and inhumane that it is not a little surprising it ever obtained in countries boasting a civilisation, however imperfect; but it is altogether marvellous that it should have been retained till hoar antiquity can come forward and shake his venerable head against its extinction.

The other evening I was at one, of the theatres when a piece was presented which underwent that time-honoured process of condemnation, which has an appropriate name for it dikewise sanctioned by time. In plain but theatrical language, it was "damned." Now, it must be confessed, the piece in question was indeed a sorry affair. Professing an intent to be a side-splitter of no ordinary width of aperture, it was conducive rather to a pensive frame of mind, in which the occasionally defective adaptation of means to an end, and other infirmities of human design, might be taken into consideration. piece deserved to die, and suffered incontiof a jury, we do not witness the execution; still less should we consent to be present in court, were the culprit to undergo his capital punishment then and there. The mode of dealing the fatal blow to this heavy dramatic trifle pained me accedingly; although, in former years, I am grieved to remember, I have witnessed much more violent demonstrations of popular vengeance with comparative indifference, even when I have seen the actors in distress, and the ladies in the boxes paie with terror at the "row," and agitated by sympathy for the author.

And, indeed, the author demands all our sympathy, with whatever delicacy we may intimate to him that his genius does not lie in the direction of the stage, or however tenderly we may refer him back to his desk, and recommend him to try his fortune a second time. He has bestowed nights of days of labour in, the composition of his ness as might have been expected from so work. He will be paid for his labour; but only if he can delight an audience, or, at any rate, please them. He hopes to do so. Call melancholy Cowley, what would have been not this an author's vanity; for most men, of his feelings had he seen and heard the operaall professions, are ill judges of what has cost them much time and great pains to accomplish. If a dramatist got his plot by inspiration, and could stamp his characters and evolve his -plot instantaneously, he would the better discern his chances of success. Well, then, imagine the play accepted; the actors pleased with their parts; the curtain up the curtain down. See the pallid poet in that side-box, and forbade the actors to proceed, adding Be sure the ebbs and flows of his drama, that the public was not worthy of such a during the performance, have had their play. The tale has been doubted, but it is copies in the advances and recessions of his probable. The hard-hearted licentiousness

" Expecting Their universal shout and high applause To fill his ear, when, contrary, he hears On all sides, from innumerable tongues, A dismal universal biss, the sign Of public scorn."

It is this—this "sign of public scorn" which we must at once away with. Let it be a matter of common consent that such degrading marks of public displeasure shall be reserved for exhibitions of gross immorality man of genus can be touched by hisses, cateror licentiousness, to which they are alone calls, and other discordant exponents of sumapplicable, and for the condemnation of many critism, let him turn to Mr. Forster's which a deaf and uninitiated spect iter, on the first night of a bad play, would naturally suppose them to be designed.

" If I have uncarned luck To escape the scrpcut's tongue,"

says Shakespeare, "I will do better another time." This he adds in effect, and this was pleaded by Puck to the audience of the Midsummer Night's Dream! And Prospero besecches the groundlings to be merciful to The Tempest!

When I read that some of Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were condemned on a first hearing, I cannot but acknowledge that I feel a particular concern, especially for the former. While I admit that some of his later plays are deficient in that interest which an audience has, perhaps, a right to expect, still Old Ben's age, his misery, his poverty, his renown as a scholar and the author of four comedies—in their way incomparable—should have protected him against the "serpent's tongue." The commendatory verses prefixed to his printed plays, from the pens of his brother dramahim against the "serpent's tongue." tists, must have afforded a sorry consolation to the outraged poet. It gives me a twinge to read the following: — Dryden, who was present on the first night of Cowley's Cutler of Coleman Street, related to Dennis, the critic, that when they told him how little grapher, Ir. Justice Talfourd, the seeing the favour had been shown him, he received the lame and impotent conclusion of his farce, the news of his ill success not with so much firm-author was himself disgusted, and hissed in

great a man." If being told of the condemnation of his amusing comedy so affected the tion as it was practised by the fathers of the Mohocks of the next age. As it was, he never again tried the stage; neither did Congreve, after the condemnation of his Way of the World. There is a story that the author, hearing behind the scenes the hideous marks of disapproval, snatched the copy from the prompter's hand, rushed upon the stage, heart. And now he casts a hurned and wild of this comedy was no cause of its ill reglance at the audience, eeption; and Congreve might well have thought, with Dryden-

> " Sur there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain To write while these inalignant planets reign: Some very foolish influence rules the pit, Not always kind to sense, or just to wit."

The Way of the World contains more wit. perhaps, than any comedy in the English language.

If anybody wishes to know how a sensitive many criticism, let him turn to Mr. Forster's Lafe of Oliver Goldsmith, where he will see such a laceration of the poet's feelings, on the disapproval of some scenes in his comedy of The Good-natured Man, as will, I am sure, effectually deter him from ever again sibllating, off-off-ing, and roaring down any play whose only fault, however grievous it may be, is dulness.

Charles Lamb, in a letter to a friend, has recorded the fate—and the manner of it—of, his face of Mr. II—. It will be seen that he would fain make light of it, but his pleasantry is somewhat hysterical. "Hang'em. how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congrega-tion of mad geese, with roaring sometimes, like bears; mops and mows like apes; sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children-men-mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely; to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into the months of adders, bears, wolves, hyænas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through, them like distillations of aspic poison; to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow creatures, who

concept with the audience. That he hissed is andoubted : but that the defect of the denouement of Mr. H—— incited him to do so, I cannot believe. He felt—the house had so decided-that he was a dfamatic culprit. He

"A fuilty creature sitting at a play"

-at a play of his own too; and an exquisite consciousness of his own miserable identity awoke a fearful suspicion that the audience would detect him. Accordingly, like many a true culfrit in the world's ways and highways, he joined the cry of "Stop thief!"-set off on an imaginary chase-in other words, hissed himself with all his might.

." De Camp was hooted more than hissedhooted and bellowed off the stage, before the second act was finished, so that the remainder of his part was forced to be, with some vio-

lence to the play, omitted."

This, with other particulars, is related by Charles Lamb as having taken place on the first night of his friend Holcroft's Vindictive Man. The Good-natured Man, some forty years before, had been treated in pretty much the same manner. But let me find room for a graphic description from the pen of Lord Byron. It chronicles the disastrous doom of

Ina, a tragedy:-

"Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy was last night damned. They may bring it on again, and probably will; but damned it was-not a word of the last act audible. I went and witnessed the whole process. The first three acts, with transient gushes of applause, oozed patiently but heavily on. I must say it was badly acted, particularly by Kean, who was groaned upon in the third act. Well, the groaned upon in the third act. fourth act became as muddy and turbid as need be. But the fifth! the fifth stuck fast at the king's prayer. He was no sooner upon his knees than the audience got upon their legs—the villanous pit—and roared, and groaned, and hissed, and whistled. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian scene, the penitent peasantry, and killing the bishop and princes—oh, it was all over! The curtain fell upon unheard actors, and the announcement attempted by Kean for Monday was equally ineffectual. Mrs. Bartley was so frightened, that, though the people were tolerably quiet, the epilogue was quite inaudible to half the house."

We have quoted the above description that full weight may be given to the comment by the writer on the scene which he had been 'so recently witnessing. He says, " It is, however, a good warning not to risk or write tragedies. I never had much bent that way; but if I had, this would have cured me." Herein we see plainly enough the evil consequences to dramatic literature that arise from this mode of manifesting distoproval of

genius, but whather or not that is little to the purpose "If Liand, this would have cured me." There is the point. Others have been as sensitive to criticism as Byron; indeed, young Keats and others have proved themselves much more so; but what was Byron's mental plight when he heard that Elliston was about to bring upon the stage. his Marino Faliero? It is possible that the torture he describes himself as suffering, in: his letters to Mr. Murray, may be exagge-rated; and that, after all, there might be within him some lurking "fearful joy" that his tragédy might be produced and be successful, I can believe; but that he had a most acute and painful remembrance of poor Mrs. Wilmot's Ina, I am quite certain. I say. then, that the system of damning plays has often dismayed poets-and, perhaps, great ones-from attempting to write for the stage, or, having made an attempt and failed, from renewing it.

Not to speak farther of the feelings of authors in this matter where, let us ask, is the necessity, what is the use of hissing and hooting a new play? The time has been, indeed, when, if no justification could be found for this mest uncivil and unfeeling custom, a plea might be offered in palliation of it, on the ground that the Mitre and the Mermaid, or Will's and Button's ought not to be permitted to decide upon the merit of plays in an authoritative manner, and to dictate to the town what entertainment it was to see, and to pay its money for

seeing.

But, now-a-days, what play of any pretensions can be performed any night which, on. the next morning, has not half-a-dozen, and by the end of the week, a couple of score newspapers that will tell us all about it: what it was like, how it was liked; and this, in most instances, infinitely better than any jury that could be impanelled from the pit, or any critic that could be persuaded to descend from the gallery, even were he as acute as Addison's renowned trunk-maker himself? But for these papers, indeed, the public would not know in what spirit the audience of the first night had exercised its self-imposed critical functions; and the press has told us before now of suspected enemies of the author in the house, and has often warned us against being guided by their report of a favourable reception of a piece, because the house was pretty nearly filled by his friends. Mr. Nightingale, in Fielding's great romance, is a good-natured young fellow, but he entreats Tom Jones to go with him "to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from some dislike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance." Fielding adds that a play. "But Byron had no dramatic genius; "this sort of fun our hero, we are ashamed he himself confesses he had no bent that way." to confess, would willingly have preferred." I am by no means sure that he had no such to an appointment with a lady. Personal

hostility—a few disaffected people operating by chance upon the animal spirits of others of the audience who love "a row" for its own sake—has destroyed many plays, and fung some good ones on the shelf for twenty or more years. Was it to force She stoops to Conquer down the throat of the public that Dr. Johnson made one of a large party to cheer that exquisite comedy? No; it was to bring it through the first night, which is everything to a good play, and little indeed to a bad one. It is observable, and perhaps remarkable, that after the first night, an audience never makes any manifestation of dislike. A play soon finds its own level. If, from whatever cause, it is liked, it is run after; if not, any applicate verdict of the first night is of no avail.

Let us adopt the practice of Mr Lovelace, (though by no means a moder in other respects who tells his friend Belford, in Claussa, "I have never given noisy or tumultuous instances of dislike to a new play, it I thought it ever so indifferent For I concluded, first, that every one was entitled to see quietly what he pud for, and next, as the theat ., the epitome of the world, consisted of pit, boxes, and gillery, it was haid, I thought, it there could be such a perform mee exhibited, as would not please somebody in that mixed multitude, and if it did, those somebodies had as much right to enjoy then own judg ment undisturbedly, as I had to enjoy mine This was my way of showing disupprobution -Ineverwent again And as a min is it his option whether he will go to a play or not, he has not the same or use for expressing his dislike climorously as if he were compelled to see it '

THE BELLS.

As one, who would you city it ich,
Wisslowly lowed to sheet
For whose stringe tone and broken speech,
They lightly dipp of the out,
His falling voice, his mild dark eve,
Won the rude boatmen's sympathy

He told them how, when he was young, In his bright southern Ind, A grand old church with bells was hung, All fashion d by his hand, How they had won him much renown And honour, in his ancient town

How love first glided with their sound Into one gentle heart; And how their tones hid linked it round, Until the Bells were put Of its own nature, and were fraught With beautiful and holy thought.

And when, upon his wedding diy,
His car those joy-bells met;
His own breat beatings, quick and giv,
Seemed to their music set.
And how that day, hope, lave, and piwlo—
His whole full heart was satisfied.

How she would say these chimes were meet. To mark their pleasant hours,
Which were but the unfoldings swees.

Of joy's fresh-springing flowers.
How their young delighter would rejoice.
At theirs, as at its mother's voice.

Like rainbows, many-hued, had shone Those hours of youthful prime.
At length a fatal styrm fell on The rushing, alf of aime;
And smote him in a single day—
One wave took wife and child away ?

And then the bells poured out a peil So sorrowful and slow,

To his arck heart they seem'd to feel.

For their old master's wee;

And they had cause, for Wars red hand

Drove him an alien from the lind.

Now, for their sike an occur far.

In his old use he crossed

Fo, in that die dietressful war,

The sweet belle had been lost;

And yearning for their sound ig an,

He came to seek them o'er the man-

W is there, because that western town Sofine for ign bells possess'd,
And the fond hope they were his own I lutter d his igned breast
He I id in them is father a pride
He tun would here them are he died.

The bottmen sud, in lovely sound,
His bells they well might be,
And so thato say they had been found
Somewhere in Italy
Then yet es soon would fill his ear 5
The time of evening prayer was near.

And, as the curset deepen'd more. The silen o and the glow,
They rested, lest one plashing ou .
Might break the calin below,
And as they he and the light waves fleak.
Then appling silver gainst the boat,

Those glorious chimes told out the hour Wish stronger waves of sound; And when the full peth left the tower, He kin w them—they were found! And with struncd ou and hips uput, He drink then music to his hout

O' trembling like an under strain Then sweeping inthem through, Fime s whisperings grow clear a₀ an, And Hope sold end, too. Though all without then amount that I The true bells kept then echo stilk.

Fond words from whit and child he caught,
As exquestely clear
As though some breeze from heaven had brought
Then voices to his car.
He lost, in that one moment's ray,
The gloom of many a lonesome day.

The beatmen saw the finshing smile. The field eye that fired.
The third and that kept time a while,
Until sank as tred;
They saw not as the san went down,
How the pale face had piles grown:

How Cop, to his long-waiting hope, More than it asked had given ; How his dear bells had borne him up To dearer ones in heaven. But when the boatmen's toil was o'er: His soul had reach'd a brighter shore.

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

THE Squire Western tribe of sportsmen is When squires lived in remote mansions-with few roads, one newspaper, no books, the chaplain for a buffoon and bottle companion—they had few other resources for diversion than field sports in the morning, and dining and drinking confusion to Hanoverian rats in the evening. But the progress of commerce, and all the aids to commerce in easy travelling and complete commingling of all classes of society that enjoy leisure, has refined without destroying that love of sport which is innate in those bred in a northern soil.

The term, once synonymous, of a fool and a foxhunter, is no longer significant; and some of our most amusing and not least instructive books of travel are from the pens of sports-! men. Of course, sportsmen are but men; and, with them, as with graver men, the famous old story of "Eyes and no Eyes" closely

applies. penetratingest thing as is;"—we should say that observation describes admirably well enjoy a new excitement in the shape of cold. beasts.

John Palliser, by birth an Irishman, by education an Oxford man—six feet four in height, with inexhaustible spirits and humour, a taste for the polka, a talent for singing and making himself agreeable in all company, a fearless horseman, a tolerable cook, and a dead shot, having exhausted the excitement of European game, panting for fresh fields and pastures new determined to take himself to the prairies. and to have a shot at the buffalp and the grizzly for one fellow-traveller General Tom Thumb, whose great amusement was climbing to the shoulders of the tall Irishman, and then making a perilous descent at one leap to the bottom of his shooting-jacket, until by repeated droppings the bottom of the garment gave way. At New Orleans, he commenced operations in the marshes by waging war on snipe to the extent of twenty-one brace, and the following day took the solo parts, first of Goliah, and then of Saul, in the oratorio of David, performed by tomateurs to purchase a new organ for an Iquiscopalian church.

In Arkansas Mr. Palliser shot deer by night, fifteen rounds of ammunition."

with a fire-pan, and carried off neven deerskins for buck-skin clother, as trophics. Here, too, he met his first experience of the hospitality of American sportsmen, and tried his first experiment in camping out. He remarks "It is only when left to our own resources that we sportsmen feel how very helpless we are rendered by our civilisation. Very delightful is the refinement of sport in England, rising not too early, shaving with hot water, and ten cream-softened waiting for you in the breakfast room, guns clean as if not used the day before, the gamekeeper following with the load of shot, and an excellent dinner awaiting, without any stint in consequence of the birds being wild, or your shooting nervous. Such were my thoughts as, for the first time, I sat solitary by my fire; but they presented themselves much more forcibly on subsequent occasions when, tired, cold, and hungry, I encamped after a day's unsuccessful hunting on one of the wild plains of the Rocky Mountains." His first night's lonely camp was marked by the stealthy approach of something in the dark; which something turned out to be a panther. He became tired of tame life in Arkansas, and joined a fur party travelling across the prairies from Independence to the Yellow Stone River. On this journey, daily before sunset, they unsaddled and unpacked the The London bred attendant of an African horses; formed with the pack a circular entraveller described a rhinoceros horn as "the closure about ten feet in diameter, and hobbled out the horses with straps and chains to prevent their straying; then cut and gathered our modern sportsmen, who rush from all the wood, kindled fires, fetched water in kettles, luxuries of civilisation to the most remote put meat on to cook, roasted coffee-berries, and savage regions, to try their courage and pounded them in deer-skins on the stump of a tree with the back of a hatchet, put them hunger, wet, heat, drought and furious wild in the coffee-pot and boiled them; then the meat being cooked, set to work to eat, made beds of saddle clothes and buffalo robes, then smoked their pipes, and so to sleep, as only travellers in the prairie can sleep.

One day they arrived at a lake, and camped when their meat was exhausted and they had nothing but beans to eat; so our sportsman was set to work to kill ducks for dinner, and Mr. Palliser naively observes: "I had to work hard for my ducks that evening. They all fell into the water and I bear. In his voyage out to America he had had to swim for them, but they formed a great addition to the boiled beans we had been reduced to."

> After a long journey, sometimes "struggling through immense wastes where, feeling my own insignificance, I seemed carried back to some long past age, and as though encroaching on the territories of the mam-moth and the mastoden," Mr. Palliser reached Fort Vermillion and found it surrounded by a camp of six hundred Sioux Indians just returned from a successful foray; so he witnessed a scalp dance, and then bought the scalp and the "poor devil's headdress made of the scalp of a black bear, for He also got

man prisoner, whom the Indians were about to put to death with great solemuity, and set her free at night. She finally escaped: running all night, guiding her course by the stars and concealed all day; so that in two days and nights she reached her husband and children, "half starved but

very happy.

In spite of savage Indians, who sometimes shot at him by mistake, and nights in the prairie-where he woke in the morning and found himself lying in a pool of wateron he went, now starving, now feasting on the spoils of his gun, until, as the winter set in, he reached Fort Union. There the inhabitants of the fort were one after another laid up with the mumps; until, at length, strewed the willows, and proceeded to collect the supply of fresh meat depended entirely on the traveller. One day he set out covered with a white blanket, and "stalked" a herd of buffalo in the snow so successfully, that he crept about undetected for an hour and laid five of the fattest low; "then the herd bolted in a body, tossing their shaggy heads and ploughing up the snew." He cut out the tongues of those he had killed; and, leaving a blanket on one animal, a cap on another, a pocket-handkerchief floating from the head of a third, to scare the wolves. "set off full speed for the fort; for it was pudding day, and worth while to make haste." He entered just as the clock struck twelve, and feasted on buffalo and venison of his own providing, "dressed in delicious bear's grease and buffalo marrow, by a capital cook."

Listen to that, ye Norfolk pheasant-slaughterors, and hide your humbled heads! Practice makes perfect. After a time Mr. Palliser flayed, cut up, and disposed of his game as neatly as any Indian hunter, and congratulates himself on driving a good trade as a dead shot, by earning white wolfskins worth two-and-a half dollars each. But he was not destined to slay buffaloes scathless. After firing four times at an old buffalo, our hunter walked up and lodged a final shot, when the old brute charged, pursued and overtook him. "I swerved suddenly on one side to escape the shock, but to my horror, I failed in dodging him; he bolted round quicker than I did, affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn sideways in hopes of getting between his horns, when he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake; one horn shivered my rifle-stock, the other tore my clothes. I flew in mid air, scattering the prairie hens that hung from my belt in all directions, and fell unburt in the snow, while my dying victim subsided not quite over me in a snowdrift."

Some time after this adventure, Mr. Palds the moch collected fallen wood, lighted a liser purchased from an Indian woman a fire, and set down to consider what to do next magnificent dog, whose portrait torms the if Ismah did not return. The cold north frontispiece of his volume—"Ismah." When wind froze the perspiration—which, in the hot

up a subscription and purchased a poor wo- purchased, it took time and trouble to reconcile the animal to its white owner: but eventually Ismah became a faithful efficient servant, drawing a small sledge called a "travail," during the day, and sleeping on his master's bosom saving him from being frozen to death at night. With Isnah as sole companion, he set out on a solitary winter's journey along the shores of the Upper Missouri.

Ismah dragged all the spare clothing, dry food, and the flesh of the deer last shot, as they travelled along the ice. "When I stood and looked about to choose a convenient spotto camp, Ismah used to gaze into my face, and whine, as much as to say, 'I am tired too.' When I trampled down the snow, cut and wood, he used to watch me eagerly, and prick up his ears when he saw me take the flint and steel from my pouch, and the dry inner bark of the cotton-wood free from my chest, in order to kindle a spark. The fire secure. I turned my attention to him, un-packed his travail, and placed it aloft against the side of a tree to protect the leather straps from the voracity of wolves. This done, I spread my bed and filled my kettle, took a handful of coffee berries from my bag, washed them in the cover of the kettle, then, pounding them, put them in the smaller kettle, and the meat in the larger to boil. These operations Ismah used to regard with intense interest. When supper was over-and his share was often very scanty—he sat up close beside me as I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee. When at last I got into bed, he used to lie down with his back close against my shoulders, and so we slept until morning. As soon as it was daylight we rose; Ismah submitted patiently to be harnessed, and we

resumed our march. "Ismah's relationship to the Lupus [he was of the wolf-dog breed family was often inconvenient to me, as he used to run off and play with the young Luperkins. One day, after a long march, while looking out for a camping place, a she wolf crossed the ice, and, in spite of coaxings and threats. Ismah set off to join her. I shouted to the wolf, the wolf ran off, and away ran Ismah after her, with his travail behind him loaded with everything I possessed in the world. I followed, shouting, until he disappeared, and then followed the tracks upon the snow, until darkness obliged use to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself alone on a vast waste of snow, stretching around me on every side, & hundred miles from any human habitation. without warm covering for the pight, with very little powder in my horn, and only two bullets in my pouch! I turned back and fortunately made the way to the river again, by the light

pursuit, had run down my face—and formed icicles on my beard and whiskers, that jingled like bells as I shook my head, and dismissed one project after another. I took out my pipe to console myself with a smoke; alas, on feeling for tobacco, that was gone too. I looked at the North star, and calculated, by the position of the Plough, that it must have been about ten o'clock-the time in England when we discuss a bottle of the best with our knees under the mahogany, awaiting the summons to the drawing-room. I endeavoured to trace familiar faces in the glowing embers, till I almost heard the rustling of fresh white crope dresses round me; when hark! I did hear a rustle—it approaches nearer and nearer, and I recognise the scraping of Ismah's travail on the snow; another moment and the panting rascal was at my side! Nothing of the load missing or injured. I laughed aloud from sheer joy at the cringing move-ments by which he showed how well he knew that he had behaved very ill, but was too well pleased to beat him. I had nothing more to do but unpack, make my bed, cook our supper, and go to

sleep." On the same journey the hunter again fell short of meat; for one day he sought game in vain, without coming on a single track. On the second day he saw Wapiti deer, but was unable to get near them. That night, tired and hungry, he dreamed continually of delicious feasts and hospitable friends, and waked all the more hungry and disappointed. On the third day, having had no solace but a pipe, he hunted hard without success, and suffered less from hunger than on the second day. He was upheld by the confidence that sooner or later he would fall in with game. At length he came upon the fresh tracks of deer; zig-zagging, as they do before lying down. He says: "I remained perfectly still, looking intently, with eyes sharpened by hunger, at the copse; something stirred in the willows—it was a deer going out to feed; most fortunately he came on towards me, slowly feeding, until he approached to within about one hundred yards and stopped. I drew up my rifle; but he came still nearer, feeding slowly forward, until scarcely sixty yards off, when I took a steady deliberate shot as he turned his flank towards me. heard the bullet crack against his shoulder: he rushed a short distance back, and rolled I rushed back to secure my horse, fearing over in the snow. Wood was close at hand. I made a fire, cut, broiled, and cat sparingly Wood was close at hand. of little venison; fed my dog. Then made Seeing me run the bear charged after me; 1 rope of the deer-skin, and dragged the rolled the halter round my arm and prepared cooked and eat an enormous supper, smoked

my pipe, and slept comfortably."

At length Mr. Palliser reached a hunter's

breeches of deer skin, and encamped and enjoyed himself. "If I wished to shoot from horseback, a ride of a few miles atforded sport after buffalo; if to stalk Wapiti deer, or black-tailed, there were plenty to be had, with enough toil and labour to afford sport; grosses bross (wild sheen) were to be seen balancing themselves on the tops of cliffs as I sat in my own camp; lots of pheasants were handy on the prairie, antelopes were constantly bounding past, and many a prowling wolf received a bullet while feeding on offal, cunningly disposed to tempt him. The dinners of this Yellow Stone camp would make a European epicure's mouth water-buffalo tongues and humps, elk meat and venison, antelopes' livers, wild mutton, and cat fish, which is a sort of miniature fresh-water dolphin, white, firm, and rich, marrow-bones of buffalo bulls, with a fair supply of coffee and sugar;" bread is not mentioned.

But our hunter could find no grisly bear. Their fresh tracks were found, but the monsters were gone. This grisly bear, when full-grown, measures eight feet six inches from muzzle to stern, and about that size round the body, with feet eighteen inches in length, armed with claws five inches long-

a lion cannot be more formidable.

One day, having shot a fine buck, he heard Dauphin, a French Canadian, one of a party he had joined, cry loudly, "Monsieur, venez ici!" (Come here, Sir!), and, looking up, saw him disappearing at his best pace over the brow of a hill; Palliser, following with his, loaded rifle, beheld a bear standing on his hind legs staring about while Dauphin, concealed behind a rock, was industriously snapping a pistol that would not go off. master and then man took a shot with the same rifle; and then Mr. Palliser, in spite of the remonstrances of Dauphin, followed the enemy into a clump of trees, and finished him. "He was young, only in his third year, but he measured five feet four inches from the rump to the muzzle, and had he been full grown, it would certainly have fared badly with us."

The next grisly bear adventure was with a five year old female with two cubs, who chased Boncharville as he was washing his carbine at a river. "I at first ran to assist my companion; but, seeing the bear at fault, that, on smelling the bear, he would gallop off and be lost on the prairie for ever. arcase to my camp of the previous night, to face her—had my horse fliuched I had been lost—she rose on her hind legs, then turned aside, and followed her cub. I fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back paradise on the Yellow Stone leiver; built in the flank, on which she stopped, wheeled bimself a boat of bulls hide, with willow round and round, tore at her side with her fiames, to carry his baggage, spoils, and teeth and claws, and allowed me, fortunately, stiendants; manufactured a shirt and sufficient time to load again; my bill was

hardly down when Boncharville cried out "Garder vous, garder vous, Monsieur, elle sonce encore!" (Take care, take care, Sir, she is after us again!) and on she rushed. I had barely time to put on my copper cap as she rose on her hind legs; I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up, and rolled to the bottom of the slope; but we did not venture to approach until we had ascertained she was dead by pelting her with sticks and stumps. After this Dauphin, with a stick and a coil of rope, set out to catch the young sucking bears, but they fought so hard that he was obliged to kill one, and the other bit and scratched so that the old hunter was glad to let him go.

Mr. Palliser was not content until he had shot three more of these grisly monsters, of the largest of which he says, with his usual candour, "He rose up displaying such gigantic proportions as almost made my heart fail me. I croaked again like a bull calf: he came cantering up slowly. I felt I was in for it, and that escape was impossible, so cocking both barrels of my firelock I remained kneeling until he approached very near, when I suddenly stood up; upon which the bear with an indolent roaring grunt raised, himself once more upon his hind legs. Just as he was balancing before springing on me, I fired, aiming close under his chin; the ball passing through his throat, broke the vertebra of the neck, and down he tumbled floundering like a great fish out of water, until at length he reluctantly expired. I drew a long breath, and felt right glad at the successful issue of lenting notice of No Thoroughfare the combat.

And here we may as well end the hunting adventures, of which we have given only a few. Many amusing and pleasing traits of the character of the author are unconsciously scattered through the narrative. The self-possessed manner in which, at New Orleans, having forgotten the name and street of his hotel, and, having wandered into a house by mistake, he receives a candle through a narrowly-opened door from a white jewelled hand, and retires, to be awakened the next morning by an offer of ivory-backed hairbrushes from a lady who turns out to be the wife of a friend—such is the hospitality of New Orleans—is delightful. So is the ball at St. Louis, where he rushed into a kitchen, and made pretty Madame Zoller leave the cooking, and come up and dance the Sturm Marsch Gallop with a pair of shoes that kept continually coming off.

If he has the toothache and cannot est venison, he goes down and kills a buffalo bull, and feasts off his marrow bones. Then he will catch alligators at Cairo; and finally embarks for England with a menagerie of one streets of New Orleans.

And so we take leave of John Palliser good sportsman; who does not glost over his victims with half savage exultation.

THE STOP THE WAY COMPANY.

To the lovers of antiquarian lore—that peculiar race of philosophers who look upon Gog and Magog as intimately bound up with the welfare of Great Britain;—to such as consider the turning up of some antediluvian monster as of far more value than any discovery of modern science; it may be matter for congratulation and pleasure to know that there is a broad region of this globe, which has not only been standing still while all the rest of the world has been whirling round, busy with human thought and human progress, but has been actually in many respects retrograding.

The middle-age student may rub his parchment hands at the idea of a territory equal in extent to the whole of continental Europe. watered by some of the finest rivers in the world, blessed by a health-giving climate, abounding in mineral wealth, possessing many thousands of miles of fruitful soil, which is still in the very self-same barbarous, unsophisticated condition as it was in the time of Charles the Second; defiant of the ruthless innovations of science and art, stopping the way for labour and capital, and presenting at every entrance, by rivers, by bays, by highways, by by-ways, one enormous, unre-

It is not an idle fairy tale for Christmas, but a stern reality. No truant schoolboy, in search of apples or birds' nests, was ever scared more effectually by the ominous black board with its "steel traps and spring guns," than have been the pioneers of civilisation, by the great No Thoroughfare monopoly, the Hudson's Day Company.

Some people may openly profess scepticism as to the existence of such a Company, and look upon it as a sort of incorporated Mrs. Harris. Who ever heard of its annual meetings? Did any one ever see its shares advertised for sale, or quoted in any share list? Has it transfer days, and open days, and shut Did it ever make a call; or, if it days ? ever did, when was the last call answered? Has anybody, by chance, stumbled upon a Hudson's Bay Director, or Chairman, or Deputy Chairman? Does any letter carrier or policeman know where the Hudson's Bay House is? It must be somewhere, and must have clerks, and messengers, and office-keepers, and ledgers, and day-books, and (perhaps) transfer books, and no doubt it takes in the Public Ledger. But where? The abstract black bear, two bisons, two bisons calves, a Company. All actually exists, and has exdeer, and antelope, after being indebted to the bear for defending his chum, the antelope, who, as so he chronicles rather unkindly against the attacks of a great mastiff in the relate, having been sadly pressed for money, to meet some heavy bills falling due, made

hard cash, upon certain conditions.

What those conditions were; how far they have been fulfilled; of what those territories consisted; and, to what extent the Company have succeeded in maintaining the integrity of their No Thoroughfare, it will be now our endeavour to show, as well as existing records will enable us.

The charter under which the Hudson's Bay Company hold their territories and exercise their monopoly of the fur trade, derives additional interest from its intimate connection with the attempts at the discovery of the north-west passage, as well as with the origin of the premium offered to successful navigators in those dangerous seas. The preamble of the through these sterile, useless wilds; and, charter runs as follows: "Whereas certain what is more to the purpose resolved to parties have, at their own cost and charges, undertaken an expedition for Hudson's Bay From the journals of these officials, and from in the north-west part of America, for the the notes of some few other chance travellers discovery of a new passage into the South who have broken through the Stopped Way, Sea, and for finding some trade for furs, we are able to present a tolerably detailed minerals, and other considerable common sketch of this enormous tract of private dities, &c., now, know ye, that we, being continent.

desirous to promote all endeavours tending to the public good of our people, and to encourage the said design, have "&c. The observe a line drawn across it, from east to charter then goes on to grant to the Com-west, in the latitude of forty-nine degrees pany, in consideration of their making at North. This forms the boundary between tempts for the discovery of the said north-the British territories and those of the United trade throughout certain territories, which readily perceived how small is the portion it pretends to describe in very vague and included in the boundaries of Canada as com-unsatisfactory language, and which it calls pared with the remainder. It is indeed but Rupert's Land: also the property and lord- a narrow slip of it-little more than a southship of the soil of the said Rupert's Land; westerly crust. Canada is nevertheless a together with the privilege of exclusive trade large country, for it contains about four hun-

It is not our intention to discuss the construction placed on the Royal charter, which in round numbers three millions of square thus dealt so freely with, not thousands, but three millions of square miles of ter- tralian continent. ritory, nor to inquire into the intention of the language employed in endeavouring to a very uncertain portion of this northern lay down the boundaries of this Company's country is denominated Rupert's Land, or territorial and trading rights. These ques- Hudson's Bay Territory. Geographers have tions, not less than the validity of the charter itself—which does not appear to have received as much as certain persons once did in the sanction of the Legislature at the period, regard to the colour of a certain chameleon. of the grant—will, it is understood, form mat- Some amongst them wiser than the rest examine the vast tract of country which forms the subject of these remarks, and ascertain what are its capabilities and at the same time learn if the great object "the public good," for which it was made over to the Company,

has been attained.

The Directors, it would appear, have construed "the public good" to me in their own private gain;" and no body of min have ever pursued any definite object through a period in the latitude of fifty-eight degrees north, of two hundred years, with more watchful, un- extending as far as the Rocky Mountains,

over certain territories in North America to flagging zeal, than have this Company. The certain capitalists, the founders of the Stop enormous profits realized by the fur trade, the Way Company, for a good round sum in the ease with which it was kept up, the small capital required, were inducements sufficient to make them not only not attempt to open up any other resources of the country, but actually to interdict any effort of the kind. With this view ever before them, it has been their endeavour to paint the territories, over which they exercise sovereign rule, as barren, uninhabitable, and profitless; fitted only for the abode of the wild animals in whose skins they traded, and of the equally savage natives who trapped them.

Unfortunately, however, for this policy, one cr two gentlemen in their employment, as well as one of their own governors, Sir George Simpson, took a fancy to travel what is more to the purpose, resolved to publish the results of their observations.

west passage, the privilege of exclusive States. Of the former vast tract, it will be with all countries into which the Company dred thousand square miles. The shape of might and access by land or water, out of the remainder of the huge northern private Rupert's Land. We will not go into any very nice calculations, but call it miles, or about the extent of the great Aus-

A certain portion, or, we should rather say, differed as to the limits of this land quite ter for Parliamentary inquiry. Let us rather hazard no particular limit—they content themselves with inserting the name, and leave the imagination of the reader to define

the boundary-line.

It would be in vain to consult the Company's charter. Its vague language may be made to signify anything clever lawyers choose. Some aver that the Company's territorial rights extend round Hudson's Bay'in a horseshoe form for several hundreds of nilles,

and thence running south as far as the the winter, sufficiently warm in spring and ing colonisation, nor mining, but bent only on fur-trading, look upon those great northern wilds as the true source of their from this very country. wealth, and consequently lay claim to the whole country east of the Rocky Mountains, as far as the Arctic regions; and, with enlarged views, went so far as to claim all to the westward of this rocky range. To make assurance doubly sure, the Company, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, and again in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, obtained a royal license, which extended their American preserves—until the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine - over the whole of the territories to the West of the Rocky Mountains, as far north as Russian America. Until the latter period, therefore, the great No Thoroughfare notice will be maintained.

However lightly the second Charles may have made over this enormous slice of a continent to a trading board of directors, he was not unmindful of the cause of science, nor of the welfare of the state; hence we find him stipulating that the Company shall use their endeavours to discover the north-west passage, and declaring that he made the grant with a view to the public good. Whether it was that the Directors were prophetically endowed with a foreknowledge of the practical inutility of the north-west passage, or were moved by the suffering that must be entailed by prosecuting it, not less than in opening up any of their frosty territories, is not clear, but their policy has ever been to keep away Englishmen, and to send home furs.

The entire surface of this country, with the exception of the mountains, lakes, and rivers, may be classed under three distinct headsthe woody, the prairie, and the desert country. The former stretches around the vicinity of Hudson's Bay to a greater or less depth, and contains vast forests of useful trees, many of them of enormous size. These forests cover tracts greater in extent than the United Kingdom; some parts of them are situated in uninhabitable regions, but others are far more favourably located.

the head of Lake Superior, in a westerly direction, past Lake Winnipeg, as far as one hundred and ten west longitude; thence north to the Deer Lake, and eastwards and south past the head of Lake Winnipeg and farther to the west, where a tract of country of lakes and rivers, and, although cold during the Red River Settlement, although of nearly

American boundary, and skirting it to nearly summer to bring forth most abundant crops the head of Lake Superior. This outline would of almost every species of European grain, the head of Lake Superior. This outline would of almost every species of European grain, give them a tract nearly equal to the whole vegetable, and finit. Enough food might be of our Australian colonies, and would include there raised to serve the entire population of all the wooded and prairie-land, shutting out Great Britain and the whole of her depending the barren and agert tracts incapable of dencies; and were it not for the No Thobeing colonised. The Company, not intend-roughfare policy of the Company, we might, at this present moment of scarcity and dearness, be drawing large supplies of cheap corn

Of the beauty and fertility of this part of Rupert's Land all who have seen it speak in glowing terms. One writes thus of the neighbourhood of Lake Winnipeg :- "There is not, perhaps a finer country in the world, for the residence of uncivilised man, than that which occupies the space between Red River and Lake Superior. Fish, venison, fowl, and wild rice are in great plenty; the fruits are strawberries, plums, cherries, hazlenuts, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, pears, &c." Surely a country which produces all these in such variety is fit for more than uncivilised man. Other eyes than those of the savage might revel in the scenery which is there to be met with. Broad rivers winding their way through ample valleys, stretching for miles in grassy slopes, crowned by beetling forests of ash, poplar, and oak, and affording shelter and food to numberless herds of elk and buffalo. Extensive lakes in the midst of fertile plains, fringed with natural plantations of roses and sweetbriars, lend an enchantment to this wild country which has struck every traveller. Sir George Simpson, the late governor of the Hudson's Bay territories, made a tour through this same country, and speaks of travelling by the Kanimistaquoix, one of the numerous rivers which fertilize and beautify the neighbourhood. He penetrated forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, &c., and passed many isles not less fertile and lovely than the banks, reminding him of the rich and quiet scenery of England. shores were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wildflowers, while fruits of all kinds were equally abundant. The governor, carried away by his admiration of this beautiful scenery, and forgetful for the time, of the Stop the Way policy of his masters, the Directors at home, was led incautiously to declare that it is impossible to pass through this fair valley, without feeling that it is destined sooner or later to become the happy home of civilised men, with their bleating The prairie, or open country, extends from clocks and their lowing herds, with their head of Lake Superior, in a westerly schools and their churches, with their tull garners and their social hearths.

Something of this has actually come to pass on the banks of the Red River, a little the Lake of the Woods—comprising half-amilion of square miles of land as fertile as in any part of the world, watered by a nes-work the American boundary and Lake Winnipeg.

introveres standing, does not contain above the presumptuous marchant found to his one two thousand inhabitants. They appear to His tallow remained spoiling on the Comhave everything in abundance which is needed to support life. Wild fowl and fish are to be had for the seeking. The neighbouring forests yield them plentifully of every variety of useful timber, whilst the vast tracts of open country about them afford a never failing pasturage for their flocks and herds.

The soil of this land is a rich black alluvium of great depth which, when first tilled, produces extraordinary crops, as much on some occasions as forty-fold of wheat; even after twenty successive years of cultivation, without the aid of manure or of green crops, it still yields from fifteen to twenty-five

bushels the acre of fine heavy corn.

Farms have sprung up in all directions; cattle are heard lowing; the bleating of the sheep tell of the progress of industry, and wool and corn, hides and tallow, are amongst the leading productions of these thriving colo-For seven months out of the year cattle are able to be pastured on the wide savannahs of the Red River, for the remainder of the twelve months they are fed in their stalls on straw, hay, &c. It might reasonably have been expected that this germ of colonisation would have spread into many other channels; that pioneers would have gone forth from it in all directions, to realise the anticipations of Sir George Simpson, and that those people on the Red River would have risen to opulence by the abundant produce raised on their lands.

All this might have been, and would have been long before the present time, but for the steel-trap and spring-gun policy of the Company, who, having resolved that nothing should be encouraged which might in the most remote way interfere with the integrity of beaver-skins or martens'-tails, effectually checked the onward progress of these rising colonists, and hedged them and their industry in by an impassable Stop the Way barrier. How this was accomplished may be seen by one instance—that of a gentleman who had assumed the character of merchant in a small way, and having imported some few goods from England in the Company's ships by way of Hudson's Bay, and found them pay well, determined to try a shipment of tallow home, of which there was abundance to be had at a trifling cost. He did so. The venture succeeded to the utmost, and was followed by one of much greater value. By this time the Directors were alarmed at the prospect of having a tallow trade springing up, gand throwing their cherished martens'-tails into the shade, and otherwise unsettling the minds of the natives; accordingly, as none but the Cotopany's ships are permitted to ruffle

pany's wharf at York. Eactory for two antiyears, at the end of which time he abandoned

the affair in disgust. This, however, was not all. . The merchant was far too enterprising and energetic for the Directors fancy. Who could say what he might not attempt next? Perhaps explore some of the copper and lead mines of the north, or open a coal seam along the banks, of the Saskatchewan! It was, in short, resolved that he should be "put down;" and accordingly he was put down, there being no power on that private continent to prevent the thing. The following brief but expressive note was received by the obnoxious trader in the latter part of eighteen hundred and forty-five; it was dated from the Factory of the Red River Settlement, and ran thus :---"Sir, I beg to state that in a private letter from Mr. Secretary Smith, dated the eighteenth of April last, I am requested to acquaint you that no goods will be shipped in your name on board the Hudson's Bay Company's ship for York Factory this season. I remain, &c. A strange fulfilment this, in the nineteenth century, of the injunction laid upon the Company in a comparatively benighted age, by the sovereign who gave them their charter, and who was thus liberal to them from a desire to promote the public good of his péople.

That this immense tract of country contains within it much mineral wealth there is ample evidence to show, despite the steady perseverance of the Company to throw discredit upon every such statement. Lead, quicksilver, and cinnabar are known to exist in the region of Hudson's Bay. Many natives have been seen wearing bright shining pieces of copper ore round their necks by way of ornament, evidently removed from the surface of the soil; and so common was the practice near Fort Churchill, in the north, that the tribe thus decorating themselves were known as the Copper Indians. The Company's servants, however, true to their employers' creed of the unproductiveness of the country, declare that those pieces of bright metallic substance are neither more nor less than the broken fragments of brass cannon picked up from some foreign vessels that

had been wrecked on the shore.

The existence of most extensive seams of coal along the banks of the Saskatchewan flowing from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg, is more difficult of denial than the ores to the northwards. It has been examined and burnt by more than one intelligent traveller; nay, the Company's own governor, before alluded to notices it in his journal as beyond all doubt, and not as found the waters of Hudson's Bay with their keels, in any particular tract of country, but along the Directors had but to give trees that no many hundreds of miles. It has likewise, been more of this dangerous tallow should be found of good quality and in great abunitation on board, and the affair was settled, as dance in Vancouver's Island, situated, at the southern extremity of the west coast of this

There is another feature to be examined in The operations of this Company, which to the philanthropist must be of greater importance than the growth of corn, the trade in tallow, or the raising of hinerals. The exclusive trade and territorial rights, assumed in the rigid and unflinching spirit which they ever have been by these dealers in beaver skins, involve something more than appears on the surface. In handing over millions of square miles of territory to the iron custody of commercial speculators it seemed to have been overlooked that the act involved the future weal or woe of the many tribes of Indians inhabiting those regions: natives who certainly possessed a better claim to than Charles the Second, who presumed to private debts; whose only forfeiture of ancient rights lay in their utter inability to defend their hunting ground against the aggressions of the swarthy king and his these horrors which induced the governwhite subjects.

So little was known of the original tribes of Indians inhabiting the distant districts of and thirty-eight-when granting exclusive those territories, during the first century of trading privileges to the Company over the the Company's establishment, that it is entire northern part of this continent-to as to the decimation of these unfortunate for gradually diminishing and ultimately people. We can but make a guess at it preventing the sale or distribution of from the process of annihilation that has been spirituous liquors to the Indians, as also for

better data have been at hand.

When Europeans were but as strangers in that land, there were upwards of fifty numerous and powerful races of Indians inhabiting those for a license of exclusive trade, and just vast hunting grounds. Amongst these were the Crees, the Yellow Knives, the Chippewayans, the Hares, the Dahotonics, the Dogribs, the Nihanies, the Loncheaux, the Blackfeet, the Assiniboines, the Blood Indians, the Sarcees, the Copper Indians, and many others. Not a few of these num-bered ten thousand souls each, early in the present century. Doubtless their lives were spent pretty much as savage tribes usually pass their days. Hunting buffaloes, spearing salmon, trapping deer were occa-sionally varied with skirmishes into the neighbouring territory, when the fish-spear and the wooden trap would be laid aside for the tomahawk and the scalping knife. Still they were happy after a fashion, and were at any rate not demoralised as at present.

Living in rude tents, subsisting on kammas

deer were bone-pointed arrows and spears, which latter were formidable instruments of destruction in their hands. These animals being found in great numbers, often in thousands at a time, it was seldom they ran short of a good store of dried pemmican for the

long winter months.

For upwards of a century the fate of these once happy races was hidden from Europe. All within that great "Beaver preserve" was a sealed book in this country. But in the course of time the truth oozed out slowly but sadly. Tales reached England of the extermination of entire tribes and races by starvation, intemperance, and disease introduced from Europe. Stories were listened to, but scarcely credited, of cannibalism from sheer starvation, of wholesale murders in the madthe lordship of the forest and the prairie ness of intoxication, and it was said that at the then rate of human destruction, the foot-print will them and their soil away to pay his of a native would not be seen on the wastes of the Indian territories by the end of the present century

It was doubtless the recital of some of. ment of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, and again in eighteen hundred going on during the past fifty years, when promoting their moral and religious improve-

ment.

In eighteen hundred and twenty, the very year in which the company were seeking one hundred and fifty years after their establishment, they sent out the first minister of religion that has been permitted to enter the country. On making their second application for a trading license in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight a few missionaries were sent out; but, the license once obtained, the number of these was gradually reduced.

With regard to the Company's undertaking to stop the distribution of spirits amongst the Indians, nothing could be more readily effected, seeing that liquor, not less than any other imported article, can only be introduced into the country by the Company's ships. The Company stop the way against every useful requirement of more civilized life; but open it wide for the passage of ardent spirits; which so utterly demoralise the natives, that. amongst them the rise of drunkenness appuor preserved bulbs, penimican, and dried fruits, ally increases, leading to crime, to poverty they had little desire for civilised luxuries, and death by hundreds. The Indians are Of athletic form, and taking abundant exer-tise, they enjoyed robust health, and the ealling of the "medicine-man" amongst them yes are unable to withstand the temptawas entirely confined to the healing of tion. The fresults are fearful. During a wounds obtained in the chase or way. Their parliamentary discussion upon Hudson's Bay weapons for slaughtering the buffaloes or affairs in eighteen hundred and forty-eight,

"it was significantly remarked by Mr. Glad-"miles, abounding in mineral wealth, and stone that, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, when the Company were seeking for a renewal of their liceuse for exclusive trade, the quantity of spirits introduced into the country was only three thousand eight hundred gallons; whereas in eighteen hundred and forty-five, when they felt secure in their new privileges, the quantity rose to upwards of nine thousand gallons,

A very striking and instructive anecdote is told by a late servant of the Company, to the effect that on the occasion of a most atrocious murder having been perpetrated by a native trapper at the very door of one of the factories, no notice whatever was taken of it, because, as it was urged, the murderer was one of the Company's best fur hunters at the post. This entirely bears out the statement to be found in a publication by one of the Company's chaplains, who declares most solemnly that, throughout the Hudson's Bay territories, the life of an Indian was never yet, by a trapper, put in competition with a beaver's skin.

We have yet one other illustration of the light account taken in this sealed country of solemn engagements or native life. When their recent rights were given to them, it was considered that to leave the Company with power of life and death throughout a territory so shut away from the rest of the world, would be highly improper': accordingly, whilst magistrates were allowed to be appointed to take cognizance of all minor offences, a bond was taken of the Company that they should convey felons to the Canadian courts for trial. Many tales are told of the utter disregard of this salutary injunction, but we will content ourselves in the matter with quoting the language of one of the Company's agents, (Mr. A. Simpson), who at page four hundred and twenty-seven of his published work, tells us that the Company have an invariable rule of avenging the murder by Indians of any of its servants-blood for blood, without trial of any kind. As a pendant to this, we are assured by a late governor of the country, in the account of his travels through those territories, that whether in matters of life and death, or of petty theft, the rule of retaliation is the only standard of equity which the natives are able to appreciate.

It would be easy to fill a goodly volume with interesting accounts of this sealed country, this region hidden from the knowcledge and industry of mankind during nearly two hundred years, in order that a body of private individuals might reakse handsome profits. But enough has been said to show how desirable it is that more should be French plums in boxes sent to him in the known, and that the original and subsequent most irrational way from north, south, east, conditions on which the Company hold their and west, by kind relations and old friends, present rights should be rigidly rulfilled. It is impossible to look without interest on a earned half-crowns and half-sovereigns by the

capable of growing enough corn to feed the whole of Europe, yet, whose sole destiny it is to furnish four shiploads of skins annually, of the value of about five hundred thousand pounds. A region forming a large portion of that enormous whole, by whose vast net-work of lakes and rivers a canoe may voyage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Seas. A. land so admirably adapted for easy water communication, and so fitted to open a connection between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans that, but for one break and that easy of removal, a vessel might sail from London. Bridge to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. At a gap in this range the source of the Saskatchewan, which runs eastwards towards the Canadian frontier, is so close to that of the Columbia, which courses in a southwesterly direction and finally empties itself into the Pacific, that a traveller tells us he could have filled his tea-kettle from the waters of both of them for the same meal. It is mortifying in the extreme to know all this, and at the same time to feel that, save to a few privileged voyagers and the Company's servants, there is No Thoroughfare through such a magnificent highway. We must, however, in justice add, that many of the gentlemen connected with this old monopoly deplore its selfish exclusiveness as much as the most liberal free-trader. It is indeed from the revelations of such gentlemen that much of the information contained in this paper has been derived.

SEASONABLE GAINS.

Now that we are fairly launched in the New Year, and steering a direct course for Christmas 'fifty-four, it is a pleasant thing to feel that we are richer than we were a month

ago. Richer by all that we have received; richer by all that we have given. A storm of kind words has been beating about the ears of every man who has had a ship or but a little boat to run into the Christmas harbour. Every man's memory has just come into a little property, and we are all walking about with heaps of lately acquired treasures in us. We have all-all, at least, able to read this gratulation-lately found out that we are very valuable people.

I should like to know what a political economist would have to say of the season now ending. Has it confused him? Has he been able to bring the laws that regulate supply and demand to bear upon it? Has he had twelve hares, nineteen turkeys, three dozen barrels of oysters, twenty-three hampers of fish miscellaneous, and a vanload of country containing three millions of square purseload without doing a bit of work, when

their makilled labour they being only competent to frighten birds—is worth but fourpence a day in the market? By what law supply storybooks containing pictures to the little boys and girls of his acquaintance? What says Adam Smith of Christmas and the New Year, and of the modes of acquiring property established at that season?

These may be grave questions or they may not :- I always feel to be getting on with any argument when I can say that a thing is or is not something. But the fact of the matter is this-another good phrase, it looks lucid—the fact is that we are richer than we were by all the money we have spent: everything given away has been gain, and we have gained also all that we have got. What have we got? Every house, I suppose, contains something pleasantly and recently acquired by some one of its inmates. Don't let me be thought boastful if I count my

My youngest daughter, Tabitha, with whom I will begin, found a beautiful maiden with black locks and large eyes barbarously tied by the hair to a Christmas tree, and rescued her. The beautiful maiden shows her gratitude by devoting her whole life to Tabitha. She never quits her side, and at this moment, I perceive, lies clasped in her embrace. Tabitha has gained this charming friend, this sharer of her walks and talks, this bosom companion, who is called Zenora. She does not regret the accident that brought them to a knowledge of each other, and though she has a very strong suspicion that it was a cruel uncle -Uncle Robson-by whose hands she was suspended to the tree, suspended by her lovely hair-he has great whiskers, and looks like a creature who can do such things-she cannot find it in her heart to scold a relative by whose deed Zenora was brought to her arms. On my part, as an economist, I can make no objection to this introduction of a strange lady into the household, for she never speaks an unkind word of anybody, makes no mischief-it I except that upon one occasion she did certainly strew bran over a muffin-and she takes nothing, literally nothing. She lives upon bran, and a little lasts her a long time. My daughter in the excess of hospitality has frequently endcavoured to force tea upon her, but the hot tea having burnt her mouth to an alarming degree on one occasion, none has recently been offered.

Egbert, aged twelve, has become singe Christmas a great ship-owner. His I believe is the largest ship in our parish-Marylebone—that has a boy for captain; there may be, and I believe are, larger such at sea. Egbert, who knows nothing of Blake or Nelson, brought a history-prize home at the end of his last half year, and he calls his ship the Actium-which has been lettered on the lights that surn real oil. Mrs. Gettleton-my

at mechanics, "the gallant Axem." Egbert is out now on a three days' visit to his aunt Matilda, and John, who is a goodnatured lad, has been lettering the ship in his absence with gold-leaf as an agreeable surprise prepared for him against, his return. The gallant Axem rides in dock now in the area cistern, and stems the tide of water when it is turned on and rushes in with fearful vehemence, as grandly as becomes a piece of your real British timber, and the leading vessel in the naval armament of Marylebone. She carries only two brass guns, but those have been procured by Egbert himself regardless of expense; he gave for one of them as much as eighteenpence sterling, and when the trial of them took place, I remember being told that his eighteenpencer sent a bullet clean into a teapot of Britannia metal, causing an enormous leak, and so completely wrecking it, as it lay on a day in the nursery tray, with a full cargo of tea on board, that it went down and has never been brought up again. If Britannia cannot resist my son's artillery, can Russia? Not Russia, not Morocco, not even double sole leather, for the rash cannonader has fired—I regret to say—one of his shots through the sole of a pair of boots that I use in rough weather. went out in the last thaw and was obliged to take a cab when I found one boot letting in water with most unaccountable rapidity.

Egbert, who is quite an illustration of nepotism in his way, has not only been appointed by one uncle to the command of a vessel, but he has been made by another uncle half proprietor with Tabitha of the Royal Victoria Theatre-not the Victoria sustained by 'icks, that in the Lambeth Marshes, but the Royal Victoria Theatre-now open at nineteen, Bunkiter Street, Marylebone. Egbert is stage-manager and director; Tabitha paints the scenery and the actors, they not being The procompetent to paint themselves. prictors of the Royal Victoria have an exclusive property in the performers. although that may be a wrong state of things in a free land, is exceedingly convenient in a theatre. They are always to perform one piece (which will ensure perfection), Timour the Tartar. I may illustrate the complete subservience of the company of this theatre to the management. One of the horses that appears in the tournament scene being too thin in the knees, and very liable to come down, Egbert, in the true spirit of a despot, tore his legs off, and that horse has eversince gone through the play upon its tail and

The Royal Victoria Theatre has not only brilliant scenery and actors liberally spangled -every one a firmament in himself or herself: but it has also a handsome green silk curtain that rolls up at the tinkle of a bell, and footside by our page, John, who is a neat hand wife and Egbert's mother—has objected very

much to the real oil. The reason was this: the first performance of Timour the Tastar having taken place under the distinguished patrouage of J. Stotman, Esquire, the wellknown Uncle Jack of our domestic history, in fact, the presenter of my children to the theatrical property in question—the first performance, I say, having taken place under such patronage on New Year's Eve, and the stage being established on the parlour table, there resulted a slop upon a very handsome table-cover, which my son, the manager, in the enth-isiasm of the moment, endeavoured to wipe up with the sleeve of his best jacket. Mrs. Gettleton perceived it to be the real oil and had difficulty in retaining her composure. Every one else was, however, satisfied, when Mr. Egbert came forward and apologised for the mishap, accounting for it by the fact that the whole theatre and inadvertently been

joggled.
Then I have another child, Matilda, seventeen years old, who is mysteriously gifted. Something has been given to her which she carries, either up her sleeve or in some fold of her frock, I suspect over her epigastrium, and I know that she got it from Frank Holly, with whom she thinks herself in love, but who is old enough, silly child, to be her father. He will be twenty-three next May, and she is

scarcely out of pinafores.

Redmond, my eldest boy, aged twenty, is studying medicine in Paris, and as he has not come home for the holidays, Uncle Jack, who knows how the mounseers feed, has sent him a sirloin of beef and two plum puddings in a hamper. I had a notion that the parcel might require a passport; Uncle Jack says not. Redmond is upstairs on a fifth floor, and I don't know what sort of a cook he has to look to for his dinner. I expect to hear that the whole sirloin was fricasseed and garnished

with the pudding.

I, for my share of, gifts, have had turkeys and things; but, of all presents, the most puzzling was the one sent me by a fine old farmer in the country, my mother's father, who has often heard us rejoice, when visiting him, at our escape from the London milk, and who forwarded to me suddenly, and as a surprise, his favourite milch cow. It arrived at my door, nineteen, Bunkiter Street, Marylebone, on Christmas Monday, in the evening, when there was a party at our house; my wife had her best things on, and I was in the middle of a rubber. Suddenly, John, the page, steals up to Mrs. Gettleton with Please, ma'nm, here's a cow come. A note come with it." The old gentleman was very kind, and would be mortally grieved if we refused it; but just think of the worry in the midst of a party close by Oxford Street, of having to think where to put a cow. It wasn't safe for it to go down steps into the back kitchen; we couldn't stand if in the hall, because there were the gentlesken's coats, and the ladies would have to go by with Booksellers

their cloaks on and their handkerobiefs over their heads, and they might be afraid that she would toos them: I don't hell how we managed; but we did manage. I wan't I wan't cowed out of my wits, and so I found out a

solution of the difficulty

Now I must chave said enough of my own gifts and those of my family. We are not more gifted than our neighbours, I dare say, and I don't mean to brag; but I do say, what a fine thing Christmas tide and New Year tide is: they are indeed the tides in our affairs which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. If Christmas tide would only overflow and cover the whole year, we should all get on swimmingly. Why doesn't it? It'is so pleasant for us all to feel that we are feeding upon one another - jolly Christman cannibals-Jones eating Smith's flesh, Smith eating Jones's fowl, and Jones and Smith both eating Brown's fish.

You may call me sordid, but I take pleasure and put faith in these material attentions. I know my wife's father by his cow. Privately, I may confess cow-keeping in Bunkiter Street to be no welcome addition to my cares, but how well do I ascertain the length of my father-in-law's heart-strings, and understand that they reach fully to me, when an animal that is notoriously bound to then is found at my home door! I say to myself, Bragsby's favourite would not have come so far if Bragsby did not love us as he

does.

Smithson praised me neatly, and expressed the warmest affection and respect for me in proposing my health over Johnson's suppertable on the third of January last. Robertson didn't so much as cheer when they gave me the honours; he was talking to Miss Priggs. What of that? Who sent me the fat turkey that was chosen for our Christmas Robertson did. Who is my friend, bird? then? Robertson. This test is very fallible, I grant, but deeds are not so fallible as words, and ceteris paribus-I know that is a clinching phrase to use-ceteris paribus, I

say, I like to receive gifts.

Having proposed the sentiment, May we all get and give with equal pleasure, and do both abundantly, gentlemen and ladies, 1-ah-if you please, with musical cheers. Hem. This is the time to be harmonious if

ever.

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. CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Revalty in decadence and adversity, although it may be occasionally magnanimous. is at all times a melancholy spectacle. seedy prince, a duke out at elbows, a shabby lord even, are objects of pity and compassion; but a bankrupt sovereign, a queen at a discount, a king "hard up," are, I take it, superlatively pitiable. Women, it is true, can bear adversity better than men. Without misery it would seem to be impossible for some of the dear creatures to "come out so strong" (to use a vulgar phrase) in the way of patience, of long suffering, of love, of mercy, of self-abnegation, as under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Marie Antoinette, we will wager, was ofttimes as cheerful while washing and combing the little dauphin (before he, poor child, was taken from her), in the gloomy donjon of the Temple, as she had been, in the days of her glory, in the golden galleries of Versailles. Queen Margaret, in the forest with her son, mollifying the robber, is a pleasanter sight to view than Queen Margaret the Cruel, an intriguing politician, decorating the Duke of York's head with a paper crown. Who would not sooner form unto himself an image of the Scottish Mary weeping in her first, innocent, French widowhood, or partaking of her last melancholy repast at Fotheringay among her mourning domestics, than that same Scottish Mary battling with Ruthven for Rizzio's life, or listening in the grey morning for the awful sound which was to tell her that the deed of blood at the Kirk of Field was done, and that Henry Lord Darnley was dead?

Still for one Porphyrogenitus, as it wereborn in the purple—lapped in the velvet of a throne, with an orb for a plaything, and a sceptre for a lollipop, to come to poverty and meanness, to utter decay and loss of consideration—be he king, or be she queen—is very weetched and pity-moving to view. Dionysiss keeping school (and dwelling on the verb tupto, you may be sure); Boadicea, widowed, scourged, dishonoured, wandering up and down in search of vengeance; Lear, old, mad, and worse than childish, in the forest; Zonobia ruined and in chains; Darius

"Deserted in his utmost need By those his former bounty fed; Theodore of Corsica filing his schedule in the Insolvent Debtors' Court; Caroline of Prussia bullied by Napoleon; Murat waiting for a file of grenadiers to dispatch him; for those who have once been "your majesty," before whom chamberlains have walked backward, to be poor, to be despised, to be forgotten, must be awful, should be instructive, is pitiable.

A case of this description, and which I have been emboldened to call one of real distress, has lately come under the notice of the writer of this article. He happens to be acquainted with a Queen, once powerful, once rich, once respected, once admired, whose dominions were almost boundless, the foundations of whose empire were certainly of autedituvian, and possibly of pre-Adamite date. Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, l'henicia, Carthage, Rome, Greece, Macedon, were all baby dynasties compared with that of Queen Mas.

Not always known under this title, perhaps, but still recognised in all time as a queen, as an empress, a sultana—the autocrat of imagination, the mistress of magic, the czarina of fancy, poetry, beauty—the queen of the fairies and tairyland.

Her chronicles were writ with a diamond pen upon the wing of a butterfly, before ever Confucius had penned a line, on Egyptian hieroglyphics were thought of. She animated all nature when, for millions of miles, there had not been known one living thing, and there was nothing howling but the desert. She peopled the heavens, the air, the earth, the waters, with innumerable tribes of imaginary beings, arrayed in tints borrowed from the flowers, the rainbow, and the sun. She converted every virtue into a divinity, every vice into a demon. Far, far superior to mythology, her sovereignty was tributary only to religion.

When Theseus reigned in Athens—let William Shakespeare settle when—Queen Mab, under the name and garb of Titania, reigned lady paramount in all the woods and wilds near the city. She was wedded to one Oberon: of whose moral character, whatever people may say, I have always thought but very lightly. She knew a bank whereon the wild thyme grew; she had a court of dancing fays and glittering sprites; at her call, can from the brown forest glades, from the

recesses of mossy banks, from the penetralia of covalips bells, from under the blossoms that hung on boughs, from where the bee sucked, from where the owls cried, from flying on bats' backs—satyrs and fauns, elves and elfins, narads, dryads, hamadryads, brycomanes, strange little creatures in skins and scales, with wings and wild eyes. Oberon had but to wave his wand, and lo, the dewdrops and the glow-worms, and the will-o'-the-wisps gathered themselves together, and became a creature—that creature Puck —the mischief-loving, agile, playful Puck, putting "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," weaving subtle incantations upon Bully Bottom with the ass's head, or, with , some million Puck-like sprites bearing glistening torches, singing in elfin chorus-

"Through the house give glimmering light,"

and lighting up the vast marble palace of Theseus until Philostratus, lord high chamberlain and master of the revels, must have thought that his subordinates were playing the diable à quatre with his stores of "wax ends from the palace." This was Queen Mab -Titania-the fairy queen who reigned in the Piræus and in the Morea, from Athens to Lacedemon, from Thrace to Corinth.

The bigwigs of Olympus recognised her:
Jupiter winked at her while his ox-eyed spouse had turned her bucolic glances another way. Pan was aware of her, and lent her his pipes ofttimes. Socrates knew her, and she consoled him when his demon had been tormenting him unmercifully. however, to Greece did she confine herself. She winged her way with Lacchus to the hot climes of Indy when he became Iswara and Baghesa; she sported on crocodiles' tails in Egypt when Bacchus once more changed himself into Osiris. She was a Sanscrit fairy when Bacchus became Vrishadwaja. The stout bulrushes of old Nile, the gigantic palms of Indostan, the towering bamboos of of fairyland danced upon them. Wherever there was mythology, wherever there was poetry, wherever there was fancy, there was Queen Mab: multi-named and multi-tormed, but still queen of the beautiful, the poetical, the fanciful.

The East was long her favourite abode. She hovered about Chinese marriage feasts, and blew out the light in variegated lanterns; she sat on Chinese firewbrks, let off squibs and crackers and pasted wafers, upon Mandarins' spectacles, thousands of years before lanterns, fireworks, or spectacles were ever heard or thought of in this part of the globe. When the whole of Europe was benighted and in gleom, she-Queen Mab, as the Fairy Peribanou-was giving that gorgeous neverto-be-forgotten series of evening parties known as the Arabian Nights' centertainments. She had castles of gold, silver, brass, linterminable 'space.

and precious stones; of colished steel, and adament, and glass. She had valleys of dia-monds and mountains of sapphires. In her stud were flying horses, with tails that whisked your eyes out; mares that had once been beautiful women. In her aviaries were rocs whose eggs were as large as Mr. Wyld's Globe; birds that talked, and birds that danced, and birds that changed into princes. In her ponds were fishes that refused to be fried in egg and breatl-crumb, or, in the Hebrew fashion, in Florence oil, but persisted in holding astoundingly inexplicable converse with fairies, who came out of partywalls and defied Grand Viziers; fishes that eventually proved to be-not fishes-but the mayor, corporation, and burgesses of a highly respectable submerged city. From them doubtless sprang, in after ages, the susceptible oyster that was crossed in love, and subsequently whistled; and the accomplished sturgeon (I think) that smoked a pipe and sang a comic song. In those golden Eastern days the kingdom or queendom of Fairyland was peopled with one-eyed calenders, sons of kings, gigantic genii who for countless ages had been shut up in metal caskets hermetically secured by Solomon's Seal; and who, being liberated therefrom by benevolent fishermen, began in smoke (how many a genius has epded in the same!), and finally assuming their primeval proportions, threatened and terrified their benefactors. In the train of the Arabian Queen Mab, were spirits who conveyed hunchbacked bridegrooms into remote chambers, and there left them, head downwards; there were fairies who transported lovers in their shirts and drawers to the gates of Damascus, and there incited them to enter the fancy-baking trade, bringing them into sore peril in the long run, through not putting pepper into cream tarts; there were cunning magicians, knowing of gardens underground, where there were trees whereof all the fruits were jewels, and who went up and down Crim Tartary crying "Old lamps for new;" China, quavered lightly as the myriad elves there were palaces, built, destroyed, and rebuilt in an instant; there were fifty thousand black slaves with jars of jewels on their heads; there were carpets which flew through the air, caps which rendered their owners mvisible, loadstones which drew the nails out of ships, money which turned to dry leaves, magic passwords which caused the doors of subterranean caverns to revolve on their hinges. Yes; and the Eastern Queen Mab could show you Halls of Eblis, in which countless multitudes for ever wandered up and down; black marble staircases, with never a bottom; paradises where Gulchenrouz revelled, and for which Bababalouk sighed; demon dwarfs with scimitars, the inscriptious on whose blades baffled the Caliph Vathek, and who (the dwarfs), being menaced and provoked, rolled themselves up into concentric balls, and suffered themselves to be kicked into Queen Mab held her

court in Calmuck Tartary; and there, in The Relations of Saidi Kur, yet extant, she originated marvellous stories of the wandering Khan; of the glorified Naugasuna Garbi, who was "radiant within and without;" of the wongerful bird, Ssidi, who came from the middle kingdom of India; of wishing-caps, flying-swords, hobgoblins, and fairies in abundance. In the East, Whittington and his Cat first realised their price; it rested in Italy on its way northward; and the merry priest Piovano Arlotto had it from a benevolent Brahmin, and told it in Florence before there was ever a Lord Mayor in London. The King of the Frogs-that of Doctor Leyden and the Brothers Grimm-was a tributary of Queen Mab in Lesser Thibet, centuries ago; and the fact of the same story being found in the Gesta Romanorum, and in the popular superstitions of Germany, only proves the universality of Queen Mab's dominion. It is no proof that, because Queen Mab's fays and goblins hovered about the rude incantations of Scandinavian mythology, they were not associated likewise in the One awful and mysterious monosyllable of the Hinda Triad.

Before Queen Mab came to be a "case of real distress," she was everywhere. She and her sprites played their fairy games with Bramah and Vishnu, and with the Ormuzd of the Zendavesta. Her stories were told in Denmark, where the trold-folk celebrated her glories. The gib-cat cating his bread and milk from the red carthenware pipkin of Goodman Platte, and in deadly fear of Knune-Marre, is the same Scottish gib-cat that so rejoiced when Mader Watt was told that "auld Girnegar o' Craigend, alias Rumble-grumble, was dead." The Norman Fablicaux of the Poor Scholar, the Three Thieves, and the Sexton of Cluni, are all of Queen Mab's kindred in Scotland. The German tales of the Wicked Goldsmith, the Talking Bird, and the Eating of the Bird's Heart, were written in Queen Mab's own book of the Fable of Sigurd, delighted in by those doughty Scandinavian heroes, Thor and Odin, A corresponding tradition has been seized upon by that ardent lover of Queen Mab, Monsieur Perrault, in his story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. The Golden Goose we have read and laughed at when told us by the Brothers Grimm in their Kinder marchen, is but the tale well known to Queen Mab, of Loke hauging on to the Giant Eagle, for which you may consult (though I daresay you won't) the Volsunga Saga, or the second part of the edition of Resenius. Monk Lewis's hideous tale of the Grim White Woman, in which the spirit of the child whistles to its father:

> -pew-wew---pe**w-wew** My Minny he stew,"

del Boom or the Holly Tree. he stew," is but

> " Min moder de mi schlacht, Min Vater de mi au."

The Queen Mab records of the Countess d'Anois delighted children whose fathers! fathers had anticipated their delight hundreds of years before, in the Pentamerone of Giovan' Battista Basile. The Moorish tales of Melendo the man-eater were known of old to the Welsh, and are recorded in their Manobogion, or Myvyrian Archeology. The boguey of our English nursery was found in Spain in the days of Maricastana; and, under the guise of a horse without a head, he yes haunts the Moorish ramparts of the Alhambra, in company with another nondescript beast with a dreadful woolly hide, called the Belludo. Belludoyet haunts Windsor Forest as Herne the Hunter. I hear his hoarse growl, awful to little children, in the old streets of Rouen, where he is known as the Gargouille. I have seen him-at least I have seen those who have seen him-as the headless hen of Dumbledowndeary.

I count as Queen Mab's subjects and as part of her dominions, all persons and lands not strictly mythological, but only fanciful. Plomer, Virgil, Ovid and Company, may keep Mount Olympus, the ox-eyed Juno, the zoned Venus, the limping Vulcan, the nimblefingered Mercury, for me. I envy not Milton his "dreaded name of Demogorgon," his Satans, Beelzebubs, Molochs, his tremendous allegories of Sin and Death. Queen Mab has no sympathy with these. Nay, nor for Doctor Johnson's ponderous supernaturals (fairies in full-hottomed wigs and buckles), his happy valleys of Abyssinia, many-pillared palaces, and genii spouting aphorisms full of morality and latinity. Nay, and Queen Mab has nought to do with courtly Joseph Addison and his academic vision of Mirza, where the shadowy beings of Mahometan funcy seem turned into trochees and dactyls. Queen Mab never heard of Exeter Hall; and never made or encouraged dense platform eloquence. I claim for Queen Mab that she once—alas! once-possessed the whole realm and region of fairy and goblin fiction throughout the world, civilised and uncivilised. Lclaim as hers the fairies, ghosts, and gobins of William Shakespeare; Prospero with his rough magic, the Beast Caliban, the witch Sycorax, the dainty Ariel, and the whole of. the Enchanted Island. I claim as hers, Puck, Peas-blossom, and Mustard-seed. As hers, Puckle, Hecate, the little little airy spirits, the spirits black white and grey, the whole goblin corps of the Saturnalia in Macbeth. These were wicked subjects of the Queen of Fairyland—rebellious imps; but they were hers. I libewise claim as hers, all the witches, man-eaters, lavaudeuses, brucolaques. is but the nether-Saxon tale of the Machan-loup-garous, pusses-in-boots, talking birds,

princes changed into beasts, white cats. giant-killers, (whether Jacks or no), dragonquellers, and champions, that never existed. Likewise, all and every the Bevis's, Arthurs, dun cows, demon dwarfs, banshees, Brownies (of Bodestock, or otherwise), magicians, without receiving almost the weight of his sorcerers, good people, uncanny folk, elves, domicile in francs, in exchange for his flithy, giants, tall black men, wolves addicted to dilapidated black and yellow striped tenement, eating grandmammas and grandchildren, Just opposite this unsightly pile of building. communicative fish (whether with rings or otherwise), ghoules, afrits, genii, peris, djinns, calenders, hobgoblins, "grim worthies of the world," ogres with preternatural olfactory powers, palacins, dwergars, Robin Goodfellows, and all other supernatural things and

And preferring these great claims—howsoever wise we grow, are they not great after all !-of Queen Mab's, to the general respect, I present Her Majesty as a case of real distress. stand upon. Societies, grinly educating the reason, and dripping with the heavy rain drops hanging binding the fancy in fetters of red tape, have on their last leaves, but if you advance to

desperately hard!

THE SACK OF CHESNUTS.

Augustus on the Boulevard Beauvoisine, I were part of the ancient temple of Roth; I had not taken the well known fact into consideration that, if the season be wet anywhere, who sold hot cakes opposite told me, that the rain has a peculiar privilege of coming they were recently put there to guard the down into the basin of Rouen. For a whole foot passenger in the absence of the pavement, month that I remained there it rained every which is some -lay to beautify the street; in month that I remained there it rained every day, more or less—but generally more; for vain had I hoped, in the Rue des Fossés Louis an hour in the middle of the day, it would VIII., close by, to discover a tourelle or a sometimes clear up and allow the possibility buttress which would tell a tale. I was of a pedestrian reaching the cathedral or forced to give up all thoughts of times gone Saint Ouen; and, amidst the grove-like by as I ascended the gaily ornamented flight aisles of either of these, the most beautiful of steps leading to the coffee-room of the churches in France, endeavouring to forget the hotel where usually stood my smart hostess

Probably there is no city in Europe which ficial flowers for which Rouen is famous. has been longer in getting rid of its antiquity and its dirt than Rouen, but it has at last advanced considerably in that way. For instance, to form the magnificent street, which after several changes of dynasty since It was first begun is now called La Rue halls, was over the site of the old convent of Impériale, no less than six narrow streets of Carmelites of the time of Joan of Arc, yet high striped houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had to be demolished. The
brick, or a stone of the modern building
street, as wide as Piccadilly in London, is
had the remotest connexion with the middle
now nearly completed, and would be quite so,
ages.

The most fair of Spirt Bornain or the Pardin. but for the opposition of an obstinate mill-

owner whose ancestors for several centuries before him may have possessed his mill on the subterranean stream, whose black waters can be perceived from a parapet above the footway, and from whence he refuses to move without receiving almost the weight of his domicile in francs, in exchange for his filthy, Just opposite this unsightly pile of building. beneath which the dragon of Saint Romain, so celebrated for his ravages in monkish days. might well have hidden himself in the sable waters, is a fine range of new houses in the Parisian style, much disgraced by the vicinity. A few steps further, in a vast square, rises high in air the white and fairy-like structure of the newly restored church of Saint Ouen, the boast of Normandy. All that presents itself to the stranger's eye on this side is new and clean and freshly decorated. She has been brought very low indeed. She There are new iron gates to the pretty, freshly is sadly reduced. She has hardly a shoe to arranged garden which surrounds the church, Boards, Commissions, and newly painted seats under the trees, generally sworn to destroy her. Spare her, drivers of the edge of the garden, and observe the Whole Hogs to not unprofitable markets; remaining ends of the streets which have spare her, also, Marlborough House; spare been cleared away to afford space for these her, MR COLE, for you ride your hobbies parterres and avenues and gold fish fountains, you recognise the Rouch of the Regent Bedford.

As no one can help being an antiquary in the city of a hundred towers, as Rouen has been called, and as the stranger has nothing When I fixed my abode, in October last, more amusing on his mind than speculating, in the Hôtel des Carmes in the street of the on old stones, I allowed myself to indulge in same name, which runs through the town of many dreamy speculations. But in vain had I Rouen, piercing it from the broad Quai du examined the huge posts at the entrance of Havre to the weird old tower of Philip the hotel court to convince myself that they was obliged to believe what the old woman ennui of a solitude into which he had rashly and her smarter daughter, glittering in betrayed himself.

> The room assigned me looked to the street, and was a lively, noisy, tawdry chamber, with nothing old about it. Though I knew that every step I took along the galleries which led to countless bed-rooms and dining-

The great fair of Saint Romain or the Pardon

was approximing and the fown by degrees became filled with merchants from every part of France whose commodities were to be exposed for sale; but chiefly the proprieters:of whole troops of diminutive Norman horses and ponies intended for sale came pouring in from the towns and villages; all these required domiciles, and the Hôtel des Carmes had always been the favourite resort of most of them, owing to its central position. Application was made to me to give up my large chamber to claimants who were content to sleep four in a room rather than forego the convenience of the house to which they were accustomed, and whose table d' hôte had a good reputation. I resisted for some time, much to the annoyance of an ugly chambermaid and an insinuating waiter, until, one morning, I was suddenly favoured by a visit from the smart daughter of my landlady in person, who, dressed with even more brilliancy than usual and arrayed in her most winning smiles, came to expostulate with me on the want of consideration 1 displayed in preferring my own comfort to that of the estimable horsedealers, whose right it had long been to take up their abode beneath of churches with delicate tracery, peered her roof. "Madame," she remarked, "can above the roofs of distant manufactories, whose have another room infinitely more suitable high, singularly-shaped chimneys formed groto her, out of the noise and bustle of the tesque figures against the sky; some lofty court looking into the charming garden buildings rather gracefully; and, towering which gives a view of the Palais de Justice, over one mass of spreading foliage, the and offers many advantages of air and light, beautiful lacework of the parapet of that It is all that remains," continued the fair portion of the Palais de Justice built by Léonie, with an arch look, "of the convent (corge d'Amboise, the minister of Louis garden; and Madame, who is fond of anti- the Twelfth, and the small ornamented that it is dull and retired."

This last argument was conclusive, and I chamber, which I was to have in exchange for the our coveted by the more favoured horsedealers of the Fair.

Through a series of rooms so numerous that I thought I should never get to the end of them, Léonie tripped, jingling the keys with which she opened one after another, informing me that every one would be tenanted in a few hours. I followed, wondering where the journey would finish, when she turned suddenly down a narrow dark passage, and, mounting a little stair, emerged into an upper wooden gallery which ran along outside the house above a court yard, and presently arrived at a low doorway, giving entrance to a second passage darker than the first. Léonie, after descending a few stairs, stopped at a small portal at the end of this passage, and, turning the key in the rusty lock, threw open the door of a chamber—long, narrow, and meagrely furnished—which however, looked rather cheerend of this passage, and, turning the key in ful as a blaze of sunshine seemed suddenly to

window at the extremity, to which she at once advanced; and opening it to the fullest extent; exclaimed, "See what a charming prospect Madamo will have from the chapelroom, as we call this pièce."

I was obliged to confess that there was something attractive about the appearance of the garden below, neglected though it was Far above the level of the street we had. left on the other side, it could be reached from this room by a flight of stone steps

descending from the window.

The sun was glittering on dripping trees and flowers grouped round a broken fountain in the middle of this banging garden, into which no windows besides this one looked, for, on one side was the blank wall of a sugar refinery, and on the other were the striped gables of several ancient houses whose fronts looked into the narrow Rue des Fossés. The garden-wall partly shut out the opposite hovels and only allowed the mysteries of their upper stories to be seen, where rickety balconies high in air hung from black windows supporting pets of flowers and bird-cages, in the midst of rags hung out to dry. Several spires street, and where her studies will be less, trees, growing in the gardens attached to some interrupted: it is at the other side of the of the numerous houses, broke the lines of quities, will not object, as most persons do, pinnacles which surmount it, finished the prospect.

I did not disagree with Mademoiselle at once agreed to the fair Léonie's proposi- Léonie when she insisted that the position tion of following her to look at the offered of this secluded chamber was in its favour; and to my objections that the floor was paved with dingy red brick and had no carpetand that there were no curtains to the two windows, one of immense size, and one smallshe replied, that an hour would remedy all. defects, and make it a very pattern of

comfortable.

"Look," she added, "what fine cupboards you have too! This one alone is large she added, "what fine cupboards enough for all your trunks and books. And into this you could even move the bed itself, if you pleased."

It was quite true that the closets were singularly large, dark, and lofty, and that their hinges creaked dismally as they were

thrown open for my inspection.

"Really," continued Léonie, seeing that I appeared tolerably satisfied, "I do not know

However bright this model of a room have darted into it from a high church-like might have looked when I first visited it, it

had another aspect on the day succeeding over the Seine at Rosen until more than three that on which I was installed within it. The hundred years after the miracle and my rain had descended in torrents ever since, and none of the dark nooks in which it abounded looked the livelier for there being no fire because the huge chimney smoked. I did not look much at my prospect, but occupied myself with a pile of folios, which the liberality of the authorities of Rouen had supplied me with, for certain researches, from the richly endowed public library.

I soon began to find that the quiet of my chamber had not been exaggerated : not a sound reached me from without, and, except when I opened the door of the passage which separated me from the world behind, to descend into day—which was a rare eventno distant murmur from the bustling department on the other side of the court came upon

my ear.

I had been three days in my new domicile. It was on the third night of my occupancy, and a grey marble top, on which stood a and went to bed in the dark. clock of the period of the Renaissance, rather ceeded. I sat down again, satisfied that the that the key was inside, and that I had turned wind was rising, and that the night would it myself before I retired to bed. be stormy.

had become absorbed in the history of Saint Romain, the popular Saint of Rouen, and the dragon which he subdued by his prayers, bound with his scarf, and gave in charge to the criminal who had consented to accompany him on his adventure. I read how the saint and the sinner dragged and lured the scaly monater along until the bridge over the Seine was reached, when Saint Romain, seizing the scarf which possessed holy virtue, suddenly flung the monster into the river. I paused to the opening left by my two dark red curtains, consider how it happened that the imaginative I saw the man walk a few paces towards the fonk, who invented this legend, skould have large window, open it cautiously, and descend forgotten that no bridge of any kind existed the steps which led from it into the garden

thoughts fell into a train, representing the processions of yearly occurrence which, before the great Revolution, took place in Rouen in commemoration of the delivery from the dragon, and the pardon accorded to the criminal, as still shown in the painted windows of the Cathedral. The Cathedral itself next came before my mind as I had seen it in the morning, when I ventured among the umbrellas of the curious under the dripping trees, where the wooden sheds, filled with wares, are erected throughout the extent of the Boulevard Bonvreuil: I mentally walked along the line of toy shops, and hardware, chiua, and jewellery, until I paused at the Rue Chant-Oiseaux, where the old church of Saint Romain once stood-when again, close to my ear, the same gurgling sound came, as if from the keyhole of the great closet. got up and stuffed it with paper, but I felt that as I sat reading by two candles placed disturbed and nervous, and, closing my book, in high heavy bronze candlesticks, like those prepared for bed; previously, however, to of an altar, a low sound, as of a person nearly retiring, I rang my bell, thinking to obtain choked, which seemed to issue from the luge a new supply of candles, as 1 observed that closet at my back, disturbed my studies. I both those I had been reading by, were nearly started, looked up, and glanced round me into burnt out, and I felt nervous at the idea of the dreary space; my hearselike bed, shrouded being without any, in case of not being by dark red curtains, confined by a coronet able to sleep. But I rang in vain; not a with feathers which had once been gaily gilt, creature answered my summons, neither the but was now dim and dingy, stood shadowy cross chambermaid nor the flippant waiter; in its recess; my view next took in a and, after repeating the attempt without clumsy commode with numerous drawers success, I resigned myself to the privation,

I had no sooner laid my head on the pillow. a valuable relic, but tarnished and with a than a most remarkable change suddenly broken face: the cracked porcelain circles came over my solitary domicile. First of all, for the numbers that mark the gliding hours, I heard a door shat with violence, as if at looking like so many staring inquisitive eyes. The end of the passage, where I was not As I marked these things, the voice of my aware that one existed. Presently there only companion informed me that it was were confused voices and a heavy step, and eleven o'clock, and as the last sound of the a sound as though something were being communication died away I again heard the dragged along until a stoppage took place at same hourse, unpleasant sound from the my door. A glimmering light then shone interior of my closet. I got up and opened through the wide crevices, which usually let the huge panelled door, which gave its more air than was pleasant into my room: customary creak, but there was nothing and a rattle, as if an attempt were made to within from whence a sound could have pro-turn the key, ensued. I recollected, however,

I concluded that some newly arrived guest Presently, I had resumed my reading, and had mistaken his assigned dormitory, and I listened no more. But, all at once the glimmering light again appeared beneath the door -this time, of the large closet, which slowly opened, and I clearly and distinctly saw what seemed to me a man in a cloak, with a broad hat very much over his eyes, step out, and raising a lantern in his hand, which however threw his features into shade, gaze round the room. I was so amazed that I had no power to call out; but, still keeping my eyes fixed on

In a few moments he re-ascended, and as he seemed to have left his lahtern below, his figure was merely a black shadow, which I still traced in the gloom advancing to the same closet; he entered it; there was a pause; and he re-appeared dragging something along, which he took to the steps. I plainly heard that at every one of them—and I counted six -a heavy dull sound was returned as his burthen descended, and it struck against

them. Nothing more occurred; but I confess to having been so uncomfortably nervous-not to say, terrified—that, though after looking long into the darkness to see the glimmer of the lantern again, I ended by being convinced that I had imagined the whole scene, I had still not the courage necessary to get up and grope towards the bell: excusing my not trying to do so, by reflecting that I had previously found it useless. At last I went to sleep, and in the morning, impressed with at home. the idea that I had passed the night with the large window open, I advanced to close it, when I found to my surprise that it was shut, and the rusty bolt well fastened inside, as it had been during the three rainy days before; the curtain, faithfully placed by Mademoiselle Léonie, had not been disturbed since it was drawn by my own hand early in the evening; and as for the great closetwhen I opened it, the hinges creaked as usual,

and there was emptiness, but no outlet. When the cross chambermaid brought my coffee, I ventured to remark that I had been; disturbed by new arrivals in the night.

"Impossible," was her sharp reply, "no one arrived last night, and if they had, there

is no room for them.

"Unless they have a fancy to sleep in the old fount in in the garden," said I; "for, if I was not dreaming, I saw a traveller dragging his owe portmanteau down those steps in search of such a lodging."

Catherine, as I said this, looked at me with an uneasy expression of countenance, but said nothing. I asked her why she did not

come when I rang my bell.

"Because, after eleven o'clock," said she pertly, "it is time for every one to be asleep, and we are too tired to attend to bells. It is quite enough that Madame has seen it, without us poor servants being scared."
"Seen it?" I inquired with interest.

"What do you mean, Catherine?"

But already the cross chambermaid was gone, and did not deign an explanation of

her mysterious words.

The next morning was fine. Determined not to lose the opportunity of seeing something of the pretty country, I went out early to keep an appointment I had made with my slight acquaintance, Madame Gournay, whose grandchild was at nurse at Bois Guillaume, about half a league from the town, and whom I had promised to accompany in her first walk over the charming hill and pretty fields should be avoided.

which led to the outtage of this persent who supplied her place to her daughter's infunt. Like many French mothers, Madame Gournay the younger-us well as her husband, the organist of the cathedral—preferred the absence of a troublesome baby to its presence in their confined apartment in the town.

"It is better for the child's health," remarked the grandmother, "to be amongst the flowers and fields at Bois Guillaume than in

the smoky streets of Rouen."

The beautiful, neat embowered spot we soon reached was so singularly clean and wellbuilt for a foreign village that it made me appreciate my companion's prudence, and when I saw the pretty tidy nurse whom we found playing with the baby, as it lay in its cot, I could not but acknowledge that it was likely to be better taken care of with Gustaire Braye than by its rather coquettish mamma

Gustaire had a little son of her own who was also in the cottage, but in an outer chamber. An old woman was knitting beside him as the child scrambled backwards and forwards in a long crib, placed against the wall, in the midst of which it was fastened by the waist to a moveable board, which slid along as his struggles impelled it. No harm could happen to the child in its oddly contrived prison, but the position looked uncomfortable, and I could not help contrasting the two boys as I observed the superior care bestowed on the nursling.

The son of Gustaire Braye was a strange infant; it had a pair of rolling startling eyes which were continually but without meaning fixed on the cot of its foster brother, seen through an open door; it had a large head, was very pale, and every now and then a shudder seemed to pass over it, which was succeeded by a restless movement in its railway. The old woman, from time to time, looked up from her knitting, and gave a glance towards her charge, but did not speak to it, nor did it utter any cry or attempt any sound like words; while the other child was laughing, crowing, and delighting the company in the cottage.

The visit paid, on our return towards Rouen I congratulated Madame Gournay on having

found so respectable a nurse.

"Yes," said she, "we consider ourselves lucky, and so is poor Gustaire, and very grateful too to M. le Curé for recommending her; it is not every one would like to have. to do with her, after all that has happened; but as I said to my daughter, the poor young woman was not to blame, though her evidence. did cause the death of her father. But I forget," she continued, smiling, "you know

nothing of the story."

1 begged she would indulge my curiosity by relating to me the reason why so neat and pleasant looking a young woman as Gustains

hovels. In one of these Gustaire's father, a widower, with three children, lived : he had, however, a few fields, and drove a little trade, chiefly in horses, which you must have obhere. He was a man who was but little liked strewn with chestluts. by his neighbours, whom he shunned in consequence, and was very frequently away in Brittany, of which province he was a native. Gustaire, though almost a child, took care of her two brothers, worked in the fields, and did more than a grown woman to keep tue and generally had money.

mouth which his sister had carefully fied up, cut a round hole with his knife, and abstracted as many chesnuts as his daring little hand could grasp. Gustaire, on finding this out, afraid to let her father know of the delinquency, mended the hole, and hid the bag in another place, after soundly rating the boy

for his theft.

"There was a man named Flecher, a countryman of Gustaire's father, who had established himself at Rouen, as a workman at one of the cotton manufactories, and was known to be a bad charactor. He spent all the money he earned, which was considerable, in dissipation; he had been turned away from one factory, but, having a good deal of skill, he had not found any difficulty in getting a new engagement, and could have lived well but for his extravagance. This man took a fancy to Gustaire, though he was nearly as old as her father. The latter, thinking him well off rather encouraged his suit, much to the young girl's annoyance, who had taken him particular aversion; and who, besides that, tinclined to listen to the addresses of a young man about her own age, who often helped her in her work, being a neighbour's

"Flecher and her father, Ivan Braye, became very great friends. From the time of to think. Certain it is that he has not retheir association, the cottage of the latter was appeared, and all the town thinks he has been frequently a scene of drunkenness and riot, murdered.

was we descend to the Boulevard Beauvoisine," said Madame Gournay, "we shall
the house of the cure with her kitting and
the house of the cure with her kitting and
the kitchen with the good fathers
wears ago was quite in the fields, and
the condend the with the bound single of the cure with the bound single of the with the loud single of the cure with the cure wi at that time, where there now stand good the friends as they descended the Mils, that stone houses there used to be only wretched her father and his comrable were gone into the town to finish their orgies.

"One night, later than usual, she had left the cure's and returned home, when she found the door left open, a candle served by our fair is a rather extensive trade burning in the cottage kitchen, and the floor She suspected her brothers and went to the granary to see what depredations they had committed; to: her vexation, she discovered that the sack

was gone.
"Her father, for whom she waited until daylight, did not return, and as soon as the family comfortable; but her father was not children were up, she scouled them for the fond of her, nor indeed of any of his children, renewal of their theft. Both protested that and they would have been much happier with they were innocent, and that they had longed out him, but that when he returned they lived in vain for the forbidden fruit, the scattered better than usual, as he took care of himself, remains of which they took care to appro-That same night, Gustaire sat up priate. "On one occasion when he came home, he for her father, but neither he nor his friend brought with him a large sack of chesnuts, of Flecher came, nor did he return when several which the boys were very fond, and which days were passed. She began to feel uncasy they so freely indulged in, that he at last, at this, as he generally mentioned, in howangrily, told Gustaire to lock up the receiver surly a way, when he intended to be mainder, so that there might be some left to absent long. Her brothers came in on the be roasted, when he asked for them for his fourth day after he was gone, having been at supper. She put the sack away, therefore, in the granary, and the disappointed urchins was, that Flecher had left the town, having were foiled. One of them, however, finding quitted his employers at the cotton factory where it was hidden, and unable to open the at Darnetal without notice. She was not sorry to hear this, but a vague uncasiness

took possession of her mind.
"'There has been a horrid murder in the town,' said one of the boys, 'at least they say so, though nobody has been found; however, the police are looking out, and we shall

soon have more news of it.

"At this moment the cure's bonne arrived to look after Gustaire; surprised that she had not, for several evenings, paid her usual

visit.

"'This is a sad business,' said she, 'the person supposed to be murdered is a distant cousin of M. le Curé; he had seen him at the fair, and had received a letter which he had brought from le Mans for him; he had a good deal of money, it was said, for he intended to make large purchases in Rouenneric, and as his stall of jewellery was very attractive, no one could fail to remark, when for two days he no longer came in the morning to open it. It was not known where he Ridged in the town, but people getting uneasy, the police began to inquire, and it was found that he had slept in the Rue aux Juis the last night he was seen; but no notice had been taken as to whether he left in the morning, for the house was so full of lodgers and in such a bustle that no one had time scarcely

for that matter. out with her brothers and the cure's bonne, curious to know if anything new had been discovered, as an event of the kind was too unusual not to excite great interest. They soon reached the Palais de Justice, where a crowd was assembled, and on the countenances of many might be observed an alarmed expression which told that some new feature had appeared in the case.

"'The body of poor Marceau the jeweller has been found,' said a person, addressing the cure's bonne, 'in the well of the old convent garden, tied up in a sack; it is thought that this will lead to discovery, for the sack has two or three chesnuts in it, and has a round hole in one side which has been

sewn up.'

"' Blessed Mary!' exclaimed Gustaire, with sudden start. 'Why, that is the sack my a sudden start. father brought home, and which has just

been stolen from me!

"This exclamation of the young girl excited instant attention, and led, in fact, to the discovery of the whole affair. She was obliged to appear in evidence to prove that the tack had belonged to her father, which she was able to do without difficulty, and entirely unsuspicious that she was thus casting suspicion upon him. It was found that Ivan Braye and Flecher had been seen in company with Marceau, who appeared intoxicated, and that he had entered the lodging of the latter in the Rue aux Juiss; that the two had left early in the following morning without the jeweller, who was not afterwards seen. As Flecher had not returned, the proprietor of the tenement he occupied had resolved to relet the room; and, on the visit of the police, a search was made, which disclosed the marks of what might have been a scuille in several pieces of broken furniture, and a torn curtain in the recess where the bed stood; but the police only picked up a chesnut on the floor. They searched among the tangled shrubs in a half-choked bit of garden to which from the room of Flecher a flight of stone steps led, and there, in the centre, found an old dried-up well, where the murdered man's body was discovered in the sack.

"Of course the suspicion which had fallen on the two absent men was confirmed by Gustaire's identification; and the vigilance of the police, after some delay, succeeded in discovering the route of both Flecher and Braye. They were taken at Saint Malo, just as they were about to embark for California. looks into the street."

Flecher confessed to having counselled the deed; but asserted that the murder was did I say a word about the strange vision I committed by Braye, who, having premedi- had seen; but, on the same day, after my tated it, had brought the sack from his own return from our walk, I removed to the house; and he it was who had placed the Hotel de Bordeaux on the Quai de Paris,

"Parhaps he is gone away with Flecher," body in it and then dragged it to the spot said Gustaire's eldest brother, for he lived where it was found. He stated that they had in the Rue aux Juis too, and he has run off made Marceau drink to excess, and that now knows where, and so has father too Braye had strangled him when in a state of for that matter. insensibility; that they had robbed him; and then fled; that they had spent a great part of their booty, and with the remainder had? intended to cross the seas in search of gold; that a quarrel had delayed them, and thus

they had been overtaken.

"It is enough," continued Madame Gournay, "to tell you that both met their deserved. fate; but, poor Gustaire's evidence having gone so far to condenn her worthless father, the circumstance preyed on her mind and almost destroyed her. By the kind care of the curé and his good bonne she recovered, and her young lover, who remained true throughout, did not object to take her as his wife in spite of the opposition of his family, The cure, however, managed it, and has always continued her friend. You observed her child—he is dumb and much afflicted, and it is to be hoped will be mercifully taken from her. But she is a good young woman, has quite recovered her health, her husband works hard and is a pattern of kindness to her, and we really saw no reason why she should not nurse our little Albert."

. I thanked Madame Gournay for her story and ventured to inquire the exact locality of the murder. She informed me that most of the houses in the neighbourhood had been

taken down.

"You may, however," she added, "still find the spot, oddly enough, in the back part of the Hôtel des Carmes; the late proprietor bought the ground and built quite a new wing; he laid out the garden and put a fountain over the well. For a time, as it was pretty, nothing was said; but the servants began to fancy strange things-noises and ghosts and such nonsense-particularly in a certain room, which they insist is part of the original building, once the Convent, against the strong walls of which (too strong to take down), many of the old houses in the Rue aux Juiss were erected in former days. There is a flight of steps from what is called the chapel, but it is so changed that it would be ridiculous to say that it positively was so, except that there is still a window that looks like it. I believe the whole place, garden, fountain and all, is left now to neglect, as no one would care to inhabit so gloomy a room. The present mistress of the hotel, however, is capable of putting a stranger there in fairtime when she is over full, and I think," said Madame Gournay, laughing, "you are lucky to have secured a room in the front that

where my cheerful room looked on the sus- can be expanded farther and wider than the pension bridge, and commanded a full view of all the shipping on the Seine.

SLATES.

THOSE who now run through Wales on the way to Ireland should, unless their time be very limited indeed, turn aside from the iron pathway, and glance at the wonderful slate quarries up Nant Francof. They will be repaid for their trouble. And if a circuitous of the mountain. coach route be adopted instead of the rail, the very bosom of Snowdonia, and Mrs. from the ground equal to double the height Oakley's quarries near the beautiful Ffcstining. Plenty of slate in North Wales, if we will turn a little out of the highway to kok ing underground like miners. The blasting for it; but of all the quarries in the Principles extraordinary work, requiring no little pality—of all in the world, perhaps—the place firmness of nerve. The men are suspended of honour must be given to those which have by ropes from the edge of an upright crag of Bangor for their shipping port, and which the rock; they drill holes into the vertical have poured such wealth into the coffers of face of the slate; they put the blasting-the Penrhyns and the Pennants. Penrhyn charges into these holes; they are hauled up castle, one of the best of all modern castles, again, and, when precautions have been made built at a cost of a hundred thousand pounds, tor obviating danger, the charges are fired, may be regarded as a slate trophy; its cost the blast takes place, and huge masses of slate was defrayed by the fortunes of the quarry- become loosened. At the upper part of the owners, and it very properly contains rooms quarry the slates are loose enough to be and furniture, and ornaments of slate.

on for ninety years or more, they now proprietor and the workmen. extend more than half a mile into its heart, and form a vast amplitheatre. It is an am-working tackle, are raised and lowered from liar structure of slate. The slate is not these blocks again into slabs, thin slates, merely separable into beds or layers, nearly horizontal, but it has innumerable lines of cleavage nearly vertical; and these lines of facilitate the separation of the blocks from the vertical face of the mountain. A trench is first worked into the side of the slate mountain; and, when this has extended to such a distance that the rise of the mountain causes the height of the trench to be about forty feet, another trench is commenced at the top of the forfier, and then another and another, like a fuge flight of steps up the side of the mountain. Meanmented the steps up the side of the mountain. Meanmented the steps up the side of the mountain blocks again into slabs, thin slates. They then square and trim them. On most of the terraces there are sheds or workshops in which these subsidiary operations are carried on. The very hard blocks are cut with saws into slabs; while the looser kind are split into roofing-slates by means of long wedge-shaped pieces of iron.

But the quarries themselves are only one of a commercial chain. We have said that the valley on the side of which this slate mountain is situated is called Nant Francon. The steps up the side of the mountain blocks are cut with saws into slabs; while the looser kind are split into roofing-slates by means of long wedge-shaped pieces of iron.

But the quarries themselves are only one valley on the side of which this slate mountain is situated is called Nant Francon. The steps up the side of the mountain blocks are cut with saws into slabs; while the looser kind are split into roofing-slates by means of long wedge-shaped pieces of iron.

But the quarries again into slabs, thin slates. necessarily follows that the lowest trenches what we call them, provided we bear in mind

In fact, the lowest trenches have upper. ceased altogether to be trenches at Y. Bron, and have become vast semicircular cuttings. No less than sixteen heights or terraces, each about forty feet above the one next below it, now exist; and all sixteen are advancing simultaneously further and further into the heart of the mountain. As the quarrymen proceed, they will probably have to make other terraces still nearer the summit

Two thousand men are digging, and blastthere are Mr. Assheton Smith's quarries in ing, and levelling, some of them at a height nd furniture, and ornaments of slate. detached by crow-bars; but, at greater It is alone worth a journey into North depths, the slate is more compact and re-Wales, and a walk of seven miles from Bangur, and a day's heat or cold, or rain or tida. So many are the perils at Y Bron, snow, to see the pigmies at work high up Y Bron, "the pap," a name frequently given in Wales to rounded summits. The excavation which the slate is interrupted by veins of commences at a low level in the moun-intensely-hard basalt or greenstone, the pretain; but as the workings have been carried sence of which is a sore trouble to the

phitheatre of terraces one above another, one terrace to another by means of inclined like the seats of the ancient Coliseum, but planes. A drum and a brake-wheel are placed so vastly large as to eclipse them in every at the top of each inclined plane; and, by sense; while the workmen appear like mere dexterous management, trucks are raised and specks, so high and so wide spreading are lowered with great facility. The men not the workings. The adoption of this terrace—only blast the compact recesses, and split the like mode of working is due to the pecu-lose blocks with wedges, but also separate liar structure of slate. The slate is not these blocks again into slabs, thin slates.

of slate. The upper part of the mountain of the first worker; or Bangor, after the name being of course narrower than the base, it of the shipping-port: but it matters little

The mountain is on the west side of the little river Ogwen; and the quarrymen's cottages and villages are scattered about near larger than this; but unless we could tell it; but the most remarkable place in the more accurately, it will be better to keep vicinity, for its human and social interest, is clear of such big, high-sounding numbers as Bethesda-a town whose very name shows that it owed its origin to a body of persons among whom religious feeling is strong. Bethesda is a quarrymen's town, a slate community. Dissenters are in full force all over the Principality, and nowhere more so than at the quarries. We happened to be at Bangor Oakley and a tourists' hotel; and we have on the day when the Welsh Calvinistic heard of a sort of tourists' truck placed upon Methodists held their annual field-meeting in that down in that town, and shall not soon forget the sight; so neat, so clean, so carnest, knowledge. Instead, however, of describing so simple-minded, so honest-hearted did they my second quarry, let us rather notice a few all appear. They came from the quarries, from Conway, from Carnarvon, from Beaumaris, from every place within many miles around Bangor; they sang their unpronounceable Welsh with good healthy lungs; and sat on chairs, or carts, or waggons, or reclined on the grass under a bright blue sky and a cheerful sun, to listen to discourses. Such was a great day for the quarrymen; but for all ordinary occasions they have their own chapels in their own Bethesda. And they have their retail shops, too, where David ap Jones ap Price ap Davies ap Morgan ap Shenkin, and his brother tradesmen, sell many notable improvements in the mode of bread, cloth, pins, herrings, lucifers, candles, penny pictures, saucepans, leeks, lollipops, and all the other necessaries and luxuries for a working population.

While passing through Bethesda, on our way from the quarries to Bangor, we for a time catch a glimpse of the railway or tram along which the slates are conveyed to the hipping quay. This trainway was perto have spent nearly two hundred thousand pounds on the means of transport to the ships; and a most wise expenditure of capital it was. The railway glides between Bangor town and Penrhyn Park, carrying its long train of little trucks down to the docks and quays at the northern end of the Menai Straits. These quays are excellently arranged; nothing can better aid the slates in setting off on their travels all over the world. The ships draw up close to the quays; the railway runs along the quays; and the transfer from the trucks to the ships is made easily and rapidly. The quays, running a thousand feet out into the sea, are laden with slates in countless number; slates in blocks, and slates in slabs, and slates in slices; slates little and slates big; slates for builders and slates for schoolboys; slates for home and slates for abroad. As to the table; nay, the very billiard-table which we

that the mountain which yields the slate is at the works-of eleven thousand persons supported by the wages taus received—of eighty-thousand pounds a year expended in working the quarries, and yearly profits much these.

> There is, we believe, a little example of quarry visiting made easy—not at Bangor—but at another slate quarry in North Wales. At Tan-y-Bwlch (oh these names!) near the tramway for the use of the hotel visitors: facts in the subsequent history of the slates.

Practical application treads so closely on the heels of science in these our busy days, that no sooner does the thinking man discover something new, than the commercial man tries to convert this something into silver and gold. Unluckily the thinking man does not always obtain his share of these precious rewards. So far as regards slate, we can hardly assert that any very decided or novel discovery has been lately made in the geological position or relation or quantity of available slate; but there certainly have been obtainment. The improved management of the blast; the skilful arrangement of the terraces in the quarry; the construction of a well-graduated railway from the quarry to the shipping port; the quick transit from place to place by the construction of go-ahead vessels; the application of steam power to the mechanical sawing and planing, and turning, and grinding and polishing of slate; the ingenious haps the making of the quarries, as a com- process of enamelling—all act as so many mercial speculation. Lord Penrhyn is said impulses, tending to an increase in the use of this material. No one with eyes open can fail to see indications of this increase. Her and there and everywhere we now meet with slate pavements, slate terraces, slate walls, slate cisterns and tanks, besides the ordinary application for roofing. But there are also new modes of employing slate for steps, balconies, larders, wine-cellars, dairies, skirtings of rooms, linings for damp walls, winecoolers, bread-troughs, pickling-troughs, pigfeeding-troughs, grave-stones, tombs and monuments, clock-faces, sun-dials, sinks, filters—even strong rooms and powder magazines, if the slabs be unusually thick. It is a circumstance of immense value, in respect to many of these applications of slate, that slabs can be obtained so large as fifteen feet long by eight in width, and as flat as a billiardextent and value of these quarries and ships ments, we are afraid to say how great are the estimates sometimes made. We have been nated structure of slate. How many million told of three thousand men and boys employed of feet pressed upon the south transept

threshold of the Hyde Park Palace, we canthan any calculating boy could reckon, to press a slate pavement into holes, so close and hard and durable is this material. The baths and washhouses—those excellent results of a mingling of good sense with good feeling-exhibit very advantageously the em-

We were wont, not many years back, to be content with daguerreotypes in ordinary form, but now we must have them enamelled. Our boots and slippers, if blacked with the "inestimable composition, fully equal to the little finer in the first instance, and the surhighest japan varnish, and warranted to keep faces receive a careful grinding and smoothin any climate," used to content us; but now, ing; the pieces are in the first place reduced forsooth, they must be enamelled. Our cooks by cleavage to sheets, or leaves or films as were accustomed to value an honest iron thin as can safely be fitted into the wooden saucepan, or stewpan, or kettle in its undisguised metallic state; but now it must be veiled over with enamel. And slate used always to be slate, pur et simple, but now it is not unfrequently enamelled; and good reason there is, so far as concerns iron and much softer-it contains a little carbon, slate (whatever may be said for daguerreo- which lessens its stony character and intypes and boots), for the adoption of this creases its marking or tracing action. There enamelling process. Enamel is a species of is very little lamellar or scaly structure, and glass or glazing; it both shields the substance beneath from chemical action, and enables it readily to receive the adornment of colour. Slate has come out with startling splendour under this new mode of treatment. We have seen slabs for a bath-room representing various marbles inlaid after the style of Florentine mosaic; candelabra to imitate porphyry; a billiard-table with the legs and frame enamefled to imitate various marbles; a circular table with a top representing black marble inlaid with lumachelle and jasper; a pedestal imitative of porphyry, with a pseudo-black marble plinth; chimney-pieces representing black and green marbles; inkstands and ink-trays similarly imitative of costly marbles. Those who profess an intense dislike of shams may perchance disapprove of these sham porphyries and marbles but it may at the same time be urged that slate is so hard and so durable as to be better for many purposes than any kind of marble. Supposing beauty can be preduced, durability and cheapness are certainly obtainable; and these three form an admirable trio; the latter two render slate useful, while the first renders it ornamental. It deserves also to be borne in mind that slate is lighter than marble, bulk for bulk. So great is the strength imparted to slate by its lamellar structure, that it is estimated at four times the strength of stone flags of equal thickness; and a slab only half an inch in thickness, even sufficient for a great variety of constructive sions—a law which Mr. Debrett and Mr. purposes. To enamel this substance is an art Burke would never have discovered. The

and mystery which requires the cunning skill of the workman with the fiery aid of a fur-nace. A colouring pigment of some kind is not exactly say; but the use of slate as a of the workman with the nervald of a fur-parement was excellently illustrated there; nace. A colouring pigment of some kind is for it would require more millions of feet laid upon the slate, and this by exposure for several days to a temperature between three hundred and five hundred degrees of Fahren-heit, occomes so thoroughly burned into the slate as to be scarcely eradicable.

When Bill Barlow breaks his slate pencil and invests a little capital in the purchase of ployment of large slabs of slate in places more, he does not know—and in all propa-where water is splashed about. more, he does not know—and in all propa-bility he does not care—that the pencil is We are enamelling everything now-a-days. slate as well as his slate itself; he would not unlikely give a flat denial to such an assertion. The schoolboy slates—those used for writing-do not differ in any considerable degree from roofing-slates; the quality is a frames, and then the smoothing is effected. At the quarries boys are employed in this process of splitting the slates into thin layers, and it is said they do the work better than men. The kind of slate used for pencils is the slate can—as Bill well knows—be cut with a knife. The pencils called Dutch are formed of harder slate than the others, and are fashioned into cylindrical pieces for use.

Despite what we might expect to the contrary, slates are the most lady-like of all mineral substances. What other can boast of queens, and duchesses, and countesses, and ladies—to say nothing of imperials? The slaters tell us that a queen is three feet long by two feet wide; that a duchess is two feet long by one in width; that a countess is twenty inches long by ten wide; and that a lady, a simple lady, is sixteen inches long by eight in widtli. All this is very peer-like and heraldic; the four kinds take rank according to their dignity in the peerage. True, a queen would be a very Queen Dollalolla, who should be half as broad as she is long, like these duchesses, countesses, and ladies; but the slate-queen presents a still more ample ratio in width. All these ladies, however-like the clown who has been crushed under an enormous weight on the stage-are remarkably thin from front to back: regular flats, in short. And then these ladies are subjected to square measure; for we find that a hundred and seventy-six ; countesses will only cover as much square" space as a hundred and twenty-seven duchesses, while it requires no less than two hundred and eighty simple ladies to cover an equal space. We thus see how it is that the dignity of to so great a length as eight feet, has strength peeresses varies as the square of their dimentail."

greater dignity of a duchess is further shown by this fact, that a smaller number of copper pails, is required to fasten down a hundred square feet of duchesses, than a similar area of peeresses of lower degree-only two hundred and fifty-four; whereas three hundred and fifty-two are needed for countesses, and two hundred and eighty for ladies. All alike, however-duchesses and countesses and ladies-are destined to be fastened down with two nails each. The mode of treatment, as a slater's book just tells us, is very unceremo-nious indeed:—" The sides and bottom edges are trimmed, and the nail-holes punched as near the head as can be done without risk of

ONE SPOT OF GREEN.

breaking, and at a uniform distance from the

WHEN the winter bloweth loud. And the earth is in a shroud, Bitter rain and blinding snow Dimming every dream below; Cheerily ! cheerily ! There is e'er a spot of green, Whence the Heavens may be seen.

When our purse is shrinking fast, And our friend is lost (the last!), And the world doth pour its pain Sharper than the frozen rain; Cheerity! cheerity! There is still a spot of green, Whence the Heavens may be seen.

Let us never greet despair, While the little spot is there: For winter brighteneth into May, And sullen night to sunny day; So, cheerily, cheerily ! Let us seek the spot of green, Hopeful, patient, and serene, Whence the Heavens may be seen.

COMPLETELY REGISTERED.

Between Provisional Registration and Complete Registration there is a long and difficult way to travel; that is to say, the intention of the law was to make this way difcult, but some knowing fellows have found out a path that is strewn with rose-leaves. The Patent Corkscrew Company, however, have had no easy time of it since we left them (all pour in. The Rothschilds and the Barings would at once see the magnificent commercial promises of the scheme, and take an early walk to the offices. The manufacturers of all old-fashioned corkscrews would tremble in their boots. Wine merchants in every part of the kingdom would be in a painful state of expectation.

The dirst point to be attended to was ad-rtising. Without a shower of advertise-

* See Provisionally Registered. Vol. vik, p. 445.

ments no company not gren this—could hope to succeed. Advertising agents soon presented themselves. It was mildly suggested that the Chelsea Banner was all important medium; that the Juan Fernandez Gazette was an authority on corrected, and had an enormous circulation; that the Baker Street Star would bring two or three hundred first-rate applications for shares. The advertisements were given out very handsomely to all kinds of papers. Suburban prints informed their readers, that the Patent Corkscrew Company would make the fortune of its shareholders, and that it would be the moral duty of every honest man to have a patent corkscrew in the house. At this time the promoters had pleasant dreams. The incessant popping of corks dreams. The incessant popping of corks made blissful the nights of the happy inventor; for the list of applications for shares included some of the most notable names in the country. Captain Bluebill, of Tanglebury Hall, Norfolk, wanted three hundred shares for investment; Benjamin Button, of Clapham, the great silk merchant, would be glad to take up two hundred; Thomas Towling, of the Cottage, Putney, the well-known banker, would not be content with less than four hundred; Admiral Hawker, of the Grange, Somerset, who gave as his reference one of the most respectable banking firms in the metropolis, would be obliged to the directors for an allotment of one hundred. The promoters examined these applications, and did not permit themselves to doubt the respectability of the parties. Then Thomas Marsh, E.q. of Piccadilly, wanted fifty shares; Tollemache Towneley, Esq. of Pall Malf, would be obliged by an allotment of seventyfive. How cheerfully the secretary filed these applications! How merrily the members of the Board talked of the extensive manufactory they would open over the water!

It was determined, that in consequence of the great influx of applications, the time allowed for further applications should be short. The shares applied for already amounted to three hundred thousand pounds in value. day was appointed, beyond which no application would be received; and on that day the letters were literally poured into the office of the happy promoters. Now, the success of the undertaking was beyond a doubt. Alas! how slyly did that seedy gentleman grin, who hopeful as young girls) enjoying the charms of now siyy did that seedy gentleman grin, who Provisional Registration.* Directors would appeared at the offices the day before the directors allotted the shares. He wanted to know whether or not the directors were prepared to buy up their own letters of allot-

"Bless mo!" replied the secretary, "my good man, our business is not to buy our shares, but to sell them. We buy shares ! That's very good! No, Sir, good morning."

And chuckling very merrily, the secretary The turned his back upon the applicant. The seedy man said he would call again in a day or two, and departed.

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worthy chairman of the company, laughed when the secretary described the applicant and his inquiry. It was a great joke. They

buy their own shares!
With great ceremony the Board proceeded to allot. It was really heart-breaking to see the excellent men whose applications they were compelled to refuse. Yet it could not be helped—the applications were so very numerous. They could afford Captain Bluebill, of Tanglebury Hall, only one hundred and fifty of the three hundred applied for; the great silk merchant, Benjamin Button, of Clapham, who was eager for two hundred, could not possibly have more than one hundred and twenty-five. The public had apparently conspired to heap riches upon this most fortunate, this most promising, company. But then everybody said the thing would be a great success from the first. It was to supply a want, long felt throughout the Country.

Four days were given to the happy applicants who had shares allotted to them to pay up their deposits—four days only, and then would arrive the golden day when the directors would be able to draw a cheque for the

purchase-money of the invention.

Two days after the clerks had poured three bagfuls of allotment letters into Her Majesty's Post Office, the seedy gentleman once more made his appearance at the office of the prosperous company. On this occasion he had business of some importance to transact; and must see the secretary. The secretary condescended to give the applicant an audiencejust to humour the fellow.

"Now, sir, do you wish to buy any let-

ters?"

" My good man, I don't understand you,' replied the secretary.

Any letters of allotment?"

"Letters of allotment! I am still more perplexed!"
"Well, then, let me tell you sir, there

Well, then, let me tell you, sir, there are plenty to be had-and at sixpence per share." The seedy gentleman smiled with great condescension upon the secretary. secretary looked very foolish. The applicant drew a dirty bundle from his pocket, and continued:

"Look here, sir; here are four hundred and thirts shares I have bought at fourpence per share."
"Dear me, let me loo!" at them!"

"O dear no: buy them, and you may do what you please with them. There are plenty of them in the market; and if you want any paid upon, I should advise you to buy them up as fast as possible."
"I can't understand this: we allotted

only to persons of the first respectability."

"You allotted to a great many stags, sir,

I can tell you," replied the seedy individual. "Now, I venture to assert, sir, that unless Directors ewere whispering together in you buy up these letters upon the market, couples; the clerks were making up their

How heartily Lord Ballyshannen, the you will not have a five bound note paid into your bankers. Everybody who intends to pay, goes to see how the shares are wind the market first; and if they see letters of allotment being hawked about for a few shillings, they'll not pay up. Why, it was only the other day that the Great Timbuctoo Mining Company got up thirty thousand pounds in two days. And how did they do it? Sir, they bought up any letter of allotment at any price that was offered in the market; they gave commissions to brokers to buy shares even at a premium; and so they were quoted at two premium in the list, and everybody rushed to the bank to pay in. Why, to day I was offered a letter for a hundred of your shares for half-a-crown!"

"You surprise me," the bewildered secretary exclaimed. "But how do these letters get into the hands of men'who hawk them

"They write for them. Didn't you have any stag-books when you allotted?"
"Stag-books! No. What are stag-books?"

"I see, sir, you have much to learn in these matters.

This observation roused the secretary's indignation, and he began to entertain an idea that he was being duped by his in-

"Sir," said the secretary, with a grand air, "we do not wish to have the know-ledge you seem to possess. The Patent Corkscrew Company is not the Great Timbuctoo Mining Company. 1 wish you good morning. We do not wish to purchase letters of allotment."

"Very well, sir," replied the seedy gentle-man, with a jaunty air, "you will have a different story this day next week. I shall sell these at any price, and then you'll see how many you'll have taken up." With this threat the seedy individual left the astonished

secretary.

When the Board met that afternoon, the directors did not look quite so gay as on The secretary's account former occasions. was not a cheerful one; and, after due deliberation, it was agreed that one of the clerks should be sent into the market to buy up a letter for one hundred and fifty shares at the current price. Armed with this power, the clerk was not long in transacting his business. He soon returned with one hundred and fifty shares, which he had bought for seven shillings. The letter of allotment was handed to the noble chairman, who read the name, the honoured name, of Captain Bluebill. Could the owner of Tanglebury Hall stoop to this?

Three days after this purchase had been made, the seedy individual made his appearance a third time at the offices of the Patent Corkscrew Company. He saw how matters Everybody was dull. stood, at a glance. Directors were whispering together in aminds to secure their salaries; the secretary was drawing out advertisements for another situation.

"How much do you say has been paid into the bank, Mr. Secretary?" asked the noble -chairman.

"Forty-two pounds; neither more nor less,

my lord."
"That's a bore," said his lordship, as he twirled his moustache.

At this moment the secretary recognised the seedy individual. He had a book under his arm — a stag-book belonging to the Timbuctoo Mining Company. The secretary asked the seedy individual to take a chair. and then introduced him to the directors. These gentlemen clustered about the possessor of the stag-book, and begged to look at it.

"Will you give me a list of the applicants to whom you have allotted?" This request was at once complied with. The seedy indi-

vidual then set to work.

"In the first place, allow me to inform you, gentlemen, that Captan Bluebill, of Tanglebury Hall; Mr. Button, of Clapham; and the Admiral are one and the same person-one Samuel Brown, who lives at a coffee-shop somewhere in the Borough." After a few minutes' further examination, the seedy individual showed the directors that all the great names upon which they relied were forged; and that the stags who forged them made arrangements with the servants at the great houses to which their forgeries were addressed, for the letters to be sent back to Thus the honourable Board of the them. Patent Corkscrew Company found themselves with liabilities amounting to about six hundred pounds, and, as the result of applications for three hundred thousand pounds' worth of stock, with forty-two pounds in the hands of their bankers.

The seedy individual now strongly advised the Board to extend the time of payment, by public advertisement; meanwhile to buy up all the letters in the market, and com-mission brokers to buy shares. This advice was adopted, and the seedy individual was employed to buy up. In a few days, the market was cleared; the brokers created a demand for the shares by purchasing them at the bidding of the directors-in other words, by rigging the market—and the end of it was, that the Company scratched together-

two on three thousand pounds.

It was found that they might with the aid of a few stags contrive to scramble to complete registration. The stags were wanted to anable them to comply with the Act which porated one the sec declares that one-fourth of the capital must hundred and sixty. be subscribed for, before complete registration can be granted. And in this the stags committee list may be found the names of were useful-since they readily wrote their the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Craven, Lord names upon the deed for a few shillings.

Of the permanent prospects of the Patent Corkserew Company it is not easy to form an estimate. Some people say it will do well, some i

people say it will wind up in a few months. All I know is that they have not yet produced a torkscrew, and that their lawyer's bill is as long as their Board-room table.

REGULAR TRAPPERS.

In our last number* we gave an account of the territory over which the Hudson's Bay Company enjoy exclusive trading and proprietary rights, as well as an account of the peculiar policy which has from the first distinguished that body. We will now place before the reader the proceedings of the Company as Trappers, showing their commercial career, and the results of their policy, as regards the people with whom they deal, as well as the trade itself.

We have already spoken of the mediæval character of the Hudson's Bay Company. As Chartered and therefore Regular Trappers and dealers in furs, they are peculiarly oldworld. There is, indeed, nothing of the present age about them. If one could but gain access to their Hall, and catch a peep at the Boardroom we should doubtless behold such a sight as would gladden the spectacles of the oldest

antiquary.

Our readers will remember having read in some early school history, of the state of British commerce in the merry days of Queen Elizabeth: how in those darkened times, England despatched her two annual ships to the Mediterranean, to bring home the riches of eastern lands. This Company realises the historic legends of the past; and, as in the days of Charles the Second, two ships sailed annually for Hudson's Bay with sundry woollens, cottons, and hard-wares, to bring home beavers and other furs, so in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, a similar brace of ships enter those same waters every year to fetch home the produce of two millions of square miles of territory; -- precisely one vessel of four hundred tons to every million of square miles of country.

The territory on the west of the Rocky Mountains, over which the Company has recently obtained the exclusive right of trading, may be said to comprise about another million of square miles. To this portion two other ships are yearly despatched on a similar errand. These four ships carry to England, furs, to the value of about five hundred thousand pounds yearly.

The Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated on the second of May, sixteen Their first governor was Prince Rupert; and, upon the original Arlington, &c. The original capital subscribed amounted to not more than ten

thousand five hundred pounds—a moderate sum for such noble proprietors. But, so successful had their operations been at the end of twenty years, that, in order to make their yearly dividends appear smaller than they really were, the directors passed a resolution declaring the capital of the Company to be trebled. It was accordingly entered in their books at thirty-one thousand five hundred pounds, each holder of one-lundred pounds stock becoming, by that arrangement, a proprictor of the value of three hundred pounds. Thirty years after that date a similar proceeding was adopted; and, by a stroke of the pen, the Company's capital was made ninety-four thousand five hundred pounds; each hundred pound share being thus made to represent nine hundred pounds. Subsequently, a further subscription of ten per cent. on the shares raised in cash, and nominally trebled, so as to amount to nine thousand four hundred and fifty pounds, was added to the previous capital account in the Company's books, which then stood at one hundred and thus thousand them. and three thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds; of which, however, only thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty pounds was really subscribed by the shareholders. the middle of the last century, the Company appears to have realized the sum of six thousand three hundred and sixty-four pounds a-year in nett profits, which, apparently, on a capital of one hundred and three thousand pounds is small enough for a monopoly trade; but, taken as a dividend upon their real capital of thirteen thousand pounds, it amounted in fact to not less than fifty per cent, per annum.

During the first hundred years of the Company's rule in Rupert's Land—which is the name bestowed upon the territory held under their charter-the trade was carried on by means of two ships of about two hundred and fifty tons each, and one or two factories established on the shores of Hudson's Bay. Nothing whatever was then known of the interior of the country. A white foot had not been seen at a greater distance than a score of nules from the waters of the Bay; and then only in pursuit of game, of which there was abundance on

every side.

In those primitive days of aboriginal trading, the Company's factors were content trading, the Company's factors were content to sit down within their log-forts, and there—hedged round by piler of blankets, copper kettles, cotton handkerchiefs, knives, gunpowder, looking-glasses, beads, and, though last not least, gin—await the arrival of the up-country Indians; who, during the spring and summer months, came down to them in great numbers in capacitations. great numbers in canoes, travelling along the factory people carrying the spirits, prunes, many rivers which flow from the distant and so forth; then, having shaken hands with Rocky Mountains of the far west towards the the chief, the factors returned to the fort, salt waters of Hudson's Bay.

moderate white friends, the Thdisms sally out in pus-But, so suit of heavers martens, otters course, beared the end and wolves. By the month of March the fruits of their labours are ready for market to and, loading them in bundles in their birch bark canoes, each tribe, in those tlays, despatched them in the custody of a chief and a certain number of their best men, in: order to barter them for English commedities

at the factories.

It was a busy and picturesque scene when these children of the prairies came downfrom their distant homes laden with beaver skins and martens' tails, and decked out in their gayest holiday attire; and when, pitching their temporary tents in the close vicinity of the fort, they prepared for the important business of barter. On arriving within sight of the factory, they would fire a volley from their fowling-pieces to acquaint the factors with their near approach, and these latter would return the compliment by the dis-charge of two or three small pieces of ordnance.

Before any trading commenced, it was necessary that a formal visit should be paid to the chief factor in the fort by the principal man of the Indians and one or two of his followers. These receptions must have been strange spectacles. Habited in his own mocassins and fur tunic, he put on over all these a suit of coarse slops presented to him by the factors in order that he might make a proper appearance within the walls of the fort. The apparel thus worn consisted of a coarse cloth coat, either red or blue, having regimental cuffs; and a waistcoat and knec-breeches of baize, trimmed with coarse lace. His stockings were, one red the other blue, and tied below the knee with parti-coloured garters. A checked shirt and coloured cotton handkerchief; a coarse hat and feather, and a worsted sash, completed his costume.

The chief and his friends were received in the large dining-hall of the factory; and, after a mutual exchange of compliments, a quantity of bread and dried prunes was placed before them, with a two-gallon keg of spirits and some pipes and tobacco. With these they were to regale themselves in their own tents previous to beginning the barter; but, before departing, the wary chieftain took especial care to till his capacious pockets with precious gifts, in order to ensure a royal share to himself. When a few civilities had been exchanged between the two parties, the Indians rose and proceeded with the presents, accompanied by their white friends, to their temporary dwellings. They marched in procession, preceded by a halberd and ensign bearer, a drummer beating a lively tune, and a number of the leaving the natives to their drunken caroasal; The winter is the hunting season, when, which lested until the keg of spirits was provided with gurs and ammunition by their emptied. During the orgy it was pretty pertoing that one on more lives were lost from

the field, but for husiness, this time. Previous to any trading, it was considered necessary that the chief and the factor should smoke the pipe of peace. The Indian trappers and the factory people having completed this necessary ceremony, a further repast of bread and prunes was partaken of, at the conclusion of which the chief addressed the factors, preparatory to commencing the barter. One of these speeches, which has been preserved by an old servant of the Company, is worth quoting, as giving an insight into the mode of conducting a barter in those distant regions.

"You told me last year to bring many Indians to trade, which I promised to do: you see I have not lied; here are a great many young men come with me! Use them kindly. Let them trade good goods, I say. We lived hard last winter, and hungay, the your servants to fill the measures and not to put their thumbs within the brims. Take pity on us, I say. We paddle a long way to see you. We love the English. Let us trade good black tobacco, fair weight and hard twisted. Have pity on us. Let us trade good light guns, small in the hand and well made, with locks that will not freeze in the winter. Let the young men have good measure and cheap kettles, thick and fligh. Give us good measure of cloth: let us see the old measure : do you mind me ? The young men love you, by coming so far to see you. Take pity, I say, and let them have good things.

From the contents of this address, we cannot help inferring that the scale of weights in use among the early traders to America was not very different from that described by Knickerbocker in his history of New York; where it is hunorously stated that the invariable custom was for a Dutchman's hand to be reckened as one pound and his foot as two pounds.

. Having delivered this oration the Indian and his people proceeded to examine the "guns small in the hand," the "kettles thick and high," and such other things as took their fancy, for which they then commenced a rapid barter with their skins. The Company had a nominal "standard of trade," as it was called, for the pretended guidance of their several factors, but, in reality—as one of their clerks writes-to deceive those who are not in their secrets. In all dealings a beaver skin is taken as a standard of value, hence every article is looked upon and reckoned as worth so many beaver skins: it is, in fact, the Hudson's Bay currency. The above pretended standard of trade gave twelve needles, or six thimbles, or a pound of powder, or a comb, or a yard of gartering, as equivalents for one beaver skin; a gailon of brandy was equal to four skins.

Had this tariff been adhered to, the profits on the trade would have been enormous. The those days a good beaver the war worth twelve shillings; it is "easy," Hereford to see how favourable this pretended walk was to the Company. But the tariff was only a blind. In addition to making two gallous of brandy out of one by the aid of water. The factors appear to have adopted a scale of their own construction, which no doubt fleeced the Indians, who had no alternative but to take the measure they could get, or to starve. Just as pocket-combs and copper kettles had their imaginary equivalents in beaver skins, so, was there also a scale-on a similarly sliding principle—for all other skins in reference to that of the beaver. Thus, by astactor's fiction, a skin of the beaver was taken as equal in barter to two white or two brown loxes, or one old otter, or two prime martens, or six musquashs, and so on. Not content with watering the brandy and measuring the powder in small measures with their thumbs inside the riff, they multiplied their enormous gains by false counting of skins, and so mystifying the table of equivalents as to completely bewilder the untutored Indian, who only discovered the fraud when he came to reckon up his kettles, knives and glass beads in his native but a thousand miles distant, and compared them with the number of skins he had carried down to the white man's fort.

In this manner were the fur purchases of the Company carried on up to the latter part of the last century. At that period an enemy of a daring and dangerous character appeared in the very heart of this vast American preserve. Attracted by the reputed richness of those regions in furs, a few enterprising Canadian traders penetrated beyond the boundary of their territories; and, anaking their way by the streams which fell into Lake Superior, sought the Indians of the Red River and Saskatchewan country in their own villages, and there opened a trade with them on terms much more favourable to the natives; who were not long in finding the advantage of bartering close to their doors, and at the same time obtaining for their skins articles at far more moderate rates. .

large profits and a ready trade soon caused these straggling Canadians to flock into the country in considerable numbers, and to interfere very scriously with the Hudson's Bay Company; whose officers at length found themselves compelled, in self-defiance, to imitate the plans of their rivals and to establish branch factories and depots at various spots throughout the interior of the country. Henceforward a fierce and determined opposition was engentlered between the contending traders; until, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-three, the Canadians found it necessary to form themselves into a party for mutual self-

defence. They accordingly enrolled them-selves under the name of the North-west Company, dividing their interest in future undertakings into twenty shares or parts, but without laying down and money capital. They were content to make proportionate contributions of goods, according to the interest held by each; and, while the different shareholders undertook each their own part in the carrying on of the up-country traffic, four of the most influential proffferors were named managers, of whom two remained at Montreal, whilst the other two undertook the direction-in-chief of the country trade; each of these managers was paid a commission on the business transacted.

. The operations of this new Company-unprotected by any charter, but stimulated by their own individual interests—extended rapidly on all sides, despite the violent oppo-sition of the Chartered Trappers. In a few years their shipments of furs to Europe exceeded those of the Hudson's Bay Company, whilst their various establishments gave employment to more than double the number of those attached to their rivals' factories. It was these enterprising traders who were the first great pioneers through the interior, across the Rocky Mountains, as far as the banks of the Columbia river to the westward of that vast range. The example had been set them, on a small scale, by the early French settlers in Canada; but, until the formation of the North-west Company, nothing of any extent had been attempted in the way of opening up the country.

With a view to cutting off the supplies of this new and formidable rival, the Hudson's Bay Company made a grant of sixteen thousand square miles of territory, situated on the banks of the Red River, to Lord Selkirk, one of their most influential directors, and immediately in the track of the North-westers, as they were called. This his lordship undertook to colonise, with the ostensible object of introducing civilisation amongst the neighbouring tribes of Indians; but in reality, as the sequel fully proved, to harass their opponents in their fur trade. It was not long after this colony of half-castes and raw Orkneymen had been formed, that the servants of the two Companies came to open and deadly blows. Robbery, assaults, murder in cold blood, were resorted to by either party, to the heavy loss of both and to the gain of neither.

At length, after some fifty years of the most bitter opposition, the two Companies were amalgamated; and, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, the whole trade Endson's Bay factors. The capital of each company was at that period made up to a hominal amount of two hundred thousand pounds, so that four hundred thousand clothed, although scarce able to make the pounds is the imaginary capital said to be slightest return in labour. But in Ruperl's invested in the trade of three millions of Land, where, by a curious old-world fiction,

square miles, about one-third of that; sumbeing really the total of subscribed capital employed. From that time forward there has been no change whatever in the mode or extent of the Company's dealings.

If there has been no alteration in the status of the Company, the same at least cannot be said of the thousands of Indians who are still left the sole sad representatives of once powerful nations; rude and barbarous it is true, but, in their ages of primitive dark-ness, less degraded, less brutal, less lost to every human quality of goodness than are their modern types—the consumers and the consumed of the white men's fire-water. It is sad to read the tales of destruction told concerning these children of the prairie: how disease and starvation have swept fertile valleys and populous districts, until single. families and sometimes single Indians remain the sole remnants of the warlike tribes that once thronged the great hunting-grounds of the North.

The decrease arises from small pox, drunkenness, and starvation. Indians in their aboriginal state of simplicity supported themselves by the chase and fishing, in which they were remarkable adepts with the rudest weapons. Trappers came amongst them and taught them the use of firearms, with which they soon became as skilful as their teachers. They discovered at the same time. that, instead of hunting buffaloes and deer, it was better to shoot or trap beavers, martens, wolverines, bears, and such animals as yielded furs, with which they could purchase animunition, clothing, finery, and a variety of things they soon acquired a taste for. In this way they shot, and traded, and lived on, until at length the furred animals of their district became scant, or until many of their best men became old and no longer ableato use the fowling-piece. Then, when the usual number of skins were no longer forthcoming, the supply of ammunition was refused. The Indians having long since forgotten their ancestors' cunning with the spear, and the arrow, and the trap, found themselves suddenly deprived of their sole means of support. Their lives may now be said to be held in the hands of the Company's factors, who may thus at any time virtually order the destruction of thousands of their fellow-creatures by withholding from them the means of subsistence,

Amidst the crying evils of slavery in its worst form, in its worst days, there was one evil which the Legrees and the Heleys had not entailed upon the captive negro. Toil as these poor slaves might through the noon-day of their darkened lives, there was one small consolation never denied them by their hardest task-masters. In their old age, when infirmities crept over them, they were still housed, and fed, and it is pleasantly supposed that British laws credit we may be disposed to give to the story at the British virtues are in the ascendant, for the government of which territory a reyal charter was granted, having for one of its in those days concerning the metals of the expressed objects the public good of the people—in this land, we say, the Indians who have grown old in the service of the Company are deprived, amidst their this Company, it now only remains to examine the course taken by the North Ametricase of the means of supporting the right of the Atlantic themselves; and, failing this, famine and disease sweep them away from the face of the earth.

It is not without interest just at this moment to find that one of the conditions upon which the Hudson's Bay Company held their charter, was that they should despatch ships for the discovery of a north-west passage. Nor will it be of less interest to notice in what manner this Company were reported to have been the cause of the offer of a premium of twenty thousand pounds by the British Government to any one who should succeed in the attempt. It appears certain that, during the first hundred years of their charter, this Company made no more than two attempts at Arctic discovery; the last having been made in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, and the account of which was not buildings devoted to the reception and assort-published until after a lapse of twenty-six ment of private importers' goods, presents an years. At the end of another period of animated and interesting appearance. Lofty, forty-six years their third Arctic expedition was undertaken; being by a curious coincidence set on foot in the same year in which they made application for a renewal of their license for exclusive trade; and, moreover, at about the same time that pounds. One would imagine that nothing another expedition was being fitted out by the Government under Captain Back. It is difference, and such indeed is the case with not less singular and significant that their the party of workpeople employed at a long next and latest expedition to the Arctic table with piles of pretty looking, furs before regions, under Dr. Rac, was undertaken simul. taneously with that which in eighteen hundred and forty-six went out under Captain Sir John Franklin, and concerning which so much painful suspense has been felt. In this way we perceive that, during a period of little less than two hundred years, the Hudson's Bay Company have set on foot four expeditions for the purpose of Arctic dis- Indians and Trappers of America, who value covery.

It is related in a chapter of Middleton's Geography, published in seventeen hundred and seventy-one -- though we would hope without good grounds for the statement—that it was a matter of public notoriety that Captain Middleton, who in seventeen hundred and forty had been sent by the Government upon a voyage of Arctic discovery, was charged with having received a sum of money as a bribe from the members of the then Company to defeat or conceal the success of the undertaking; and that the Government, in order to preclude the recurrence of such bribery, passed an Act for the encouragement of attempts to discover the north-west pas-

rican fur trader on this side the Atlantic. London is the great centre of this, not less than of other branches of commerces Hither come the investments of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the United States dealers, and of those from Russia and Russian America. Here too, the dealings lie within a limited space. Twice a year, sales of fars. take place by two parties; one of those is the Company, the other, a gentleman who conducts the sales of all the skins belonging to private traders which find their way into the country. Between these two, the trade is about equally divided; each disposing of furs to the yearly value of half a million sterling in this market.

For a month or six weeks previous to each of these periodical sales, the noble pile of well-aired warerooms are thickly studded with wooden stands, piled up with countless skins of every colour and quality. The visitor may there find skins of the same animals rauging in value from sixpence to forty could be easier than to detect this amazing them. These skilled hands have but to glide their fingers through the hairy covering of the skin and with one sharp, experienced glance, its classification into first, second, third, or fourth class quality is at once determined; yet the eye of the stranger would not be able, at first, to detect the varieties. And so, no doubt, it happens with the all beaver skins, or martens' tails by one universal standard. The private importations here spoken of, are the skins purchased by the American citizens of the States of their Indian neighbours and shipped from New York chiefly.

Attending these bi-annual sales, are to be seen a motley crowd of Germans, Parisians, Turks, Russians, Greeks, and a sprinkling of . our own countrymen for the supply of the home trade. • Particular markets take off particular qualities and kinds of skins. The finest of any are sold at enormous, almost fabulous prices, for the Russians; the emperor and chief nobles of which country care only for such furs as are too costly, on ac-count of their scarcity, to be within the sage, with a liberal premium as the reward count of their scarcity, to be within the of the successful adventurer. However little reach of any other class of wearers. Bear

to the universal substitution of silk hats for those made of the former.

The use of furs has been for many years on the decline in this country, and even such as are still in demand for mulis, boas, and so are quite mistaken in our version of the story, forth, owe their origin to English rabbits, which is of French origin, and that the more frequently than to animals of the blunder of an ignorant translator has caused American wilds. The Lord Mayor, Alder the error. The slippers were really of sable men and Common Councilmen of London, as fur, and the French for sable being van was well as the Sheriffs, have their roles and mistaken for verre—glass, and here's the gowns trimmed with the fur of the sable or blunder. The same learned authority tens marten according to their respective ranks. us that whilst the slippers being of glass had In like manner, the state robes of the 110- no meaning, their having been composed of

one of the most costly of furs.

goat and the lamb. The importation of foreign pretations and translations of every kind, for skins became a matter of some importance generations yet to come. very shortly after this period; doubtless the profession of skinner or furrier must have been, even in those days, a very lucrative one, for we read that in the reign of Edward the Third, Thomas Legge or Legget, a skinner, and then Lord Mayor of London, whose descendants have since become Earls of Dart-French.

At a very remote period, fairs were appointed to be held at Winchester, St Batolph, Stamford, and St. Ives, for the sale of furs. Various statutes have been passed by different monarchs, from Edward the Third to There he had discovered Botany Bay, so Henry the Eighth, regulating the use of furs named by Banks and Solander—the natura-of several kinds by particular classes. One of lists who had accompanied Cook—from the the oldest of these confines the use of furs abundance and variety of its then unknown of all kinds, "to the Royal family, and the prelates, earls, barons, knights, and people of Holy Church, who might expend by the year one hundred pounds of their benefices

at the least."

In the reign of the last Henry a law was passed forbidding the use of the sable to any below the rank of Earl; and it is certain that, up teathe reign of Elizabeth, but few of the gentry wore any richer furs than those of the rabble. On the Continent, at no more remote d than in the seventeenth century, laws e in existence on the same subject; the de of the costly sable being there confined o kings and princes only.

it may be scouted by the lovers of fairy tales Van Dieman's Land. It was only in eighteen

Thin are taken for Germany and for the caps would wish to discolline it feeds for the caps of "our Grenadier Guards. Next to the nevertheless," Servillae fact. In the life of Cindercilla, the maille is represented as costly purchasers. The trade in this country for beaver skins is all but annihilated, owing to dance at a ball; indeed, the main interest of the story hinges at bright in these same slippers of glass. To spoil all this presty remance, the antiquarian steps in with his musty parciments and assures us that we bility and of majesty are lined with ermine, sable carried a real significance, inasmuch as the use of that costly fur being then confined "Of the antiquity of the use of furs, as an to princes of royal blood, the fairy intended article of dress, there is ample proof, although by this to endow Cinderclas with an imporit is not so many centuries since the better tance in the eyes of the Prince that could not kinds, as at present known, were very rare be mistaken. I shall be however, much mis-and costly. In the account handed down to taken if the English nation does not stoutly us of the wardrobe of Edward the First no adhere to the glass version of our beloved mention is made of any furs but those of the Cinderella, repudiating all antiquarian inter-

CHIPS.

THE ANTECEDENTS OF AUSTRALIA.

TRANSPORTATION of criminals to the American colonies having ceased from the commouth, was so exceedingly rich, that he lent mencement of the war of independence, the the king three hundred pounds to aid his jails in Eugland were soon overflowing with majesty in carrying on the war against the criminals and recking with disease. The criminals and reeking with disease. The Government therefore determined, upon the favourable representations of Captain Cook. to form a penal settlement upon that portion of the eastern coast of New Holkand that had been named by him New South Wales. productions. A few miles to the northward of Botany Bay he had named a magnificent inlet of the ocean Port Jackson; which now forms the harbour of Sydney—tn beauty and extent second only to that of Rio Janeiro.

No time was lost in carrying the new scheme into operation. Captain Phillips was selected to take charge of the expedition and to superintend the formation of the penal colony. He sailed from England in May, seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, and in January of the following year landed at Port Jackson with seven hundred and fifty-seven convicts.

In connection with this subject there is a From this small beginning have sprung at story which deserves mention, however much various intervals, the colonies of Australia and and the romance of childhood. We ourselves hundred and thirty-five that Governor Sir R. Baurke; came down from Sydney with Mr. Loundale; the surveyor, and a few others, and laid out the plan of the town of Melbourne on the banks of the Yarra Yarra. However, had it not been for this system of transportation, many more years must have elapsed before the capabilities of this extraordinary country could have become known. There were no visible inducements to attract towards it any private enterprise. It was not until the Government had, by the aid of the criminals, caused the country to be opened up, the fertility of its soil to be made known, and the suitableness of many of its districts for pastoral purposes to be quite understood, that emigration properly began. Sixty-three years age, nothing but the existence of Australia was known-now it is a foremost figure in our picture of the History that has yet to be acted in the world.

IGNOBLE CONDUCT OF A NOBLEMAN.

"WILL should I do," says the philanthropist, "if my donkey refuses to go? Shall I flo, him?" The philanthropist shudders at the very idea; and yet, under all the circumstances, what is a man to do? The animal won't move; its forelegs are pertinaciously bent forward to resist any forcible show in an advance direction; its ears lie close down upon its scraggy neck; its eye is dull with stubborn resolution; and I don't see how it is possible to abstain from the luxury of breaking one's cudgel on its back. But after all, what is a donkey? A donkey is a stupid, awkward, obstinate, slow-paced animal; dead de Normandale, and now he thwarts my to all the ordinary excitement of life; it has no ambition, and therefore doesn't care who gets before it in the race; it has no heart, and therefore doesn't care how much its abominable conduct injures or afflicts its benefactor; it has no vanity, and therefore doesn't care what contemptuous epithets you heap upon its head, nor how vociferously you proclaim it to be an ass. You will observe that in the above definition of the object of my abhorrence, I have taken care to abstain from classing it universally and affirmatively in the list of quadrupeds. The qualities by which I wish it to be defined are, its obstinaty in not moving forward when urged to do so; its heartless disregard of the suffering inflicted by its obstinute persistence in standing still; and the excessive inclination like Jonathan; was perfect master of pistol which every one feels to despise, in its and small sword; wook the best double-first dustance, the Society for the Prevention of that had ever been heard of in Oxford; and Crnelto to Animals, and to break every bone in its skin. In fact, the object of my dislike is not, in the strict acceptation of the without a single debt! His power over Normord, an ass; he has only two legs; and they are acknowledged, I believe, to be remarkably handsome legs; he has beautiful he said, as they stood at the door of the muburn hair; the finest hazel eyes that ever Angel Inn, while the tandem was getting glowed into fire or melted into tenderness; ready, which was to convey Winterton towards he is six feet in height; strong as Hercules, Birmingham on his way home.

graceful as Apollo; the eldest son of an ancient baron and heir to his grand uncle, the old Marquis of Bartondyke, with a territorial property of seventy-five thousand a year. Yes! Bertram de Normandale is the person who has roused all the indignation which I have feebly endeavoured to give expression to by these allusions to cudgeding and long ears. But he never reads, he will never see this slashing attack. If he did, he would not undercondit. He would, perhaps, think it a compliment. I will lay the case before an attentive universe and leave the judgment between us to the assembled nations of the habitable globe.

In the first place, the man's ingratitude is astonishing. The noble halls he lives in the historic name he bears - the wealth he is in expectation of — are all owing to me. I don't pretend that I built Bartondyke Castle, or inserted him in the peerage, or drew a cheque in his favour for a couple of millions or so of money; but I maintain that I was the means of putting him into his present situation, and rescuing him from a life of vulgar usefulness and unaristocratic activity as the son of a Yorkshire farmer. If I had not traced him out step by step, followed him in the very curious incidents of his infancy, and saved the reputation of his sainted mother by the discovery of the wedding certificate which made her the legal wife of the Right Honourable Lord Normandale, he would, probably, at this moment have been young George Cookson, the supposed son of the yearly tenant of Yellowleas farm. I have been the maker of Bertram. wishes in the most mulish and insulting manner. But you shall hear:

Five-and-twenty years ago, when his father, Lord Normandale, was at Oxford, he became acquainted with a young man of the same college who soon acquired an extraordinary influence over his mind, only son of a poor parish clergyman, Alfred Winterton was the surprise of the whole University. Bred up in a rural village, he seemed to know the great world more intimately than the lady patronesses of Almack's. Far from polite society, his manners would have thrown Chesterfield into despair. Too poor to have had a stud, he hunted with a courage and skill which made him the admiration of the hunting field; he played billiards that had ever been heard of in Oxford; and. was preparing to say farewell to the scene of so much happiness and so many triumphs mandale was magical.

"You will come and see me, Normandale ?."

young nobleman, "is the highest gratification and concealed her features.

I have ever received."

"Is there any short ou

"We have no halls that give accommodation to a county," said Winterton, with a smile; "nor a collection of family portraits since the days of Ethelwolf the Unready, when I believe the art of portrait-painting had not yet been invented-

"You are too severe on my pride of ancestry," interrupted the baron. "I assure you I don't think less of any one else for not having some of the blood of our Norman

kings in his veins."

"Nor would you think less of yourself if you were in the same condition?" inquired Winterton, taking his seat.

"No, I think not," hesitatingly replied the

"We shall see how philosophy comports herself when she is put to the actual proof," answered Winterton, with a meaning smile; and, touching the flank of his leader now pursued his way in obedience to a fingerwith the slightest possible weight of the

sight.
"I don't know how it is," said Normandale to the young Earl of Fogleton, who had maintained an admiring silence while the conversation was going on; "but Wintertor always makes me wish I had been born a snob. It must be so pleasant to have one's way to make, without having it all macadamised by other people."

"There I think I have the advantage," said Fogleton, "for my father was a lawyer, and a tremendous snob. My grandfather was a drysalter in Wapping, and if I ever get a dukedom it will be entirely by my own

merit."

Normandale dropped the arm of his brother patrician when he heard this genealogical revelation.

"What in heaven's name is a drysalter?" "Upon my word I don't know," replied his friend. "It seems to me a mythical sort of ancestor, like Theseus among the Greeks."

A hurried visit home was all Lord Normandale could afford to pay. He looked over his grounds and his stables, and his plantations; but had no enjoyment. He longed for society; but the neighbourhood was barren and unprofitable. He sighed once more for the company of Winterton, being one of those natures which have a positive enjoyment in feeling their interiority. A note was despatched to Mirables Rectory, and a place secured on the Yorkshire ceach. He slept ut Dencaster, and on the following day started on foot for the object of his destination, which was distant about fourteen miles.

A grasp of his hand was the reply. "That smaller one suspended on her arm. A thick you have asked me to see you," said the green veil shearered her eyes from the sun

"Is there any short cut to Mirables vil-lage?" he inquired.
"Noa, ye keep strat along the road," replied the woman.

"You seem to know the place. How far, is it off?"

"May be seven mile—may be more. It depends on whether I ride Jobler or the Marquis."

"llow?"

"Why, I go right across when I ride the Marquis-over hedge and ditch; but Jöbler must keep the road, and creep-as you do."

So saying, she applied the spur to Jobler

and got him into a rapid pace.
"A pleasant voice in spite of the Yorkshire accent," thought Normandale. "I wish she had not gone away so soon. I should like

to have seen her face."

Through hedgerows and narrow lanes he post at the side of the road. A little church whip, he bent forward and was soon out of tower rose from a grove of elms; he directed his steps to it, rounded a high wall, and saw at one side of the churchyard a low white-washed cottage, with narrow casement windows and luxuriant shrubs, and flowers climbing all over the rustic porch. The house was old. It might be a farm-house, or a retired tradesman's villa. There was a man on a ladder halfway up the steep roof re-pairing the thatch. Normandale asked him where the parsonage was.

The man paused in his work; and leaving a large handful of straw on the top of the

"Normandale!" he said, "how delighted I am to see you! This is our house. My father will be enchanted; where are your trunks?"

"They are to follow by a cart," replied Normandale, returning the hearty pressure of his friend's hand, though with no little surprise at the appearance he presented.

"You are disappointed," said Winterton; "you expected a greater show of outward wealth. I told you what you would see; you are sorry you came, because you think this discovery of our position will be embarrassing to us both. Not to me, I assure you; and not to you, after the first blow. Come in! Try us for a day, and go away if you are dissatisfied."

" Did you get a letter from me, announcing

"No, we only get our letters once a week.

"No, we only get our letters once a week. Effy goes into market at Doncaster, and brings letters and a newspaper along with her beef and mutton. She should be here Midway he was overtaken by a person on by this time, unless she stays with the horseback who pulled the rein to go mous Cooksons to dinner. And, by the bye, you slowly up, hill. Normandale looked at the must be hungry after your walk. Will you equestrian. It was a woman with a large have some bread and cheese, and beer, or basis hung to the horn of her saddle, and a wait till two when we dine?"

"I will wait till your dinner hour; but I really hope I don't incommoderyou."

Not in the least. That is one of the artificial methods of saying you are sorry you came. I tell you you will not be sorry after an hour or two. Come in! I will introduce you to

my father."
They entered the low porch, traversed the narrow passage, and, passing through a low door, found themselves in the kitchen. the side of the fire-place, sat an old man with spectacles on nose, intent on a large book.

"Father!" said Winterton, "here is my

friend, Lord Normandale, come to see us; you'll make him welcome for my sake, till you learn to like him for his own."

"Ah! my lord," said the old man, rising and taking his visitor's hand, "It is many years since I heard the name of Normandale, except from Frederick since he went to college. There is a sound in it that recals many thoughts. How strange!" he added, as the sunshine fell on the young noble's face, "will those likenesses never wear out! you are welcome, doubly welcome. Is Effy returned from market?"

"You've conjured her," said Frederick, "by naming her name. This moment she is dismounting in the yard. She's here."

The door opened, and the same person who had overtaken Normandale on the road entered the kitchen. She wore still the scarlet cloak which had attracted his notice, and carried the basket on her arm. The veil was lifted up, and never had Normandale seen so radiantly beautiful a face. It was the face of his friend Frederick, softened into feminine loveliness, and presenting all the expression of high intellect and exquisite refinement which made his appearance so remarkable.

"So, you be here afore I," she said to Normal cole, without waiting for the cere-mony of introduction. "You do ply your pins to good purpose, for I didn't stay ten minutes at Bill Cookson's, and trotted Jobler every yard o' the way. And how be ye, father? I've brought ye such prime beef, and only fippence a pound."

Lord Normandale bowed, and remained

Lord Normandale bowed, and remained silent. Winterton seemed not at all astonished at the brusquerie of his sister's manner, and the old gentleman looked at her with a bene-

volent smile.

"You've done excellent well," he said, "and now put it before the fire, and see that it is well roasted in time for our dinner at two."

She laid the basket on the floor, and lifting up the cloth, discovered a large joint all ready for the spit.

"I've heerd say," she said, "that folks always like best what they cook theirselves. Perhaps if you gave the spit a turn, the meat would be all the better.'

"With all my heart," said the young noble; and a minute more saw him busy watching

the motions of the beef, and basting it with a long pewter spoon. Meanwhile, his beautiful companion was engaged in preparing the plates, boiling vegetables, laying the cloth in the parlour, and in all ways conducting herself like a maid-of-all-work. But, her step was like a fawn's; her figure, graceful beyond the reach of art; and the turn of her arms and fall of her shoulders, were such as would put to shame the colder, beauties of the Madissan statue. Her smile Her smile was irresistible; and in spite of the rustic language in which she expressed herself, there was so much sense, so much humour, so much mystery, in her conversation, that Lord Normandale never felt so happy in his life, as when he sat, hour after hour, watching her_ charming movements, and listening to the tones of a voice which in his ear was musical as is Apollo's lute. If he forgot for a moment to baste the now rapidly browning meat. he was reprimanded with such sharpness and real objurgation, that it required him to look at the lovely lips from which the scolding. proceeded, to reconcile him to the assaults he sustained.

When all was ready, the old gentleman rose from his book. Frederick re-descended from the roof where he had resumed his work, when Normandale commenced his cooking operations. Euphemia instructed her assistant in the art of laying the dishes on the table; and the gentlemen, when duly summoned to take their places, proceeded to the little parlour. The fair spirit who had ministered to them, however, had disappeared. The father said grace, and began the repast; and Normandale was sunk in grief at being deprived of the society of the

fair cuisinière.

"Effic will be here in five minutes," said Winterton; "make no remark on the scene that has past. She doesn't like to be reminded of her morning's occupations." The door opened, and a figure walked into the apartment, which at once absorbed the visitor's attention, and nearly deprived him of breath. On the coiled up hair of the young maiden who now joined the circle, was a wreath of red and white roses; her shoulders were bare; and over them hung a scarf of the richest lace-a material with which her pink silk gown was profusely ornamented. She carried a fan in her hand; and with a start of surprise, Normandale caught the calm and thoughtful expression of her eye. It reminded him of a portrait in his gallery, of his aunt, the unhappy Marchioness of Bartondyke, the loveliest woman of her time, and in her fate the most miserable. He stood up and bowed. The lady returned his courtesy, and kissing her father's cheek, sat down at his right hand without any observation.

"Restored to me for the rest of the day, my darling ?" said the father; "to be my companion, my entertainer, my charmer?"

"Yes, father! I have strung the harp, and

it embraces and comprehends all others. What are all studies and sciences but search after the hidden harmonies of being? What is astronomy but a listening for the divine music which rings through space? To me, it is like a new and delightful language to whose treasures I am admitted—as sometimes is the case with mesmeric patients. I hear Homer in his original grandeur, thrill with the raptures of Pindar, or mount on the wings of inspiration with the Hebrew prophets-all at the touch of the strings of my poor harp! It opens out to me landscapes among the Grecian hills; reveals to me valleys—richer, greener, lovelier than ever lay between the hills of Circassia—for it is my book of landscapes, my traveller's library, my camera obscura. We have no other. We can afford no books, we have time for no accomplishments. Music supplies the want of all."

When the cloth was removed the harp was introduced. No Italian prima donna ever sang with such effect. It was power, it was inspiration, it was prayer. Normandale answered to every touch of the chords. "How surprised I am!" he whispered. "How delighted! Delighted by your matchless voice, surprised by the strange contrast between what you were on the back of Jobler, or presiding at the kitchen fire, and what I see you now—the queen of dignity and song, the priestess of intellect and passion.'

"There are strange inconsistencies in human character," she said. "In yourself, for instance, the artificial rank makes you altogether ignorant of what you really are. The baron's robe hides the breast of the wearer; there may be a heart beneath it—there may be

nothing but selfishness and pride."

"I think-I know-I feel-there is a heart," it was too open a declaration.

"Do you think of leaving us to-morrow, or Frederick, with a malicious smile.

"Oh my friend, let me stay with you as go anywhere or do anything. I can not get long as I can! It does no good; it elevates, the donkey to stir!

refines, instructs me.

So, he took possession of the room; and great was the surprise of his retainers at this blockhead's adventures over the Marquis of Bartondyke, when, after a silence of more than two years, a letter reached both establishments, dated from Cairo, to say that The Normandale had resided there for some Hope of the Bartondykes, an Historical time, and was now at the point of death. A Novel, in Three Volumes. Truth is some-confidential servant was despatched to Egypt; times stranger than fiction."

have a new song of my own to submit to your judgment. Perhaps Lord Normandale is a comoisseur?"

"A lover only," said his levelship, "but rupted before the senting which death interpreted before the senting which death in the senting which deat

Now, who do you think was the boy? Who do you think was the wife? Why, the boy was the stubborn, immovable personage I described to you at the beginning. It was Bertram de Normandale. The marriage between Effic Winterton and the enraptured noble here been private—unknown even to the accom-plished Frederick. The poor girl had died shortly after giving birth to her son, leaving him in charge of her friends the Cooksons a Yellowleas farm, with a sum settled on the by Lord Normandale of five hundred a ve while he lived, without being reclaimed by his parents, or having the secret of his biggrevealed. Here was my task: I had to ferret out evidence; I had to trace the lives of all the Cooksons from their earliest days; I hade to discover a mole on the left shoulder of the unfortunate infant; I had to inquire into the real position in life of the Reverend Rector of Mirables; I found him out to be a younger brother of the Marquis of Bartondyke, who had retired into solitude and priest's orders, when he was disappointed in love; I had to go into Doctors' Commons, into the Registration Courts of all the Bishops, into Chancery; I had to hold cudless consultations with lawyers, and pickpockets, and policemen, and genea-logists; and at last I succeeded in all my attempts. Bertram de Normandale is acknowledged legitimate heir of his noble father, and next in succession to the finest estates in England.

And yet — would you believe it? — the wretch is ungrateful, dull, phlegmatic, unimpressible; and wholly unmanageable a erall! After all this! I can't get him to do a single thing to reward me for all my pains. I don't know what to do with him-whether to send said Normandale, his cheek flushing and his him to Oxford or Cambridge-whether to eyes on fire; "last of all the world should make him full in love with a countess in her you be, Miss Winterton, to doubt that a heart own right, or with a tinker's daughter. He is here." He blushed for what he had said; shall of course fight a duel, and travel into Italy; but when to do it, when to start for Ostend, whom to fight with, and why to will you have your trunks unpacked and take fight—all is utterly at a stand still, occases possession of our spare room?" inquired he is so ridiculously slow; so preposter to the work and asininely obstinate. He work

In fact, I am stuck in the beginning of ney second volume, and am bound to home, great the anxiety of his uncle, the the mean time the following advertisement concerning this Beast, is perpetually staring

at me out of all manner of periodicals:
"Early in the year will be published, The

CHARLES DICKENS. CONDUCTED

No. 200.1

*SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1854.

PRICE 2d.

FIRE AND SNOW.

Can this be the region of cinders and coaldiet, which we have traversed before now, divers times, both by night and by day, when the dirty wind rattled as it came against us charged with fine particles of coal, and the natural colour of the earth and all its vegetation might have been black, for anything our eyes could see to the contrary in a waste of many miles? Indeed it is the same country, though so altered that on the present day when the old year is near its last, the North East wind blows white, and all the ground is white-pure white-insomuch that if our lives depended on our identifying a mound of ashes as we jar along this Birmingham and Wolverhampton Railway, we could not find a handful.

The sun shines brightly, though it is a cold cold sun, this piercing day; and when the Birmingham tunnel disgorges us into the frosty air, we find the pointsman housed in no mere box, but in a resplendent pavilion, all bejewelled with dazzling icicles, the least a yard long. A radiant pointsman he should be, we think, invested by fairies with a dress stiff attitude of watch; and as (like the ghostly dagger of Macheth) he marshals us the way that we were going, we observe him to be a mortal with a red face-red, in part from a seasonable joviality of spirit, and in part from frost and wind-with the encrusted snow dropping silently off his outstretched arm.

Redder than ever are the very red-brick little houses outside Birmingham—all staring the intense white of the landscape. Far and near, the tall tall chinneys look out over more snow !

Making directly at us, and flying almost

horizontally before the wind, it rushes against the train, in a dark blast profusely speckled as it were with drifting white feathers. sharp collision, though a harmless one! No wonder that the engine seems to have a fearful cold in his head. No wonder, with a deal of out-door work in suclea winter, that he is very hoarse and very short of breath, very much blown when we come to the next station, and very much given to weeping, snorting and spitting, all the time he stops !

Which is short enough, for these little upstairs stations at the tops of high arches, whence we almost look down the chimneys of scattered workshops, and quite inhale their smoke as it comes puffing at us-these little upstairs stations rarely seem to do much business anywhere, and just now are like suicidal heights to dive from into depths of snow. So, away again over the moor, where the clanking serpents usually writhing above coal-pits, are dormant and whitened over -this being holiday time-but where those grave monsters, the blast-furnaces, which cannot stoop to recreation, are awake and roaring. Now, a smoky village; now, a chimney; now, a dormant scrpent who seems to have of rainbow hues, and going round and round been benumbed in the act of working his in some gorgeously playful manner on a gold way for shelter into the lonely little engineand silver pivot. But, he has changed neither house by the pit's mouthe; now, a pond with his stout great coat, nor his stiff hat, nor his black specks sliding and skating; now, a drift with similar specks half sunken in it throwing snowballs; now, a cold white altar of snow with fire blazing on it; now, a dreary open space of mound and fell, snowed smoothly over, and closed in at last by sullen cities of chimneys. Not altogether agreeable to think of crossing such space without a guide, and being swallowed by a long-abandoned, long-forgotten shaft. Not even agreeable, in this at the railway in the snowy weather, like undermined country, to think of half-a-dozen plethoric old men with white heads. Clean railway arches with the train upon them, linen drying in yards seems ill-washed, against suddenly vanishing through the snow into the excavated depths of a coal-forest.

Snow, wind, ice, and Wolverhampton-all one another's shoulders for the swart ashes together. No carriage at the station, everything snowed up. So much the better. The but snow. Is this the smoke of other chimens, and overclouding the short brightness next? In the market-place. So much the of the day? No. By the North Pole it is better yet, for it is market-day, and there will be the same things to see from the North Pole it. be something to see from the Swan's nest.
Up the streets of Wolverhampton, where

200.

lawyer's office window is appropriately misty, to the market-place; where we find a cheerful bustle and plenty of people—for the most part pretending not to like the snow, but liking it very much, as people generally do. The Swan is a bird of a good substantial brood, worthy to be a country cousin of the hospitable Hen and Chickens, whose company we have deserted for only a few the and with whom we shall roost again at Birmingham to-night. The Swan has bountiful coal-country notions of firing, snug homely rooms, cheerful windows looking down upon the clusters of snowy umbrellas in the market-place, and on the chaffering and chattering which is pleasantly hushed by the thick white down lying co deep, and softly falling still. Neat bright-eyed waitresses do the honors of the Swin. The Swan is confident about its soup, is troubled with no distrust concerning codfish, speaks the word of promise in relation to an enormous chine of roast beef, one of the dishes at "the Ironmasters' dinner," which will be disengaged at four. The Ironmasters' dinner! It has an imposing sound. We think of the Ironmasters joking, drinking to their Ironmistresses, clinking their glasses with a metallic ring, and comporting themselves at the festive board with the might of men who have mastered Iron.

Now for a walk! Not in the direction of the farnaces, which we will see to-night when darkness shall set off the fires; but in the country, with our faces towards Wales. Say, ye hoary finger-posts whereon the name of picturesque old Shrewsbury is written in characters of frost; ye hedges lately bare, that have burst into snowy foliage; ye glittering trees from which the wind blows sparkling dust: ye high drifts by the roadside, which are blue a-top, where ye are seen opposed to the bright red and yellow of the horizon; say all of ye, is summer the only season for enjoyable walks! Answer, roguish crow, alighting on a sheep's back to pluck his wool off for an extra blanket, and skimming away, so black, over the white field; give us your opinion, swinging ale-house signs, and cosey little bars; speak out, farrier's shed with faces all a-glow, fountain of sparks, heaving bellows, and ringing music; tell us, cottage hearths and sprigs of holly in cottage windows; be eloquent h praise of wintry walks, you sudden blasts of wind that pass like shiverings of Nature, you deep Bads, you solid fragements of old hayricks with your fragrance frozen in ! Even you, drivers of toiling carts, conlladen, keeping company together behind your charges, dog-attended and basket-bearing: even you, though it is no easy work to stop, every now and then, and chip the snow away from the clogged wheels with picks will have a fair word to say for winter, whil you not!

the doctor's bright door-plate is dimmed the road, deserted of holiday-makers, and as if Old Winter's breath were on it, and the where the water-mill is frozen up—then turn. As we draw nigh to our bright bind again, the early evening is closing in the cold increases, the snow deadens and darkens, and lights spring up in the sheps. A wet walk, ankle deep in snow the whole way. We must buy some stockings, and borrow the Swan's slippers before dinner:

It is a mercy that we step into the toyshop to buy a pocket-comb too, or the pretty child-customer (as it seems to us, the only other customer the elderly lady of the toyshop has lately had), might have stood divided between the two puzzles at one shilling each, until the putting up of the shutters. But, the incursion of our fiery faces and snowy dresses, coupled with our own individual recommendation of the puzzle on the right hand, happily turn the scale. The best of pocketcombs for a shilling, and now for the stockings. Dibbs "don't keep 'em," though he writes up that he does, and Jibbs is so beleaguered by country people making market-day and Christmas-week purchases, that his shop is choked to the pavement. Mibbs is the man for our money, and Mibbs keeps everything in the stocking line, though he may not exactly know where to find it. However, he finds what we want, in an inaccessible place, after going up ladders for it like a lamplighter; and a very good article it is, and a very civil worthy trader Mibbs is, and may Mibbs increase and multiply! Likewise young Mibbs, unacquainted with the price of anything in stock, and young Mibbs's aunt who attends to the ladies' department.

The Swan is rich in slippers-in those good old flip-flap inn slippers which nobody can keep on, which knock double knocks on every stair as their wearer comes down stairs, and fly away over the banisters before they have brought him to level ground. Wen also is the Swan in wholesome well-cooked dinner, and in tentler chine of beef, so brave in size that the mining of all the powerful Ironmasters is but a sufficient outlet for its gravy. Rich in things wholesome and sound and unpretending is the Swan, except that we would recommend the good bird not to dip its Under the change beak into its sherry. from snow and wind to hot soup, drawn red curtains, fire and candle, we observe our demonstrations at first to be very like the engine's at the little station; but they subside, and we dine vigorously—another tribute to a winter walk !- and finding that the Swan's ideas of something hot to drink are just and laudable, we adopt the same, with emendations (in the matter of lemon chiefly) of which modesty and total abstinence principles forbid the record. Then, thinking drowsily and delightfully of all things that have occurred to us during the last four andtwenty hours, and of most things that have ou not! occurred to us during the last four-and-Down to the solitary factory in the dip of twenty years, we sit in arm chairs, amiably

basking before the fire--playthings for infiney—creatures to be asked a favour of— until aroused by the fragrance of hot tea and muffins. These we have ordered, principally as a perfume.

The bill of the Swan is to be commended as not out of proportion to its plumage; and now, our walking snoes being dried and baked, we must get them on somehow—for the rosy driver with his carriage and pair who is to take us among the fires on the blasted heath by Bilston announces from under a few shawls, and the collars of three or four coats, that we must be going. Away we go, chedient to the summons, and, having taken leave of the lady in the Swan's bar epposite the door, who is almost rustled out of her glass case and blown upstairs whenever the door opens, we are presently in outer darkness grinding the snow.

Soon the fires begin to appear. In all this ashy country, there is still not a cinder visible; in all this land of smoke, not a stain upon the universal white. A very novel and curious sight is presented by the hundreds of great fires blazing in the midst of the cold dead snow. They illuminate it very little. Sometimes, the construction of a furnace, kiln, or chimney, admits of a tinge being thrown upon the pale ground near it; but, generally the fire burns in its own sullen ferocity, and the snow lies impassive and untouched. There is a glare in the sky, flickering now and then over the greater furnaces, but the earth lies stiff in its winding sheet, and the huge corpse candles burning above it affect it no more than of the great truths of science, that learned

Sacrificial altars, varying in size, but all throwing dust in the eyes of the unlearned; gigantic, and all made of ice and snow, clothing the history of their investigations abound. Tongues of flame shoot up from them, in pedantic and technical language. We can and pillars of fire turn and twist upon them, comprehend why the medical man should Fortresses on fire, a whole town in a blaze, Moseow newly kindled, we see fifty times; rattling and crashing noises strike the ear, and the wind is loud. Thus, crushing the snow with our wheels, and sidling over hillocks of it, and sinking into drifts of it, we roll on softly through a forest of conflagration; the rosy-faced driver, concerned for the honor, the slang of each branch of science, by the of his locality, much regretting that many fires, adoption of an arbitrary vocabulary, itself are making holiday to-night, and that we see so few.

Come we at last to the precipitous wooden steps by which we are to be mast-headed at a explanation, concealing their ignorance by railway station. Good night to rosy-face, the cheeriest man we know, and up. Station very guitty, as a general characteristic. Station very dark, the gas being frozen. Station very cold, as any timber cabin suspended in the air with such a wind making lunges at it, would be. Station very dreary, being a station. Man and boy behind money-taking tation of the world, and saw plants-clothing partition, checking accounts, and not able to the whole surface of the globe, in endless unravel a knot of seven and sixpence. Small boy, with a large package on his back, like and the minute duckweed, the backab count-christian with his bundle of sine, sout down ing six thousand years of life, and the fungus

with instructions to "look sharp in delivering that and then cut away back here for another." Second small boy in search of basket for Mr. Brown, unable to believe that it is not there, and that anybody can have dared to disappoint Brown. Six third-class passengers prowling about, and trying in the dim light of one oil lamp to read with interest the dismal time-bills and notices about throwing weeks at trains, upon the walls. Two more, scorching themselves at the rusty stove. Shivering porter going in and out, bell in hand, to look for the train, which is overdue, finally gives it up for the present, and puts down the bell-also the spirits of the passengers. In our own innocence we repeatedly mistake the roaring of the nearest furnace for the approach of the train, run out, and return covered with ignominy. Train in sight at last-but the other train—which don't stop here—and it seems to tear the trembling station limb from limb, as it rushes through. Finally, some half-anhour behind its time through the tussle it has had with the snow, comes our expected engine, shricking with indignation and grief. And as we pull the clean white coverlet over us in bed at Birmingham, we think of the whiteness lying on the broad landscape all around for many a frosty windy mile, and find that it makes bed very comfortable.

LIVES OF PLANTS.

It is unfortunate for the general diffusion colossal tapers of state move dead humanity. Inch have always amused themselves by wish to conceal the nature of his remedies from the nervous patient by using a hieroglyphic to which only the profession possess the key: but it is quite indefensible that interesting and elevating subjects should be rendered unintelligible and repulsive to the mass of readers who have not time to master requiring special study. Although in nature, everything is sublimely simple, the initiated render everything complicated by overlaid formidable words.

As science advances, the tangled web is gradually unravelled. What appeared to beconfused and unconnected, is seen to blend harmoniously in a general action regulated by a common law. Formerly, as the botanist looked around upon the infinitely varied vegeinto the snow an indefinite depth and distance, springing up a night; all varying in conformation, in colour, in size, in duration, in nutritive fluid—an aqueous solution of the ma-every apparent particular; it appeared to terials mentioned. This function cannot be too him altogether hopeless to bring these marvellously different structures under one general law of production and of growth; or to trace the harmony of their functions. But the microscope has brought new eyes to man; and, after years of patient investigation, the great result was obtained which was expressed in a former paper; * that the basis of all the vegetation of the world is a little closed vesicle, composed of a membrane usually transparent and colourless as water; -the vegetable cell. At first, perhaps, this idea, so novel to the botanist of the old school and apparently so opposed to the evidence of the unassisted vision, is difficult to grasp; but when we have satisfied ourselves, as tre easily may, that even the hardest portions of vegetables—such as wood—are capable of being resolved into cells no less than the softest vegetable slime, and that the we begin to comprehend how marvellously simplifies botanical research.

The simple relation thus established throughout the vegetable kingdom, enables us to feduce our investigations to the simplest form, at the same time that we include in them the whole vegetable world. As the bulk of every plant, whether great or small, is only an aggregation of the separate cells; so the life of the whole plant is but the sum of the vitality of each individual cell. Every cell being, in itself, a distinct structure, carrying on independent vital processes, possesses, necessarily, an independent vitality; and thus in studying the life of a plant cell individually, we shall also be contemplating the life of the whole plant. The first necessity of cell-life is, of course, nutrition, and before the cells can be agglutinated together or increased in size, they must receive nourishment from without. The materials for this nourishment are chiefly gases; -carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, of which the

philosophical Schiller sings-

Four elements in one firm band Give form to life, build sta and land.

These four great organic elements the plantcell receives in the form of carbonic acid gas, atmospheric air, water, and ammonia; together with these it takes up certain salts and meetls. The question which here presents itself is, how does this globular vesicle, which has no aperture, obtain these materials of nutrition; or, in other words how do they arrive at the interior of the cell? The first fact to be observed in solving this important problem is, that the cell receives no food which is not dissolved in water. All its notrishment is obtained by the absorption of a

terials mentioned. This function cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind; the passage of nutritive fluid through the walls of the cell is the universal means of growth in both animal and vegetable kingdom; it is a process with the due performance of which the existence of the whole animal and vegetable creation is intimately connected. It depends upon a physical law, with examples of which every one is familiar. If one end of a piece of sponge be immersed in water, the fluid will ascend throughout the cells of the sponge, and will moisten that part which is not so immersed. The same operation may be seen still more rapidly exemplified on dipping & lump of white sugar into water at one extremity. This law holds true of gases; and it explains the process by which the

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plant receives its nourishment.

The nutritive fluid, being brought in contact with the external wall of the cell. processes of production and nutrition are passes in by a process precisely similar to that regulated in both by the same great laws, which was seen in the sponge and the sugar -travelling from one cell to the other until this aphorism of the universality of the cell it permeates the whole plant. And, since the same holds true of gases, the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere is no less active in aiding in the nutrition of the plant than the liquid water which is absorbed by the roots. The plant cell is acted upon by the sun, and we know that it rapidly and largely exhales watery vapour. The process of nutrition is, consequently, continually renewed; heat drawing off a great part of the water, and leaving in the cell the substances which it brought with it. So that the cell-membrane being kept dry by the action of heat while the atmosphere and earth are charged with moisture, it is perpetually absorbing fresh nutritive fluid. This is the reason why the life of most plants is only active during the summer, when, the heat being greatest, evaporation is also greatest, the exhaling organs of the plant are put forth, and the processes of nutrition are vigorously carried on. It has been shown that for every grain of the salts deposited in the plant, two thousand grains of water must be exhaled; and for every grain of other substances two hundred grains of water must be driven off. Now, as this is effected by the agency of heat and light, it is easy to comprehend that in summer the plant is actively nourished, old cells perfected, the secretions of the cell produced, and new cells formed. These new cells spring up between the cortex or bark and the first layer of cells internal to this cortex. It is by their agency that the process of absorption is so rapidly carried on. They receive the raw nutritive fluid, and exert such a chemical influence over it, that whatever remains in the cell is converted into a more highly organised fluid —the sap of the tree—and is absorbed by the inner and dry cells, which form out of this the secretions of the plant. It is this fresh layer of cells which springs up every summer

· See page 354 of the current volume.

in the trees of all but tropical climates, which enables the woodman to name with meering accuracy the age of the forest tree. Until the discovery of the cell as the basis

of all vegetation, and the investigation of the physical laws by which it is governed, the circulation of the sap was formerly quite inexplicable. Botanists conceal their ignorance, by talking learnedly of a mysterious vital action—words without meaning;—and by speaking of the ascent of the sup through certain vessels, and its circulation through the plant, and descent by other vessels, just as the blood is circulated in the body of animals. In plants, this involved a contra-diction of the laws of gravitation, which was got over by calling it a vital action. We no longer acknowledge the possibility of any operation in nature which contravenes the laws established by nature's great Master. The life of the Plant-cell is but a fact of the life of the entire material world, and is subjected to the same organic laws. The discovery of the manner in which the cell absorbs its food, and its relations to heat and light, have harmonised what had been observed of the ascent of the sap during spring with the action of the great physical laws. Look out from the window this wintry day, and observe both plants and trees stripped of their leaves, with nothing but the stems and branches covered by bark or rind remaining. No evaporation is taking place, and, consequently, no absorption; or these processes are carried on to so very slight an extent, as only to suffice to preserve the vitality of the last-formed cells. The plant is hybernating. Its life is dormant. With spring come light and heat —the two great agents in the chemical actions of the cell. Evaporation commences, and with it the absorption of nutritive fluid; fresh cells are rapidly formed, to carry on actively the processes of primary cell-life. Buds sprout forth, leaves are unfolded and exposed to the influence of the sun's rays. These act chemically upon the raw fluid as it passes through them, and thus the interior cells receive a more highly elaborated juice—the sap. It is the passage of this sap through the walls of the Plant-cells that constitutes the ascent of the sap, which takes place in spring, for reasons we can now easily appreciate. The reasons we can now easily appreciate. descent of the sap was a clumsy fiction intended to complete the old theory of its circulation. If, after the water has risen, in the experiment described, to the top of the sponge, and saturated its walls, and falled its interstices, we cut off the upper part and suspend it, the fluid will trickle away dropping from the cut end of the sponge. And if we cut off the part of a branch, of which the cells are filled with sap, and allow the cut end to depend, the sap will exude. But is this a "vital" process either in the sponge or the twig, or is it not merely an instance of the ordinary gravitation of fluids?

the plant into the sap, and their further conversion, by chemical changes, into the secretions of the plant, not only heat, but light is necessary. Heat appears only to act in driving off the water, depositing the dissolved substances. Light seems to give rise to the chemical processes by which these substances are made to undergo changes which fit them for the immediate purposes of vegetable and animal life. If a plant be placed in a dark cellar, although to may be surrounded with an atmosphere well supplied with all the materials of nutrition, it will not be neurished; for the processes of cell-life will not be carried on. Carbonic acid will not be decomposed, nor oxygen given off. The plant will not grow. But admit the light, and it will grow. Meprived of a due supply of light, the plant languishes, and the cell carries on but feebly all its vital functions; it becomes pale and colourless, neither developing its colouring matter, nor any of its special secretions. gardener has availed himself of this fact: and by moderating the supply of light to the growing parsley or celery, checks the development of otherwise poisonous secretions. Light is the great agent by which is effected the chemical change of the materials of the Plantcell into starch, and sugar, and albumen, and

Science has divided the rays of the sun into blue, red, and yellow, to each of which different actions are ascribed. To these influences the term Actinism has been given. The relations which they have been shown to hold to the Plant-cell are very simple and very beautiful. Experimental research has proved that the blue rays are those most favourable to germination, the yellow rays to the production of leaves, and the red rays to the perfection of the fruits. Further experiments have shown that, in accordance with these requirements of the plant, it is in spring, when germination is taking plaze, that the blue rays abound; it is in summer, when the plant is clothing itself with leaves, that the yellow rays are most abundant; and it is in autumn, when the fruit is ripening, that the red rays predominate.

We must guard ourselves from the absurdity of supposing that this is ordained with a special view to the well-being of the plant only. We see here only one of the innumerable instances which nature affords of the marvellous harmony of all the great operations of the world's forces, unanimously bearing witness to the omniscience of the Mighty Designer.

Tracing the history of cell-life, we have seen that the first function of the cell is to absorb the raw nutritive fluid; the second is to form out of the sap the peculiar secretions of the plant. At this stage man enters the field; he converts the plant to his uses; feeds n the materials it prepares for him, and thus builds up the structure of his body; and not only man, but all the graminivorous division For the alteration of the raw materials of of the animal world. The number of vegetable

feeders can hardly be estimated: the insect world alone has been calculated to contain five hundred and sixty thousand species of insects, of which the greater number feed on Thus man and the whole animal world derive their nourishment from the elements abstracted by the Plant-cell from the air. Were not the elements so abstracted in some way restored, this enormous drain of certain materials must speedily have worked a change on the face of the earth such as would have unfitted it for the purposes of animal and vegetable life. But ample provision is made; when life ceases in the animal, his organism becomes resolved into the original materials out of which the plant first was formed, and through it the animal. Carbonic acid gas, ammonia and water are given off, again to be absorbed by the Plantcell, again to become the food of the animal and form part of his structure, again to pass through the never-ending changes of material existence, revolving through all earthly time in ceaseless circles of vital action. The truth thus arrived at throws a new light upon he liked." Notwithstanding this Bacchie the words "From dust hast thou come and judgment, Jacob Everett was a good man; to dust shalt thou return." It adds fresh weak, perhaps, but lovable in his very weaksublimity to them. We return to dust; our ness; sincere, gentle, generous, merciful; ashes are scattered abroad to the winds, over puritanical in principle, but—as his younger the surface of the earth; but we know now brother, the archdeacon, once said in full that this dust is not inactive: its term of vestry, when Jacob opposed him about the existence ends not here. It rises to walk penalice of Hannah Brown—"sadly latitudithe earth again; to aid perhaps in peopling narian in practice." Jacob, however, who loved the globe with fresh forms of beauty; to mercy and hated condemnation, went on his assist in the performance of the vital pro- own way, opening a wide door of forgiveness cesses of the universe; to take a part in the to all sinners; closing to a narrow chink the the parent of life."

" Nothing of us that doth fade But doth suffer a slow change · Into something rich and strange."

Regarding the action of the cell from this wide point of view we arrive at a true estimate abasement in velvet; who denounced the of the nature of its functions. We see that the lusts of the flesh at state dinner-parties, over vegetable organism, is a capability of altering who entered a theatre or a ball-room. They and modifying the forms and combinations of already existing matter. We see that neither and patronised oratorios. They thought it plant nor animal can create anything, neither sinful to be in love, and called it making can they annihilate: they can add nothing away the minutest particle. By a marvellous power, which we admire without being able to instate, the vegetable produces its approprinte secretions by modifying certain marials, and the animal organisation constructs from these its own tissues; but neither plant nor animal can make or destroy one single atom of oxygen, or hydrogen, or carbon; they have no power beyond modification.

of human science, and stand in the presence tive. Miss Tubitla accepted her husband,

of the Almighty Maker of all things whom alone rests the power of creation annihilation.

PHARISEES AND SINNERS.

He was the saint of the family, and the model man of the neighbourhood. There was not a charity that he did not subscribe to, not a deputation that he did not entertain—and they were hungry fellows generally, who knew the comforting virtues of his choice Madeira-he founded Sunday-schools and Chapels-of-Ease as other men would build barns, and he was the public purse of all the ten parishes round. The poor called him a real gentleman, and the ungodly a fine fellow; while the elect looked solemn, and spoke of "that pious man, Jacob Everett;" through their noses for the most part. No one had an ill word for him; excepting the landlord of the Grapes, who declared with a mighty oath that he was the "pest of the place, and would ruin all Green Grove if he was left to do as world's life. In this sense the words of yawning gates of destruction which his bro-Goethe are strictly applicable - "Death is ther swung back wide enough for all mankind; saving the small band of the elect to which he and his belonged.

The family was proud of Jacob. He was an old bachelor and rich; and the Everetts—albeit of the rigidest—liked wealth and benouned pedigrees. They were grand people, who practised humility in coaches, and selfonly power which it possesses, as the artificer, champagne and pine apples; but who believed under God's great laws, of all animal and that eternal punishment was the doom of all idols-so they married their children comto the world's materials, nor can they take fortably among godly families with money, away the minutest particle. By a marvellous and told them that esteem was better than romance. Miss Tabitha Everett was once suspected of a tender partiality for young Ma. Aldridge of Aldridge Park; but the family hushed it up as a scandal, for unconverted Mr. Aldridge kept a pack of hounds. Afterwards, they married her to the Rector of Green Grove, the Honourable and Reverend Humdrummle Hibbert, eldest son of the We must tread here with reverential steps | Dean, and heir to an un-apostolic fortune. for we have reached the utmost boundaries | The Everetts were exceedingly undemonstra-

and, concealing her feelings, made a very good wife. For marriage was not their forte. Not an Everett was ever known to stoop down to kiss a husband's forehead as he sat before the fire reading; not an Everett was ever known to talk nonsense in the nursery -neither to ride a cock-horse nor to bewail the fate of Humpty Dumpty, neither to rocka-by-baby on a tree top, nor to perform a monody in A minor, all about "Kiddlie, Coosie, Coosie, Coo"-a song I once heard from a dear young mother, and which I thought the most beautiful of songs. The Everetts were not given to any such follies; excepting Jacob, who loved children as they would be loved, and who used to play at bo-peep with the cottagers' babies.

Some years ago-just at the time when pretty Anna Fay, the Sunday-school mistress, so suddenly left Green Grove—a strange alteration took place in Jacob Everett. His cheerfulness, which had been his strongest characteristic, was exchanged for the most painful depression. He talked frequently of his sins, and gave more liberally than ever to missions and charities. His friends could not understand this depression; which, at last, became habitual. He gave them no clue to it; but, with scarcely a day's warning, he left home to travel in the south of Europe. He had been looking ill and more than ever harassed of late; and every one said, it was the best thing he could do, great as would be everybody's loss. His sister Tabitha alone objected. on the score of the Jesuits. However, Jacob went; discharging all his servants and shutting up the beautiful old Hall. To the infinite surprise of everybody, he openly and unblushingly (ook from the neighbouring village a certain Betty Thorne, a fine, handsome Roman looking woman, a farmer's sister, aged And Betty Thorne travelled about forty. with him in his own carriage.

Five years passed away, and Jacob's letters became rarer and more rare. He wrote ever in the same depressed condition of mind: spoke often of "Good Betty Thorne, who had been such a blessed comfort to him," and hinted vaguely at some unforgiven sin. Then hinted vaguely at some unforgiven sin. for two years more no letters came, even in answer to business inquiries; and all trace of the traveller was lost. His very bankers did not know his address, and "Sardinia" left wide margins. Mrs. Hibbert one day grew quite warm when she spoke of his neglect with Paul and Jessie, her two children; almost agreeing that Paul, poor child—who, by the way, was three-and-twenty, destined for the church but preferring the army, and so making a compromise by studying for the bar-that Paul should go to Italy in search of his Uncle Jacob. But the Jesuits and the Signoras frightened her. And while their deliberations went on, a letter came to Mrs. Hibbert sealed with black and written with copper-coloured ink; which you and your cousins of your rightful inherit-letter was from Betty Thorne, tolling her ance; who is a stain on an unspotted name,

"that her honoured master irad gone to rest the seventh of this September last past, and that the letter would tell her gracious madam all about it."

The letter enclosed was from Jacob Everett himself, revealing the mystery of his life.

Oh Anna Fay! with your nut-brown hair and quaker eyes, and dove-like ways, who would have believed that you, so good and so demure, with Jacob the best man of Green Grove, would have given such a hostage as that round red laughing loving little being -that floweret plucked in a forbidden forest; that unauthorised, unsanctioned, unlawful little liege—Estella, "star of your mourning!" God forgive you both. You sinned; and you suffered; you fell, and you repented; perhaps your burning tears and your prayers of penitence and grief may have effaced the dark record in the Great Book above. You are both cold in your tombs now-Heaven's mercy rest on you, and Heaven's angels restore you! There are enough in this hard world to cast stones at you both; for us, we will but water the flowers on your graves, and pluck up the weeds, and place a headstone where ye lie, with "There is joy among the angels of God over the sinner that repenteth, engraven thereupon.

In this letter to his sister, Jacob made a full confession; telling her that, shocked and terrified at his crime, he had sent away Anna Fay, who refused to marry him as he wished, and how she had lived in Italy ever since—he, Jacob, feeling that entire separation, though they loved seach other well, was the only reparation they could make to Heaven; and how, five years ago, she had died, leaving their child without a friend or protector in the world. How he had then gone over with Betty Thorne, to whom he had somitted his country to gone a character his confided his secret, to guard and educate his girl; which he had done carefully. He then ended by appointing Tabitha guardian and sole trustee of his daughter, now seventeen years of age; for, to his child he left all his property, excepting a generous donation to Betty Thorne. He further said that a bequest made so solemnly as this of his orphan child on his deathbed, would, he was sure, be regarded as sacred; and that Estella would be All his nurtured carefully for his sake. usual subscriptions, and a certain yearly allowance of which we shall have to speak presently, were to be continued until Estella would be of age, when she would consult her father's memory and her own feelings only.

It took but little time for Mrs. Hibbert to reflect on her course of action. Paul and Jessie, impulsive as all young people are, pleaded instant adoption of the child, and of Betty Thorne, too; but Tabitha Hibbert, wounded in her family pride, in her religious conscience, and in her worldly ambition, turned coldly to her

and who damages our religious character for ever shall never darken my threshold. I refuse to act as guardian or trustee. Entreaty is useless, Jessie! I am a Christian woman and a mother, and I understand my duties."

So Betty Thome was written to, and "all recognition of that unhappy girl" distinctly declined ; coupled with a severe warning which sounded very like a threat, to "sell the Hall when she came of age, and never dare to intrude herself among the members of a family which disowned her as a disgrace." After Mrs. Hibbert had written this letter, she read, as was her daily wont, the lesson of the day. It chanced to be the history of the Magdalene, her sins, and her pardon. But she made no comment, though Paul and Ucssie looked at each other—the girl's pale eyes full of tears, and the youth's cheek crimson.

Months and years rolled by; and Jacob's name was never mentioned, neither was his sin, neither were his good works. The beautiful old Hall was still shut up, until Estella should be of age, and the donations and subscriptions were punctually remitted; Betty Thorne writing all the letters in the name of Master's

Heiress. There was a certain yearly allowance made by Jacob to a certain widow with five children-a Mrs. Malahide, relict of Captain Malahide of the Fourth Engineers. She was an Everett-Miss Grace Everett-who had eloped one day with a scampish young pretty little house on the sea-shore, occupy-officer with nothing but his pay, and who ing herself with the education of her four had consequently been disinherited by her father. She was the youngest, and hall been the darling; but she had lost herself now, they said; and so, though not wholly dead to, she was partially excommunicate by, the family. Jacob, as head of the house since his father's death, had always given Mrs. Malahide an allowance, with the consent of Mrs. Hibbert and the archdeacon; to whom it was a matter of pride rather than of love that an Everett should not starve. But for themselves—Grace had married a poor man and an unconverted one, and what claim had she, therefore, on them ? So, the archdeacon drove his prancing bays, and Mrs. Hibbert bought her Lyons velvets, and they both said that Mrs. Malahide was only too fortunate in having such a will should be continued, until Estella was of age, but which then she was free to discontinue or keep up as she liked.

Mrs. Hibbert had not remembered this clause when she refused to accept the trust confided to her. Perhaps if she had, she would have acted differently, from family interests. For the Everetts dare not, for the which the existence of Miss Fay's daughter

either support Grace themselves, or suffer an. additional family degradation in her poverty. Neither of which alternatives pleased them. However, the matter as yet was in abeyance; but soon to be settled; for the year wanted only six or seven months of completion which would see Estella of age, mistress of the Hall, and of her father's wealth. And Mrs. Hibbert groaned, and the archdeacon shook his stick, and something very like an anathema flew across the seas to rest on the bright head of the young girl sitting in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal at Venice, thinking of the mother she had loved, and of the father she had lost.

This young girl leading the secluded life of a foreign damsel; seeing no one but her faithful English nurse and the various mistresses of such accomplishments as her father, had desired her to learn, and her own artistic taste had directed her to; living in a world of poetry of her own creation, her full heart yearning for love and sympathy, and companionship; her imagination filled with great visions of her mother's home, of that large strong England whose voice sounded through the whole world, and whose sons held sway in every quarter of the globe; this young girl stored up large treasuries of poetry and affection, all the purer because of their depth, all the more enduring because of their unuse.

Mrs. Malahide lived at Brighton in a ing herself with the education of her four daughters—her only son was at Cambridge in quite a natural and un-Everett fashion. Not that she was wholly natural either; for inherited reserve and early education were too strong to be set aside, even by the freer life she had led since her marriage. There were still traces of Green Grove in the precise slow manner in which she spoke, and in the stiff hand held out like a cleft bar of iron, which formed the chief characteristics of the Everett world. But she was a good creature at heart, and had been softened, first by love and then by sorrow, into more real amiability than her rigid manners would give one to believe.

It was to Mrs. Malahide that all Estella's feelings turned. She knew the secret of her birth, poor child; and though too ignorant of devoted brother as Jacob, and that her sins the world to understand it in all its social had merited her sufferings. This was the bearing, yet she was aware that a stain of some allowance which Jacob had desired in his kind rested on her, which made her grateful for any love as for an act of condescension. She knew that her father's family had disowned her, and that the very woman who had lived on her father's bounty, and who now expected to live on hers, had written in a letter to her lawyers, thus:—"No one can feel more strongly than I the sin and the shame sake of the world's opinion, wholly desert entails on our family; still, for the sake of sister of their house; and if Jacob's five my children, I trust that she may continue hundred a-year were withdrawn, they must the allowance made to me by my brother in

reparation of my father's injustice, and that, in so doing, she will not fell she is conferring a benefit, but simply doing her duty in repairing, so far as she can, the wrong which her birth has done to us all."

But, although Estella knew that these were the proud and hostile feelings with which the whole Everett world regarded her, yet, as she used to say to herself, whom else had she to love ?-whom else to benefit ? Her father had left her his fortune and his name; she must see the old Hall at Green-Grove; she must some day go down there as mistress, sole and unaccountable, of all the farms and lands around; and, do what they would, they could not keep it secret from the world that Jacob Everett had left his property and his name kind, all very stiff and formal, and to the child of his unmarried wife. She pitied with no evidence of life or artistic taste to the child of his unmarried wife. She pitied them; she would have pitied them more had she understood the matter more; but she knew of nothing better to do than to win their love and conquer their esteem, and so make them forgive her for her unintentional wrong towards them.

find some means of introduction to her; and, she said, looking on to the waters of in with its poetry. In a short while a lady the Adriatic, force her aunt to respect, to love, and in the end to acknowledge her. The scheme was romantic enough; but it did not promise badly. Estella and Betty Thorne left beautiful Italy, and went, in the dull autumn months, to Brighton.

It took a little time before she and her faithful nurse settled themselves, and then a little time longer before she discovered Mrs. Malahide's address. Then she had to make her plans and determine on her point of attack; for a thing of such gravity, she thought, was not to be done in a hurry. She felt frightened now, that the time had really come where she was to see and be seen by her father's family, and she almost wished she had remained in Italy. She felt strange too in England. Everything was cold and formal. The language sounded harsh, spoken all round her with gruff, rough voices and ungraceful accents; the houses looked small and mean after the glorious marble palaces of Italy; and the people were strangely dressed in shabby finery—lirty bonnets in place of the white veil of Genoa, the simple flower of the Mediterranean coast, and the picturesque head-dresses of Italy; trailing gowns, with flounces dragging in the mud, worn by women who, in her own country, would have been dressed in peasant's costume, graceful and distinctive—all was so strange that Estella felt lost and miserable, and wished herself back among the orange trees again, far away from a land with which she had not learnt to be familiar in its familiar features, and whose industrial grandeur seemed to diminish as she approached it. For, ideal admiration does not go very far in daily life.

and one day boldly went to Mrs. Malahide's house. She knocked at the door, which a prim, neat-looking servant girl opened. To her inquiry if "Mrs. Malahide was in her own house,"—for Estella did not speak English with a perfect knowledge of its idiomsthe servant, with a broad stare, said "yes," a vague belief that she was somebody very improper crossing her brain.

Estella was usbered into a prim room, with the chairs, and the sofa, and the curtains. done up in brown holland: no fire in the grate, and girl's work all about — Berlin worsted mats netted, knitted and crocheted, and embroidered blotting-books of faded among them. Estella's heart sank when she looked round this cold lifeless room, so different to the Italian homes of pictures, and birds, and living genus of art; but she resolved to bear up against the chilling influences pressing on her, and to be brave She, therefore, determined to go to Brighton, and constant to herself; no little merit in a where she knew Mrs. Malahide resided; to girl brought up in Italy, where but little find some means of introduction to her; of the moral steadfastness of life is braided entered, dressed in deep mourning, her face fixed into a mask of severe grief, but still with a certain womanly tenderness lurking behind, like the light through a darkened window. She bowed; looking suspicious and a little stern, standing erect by the

"You do not know me, Madam?" said Estella, her soft voice, with its pretty foreign

accent, trembling.
"I do not," answered Mrs. Malahide,

coldly.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "And I am afraid I shall not be welcome when you do know me," she said timidly. "I am you do know me," she said timidly. Estella Everett."

Mrs. Malahide started. "Impudent! forward! presumptuous! here in my very house!" she thought this, strongly agitated; and moved to the tireplace, to ring the bell.

Estella went nearer to her, and laid her hand on her arm. "Do not send me away without hearing me," she said plaintively; "for, indeed, I have only come in kindliness and love."

Her pure young voice touched the woman's heart in spite of herself. She dropped the hand outstretched, and, pointing to a chair, said, "What is it you have to say?" in a wice still cold, yet with a shade less sharpness in it.

"I have come to you, Madam," began Estella, "that I might see some one who knew my father, and some one that he loved and belonged to. I am very lonely, now that he has gene, with all of you disowning me; but I thought that you, who had seen more sorrow than the others, would have more sym-At last, Estella took heart and courage, pathy with me than they; for sorrow brings

to Brighton from Venice on purpose to see again and blessed her. you and the children, that I might make you love and adopt me among you. And now, she added, her full heaft swelling with its old hope of love, "you will not turn me away from your heart? You will not forbid my cousins to love me? If I have injured you by my birth-and, dear Aunt, it was not my own fault-I will make up for it in the best way I can, and prove to you my love for my father by loving you. I want some one to be kind to me, and some one, Aunt, that I can be kind to and love. I am rich, and I want some near one to share my riches, and not! strangers; I want one of my own blood, one of my own kindred. I want you and your she arrived at Brighton with her daughter, children, Aunt Grace, and you will give them to me!"

Mrs. Malabide into almost a smile—a smile rules of perspective to a third, and exwhich, when just born around the corners of plaining the meaning of architecture to her mouth, Estelia caught like a ray of light. a fourth, she neither asked her name nor Young and impulsive, she ran up to her dreamed of her condition; but treated her as

was thawed in Mrs. Malahide, and the iron matter was dropped. bond of reserve which had so long unnaturally held it prisoner, gave way. She laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, she looked her trankly in the eyes. Tears came into her own. She remembered the time when she was young and impulsive-when love formed her life too, and when loneliness and want of love were death. She stooped down, half unconsciously, and kissed the face upturning to hers, murmuring, "My poor desolate child!"

Estella felt as if a volume had been said between them-as if a life had been written in one motherly caress. She cried for joy—she sobbed—she kissed her Aunt's cold hands, called her carissima and carina, and poured out a flood of gratitude and love, half in Italian and half in bad English, sweeping away all power of resistance in the living force of her own tenderness. All was over. Little impulsive as was any true born Everett, there was that in Estella which no one could withstand—such depth, such gentleness, such fervour, such childish faith! And although she was by birth so highly objectionable, and albeit she had been brought up abroad, and was therefore only half an Englishwoman, the truth and trust of her nature were stronger giving way for once to her win instincts, she of her lite were slowly evaporating; as if she

hearts very near! And so, Aunt Grace, I came folded the girl to her heart, and kissed her

Jessie Hibbert was delicate. ordered to the sea-side; and Brighton being convenient on many accounts, Mrs. Hibbert took her there, notwithstanding the presence of Mrs. Malahide, who was rather "cut" than . sought after by the family. So, she packed up a carpet-bag full of tracts; and, it being Paul's vacation time, they all went down together—poor Jessie growing paler and paler every day. Mrs. Hibbert had heard nothing of Estella. The correspondence between herand her sister was too slight and formal to suffer them to enter into details; and when and saw a tall, graceful, foreign-looking girl among the Malahide girls, teaching one This simple, unworldly outpouring, softened Italian and another singing, showing the Aunt, and, flinging herselt on her knees by the Hibbert world in England does treat her side, putting her arms round her, said, governesses — with silence and contempt, "You are going to love me, Aunt Grace? passing her by as something too low to And you will let me love you and the demand the rights of courtesy. Estella, children?" holding up her face to be kissed. frightened at Mrs. Hibbert's iron severity, She looked so lovely, with ner beautiful prayer Mrs. Malahude was only or grey eyes which had their mother's depth, and softness, and lustre—with her bright to comply with. Once, indeed, Mrs. Hibbert to comply with off her low white brow—e8ndescended to say, "You seem to have been depth off her low white brow—e8ndescended to say, "You seem to have parted—her caressing ways, which had all the Mrs. Malahide," in an acid tone, that seemed grace and warmth of Italy—her voice so soft to end the matter and ask no confirmation. Mrs. Malabide," in an acid tone, that seemed and musical-that the frozen Everett soul So, Mrs. Malahide made no reply, and the

Estella sat among the children like a young Madonna-with such a prodigality of generous giving-both of love and mental wealth, both of worldly gifts and intellectual advantages -she was so fond, so devoted, so happy in the joys of others, so penetrated with lovethat even Mrs. Hibbert watched her with a strange kind of interest, as if a new experience were laid out before her. Jessie clung to Estella as to a sister, happy only in her society, and seeming to feel for the first time in her life what was the reality of affection; and Paul treated her, now as a princess and now as a child, now with a tender reverence that was most beautiful and touching, and now with a certain manly petulance and tyranny. They both loved her with all their hearts, and were never happy away from her.

Jessie grew paler and paler every day; she was thin, and had a transparency in her/ flesh painfully eloquent; her slight hands showed the daylight almost purely through, and her eyes were large and hollow-like white of them pearl-coloured and clear. She complained little: suffering no pain, and dying away one scarcely knew why. There was a general look of fading, and a show of than even Mrs. Malahide's prejudices; so, lassitude and weakness, as if the essence

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were resolving back to the ethereal elements which had met together for a brief season in her. She was dying, she often said, from the desire to die; from the want of motive of life; she had nothing to live for.

Mrs. Hibbert nursed her daughter as any such woman would nurse a fading girlwith conscientiousness, but with hardness; doing her duty, but doing it without a shadow She had the best advice of tenderness. Brighton could afford, and she took care that the medicines were given at the exact hours prescribed, and without a fraction of differ-. ence in the mode prescribed. Fruit and good books were there in abundance; but all

wanted the living spirit.

On Estella the weight of consolation fell, and no one could have fulfilled its duties It was the spring time now, and she would go out into the fields and lanes, and bring home large bunches of forget-me-nots, and primroses, and daisies, with sprays of the wild rose and of the honeysuckle; and she sang to the dying girl, and sometimes brought her sketching-book and sketched the costumes of Italy, the palaces of Genoa, and the gloriou and talk to her of Italy, and tell her all that would most interest her, being most unlike the life of home. And she would tell her of the sunlight streaming in through the anecdotes of Italian history and wild stories open window. of Italian romance; and then they would! soon be face to face with the great mysteries of the future, and would soon know of what golden atmosphere of religion, in which art and spiritual beauty, and spiritual purity, and poetry and love were twined as silver cords set round with pearls-all that lightened Jessie's death-bed, and seemed to give a voice to her own dumb thoughts, a form to her own unshaped feelings, Estella shed there.

It was impossible that even the Everett world could reject her for ever. It was impossible that even Mrs. Hibbert could continue indifferent to the beautiful young woman who gave peace to her dying child; and though the fact of Miss Este, as she was called, being her disowned niece Estella, never struck her, something that was not all confessed admiration, but which afterwards she believed to be natural instinct, drew her nearer and nearer to the girl, and made her at last love her with sincerity if not with warmth. And when Jessie grew paler and weaker hour by hour-when every one saw that she was dying, and that only a few that she was dying, and that only a few days more stood like dusky spirits between her and the quiet future—when Estella's Old Nick himself has passed this way, prayers were for peace: no longer for the With Death besid on his horse of grey!

restoration which had become a mockerywhen sleepless eyes and haggard looks spoke of the shadow of the death that was striding on—then Jessie, taking Estella's hand and laying it in her mother's, said, "Mamma, you have another daughter now to fill my place ! Estella, your niece and my sweet sister and consolation, will comfort you when I am gone, and will take the place in your heart where I have lived."

It was too solemn a homent, then, for Mrs. Hibbert to fall back into her old fortress of pride and hardness. By the side of her dying child, she became womanly and Christian; although, even then, the struggle was a hard one, and the effort cost her dear. She bent over Estella, kneeling there and weeping, and. saving slowly and with a still gravity not wholly ungentle, "I accept the trust now, Estella, and forgive your father for the sin he committed and for the shame that he wrought. Your place shall be, as my dear child has said, in my heart; and we will mutually forgive, and pray to be forgiven."

Jessie smiled. "That is all I have hoped and

prayed for," she said faintly; "be a mother to water-streets of Venice; and she would sit her as you have been to me, and let the future make up for the short-coming of the past!" And she turned her face towards the last rays

A bird sang on a tree just opposite; the talk of graver things—of the poetry of the waves murmured pleasantly among the Old Church, of its power in the past, of its shells and seaweed on the shore; the sun, marvellous union of wickedness and virtue; sinking down in his golden sleep, flung one and then they would speak of the angels and last stream of glory on the marble brow and of God; and both felt that one of them would long locks of the dying girl. It was a word of blessing for the past, and of baptism Jessie held her mother's for the future. nature were the secrets of the world to come. hand in one of hers; the other clasped Paul's And all of poetry, of warmth, of glorious and Estella's held together. "Blessed by vision, and high souled thought—all of the love," she murmured, "redeemed by love— O God, save those who trust in thee, and for thy sake pardon others—Thou, whose name and essence are love and mercy!"

THE GOBLINS OF THE MARSH. A MASOUE.

Scene.—Some low, watery grounds to the East of London. Twilight: heavy fogs rising. Screral Juck-o'-Lanthorns, each animated by a Goblin, flickering about the recdy pools.

> FIRST GOBLIN, . Who is some way apart from the rest.

What a sweet night to be gadding about! The sun is low, and the light 's nearly out; The mists are thick, and slow, and leaden, And through them the marsh-fires quiver and redden Over the pools where the mosses deaden. -Ho, ho, ye fellows, dancing and shaking In the crawling steam which the swamp is tanking, Come here! Here's a pool that's fifthy and dun

Salt Server - Enter several Godines from different parts of the Marsh. 13.54

SECOND GOBLIN.

Good evening, brother! The fogs are rick With the racy flavour of pond and ditch, And heavy with substance they have gotten From the founday waters dead and rotten .-That was a noble fog last night! It struck the white moon sanguine-bright, Then muffled it up, like a corpse, from sight.

TRIED GOBLIN.

'Twas graid to see the vapours creeping, Like ghosts, through London streets, and steeping The houses all in a poisonous weeping! Over the town I flew about, To hear the people swear and shout And cough and sneeze in echoing chorus; And, by the mother-fen that bore us, The same good sport this night's before us. The lazy mist spread over all,
And stood in the highways like a wall,
Except when against the links it broke, And boiled away in a golden smoke. -I saw two boys to the 'spitals led, With fractured limbs and wounds that bled : A woman lay on the kerb-stones, dead, And a wheel went over an old man's head.

FOURTH GOBLIN.

I slid from the outer cold and gloom Into a sick man's curtained room, And shook from my wings a guawing damp : Straightway he leapt and roured with cramp.

FIFTH GOBLIN.

I listened in the air aloft. And heard how some one cough'd and cough'd: I crawl'd through a cranny-stole nigher and nigher-And gripped him as he sat by the fire. One might have thought he had felt grim Death, To see him fight and catch for breath.

SIXTH GOBLIN.

There is a girl whose parents pine Because she wastes in a quick decline. The crimson fire that lights her cheek Will have burnt her op in another week; For every night like a toad I crouch Beside her hot and feverish couch, And stab her lungs with misty spears Forged at evening from the meres.

SEVENTH GOBLIN.

At the hithermost outskirts of the town. I have struck to-day a hundred down With ague-fits, and palsied shakings, And many sharp and dolorous achings. In wretched huts by stagnant ditches, They mutter and jerk like a tribe of witches: Three in a room, you may see them lie, With faces blue as a frosty sky. Tis droll to watch them nodding their heads At one another out of their beds!

EIGHTH GOBLIN.

I, on the vapour's stinging points, Enter between and wring the joints, Till, in their bare and windy attics, The old folks curse their fierce "rheimatics." They have about the sinking efficers, hoperfor.
And swear the manufic are all Recembers we they
Then house thembelves with a mondy grin, in part-And scorek their bloods with the fire of gip. wild

NINTH GOBLIN.

At the head of a great and chosen legion, I scour about the neighbouring region. . The sodden walls of the houses crumble To dust wherever we gnawand mumble; But the writhen sallows, alders, and ashes, That drowse and shiver about the plashes, Or loll like a set of idle drabs Over the black and recking slabs, We feed with moisture rich and dark, And clothe with an oozy green their bark. You may hear their clamorous priests, the frogs, Singing our praise from the dainty bogs.

FIRST GOBLIN.

A merry life have we led out here! But the end, alas! is drawing near. These fens, which so long we have based our joys on, Some meddlers would rob of their death-dealing

And crown the rich earth with its natural foison. We have but short time longer to slay :-To work, then, quickly, while yet you may ! Livery one to his separate way !

[They glide off in various directions.

HALF-A-DOZEN LEECHES.

A LEECH is a very odd creature, having idiasyncracies which have given him great fame in the world. He belongs to the silkworm order of beings, in so far as he comes forth from a cocoon or little habitation of filaments. But how unlike a silk-worm in manners and customs, habits and tastes! He fastens upon his brother animals, and does not leave them until they become a little lighter than before; and one particular kind, the horse-leech, when he can get access to another particular kind, the medicinal-leech, makes little ceremony with him, but sicks him in whole. It is not on the battles of the leeches, however, that we would lecture, nor on their medico-chirurgical management; what we desire is, to pay a little attention to two or three addities about leeches; oddities which are, perhaps, not generally known to leech-users, but which are none the less old for that.

The first oddity relates to the mode of fishing. If what we read about the Brienne leech fishing is to be relied on, then do we, most certainly, not envy the leech fishers. The country about La Bricnne is very dull and uninteresting; and the people look very taiserable—as they well may do. Walking about in that district, you are pretty certain to meet, here and there, with a man, pale, and straight haired, wearing a woollen cap on his head, and having his legs and arms bare. He walks along the borders of a marsh, among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vege-tation spems to preserve the subjacent soil

undisturbed ... This man—woe-begone aspect, hollow eyes, livid lips—is a leech fisher; and from his singular gestures you would take him for a patient who had left his sick bed in a fit of delirium; for you observe him, every now and then, raising his legs and examining them one after the other. While he is moving about on his slimy pleasure ground, the leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet: he feels their presence by their bite, and he picks them off his legs one by one. The leeches are sometimes found by him, also, revelling in the verdant mud, or swimming about, or clustering about the roots of the bulrushes and sea-weeds, or sheltered beneath stones covered with green and gluey moss; and he keeps a sharp look-out one of the countries which insists upon having for them in all these localities. The fisher fine large fat leeches. They have a good with which he craftily deposits savory morsels of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches; and when they have been taken in and done for, by being decoyed to this bait, they very soon find themselves in a little vessel half-full of water, which the fisher carries with him, whence they are transferred to a bag carried over his shoulder, which bag frequently becomes enriched with a gross of leeches in three or four hours.

much worse. In summer, the leeches choose to disport themselves in deep water, and must not be so soft as to permit the thither the fisher must follow them. No leeches to wriggle away altogether. Tall comfortable waterproofs, or oil-skins, or diving-dresses; the man strips, and in he goes, to give the precious leeches an opportunity to fasten upon his body or legs, or allow him to snatch them in any way that offers; or he sometimes sits on a trail kind of raft, and looks out for the leeches which may happen to be floating near the surface, or which

get entangled in the structure of his raft.

Poor fellows! It is a desperate trade. They are constantly, more or less, in the water; breathing fog, and mist, and mephitic odours from the marsh: whence they are often attacked with ague, catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge in strong liquors to keep off the noxious influence. And yet, like many dirty trades in London, leech fishing is sedulously followed because it is lucrative. Dealers or traders come round lucrative. occasionally, and buy up the produce of the fishery; taking their departure with many thousand leeches in their possession. The dealer buys the leeches just as they present themselves, big and little, green and black: and places them in a moistened sack, which be fastens behind his saddle; but he afterwards sorts them into various qualities for the market.

Leeches, like Smithfield cattle at Christmas, water which had become stagnant and impure. are fattened for the market, to give them strong. The Smyrniotes have very ingeniously reand lusty propensities in respect to their solved, therefore, to prepare a special kind of

subsequent sanguinary career. An Englishman who visited Sniyrna three or four years ago was surprised to find a large leechfattening establishment, about a mile out of the town. The leeches are collected from marshes in the interior of Asia Minor, in the same manner as at Brienne, namely, every man his own ground-bait: the fisher stripping, plunging into the water, kicking and splashing to attract the attention of the leeches, and finally emerging studded with these black jewels on his naked flesh. He takes them to the fattening establishment, and sells them by weight, at so much per ok (a Turkish weight of something less than three pounds). They are sorted into sizes, England being • has sometimes a kind of spear or harpoon hearty initiatory meal, by being plunged into a tub of ox-blood; and then they are doctored, like gastronomists elsewhere. They are next weighed, and are transferred to ponds, each pond appropriated to a particular size or weight. There is a rapid brook running past the establishment, and a deep reservoir in which to store water from this brook; these are for feeding nearly twenty ponds, each measuring about sixty feet by twenty-five. We may guess, therefore, that the establishment is altogether too large to be treated dis-All this belongs to the spring system of respectfully. The ponds require very careful leech fishing; but, in the summer, matters are, management; for while each must be a miniature marsh, muddy and slimy, the bed top-spreading canes are planted, to protect the water from the summer heat; and a peculiar water-grass is planted also. ponds are crossed by plank bridges, to facilitate the supervision; for occasional drainings and cleanings and beatings of the bed. The leeches fatten in periods varying from fifteen to thirty days, according to the seasons. When plumped up to the proper degree of sanguivorous beauty, they are fished up; and this is done in a much more rational way than by the original fishers. Flat boards with cloth nailed to the under side are splashed violently down upon the water; the leeches swim up to see what is the matter; they cling to the cloth; the boards are taken up; and the leeches are gently brushed off into a zinc colander or sieve. weighed, they are often found to be thrice as heavy as when put into the ponds.

The third oddity introduces us to leech-travelling. Assuredly the Smyrna leeches, whose Asiatic career has just been noticed, are among the most extraordinary travellers we have heard of. They have to be transported many hundreds or thousands of miles, to the countries where their blood-sucking services are required. Without moisture, a leach would The second oddity is simply leech fattening. die; and he would as certainly die if kept in

batter-pudding for the delectation of the leeches. Fine clay is ground until as impalpable as flour or teoth-powder; and is then mixed into a thick batter with water so carefully that no little pools or cells of water shall be left within the mass; indeed it is kneaded by the naked feet of Turks and Greeks for a long period, until perfectly homogeneous. The batter or dough is put into tubs, like large washing tubs; the leeches are tumbled in (about three thousand to each tub), and are carefully mixed or kneaded up, until the whole assemblage bears a strong resemblance to a huge current-cake on its way to the baker's, the black heads and tails doing duty as currants. A top is then fastened upon the tub, with a hole in the centre covered with a perforated tin plate. And thus do the leeches travel about, immersed in their own batter-pudding. We do not say that all leeches come to England in such travelling costume: we speak only of the extra-fattened black personages as they leave

Smyrna.
The fourth oddity is leech-rivalry. Leeches way. Their prescribed office is to fasten their little mouths upon human bodies, make little holes, and perform a pumping pneumatic boisterous weather the leach moved in the operation; but there are rivals in the field, water with unusual swiftness, and never pensive, they are often scarce, and one conse-quence of all this has been, that competition the water for several days, appearing agitated nas discovered that feeches when drunk will prest. These rules are sufficiently distinct to bite until solver; and, therefore, when they show a disinclination to bite, he makes them may be disposed so to do. This theory has, drunk; he puts them into a little warm however, received some awkward blows. beer, and directly they begin to kick about, he takes them out, kolds them in a cloth, applies them, and finds that they will bite found that so far from being barometrically immediately and vigorously. This is one of the very few cases we have met with, of a water, steadily affixed to the vessel; another paragrage being more negatil when drunk was swimning about in the water, while personage being more useful when drunk was swimming about in the water; while and water, instead of beer.

This soft persuasion of a leech, however, are very sensitive thermometers; for as does not belong to the competition of which we often as he applied his finger to the outside spoke. Such competition is exemplified in the leach-bite lancet and the mechanical leach, both of them savage and sanguinary rivals to the leech in his useful labours. The leech-bite lancet is intended for une in localities where leeches are scarce or high-priced, and in some few cases where it would be really preferable to a lecch. The mechanical leech is altogether in the hands of men of past days. cupper at the same time.

The fifth oddity is perhaps the oddest of all -leech barometers. Whether we shall ever live to see the day when English weather can be safely predicted, the reader is at full liberty to decide for himself. Certainly there has been little progress made in this art hitherto. Leeches perform a portion of the duties of Zadkiel and Murphy, in addition to their usual sanguinary services. Cowper, in the Task, asserts that leeches, "in point of the earliest intelligence, are worth all the barometers in the world "-a bold assertion which the shade of Cowper is bound to support before the British Association. A clergyman, residing in France some years ago, was wont to employ a leech as a barometer. He found every morning that the leech occupied a position bearing a certain relation to the state of the weather; and, by attentive observation, he was enabled to arrive at certain rules in respect to this relation—that when the weather was about to be screne and pleasant, the leech remained at the bottom of the vessel without the least movement; that when rain was about to are not allowed to have matters all their own fall the lecch mounted to the surface of the water, and there remained until the return of fine weather; that on the approach of boisterous weather the leach moved in the Leeches are precarious creatures; they die, ceased from this motion until the wind began they are occasionally obstinate, they are ex- to blow; that on the approach of thundery in trade now affects leeches in the same way and restless; that when a frost was about to as other industrial practitioners. Not only commence, the leech remained quiet at the are there projects for inducing leeches to bottom of the vessel; and that during the bite, but projects for inducing small pieces of time of snow or ram the leach fixed itself to mechanism to bite like leaches. Some one the neck of the vessel, remaining at perfect has discovered that leeches when drunk will rest. These rules are sufficiently distinct to than when sober. The surgeons at the llotel the third remained at the bottom of the Dicu, at Paris, are said to be a little more vessel—a very disunited and inharmonious delicate in their practice: they intoxicate state of things. Bonuet, the celebrated their sluggish leeches with a little warm wine Genevese naturalist, was of opinion that, whether leeches are barometers or not, they of a bottle on the spot where a leech was affixed within, the leech moved, as if affected by the rise of temperature. But it is just possible that timidity (supposing a leech can be timid) had more to do with the matter than temperature.

This barometer question has not been left a more pretentious and ambitious affair, Mr. Attree, formerly house-surgeon to the since it competes with the leech and the Middlesex Hospital, communicated a paper cupper at the same time.

If the same time is a more pretentious affair, Mr. Attree, formerly house-surgeon to the since it competes with the leech and the Lancet, thuse or four years ago, in

which he stoutly maintained the prophetic virtue of the leech, and laid down the following as the rules to which his observations had led him relating thereto: First. If the weather prove serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass rolled together in a spiral form. Second. If it rains either before or after noon, the leech is found to have erept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains until the weather is settled. Third. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with unceasing swiftness, and seldom rests until the wind begins to blow hard. Fourth. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, the leech remains uneasiness by its violent throes and convulsive movements. Fifth. In frost, as in clear and summer weather, the leech lies constantly at the bottom; while during snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling on the mouth of the vessel. These rules correspond tolerably well with those recorded by the clergyman in France, and are on that account all the more worthy of notice. Mr. Attree states, that his observations were made on a leech kept in a common two-ounce phial, three-fourths fitled with water, and The water was covered with linen rag. changed once a week in summer, and once a fortught in winter. Mr. Attree throws out a curious query -as the leech may be in some way affected by the electrical state of the atmosphere; as this electrical state is known to be closely connected with meteorological changes; and as it may also be in some way connected with the production of cholera, influenza, fever, and epidemics-is it not at least possible that the leech might, by its strange movements, give some intimation of the approach of that state of the atmosphere during which epidemic diseases are likely to occur? Should this be so, even in a very slight degree, the leech would at once rise to an important position in society-he would be not only a surgeon, but a physician skilled in diagnosis

But of all the persons who have placed any faith in leech-barometry, and have shown the intensity of their faith by the patient management of experiments, commend us to Dr. Merryweather. His Tempest Prognosticator is the proof of his faith. Imagine a circular pyfamidal apparatus, about a yard in diameter, and somewhat more than this in height, presenting a bright array of polished malogany, and silver, and brass. This is the Tempest Prognosticator. The illustrious Jenner, it appears, was a believer in leechbarometry; he wrote a few rhyming lines on the Signs of Rain, among which were:

> "The leech, disturbed, is newly risen Quite to the sammit of his prison."

Jenner, and Cowper, and other writers, sug-

gested to Dr. Merryweather the making of apparatus to register the movements of the leech; and thus originated The Prognosti-cator. If we admit that, before stormy and thundery weather, the leech mounts to the top of his bottle, the question comes how to mark and register his movements. There are twelve leeches in twelve bottles ranged in a circle; there are small metallic tubes in the necks of the bottles; there is a kind of little mouse-trap of whalebone in the tube; and there are a bell and a register connected with the trap. The leech, in wriggling himself through the tube, unwittingly rings the bell, and makes a register of his progress. Dr. Merryweather speaks in very high terms of for some days before almost continually the certainty with which any storm is preout of water, and manifests uncommon coded by an ascensive motion of the leeches to the tops of their respective bottles.

A BORDER OF THE BLACK SEA.

HAVING said something, in a former number, of Varna, the principal commercial emporium of Bulgaria, and sympathised with the poor peasants, who come trudging with their waggons through the mud that obstructs the Land-Gate of the city, to be fleeced by the cunning and oppressed by the strong,* we shall go out into the country and look at the details of agriculture. Even in our civilised western countries there is nothing so difficult to teach as the use of a new plough, or a patent winnowing machine; not because there is anything mysterious in the thing itself, but because the will to learn is wanting in men who have inherited the routine of centuries. We must not be surprised, therefore, that although since Bulgaria has been more liberally administered, the production of grain has greatly increased, the system of cultivation has remained unchanged from the most ancient times. The surface of the ground is rather scratched than furrowed by the plough, to which, nevertheless, as many as eight pairs of buffaloes or oxen are sometimes voked. If the field chosen for sowing has been a long time uncultivated, a still greater number of horned cattle is employed. To the plough a long shaft is attached, supported by sixteen wheels; the first pair of buffaloes is fastened near the plough; the other pairs are fastened between the wheels, each guided by a boy; the peasant stands upon the ploughshare, which is broader and sharper than that used in Europe.

The agriculturist is free to choose in the vast plains of his country the fields most fitting to receive the seed. These fields, with some few exceptions, belong to the government, which permits their use to whoever wishes to sow; of course, with the tacit understanding, that it is entitled to a tithe. In this way the condition of the peasantry would be very happy, if it were not for

See page 373 of the current volume.

the vexations of the subaltern authorities in Bulgaria and the extortions of the traders, who exported to Hungary, affect to represent the merchants of Constantinople. Although the greater part of the lands is devoted to the growth of wheat, several vineyards have been planted. The best wines are those of Widdin, Nicropolis, Sistova, and Varna. The Bulgarians make annually more than twenty thousand gallons of alcoholic liquor, besides importing brandy and rum from abroad. The mulberry tree is cultivated with success only in the district of Widdin, where the silk-worm spins to good purpose; for the annual exports thence are nearly thirty thousand okes (an oke is about two pounds thirteen ounces avoirdupois) of

great forests, which, if property administered, might produce a great revenue. But, although allows the oak, the beech, the ash, and the elm to grow until they choke one another. There is no Commission of Woods and Forests. It is no one's interest to protect the trees from destruction; and it is charcoal-makers light at various points, do not oftener destroy in a single day what na-ture has taken an age to produce. The ture has taken an age to produce. woodmen go into the forests and choose trees to cut down at random; and the peasants on the finest trees by preference, because they have heard that some day this careless state of things may end, and they wish to destroy as far as possible everything that might tempt a government to show itself; for they always identify government with forced labour. Those who cut wood for sale are obliged to have a firman, which forbids them, however, under severe penalties, to carry any kind of wood to the Russian ports. The forests of Bulgaria are not without

dangers. Wolves and bears, and wild-boars are frequently met with. On the other hand, those who have arms procure roebucks, and hares, which they send to the towns for sale. Many kinds of winged game are also found either among the trees or on the borders of the lakelets that here and there occur. In disc were sold at this fair in May, eighteen the neighbourhood of the villages the tra- hundred and forty-nine. The most common veller is apprised of the presence of habitations by the sight of immense numbers cotton or linen cloths, dyes, grocery, steel of poultry. The pasturage of the country blades, arms, worked steel, tissues of gold or is excellent for buffaloes, oxen, goats, sheep silver, furs, horses and horn cattle. Great and horses. Mules, asses, and pigs are rare. The commonest kind of cattle is the buffalo, which is the most useful as a beast of feed. Trais estimated that there are two tration of Bulgaria, to the proper development of buffaloes and one million of oxen ment of commerce. No care, moreover, has

Many thousands are annually

is bought, even before the shearing time, by the agents of the government for the Imperial manufactory at Selimno. These agents, however, take up more than is wanted, in order to sell the remainder secretly to the merchants of Adrianople, with whom they have made a previous agreement. The re-mainder of the yield is bought by the clothmanufacturers of Turnova and Schumla. In the latter town carpets are made of inferior quality; but strong, with good colours and designs. In the former town, is made raw silk; chiefly into Austria.

"A vast portion of the open country is either entirely neglected, and abandoned to the growth of thistles, or is allowed to remain in fallow for many years. As in Wallachia, the fertile plains are divided by great forests, which, if properly administered consumption. Untanned hides are exported the government is the owner of the whole, it always with the horns on, either to Constantinople or to Hungary ria Routchuk and the Danube. We may add that, in general, the arts and trades are little developed in Bulgaria. At Schumla, however, some copper work is produced, and at Gabrova they make really a marvel that the fires, which the knives and other household utensils with iron in a very coarse and simple way.

In the various lakes of Bulgaria, and along the shores of the Danube, great quantities of fish, of various sizes and excellent quality, are caught. Every one is free both often fell for firewood mighty oaks fit for the to fish and to catch leeches, which abound in construction of navies. They even make war the ponds and marshes. A great trade is carried on in these valuable articles; but, although any one may take and use them, they cannot be sold or exported but by one person, who has bought a monopoly. Throughout the Ottoman empire the trade in legches is farmed in the same manner. Sevenly or eighty quintals of leeches are exported every vear.

A considerable portion of the internal commerce of this curious province is carried on at fairs that take place three times a year, in April, May, and July, at Bazarzick, Giouma, Schumla, and Karassan. The most important is that of Giouma, a town situated in the neighbourhood of Razgrad, at some hours' distance from Routchuk. It is estimated that fifty thousand pounds' worth of merchanarticles offered for sale are woollen cloths, The pasturage of the country blades, arms, worked steel tissues of gold or for buffaloes, oxen, goats, sheep silver, furs, horses and horn cattle. Great Mules, asses, and pigs are rare. numbers of German merchants repair to this. place by way of Routchuk,

However, as may easily be supposed, there burthen, gives most milk, and costs least to exist great obstacles, in the internal adminisgreat part clayey, is sufficiently hard to great part clayey, is sufficiently hard to allow of the passage of waggons, and the plains are open, or only divided by slight swells and easy valleys. But when winter comes on, travelling is difficult in all places; and, in some, perfectly impossible. All trade the rest of the world. When spring appears, and the vast expanses of mud by which they are surrounded dry in the sun that peers over the Palkans, they are revived, as it were, to activity; and learn, in the shape of confused rumours, what changes have taken place that may affect them; who claims them as subjects; who has fought or negotiated to keep or acquire the right of property over them.

Many proposals have been made, hitherto without effect, to open one or two good roads through the country. The one that seems to be most wanted, is between Routchuk and Varna, which would prodigiously shorten the communication between Transylvania, Hungary, Servia, and the whole of Central Europe, with the Black Sea. The Danube, which looks so well in mapseis a false friend. Its mouth is often stopped up, and during a great portion of the year its waters are frozen. In some mild winters navigation is possible; but it often happens that traders, lured on by the appearance of fine weather, have been caught with perishable cargoes in the ice, and have remained locked up for a long period, to their great discomfort and detriment. Many captains and merchants, therefore, cease all speculation as soon as the bad season begins; commerce languishes, and a great part of the year is lost. We have before us a table of the freezing of the Danube from the winter of have adopted the heroic sougs of the Servians. 1836-37 to the winter of 1850-51. In 1849-50 the waters froze on the fourth of December. and remained bound until the twenty-third of March. In 1836-37 the river froze only for twenty days, from the seventh to the twenty-eighth of February. In 1842, 1845, and 1850 it did not freeze at all. It will be seen, therefore, that nothing is more uncertain than the character of the Danube during the winter It was once proposed to dig a canal from Tschernavoda to Kostenji, where geographers well acquainted with maps used to place an ancient bed of the Danube; but it was found that a range of hills of some height would have to be tunnelled. plan now most in favour, and which will probably be carried out in better times, is that of a railroad from Routchuk to Varna. All the provinces of that eastern part of the a return of the commercial activity and from Vienna stops at that city to unload its splendour which once distinguished them.

beside taken to improve or to create roads. The social condition of the Bulgarian people In summer, it is true, communications are has undergone a considerable change of late, tolerably easy; for the soil, which is in in consequence of the removal of certain obstacles that existed to their progress. History will have a very interesting task, when it un-dertakes to describe the steps by which nations whose existence had almost been forgotten began to re-appear upon the scene. Since the Tanzimat education has begun to spread is stopped during five months, and the inhabitants of each village sink into a sort of the Turkish empire, in which were to be marmot state of existence, without news of found races capable of receiving it. Some rich Bulgarians have recently established at Constantinople a college and a printing-office, from which issues a political and literary journal, the object of which is to introduce ideas of civilisation into Bulgaria. towns of Hellenic origin have received an impulse from other quarters, so that there is a general development which cannot but produce its fruits at no distant period.

The Bulgarians by their nature are not so well fitted to receive civilisation, or, rather, to work it out themselves, as many neighbouring families; for example, the Wallachians and Servians. At least, this is the impression produced by their conduct of late years. They are good, humane, and economical; and, perhaps, the most industrious of all the Christian peoples of the east; but they appear to be inclined to submission, and to the fear of power by whomsoever pos-sessed. However, some observers, who had opportunities of watching them during their partial insurrections in eighteen hundred and forty-one and in eighteen hundred and fifty, say that, under cover of their apparent simplicity, there still remains a good deal of the fierce and warlike spirit that distinguished their ancestors a thousand years ago. As a rule they are fond of pleasure and recreation. In Bulgaria Proper all the popular sougs are sentimental or jovial. The members of the same family, it is true, why inhabit Macedonia,

The Turkish government is not without sagacity in adapting its forms of administration to the various nations under its rule. Bulgaria is now divided into two great pashalics; that of Widdin and that of Silistria. Each is administered by a Mushir or Pacha of three tails, who has under his orders two Mirmadars, or Pachas of two tails. Next in authority to these are the Mudirs, or Ayanis, or lieutenants, one to each district. The Mushir of Widdin lives in that city. We believe the office is still held by the famous Hussein Pacha, who commanded the regular troops of the Sultan on the day of the destruction of the Janissaries. He has many of the qualities of the old Turk; but, by long intercourse with Europeaus, has acquired many of their ideas. The Pacha of Silistria has recently fixed his residence at world seem destined, in this century, to see Boutchuk, because the Austrian steamer

ř,

are subdivided into several cantons, under the orders of a Boulu-bashi, or chief of a picket of soldiers, who keep the peace and enforce the orders of the government. In each city where there is a Pacha or a Mudir there is a Kadi, or Judge, and a Mufti, or chief of the clergy, who administer justice inde-pendently one of the other. The Tanzimat also instituted a municipal council, the Soura, presided over by the Pacha, or Mudir, and consisting of the Kadi, the Mufti, the local treasurer, the Cogia-bashi, or Mayor, and two other primates of the place. It is before this council that all serious cases of

dispute and all appeals are brought.

The people of Bulgaria cannot be said to be heavily taxed, and seldom offer any kind of resistance to regular demands. The imposts are direct and indirect. Each canton pays a tax, the total amount of which is fixed by the government; whilst the primates, in the case at least of the Christians, determine Now much each family must contribute. The same system is pursued in most of the European provinces of the Ottoman empire. Each district is assessed in a lump, and the people divide the responsibility as they choose. In Bulgaria the quota of each family varies from twelve shillings to four pounds per It is probable that the division is made fairly; for the primates are chosen by universal suffrage. The Cogia-bashi is also chosen amongst the Rayahs; and he, with the two primates, are responsible for the whole of the tribute. He acts, also, as a sort of justice of the peace, or rather arbitrator, among the Christians, whose disputes are never carried before the Turkish authorities, unless it has been found impossible to come to an understanding in this primary court.

We have already mentioned the insufficiency of the port of Varna. It will be interesting at this moment to say something of the other maritime cities of Bulgaria and Roumelia. Nearly all of them were originally Greek colonies, and some have nearly preserved their ancient names. Others bear modern names, either Turkish or Greck. A little while ago it would have been thought extremely important to determine accurately, by elaborate rescarches, the agreement of ancient and modern geography. But, although it is not good entirely to despise these studies, we may safely omit to notice the anxious and painful process by which Histriopolis 'has been identified with Kara Kerman, or Anado i with Tomis, the place of exile in which

are expiated his mysterious fault.

Koustenji, the first town south of the Danube, is the chief place of the district of It contains about three thousand souls, of which five hundred are Greek Rayahs. It is built upon a creek sited by a few ships that take in cargoes & south-west.

The districts administered by the Mudirs that neighbourhood, and the shore, bristling with rocks, is the scene of frequent shipwrecks of vessels which venture to leave the Danubian ports in the bad season. When M. Vréto visited the place in the month of August, the air was chill, and a violent north wind blew. During the long and severe winter the inhabitants suffer much from the cold; their huts being ill built, and wood being dear on account of the distance of the forests. The air is healthy, but water is rare, and of inferior quality. There are no kitchen gardens, and all the country about is arid. It is not until late in the spring that flocks of sheep appear on the pasturages, and the fields become green with the rising crops of wheat or barley.

Mangallia is now inhabited entirely by Moslems, in number not exceeding a thousand. The Aga, who resides there, has several villages under his jurisdiction, all inhabited by Turks, who trade exclusively in grain. The port is a great inlet, ill protected from the north winds, and shipwrecks are common, not only in winter, but even in summer, on account of the fogs which suddenly appear, and envelope the vessels, which are carried

by violent currents upon the coast.

Kavarna is inhabited by five hundred Christian Ottoman subjects, and some Greeks and Ionians. Vessels may take refuge in its road from the north wind, and it is visited by at few regular traders. It is under the jurisdiction of the Ayani of Balzick, which lies a league and a half to the south. Its position is strong, and there was formerly there a fortress built by the Turks when they conquered Bulgaria, and taken after a sanguinary assault by King Ladislaus of Hungary. Before eighteen hundred and forty it was a miserable village, and inhabited by a few Turks; since the free exportation of grain it has made rapid progress on account of the safety of its road, which is better protected than that of Varna. In eighteen hundred and fifty this road presented a most animated appearance, for a whole fleet of merchantmen from Brails and Galatz were compelled to take refuge there from a violent tempest. It is principally visited by Greek ships, although only one-sixth of its population of three thousand is Christian. Every year in the month of June a small fair is held in a plain near Balzick, for the sale of horses, cattle, and sheep. In the neighbourhood are many vineyards, studded with fruit-trees, among which the principal are the quince and the cherry. deed the cherries of Balzick are quite famous, and so also is its honey. A few fish are caught in the offing. The air and the water are good; and, although the winter is very severe, it is probable that Balzick before long will have become a very important place, the rival of Varna, which lies six leagues to the

wheat and wool for Constantinople. In Passing over the last-mentioned city, which winter the sea is nearly alway's stormy in we have already described, we come to Mes-Passing over the last-mentioned city, which sembria, which has preserved its ancient hot baths at a place called Litzia, situated at name. It lies east of Varna, near Cape a distance of two hours, in the midst of a Emona. It has frequently been mentioned in vast plain. The bath-house formerly stood Emona. It has frequently been mentioned in history, but is now a small place of three thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Christians. It trades in wine and fire-wood brought from the neighbouring forests, but its port is little frequented, being exposed.

Achelon, further to the south, is almost entirely inhabited by Christians, to the number of four thousand. The people, especially the women, speak Greek. There are two schools, one on the Lancasterian principle, and the other specially devoted to the Greek classics, to history, and geography. The entrance of the port is very difficult for large vessels, on account of the shallows and hidden rocks strewed in front of it. Many wrecks take place every year on account of the imprudence of foreign masters, who generally are quite ignorant of these parts. It is frequented, in general, only by small coasters. A great many turbot are caught there, and also small mackerel, which are preserved, salted in barrels, for the Constantino le Some excellent wine is also exmarket. ported.

Next comes Sozopolis, which possesses the best road in all the Black Sea, being protected on every side except the north. During the winter, vessels come in by hundreds for refuge, and the city assumes quite an animated appearance. The regular trade is in wine, firewood, and charcoal. It is, mentioned by the historian, John Cantacuzena, as a great, well-peopled city, but now contains only about two thousand Greek rayahs.

The most celebrated port of Roumelia, in the Black Sea, is that of Bourgas, situated at the bottom of a deep gulf, overlooked on the north side by the termination of the Balkan Large vessels may cast anchor in the gulf. Since eighteen hundred and forty-eight it has been made a station for the Austrian steamers which come from Constantinople in All the export trade of the ten hours. north-east parts of Roumelia is carried on by way of Bourgas, which exports wheat, barley, maize, wool, tallow, butter, cheese, and other productions of the country; among which, one of the principal articles is rose-water. As for import trade, there is scarcely any. Two thousand of the inhabitants are Moslems, and the remaining thousand are Greeks, some rayahs and some free. The latter have a church, of which the priest keeps an elementary school. The Turks also have a school, a mosque, and a bath, to which the Christians are allowed to go. The environs of the city are well cultivated, and covered Clay, for making pipe with vineyards. bowls, is excavated and sent to the manufac-The climate is not healthy on account of the marshes in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants who get fevers go for cure to some him or do for him. There is a legion of quack

alone, and visitors were obliged to erect temporary huts, or to sleep in their covered waggons. At present, however, a little caravanserai has been established, together with a bakal or general grocery shop. The presence of carbonate of soda gives a peculiar quality to the waters.

We have thought that these slight details would be interesting at the present moment when public attention has been particularly drawn to the western coast of the Black Sea, and when the ports and cities which we have thus summarily described; are now receiving the visits of a British squadron.

SCHOOL-KEEPING.

Prizes are now being offered to the pupils at training schools in several English counties for the purpose of promoting a knowledge of the art of conveying sound instruction in common things, to the children of the working classes. In the movement that has thus been set on foot by Lord Ashburton, the whole English public claims to participate; the need of much more sense in school teaching, and even (with reverence be it said) in university systems, is so very obvious, that Lord Ashburton's suggestion has gone off like a gun in a rookery and has set every quill flying

Doctor Quemaribus declares to all friends and parents in his private circle, that his school is exempt from the prevailing attack. Public opinion seizes upon schools, now, like an epidemic and, as is the way with epidemics, fastens with most severity on those that happen to be in a bad condition. Dr. Q. pronounces his own school to be intact, for does he not give object-lessons to his junior boys, does he not provide lectures on chemistry for all the boys, does he not teach the elders botany? I, for my own part, do not agree with Dr. Quemaribus in his opinion of the state of his own kingdom at Verbumpersonale College. I have the highest respect for that distinguished LL.D. I know, too, that he is a good, earnest man, and that the boys he turns out do him credit. They possess much knowledge though they are not well educated-for to know much and to be well educated are two perfectly distinct things -and they are gentlemen. They leave school with a respect for their teacher, and they grow up excellent people. When the hairs of Dr. Quemaribus shall have become white, and when his voice of power shall have become weak and thin, there shall collect together stalwart men, tradesmen and merchants, quick lawyers and slow divines, and shall dine in his honour, and acknowledge him their turers of Constantinople and Adrianople. friend, present plate to him, and comfort him

educators in the land, but the principal of said that if he did know of such a school it is Verbumpersonale College is not one of them. There are thousands of fine-hearted and full-headed Quemaribuses in all ranks of the scholastic profession. I celieve, in my heart, that as there is not a happier or nobler occupation in the world than that of developing the minds that are to work in the next his plan of teaching on his neighbour. There generation, so, there are in this country very many good men now occupied in teaching children conscientiously and with exceeding care.

Yet, upon this subject of teaching I have long had crotchets of my own, of which Dr. Quemaribus and many other clever men used to declare to me that they were purely theoretical, that they were quite impossible of execution. Every practical man would tell from one another. They will present among me so. Every practical man did tell me so. themselves the widest contrasts, and yet "My dear fellow," said Quemaribus, "it is a every one may be prospering and making very pretty amusement to plan model school friends. Thompson talks little, avoids comsystems, but you don't know the difficulties with which we have to contend. There is not his work in a snug corner. Wilson speaks time for all you would have done, and you freely and cheerily, delights in associating set out with a wrong notion of the nature of with his fellows, and works with a throng of a boy. Your method never could be worked." "Doctor," I said, "by the thunder of Jove, and constitutionally irritable; he and by the whistle of the steam engine, I'll does his duty, though, and gains his end. try." "Then," said the doctor, "if you Robson, on the contrary, is of an easy temper, mean that, seriously, you are mad. Every lets a worry rest, and never touches it when "Doctor," I said, "by the thunder of Jove, man will say so when he sees you lay you; he comes near; he does his duty, too, and bread and butter down to make a harlequin's gains his end. But, let the shy Thompson leap out of one profession into another—out undertake to make his way in the world by of a business you understand into one of being, like Wilson, sociable and jolly; and he which, permit me to say, you know nothing will make himself contemptible by clumsy whatever. And how will you try? Where will efforts, and the end of them will be a dismal you go?" "I will go into some town where failure. In the school, as in the world, a man there are a great many people, and say must be himself if he would have more than a plainly: Thus I desire to teach. There may be spurious success: he must be modelled upon a dozen who will answer, fanciful as you think nobody. The schoolmaster should read books me, Thus I desire my children to be taught."

I carried out that scheme and met with the result that I expected. After two years of school-keeping, during which I put my crotchets to a full and severe test, I left in a town, which I had entered as a stranger, some of the best friends I have ever made or ever shall make. I left there, also, children whom I never shall forget, by whom too I hope of great variety of plan within itself, and never to be forgotten. Moreover, I did not suffer him so to work in it as to appeal in lose money by the venture; in a commercial sense, the experiment succeeded to my perfect satisfaction.

When it is possible to add a demonstration to a theory, it ought to be done, and it would certainly be unjust towards the little crotchets that I here wish to set forth if I did not (as in truth 1 can) make evident that they are someting more to me than idle fantasies. At are same time, let nobody interpret anying here said as a puff composed during e Christmas holidays for the replenishing of anybody's forms; the writer's occupation as a schoolmaster is over, he has now no shool and takes no pupils, nor can be nanty sharp, phlegmatic or passionate, gentle, or according to his plan. Further nore let it be would rather he did not thrush. As men

quite possible that he might entertain a low opinion of it, for a reason that will be made evident by the crotchet next and first to be detailed.

Crotchet the First. Concerning plans of teaching. Nobody has any right to impose is no method that may call itself the method of education. There is only one set of right principles, but there may be ten thousand plans. Every teacher must work for himself as every man of the world works for himself. There is for all men in society only one set of right principles, yet you shall see a thon-sand men in one town all obbying them, although all in conduct absolutely differ pany, sticks to a few good friends, and does helping hands about him. Jackson is nervous, of education, and he may study hard to reason out for himself by their aid, if he can, what are the right principles to go upon. A principle that he approves, he must adopt; but, another man's plan that he approves, he must assimilate to the nature of his own mind and of his own school before he can adopt it. Even his school he must so manage that it shall admit the most effective way to the mind of each one of the scholars.

The practical suggestion that arises from this crotchet, is, that each teacher should take pains not to make an abstraction of himself; but to throw the whole of his individuality into his work; to think out for himself a system that shall be himself; that shall be duimated by his heart and brain, naturally and in every part; that shall beat as it were with his own pulse, breathe his own breath, and, in short, be alive.

Upon the qualifica-Crotchet the Second. tions of the teacher. He may be mild or

differ and must differ, so must teachers, so ment schools. But, no man can be a good teacher who is a cut and dried man without any particular character: his individuality must be strongly marked. He should be, of course, a man of unimpeachable integrity, detesting what is base or mean, and beyond everything hating a lie. He should have pleasure in his work, be fond of children, and not think of looking down upon them, but put faith—and that is a main point which many teachers will refuse to uphold—put faith in the good spirit of childhood. must bonour a child or he cannot educate it, though he may cram many facts into its head. It is essential also to the constitution of a good teacher that, whatever his character may be, he shall not be slow. Children are not so constituted as to be able to endure slowness patiently. He must also not be destitute of imagination, for he will have quick imaginations to develop and to satisfy.

Furthermore it is essential that he should deeply feel the importance of his office, and utterly disdain to cringe to any parent, or to haggle for the price of services that no money can fairly measure. In all that I here say, I speak with direct reference to schools for the children of those people who are well to do in the world, and can afford to support the kind of teacher they desire. Schools of that kind ought to be in the hands of men trained long and carefully in many studies. Assistant teachers should be men qualified to aid, by undertaking, each a single branch of study in which they have obtained perfection; but the head of a school should carry its brains and be, as nearly as he may be, versed in all its business. It is not for him to teach a speciality but to command respect by the breadth of his attainments, to link all parts of his plan together, and unite them in the boys' minds into one great whole. He should add to his classical knowledge an acquaintance with, at the very least, two modern languages; he should know how to account for, and to make comprehensible to boys, the reasonings of mathematics; he should have studied and be able to teach, the history of the world as a whole; he should be well read in books of travel, and have a full elementary knowledge of the entire circle of the sciences. He should be well read in the literature of several countries and of his own day; he should study the political and social movements that are going on about him, and employ even the news of the day in his teaching, by applying it to school knowledge and school knowledge to it. He should be able to bring every study into visible subservience to the best and commonest aims of life, showing the children at once how to think and how to make all sequired knowledge available and helpful All this may be too in their daily work. much for one man; but it is not too much for one man and a library. The proper

maintained by constant and habitual study. The most learned teacher count incessantly to read and think, so that he may be on each topic as ull-minded as he should be when he proposes to give lessons to a child. The good teacher must be devoted to his work; if he want pleasure and excitement he must find them in the schoolroom and the study. For it is only when his teaching gives great pleasure to himself, that it can give any pleasure whatever to his pupils. The parent must not grudge to a worthy teacher the most liberal reward that lies within his means. It is not to be supposed that any large body of men can be induced to devote themselves heart and soul to an ill-paid profession, which demands peculiar talents. and expensive training, with a toil both in preparation and in action that can never be remitted.

Crotchet the Third. Of the child taught, There is no fault of character in boy or girl that cannot be destroyed or rendered harmless, if right treatment be applied to it in time; that is to say, within the first twelve years. We inherit tempers and tendencies which sometimes, when they are neglected, bring us to harm. The bent of character is settled before birth. Anything cannot be made of any boy or girl, but something can be made of every child, which shall be satisfactory, and good, and useful. The tendency that would, under a course of neglect or bad management produce out of a cross infant a self-willed and dogged man, may be so managed as to develop into firmness tempered with right judgment. Mismanagement at home hinders good management at school, and, for a generation or two, that difficulty will hurt the operation of the best school systems. There belong, however, to the spirit of childhood and youth, qualities through which a true-hearted appeal is sure of a true-hearted reception. • Children are good, and they are so created by Divine Wisdom, as to be wonderfully teachable. They are, however, also so created as to require free action and movement, to be incapable of sustaining long-continued mental exertion, to be restless. It is not in the constitution of a child to sit day after day for three or five consecutive hours upon a form. If the schoolmaster subject children to unnatural conditions, and Nature assert herself in any boy or girl more visibly than discipline admires, the teacher not the child is then in fault, and it is he or she-if any one-who should stand in the corner, do an imposition, or be whipped. It is only possible to teach a child well, while accommodating one's ways humbly to the ways of Nature.

monest aims of life, showing the children at once how to think and how to make all of a school. Since there is no such thing as a plan universal for all teachers; since each in their daily work. All this may be too much for one man; but it is not too much for one man and a library. The proper tion is a dead school; I can only express my breadth of cultivation given, depth must be

discipline. A little pains being taken to keep up the feeling, perfect openness was secured, and no tale-telling was possible, for every

one told frankly his own offence

And that too was the case, although it was found in practice not quite possible to go on wholly without pains and penalties. At first, when there were half-a-dozen pupils, all went well; but when the number had increased, though all continued to go well, and the best spirit was shown by the children, it was not possible for them, gathered in groups, to exercise so much self-control as they might themselves wish, and as was necessary for a reasonable discipline. The joyousness and restlessness of youth, not being chilled in any and obtaining for ourselves the floggings that way, would now and then break out at incon-impended over friends. I knew how deceits venient times, and every idler was a cause of impended over friends. I knew how deceits venient times, and every idler was a cause of rotted the whole school intercourse to which interruption to his neighbours. Penalties I had myself been subject; how teachers, made were therefore established. They were of the distrustful, showered about accusations of lightest kind, and represented nothing but the gain or loss of credit. They would have were led to become sly and mean. I do not been ridiculous, except in as far as they were mean to lay it down as a principle that applied to children anxious to prove their resolution to do right.

Rewards were established with the penalteacher carefully to remove as it arises.

I set out, therefore, with the belief that I but of application and attention, which each could dispense wholly with punishment, if I was to endeavour singly to attain. It was possible that, at the end of a half-year, every pupil might receive a first prize. It was cerfirst, second, and third prizes, the difference between them was not to consist in money value.

This was our system of penalties, by which alone the little state of children was held in sufficient check:—Whoever during work time was a cause of interruption, had an interruption marked against him. If he interrupted three times, it was said that he lost half-a-day; if six times, he lost the day, and, for the day, had nothing more to lose. If he chose—as he never did choose—it was systems too, according with the individuality thereafter. Gay spirits now and then inof other teachers, would provide for cases of
that kind; mine did not. It was to far faulty. Offences against order, stopping at the third.
It would suit forty-nine children out of fifty, Every offence against discipline went by the

sort of a crotchet my own notion of school- but the fiftieth would need another kind of keeping was, and how it answered. Let me be at the same time careful to reiterate, that I do not propose it as a nostrum, but that, on the contrary, I should hold cheaply the wit of any one who copied it exactly in practice. only want my principles adopted-nothing more. One notion of mine was, that if children could be interested really in their studies as they can be—so long as they were treated frankly and led by their affections, the work of education could be carried on entirely without punishment. I had been, as a boy, to many schools, and knew how dread begot deception, and we were all made, more or less, liars by the cane. Even our magnanimity *Consisted frequently in lying for each other, falsehood; how we cribbed our lessons, and schools should be conducted without punishment; I can conceive a dozen kinds of men who would know how to do good, with a few ties, and it is necessary to explain their nature floggings judiciously administered. But I was first. I think it may be laid down as a prinnot one of the dozen-I should certainly ciple, that the practice of urging schoolboys, have done harm. Corporal punishments or even young men, into fierce competition being abolished, there remained few others. for a book, a medal, or a sum of money, hurts For, I uphold it as a principle that punishmore than it helps, the work of earnest eduments which consist in the transformation of cation. The true teacher ought not to give the schoolroom to a prison, or in treating prominence to an unworthy motive for exer-studies and schoolbooks as if they were racks that, to escape, and thumbscrews—instruments of torture to in an artificial way, some of the consequences be applied against misdoers, in the shape of which result from the false principles on something to write or something to learn—to which he goes to work. It was my crotchet learn, forsooth !-defeat the purposes of edu- to give nobody a book for being more quickcation, heap up and aggravate the disgust witted than his neighbour, but, as much as which it should be the business of a good possible, to set each working for his own sake,

could establish perfect openness of speech and conduct in the school. Accordingly, a little ceremony of signing a book was established tain that, as prize or present, every one would on the entry of each pupil, whereby the receive a book, and that, although there were signer formally promised in all dealings with his teacher or his companions " to act openly and speak the truth." All motive to deception being as much as possible withdrawn, the strongest motive penalty could give, was put in the other scale; for, it was established as a fundamental law that a first falsehood would be forgiven, but that after a second the oflender would be required to leave the school. This law was taken, as it was made in sober carnest. There was only one transgressor, a youth of fifteen, blunted in feeling by a long course of mismanagement. He did not remain with to be supposed that, having got so far, he us three months. Systems, and very good might make as much noise as he pleased name of interruption; and we called a day, a ticket. At the end of the hulf-year, each pupil's lost days were counted, and, according to their number, was the number of his prize. Within the cover of his book was pasted a small printed form, which, being filled up, carried abroad the exact intelligence that its owner had been present and attentive at school a certain number of days, absent or inattentive another certain number of days, and had received that book as a first, second, or third prize. The success of this plan was greater than a man putting no faith in children might suppose. Stout boys who could pull at an oar with a strong arm, were not too big to cry, sometimes, over a lost half-day. The ages of the pupils ranged between eight and fifteen. Now and then, it happened that some great event outside, such as the freezing of a pond, produced an irrepressible excitement. Common restraints would not check talking and inattention. The punishment then introduced is horrible to tell:-There was no teaching. All lessons were put aside. Instead of extra lessons for a punishment, no lessons appeared to me the best mark of suprer e displeasure. Lessons were not to be regarded as their pain, but as their privilege; when they became too unmanageable the privilege was for a time withdrawn. Whatever you may choose to call a punishment, becomes one to an honest and well-meaning child. Stoppage of lessons checked all turbulence at once, and the school looked like a dismal wax-work exhibition until the prohibition was withdrawn.

Children are very teachable, and it is just as easy to excite in them, and to lead them by, a sense of honour and self-respect, as to spur them on, by promoting among them rivalries and jealousies, and to try to drive

them out of mischief with a cane.

Having explained our criminal code, let me describe next our ordinary constitution, which was from beginning to end one shock to the feelings of Quemaribus when I detailed it to him. Children are not fond of gloom or ugliness, and it is not wonderful if they have little admiration for the customary schoolroom and its furniture. My crotchet on that subject, was, that the best room in the teacher's house should be the schoolroom, and that he should do all he in reason could to give it a cheerful and even elegant appearance. The school of which I speak, was established by the seashore, and there was a very fine view from our schoolroom window. must be confessed that there was plenty to look at, and sometimes certainly a ship or a donkey would appear at inconvenient seasons; with a lesson upon what we entitled "combut, as we did not shut the world out from mon knowledge." That topic recurred two or our teaching, there was no good reason why it should be shut out from our eyes. There reasonings and explanations on the comwas a back room used for supplementary purposes, but the front room was the main work place. I was the first tenant of the parts. Half was spent upon book-stady, as of house, and papered it. ' For that schoolroom, languages, arithmetic and mathematics; the

in defiance of all prejudice, and in the mad pursuance of my crotchet, I shose the most elegant light paper I could find—a glazed paper with a pure white ground; under a pattern that interfered little with the whiteness and delicacy of the whole effect. After two years of school-work in that room; it being always full, the paper was left almost without a soil. There had been a few inkspots that could readily be scratched out with a knife, and one mishap with an inkstand, of which the traces were sufficiently obliterated with the help of a basin of cold water.

Upon the mantelpiece were vases, which the children themselves kept supplied with flowers. The room was carpeted, and it must be granted that the carpet soon wore out... There were neat little cane chairs instead of forms, cheerful looking tables instead of school desks. The aspect of the room was as cheerful as I could contrive to make it, and was a great shock to the prejudices of Dr. Quemaribus. It did contain, however, a black board, a pair of little globes, and a great map of the world:—to which our references were so incessant, and I believe often so pleasant, that I think we all were glad to

be familiar with its features.

Dr. Q. called on us one Monday morning before his own Christmas holidays were over -ours being short-and he made a grimace when he found us very snugly seated about the room, one stirring the fire, and all talking about the news of the day. I was insanc enough to devote every Monday morning to that sort of study, and the Doctor candidly confessed before he left, that it was not altogether folly. Boys accustomed to discussions upon history, looked at contemporary events from points of view that appeared quaint to him and not entirely useless. They be wildered him by their minute acquaintance with the recent discoveries at the North Pole, which they had acquired while their hearts were full of sympathy for Sir John Franklin. There was a new scientific discovery of which they were endeavouring to understand as much as possible, and they were criticising social movements in a startling way. Doctor observed too, how the tempers and the humours of the children were displayed in this free talk, and how easy it became, without effort or ostentation, to repress in any one an evil tendency—the tendency, perhaps, to pass summary and contemptuous opinions-and to educate the intellects of all. A great deal may be done when all seem to be doing nothing. When news was scarce, and time was plentiful, we filled that morning three times a week, and was concerned with monest of everyday words and things.

We divided the day into two very distinct

other half upon history and science. I began to which the return inquiry was, "Why is it to struggle-through the history of manfully enough to occupy over the task five or six hours a week, and get to the end in about get through the story of the world about us, and complete the circle of the sciences. Geography we learnt insensibly with history and science, filling up our knowledge of it with the reading of good books of travel. In these studies, the interest taken by the children was complete, but partly because I felt that there was insecurity in oral teaching by itself, partly because I wished to see how we were getting on, a practice was esta-blished of mutual examination in all things taught verbally to the whole school together. All were parted into two sides, matched pretty evenly, whose work it was to puzzle one another. The sides were often shifted, for the eagerness of competition became sometimes greater than was wholesome: though it was a pure game of the wits, in which there was no tangible reward held out to the victor. Very proud I felt at the first trial when I heard questions asked and answered upon facts in history or natural history, or explanations of familiar things taught verbally, in some cases, twelve months ago. It was felt to be of no use to ask anything told within a month or two, because that probably would not have been forgotten. I got a book and entered every question that was asked, wording it in my own way, but altering or prompting nothing; and the book now lies before me, an emphatic proof of the degree and kind of interest that children, taught without compulsion and allowed to remark freely upon all that they are doing, can take in the acquisition of hard knowledge. They began curiously with thoughts rather than things, and with thoughts, too, that had not been discussed among us for a twelvemonth. "Why does China stand still in her civilisation?" was asked first; that being answered, the other side returned fire with the same kind of shot, "Why did our civilisation begin on the shores of the Mediterranean?" That there must be something rotten in existing was remembered, and there was a return general ready, "Upon what does the advance up in the middle ages! Truly, I think there of civilisation depend chiefly?" That, too, was known, and there was a shot more in the locker, "Why is England so particularly pertinacity with which society adheres, in prosperous—why not some other island?" these days, to scholastic usages then, there was a change of theme; a demand liarity breeds in it no contempt. for the habits of the sexton-beetle was re-turned again in kind by a demand for ditto of the ant-lion, and upon the white ants there retort made with the gad-fly and the phorus. Then, one side grew nautical, and wanted a description of all the parts of an ancient ship of war. They were remembered-for the topic was but a few months | The Extra Christmas Number of "Household Words," cast old-and the retort was "Describe the spyboats of the ancient Britons." That day's engagement ended with the question, "Why WORDS" "OF it close and warm in cloud," weather?" Booksellers.

colder as you rise into the air, though you get nearer to the sun?" Every question asked that day, was fairly answered. On the three years. In the same time, we were to next day of battle I find one side siking to be shown the course of the chief ocean currents, and the other demanding to be told what causes ebb and flow of tide, spring and neap tides, and to be shown the course of the tide wave. I find questions in the same day on the wars of Hannibal, the twinkling of the stars, the theory of coral reefs, the construction of the barometer and thermometer. the tide in the Mediterranean, and how one branch of a fruit tree can be made to-bear more than the rest. Farther on, I find such questions asked as the difference between ale and porter, between treacle and molasses, how a rope is made, how spines are formed on shells, when linen was first used in Europe, and what is the use of eye-brows and eye-lashes.

After this system of mutual examination was established, a new phase of our school life displayed itself. The oral teaching which had evidently not been thrown away was cultivated with new care; a great system of note-taking arose; all kinds of spontaneous efforts were made to retain things in the memory; and the result was, that, as I read before I taught, and could not remain always so full of formation on a topic as 1 was while teaching it, the children over and over again remembered more than I did. I soon needed all my wits not to be nonplussed myself, when they were labouring to nonplus one another.

Now if work of this kind can be done merrily, stopping at the end of every hour for five minutes of play, and throughout without any employment of a harsh restraint; if over work of this kind faults of character or temper can be easily and perfectly correctedas with us in two or three instances they were—a spirit of inquiry can be begotten. That done, a boy can be made to feel the use and enjoy the exercise of education, and in the end will turn out eager to go on acquiring knowledge for himself. Surely if this be so, is great room for a Luther among school-masters; and I do marvel greatly at the pertinacity with which society adheres, in these days, to scholastic usages whereof fami-

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[Parce 2d.

SCIENCE AND SOPHY.

THERE is a popular French book by Aimé Martin which, during the last forty-four years, has gone through thirteen editions, the last recently, and which on each occasion of reprinting has been carefully made level with the knowledge of the day. It is an introduction to natural history and science, entitled Letters to Sophie, and the changes that have been made in it during the forty-four years of its existence would furnish an odd subject of speculation. For that we are not now in the vein. There is no speculation in our eyes at present. And yet, where is Sophie, we should like to know. In eighteen hundred and nine she was a young lady rapturous over nature, according to Bernardin de St. Pierre, in whom M. Martin proposed to infuse equal raptures over Nature according to Newton, Bullon, and Lavoisier. 110 would put, for her benefit and the world's, elementary and other truths concerning Nature in a striking and engaging way. For the strikingness he chose his facts extremely well, and for the engaginguess he kneaded them all up with verses of gallantry which still remain. Now there is a plunge into some polite address to Nature, after the manner of Delille; now it is love, now it is gravitation that inspires the muse. The verses copiously interspersed to make the volume lighter sing, as they say:

> "Of earth below, of starry heaven above, Of all wise men, of Sophy and of love."

That is a decidedly French way of making science popular, and it is amusing to observe how in prose the temper of the nation also shows itself, and even facts in botany can be made to wear a shape of gallantry that matter-of fact English Sophies would be astonished at. If Sophie still exist, she must, when the last edition of these letters was addressed to her, have reached the sedate age of sixty; and, as she must also by this time have been made a scientific girl, it may therefore be doubted whether for her still in the verses live their wonted fires. Whether she may be after all only one of those put-a-case ladies who abound in literature, we in our importance are unable to say.

The letters are filled with instructive and amusing facts, which glitter in the too luxuriant leafage like the gein fruits in a certain underground garden which a certain tailor's son once visited. Having got among them lately by some chance we filled our pockets from the store.

That we may not at once quite drop the connection between Science and Sophy we will begin with the subject of Sensibility—the Sensibility of Nature. M. Durand lectured on Mineralogy in Paris, about fifty years ago, and he thought he proved that there was sensibility in stones. His great point was the love of the stone for the sun. It was quite a rose and nightingale scandal. Take a solution of salt, put one half of it in the sun; keep the rest in darkness. Superb crystals will form under the kiss of the sun, while in the shade the salt and water still remain salt and water. Light, said M. Durand, goes therefore into the composition of a crystal. Diamonds are almost wholly composed of sunlight; they are only found in places where the sun gives heat and light enough to make them. Now, said the French philosopher, what do you call that reception of light to the bosom of a stone-what can you call that but love? He went farther, and asserting that all the highest mountains are placed under the equator, called them lumps of sunlight. They are imitations of the salt experiment on a large scale. Their granite peaks are crystal-lised light; but incomplete crystals. Give them more light and they will be completethey will become crystals of the sublimest order, they will be diamonds—real Koh-i-noors, or mountains of light. If the sun were but a little brighter and a little hotter Chimborazo would be all one diamond, the Himalayas would be diamond steeps, and all towns in the East over the sunny side of their walls would have diamond turrets like Amberapad. Every sun-baked brick of Egypt would in that case become a jewel worth some quarts of Koh-i-noors.

have been made a scientific girl, it may therefore be doubted whether for her still in the verses live their wonted fires. Whether she ever became Mrs. Martin, or whether she may be after all only one of those put-a-case plants, and minerals were formed by the ladies who abound in literature, we in our gas in its body. It was not, to be sure, importance are unable to say.

could not talk words, but it could talk an acacia with thorns white as ivory, called

This is not so very absurd. If the things in nature be not sensible, they certainly are not stupid. Look at a tree or a shrub. Bonuet used to say that at the end of all his study he could not see the difference between a! wits are that a rosebush has. Look at its leaves, with their smooth glittering surface turned to the sky; but their under surfaces, all soft and full of pores, open to catch the moisture rising from the soil-halfopen when they need only a little, closed when they want none. The rain that falls upon the waxy roof made by the upper surface of the foliage runs off and is dropped into the ground just over the sucking ends of all the rootlets. Turn some of those roseleaves upside down. Lay a cat on her back, and she will not consent to remain in that unnatural position. The rose-leaf, too, objects to be inverted. A man may bend a branch so that its leaves all hang with the wrong again over the ground for drink.

Is the plant stupid? It knows what it wants and likes, and it that be within reach will get it. Put the rose-tree into soil with dry bad earth on its right hand and rich soil upon its left. You will not find it suffering its roots to be long in the dark about the trick that has been played them. They start out of course as usual, and as the mail-coaches used to do, in all directions; but those that have been of no use for him to ask a cat. begin their journey through poor dust receive in a mysterious way some information of the ketter land that is to be found by travel in a contrary direction. Accordingly they all turn back to follow their companions who have gone into the richer pasturage. Propose to put those roots into jail, by digging a trench round the tree, or sinking a stone wall into the earth around it. The rootiets dive into the ground until they have reached the the spider has a right to laugh at your coarse bottom of the obstacle, then pass it, and run up again until they find the level that best pleases them.

Who will now undertake to say that a plant is not sensible! Let Sophia go into you spent half your days upon the clumsy the fields, and she will tread upon a multi- anti-macassars and these oftoman covers? tude of flowers that know better than My dear lady, is that your web? If I were she does herself which way the wind blows, big enough, I might with reason drop you what o clock it is, and what is to be thought and cry out at you. Let me spend a day about the weather. The catendala arrensis with you and bring my work. I have four opens in time weather, and shuts up when little bags of thread, such little bags! In rain is coming. The sonchus sibiricus shuts every bag there are more than a thousand up at the end of each day's business, but holes, such tiny, tiny holes! Out of each only remains tranquilly askep when she hole thread runs, and all the threads—more has no doubts at all about the morrow, than four thousand threads-I spin together when she knows it will be fine. Let a as they run, and when they are all spun, they traveller seek shelter from the sun under make but one thread of the web I weave.

by Linneus the mimospeburnia. The dark shade on the sand perhaps becomes sud-denly dotted with light; he looks up and observes that his parasol is shutting itself up; that every leaf is putting itself to bed. If he will look closely he may observe, too, that cat and & rosebush. Let us see what the the leaves sleep by the dozen in a bed, nestling together in small heaps. The traveller has nothing to complain about; he does not need the shade; there is a cloud over the sun. The tree thinks-one is almost obliged to say, the tree thinks-that perhaps it will come on to rain. There is no reason why its whole roots should not be watered in the arid soil, and there is no reason why its leaves, delicately set on slender stems, should be beaten from their holdings. The leaves, therefore, are shut up and drawn together in small bundles, that they may find in union the strength which in isolation they do not possess: while at the same time room is left for the rain to pass between them to water the roots.

There is not an hour of the day that is not side upwards; but let him watch it. He the beloved hour of some blossom, which will observe how all the little leaves slowly to it alone opens her heart. Linnaus conand very carefully begin to turn upon their ceived the pleasant notion of a flower clock. stems. At the end of a few hours every leaf Instead of a rude metal bell to thump the will have brought round its polished surface hour, there is a little flower bell ready to to the light, and be holding its open mouths break out at three o'clock; a flower star that will shine forth at four; and a cup, perhaps, will appear at five o'clock, to remind oldfashioned folk that it is tea-time. Claude Lorraine, although he did not make a clock of four-and-twenty flowers in his garden, was a landscape painter most familiar with nature; and when he was abroad he could at any time know what o'clock it was by asking the time of the flowers of the field. It would The peasants of Auvergne and Languedoc all have at their doors beautiful barometers, in which there is no glass, quicksilver or joiner's work. They were furnished by the flowers.

Let me put a spider into any lady's hand. She is aghast. She shrieks. The nasty ugly thing! Madam, the spider is perhaps shocked at your Brussels laces; and, although you may be the most exquisite miniature painter living, daubs as she runs over them. Just show her your crochet work when you shriek at her. "Have you spent half your days," the spider, if she be spiteful, may remark, "have

have a member of my family who is herself By tacking. It flies, when pursued, with a no bigger than a tain of sand. Imagine sharp zig-zag motion. Let us compare what a slender web she makes, and of that strength with atrength. The commonest of too, each thread is made of four or five beetles as in proportion six times stronger four bags through four or five thousand little about your delicacy? A pretty thing indeed trees and knock down mountains. for you to plume yourselves on delicacy and scream at us." Having made such a furnish a familiar world of wonders: some fly speech, we may suppose that the indignant like arrows, some describe circles in the sky, creature fastens a rope round one of the rough points in the lady's hand and lets herself down lightly to the floor. Coming down stairs is noisy, clumsy work, compared cannot do another can. There are birds of

ormolu clock or any lady's watch made, for of a calm evening in the tree shading the byonnet counted four thousand and fortyone muscles in a single caterpillar, and these
are a small part only of its works. Hooke

lord addressed or the rest upon
totage door. There are birds that nest upon
outage door. There are birds that nest upon
the soil in open plains, and there are birds
one muscles in a single caterpillar, and these
that live in caverns: birds of the wood,
are a small part only of its works. Hooke
birds of the mountain, birds that love towns found fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye and houses, birds living alone in deserts. of a bluebottle, and there are thirteen thousand

hares and horses. Others less quick of movement commonly have weapons, as the bull or their bulk and to their habits. The huge body of the elephant stands upon four thick pillars, the stag has supports of a lighter and nimbler quality. Animals that get with his head lifted high above the sand waves, and his eyes carefully protected from glare and dust. One might think through a volume, to good purpose, about legs. Every creature has the legs it wants. A traveller in Africa relates how his baggage male stumbled and fell, and could retain no footing over ground covered with fresh traces of the hippopotamus. The hippopotamus was born with clouts, and had the right feet for his colours. Raffaelle was not more choice about own country; the mule was on a soil for his painting than we find the sun to be. As which it had not been created.

thing. How does a butterfly escape a bird? means need of shelter. Protecting leaves

thousand threads that have passed out of her than the horse. Limeus said of the elephant that if it were as strong for its size as a stagholes. Would you drop her too, crying out beetle, it would be able to tear up the stoutest

The movements of birds upon the wing, and others take a waving undulating course. There are birds everywhere, and they are capable of almost anything; what one bird with such a way of locomotion. the earth, birds of the water, and birds of The creeping things we scorn, are miracles of beauty. They are more delicate than any among the tempests, birds that sing at home

We have heard of the singing of swans. three hundred separate bits, that go to prov le It is not quite a fable. During the winter for nothing but the act of breathing, in a carp. nights, flocks of swans traverse the frozen. Then there are wonders of locomotion in plains of Iceland, filling the air with harthe world greater than any sleam engine can monies like murmurs of the lyre. There is furnish. When the hart seeks the water-perfect time kept at the concert which they brooks, how many things are set in action! give. The ablest bird opens the chaunt, a Eyes to see where the water is, muscles second follows, then a third, and finally the to move the feet, nerves to stir the muscles, whole choir fills the sky with melody. The and a will—no man knows how—to stir the air is full of modulated utterances and re-There are swift creatures who sponses, which the Icelander in his warm depend for self protection on their legs, as cabin is glad to hear; for he knows then, that the spring weather is at hand.

There are more harmonies in nature than the thinoceros. Birds living in marshes more sounds afford. The world about us is have long legs, as Frenchmen living in all harmony, of which we can perceive only marshes, in the department of the Landes, all part. The Cephisus that watered the garmake for themselves long legs by using stilts. dens of the Academy, has disappeared with Marsh birds have stilts born with them. The the woods of Mount Hymettus. The old Scalegs of animals are proportioned always to mander has disappeared with the codars of Mount Ida, under which it had its source. The climate of Italy was milder than it is, less relentless in its heat, before the destruction of the forests of the Tyrol. He who cuts some of their living in the water, as beauting otters, swans, ducks, and geese, are born with paddles on their feet. The mole, again, food to quadrupeds perhaps, or even to man, with paddles on his fore legs; and the The plantain tree, that shades a fountain or hangs over the marshy borders of a stream, is a beautiful object Between the river and is a beautiful object the tree there is a harmony. The Persians were scourged with pestilential maladies from their marsh-bordered rivers, until they called the plantain trees to their aid. "There has been no epidemic at Ispahan," says Chardin, "since the Persians adorned with such trees their river sides and gardens."

We may consider, too, the harmony of winter departs, the modest violet first blos-Let us watch the movement of a little soms beneath a veil of leaves. The modesty

but they are blanched of nearly so. In the the soul? passage from the last snows of winter to the first blossoms of spring, the harmony of colour is preserved—hillsides and orchards are laden with a delicate white, varied rarely by the pink upon the almond-trees. my degree; I was M.R.C.S. and M.D. of Edin:
Petels of apple blossom floating on the My mother was delighted—my uncle was diswind mimic the flakes of snow that were so lately seen. As the warm season advances, colours deepen until we come to the dark crimson of autumn flowers and when my diplomas, framed and glazed, were the brownness of the autumn leaves. This hung up in her parlour; while my uncle, change is meant not only to be beautiful-it, frowning indignantly, asked, "Who would has its use. Why are the first spring flowers be fool enough to give a guinea to a whipperall white, or nearly white? Because, when the winds are still cold and when the sun is an a whipping-post, and without even whisonly moderately kind, a flower would be kers?" He was quite right. I invested chilled to death if its heat, radiated from it rapidly. But radiation takes place most freely from dark colours—from black, from the strongly defined greens, and blues, and reds. In the hot weather, flowers and leaves so coloured, cool themselves more realily of nights, and form upon their surfaces the healing dew. In carly spring, there is little netd of dew or of facilities for cooling. medical staff in Jennyton-treated me with The delicate spring flowers are, therefore, of almost a patronising air. a colour that is least ready to encourage radiation. For the same reason—because white substances give out least freely the heat that cold becomes severe, snow falls and hangs like a fur mantle about the soil. If snow were black, or red, or blue, it would still let! give out their heat most freely.

In regions subject to a cold almost incessant, a short summer produces flowers of extremely vivid colouring. The summer although short is fierce, and the plants radiate fast that they may escape destruction. The dark verdure of the northern pines would cause them to lose heat with great rapidity. For compensation they are made to grow in pyramids that catch a cone of snow so cleverly as to great-coat them during the hard weather. Birch trees that grow in the same forests rice among the pines like silver columns, and they are not shaped to catch the snow, because they do not want it. They have their own light clothing of a brilliant whiteness.

Truly, we need not examine for into the wealth that is poured out in nature before we discover that

"Such bounty is no gift of chance."

Will not a study of such works as these peach or a bunch of grapes. But when teach tooys to reason quite as well as Euclid? he took to horse-disth she preached, raved,

radiate back upon the fragrant little flower Have we touched, here, upon a kind of study all the heat that departs from it. As, the that should be excluded from the discipline of schools? Has it no power to awaken open which display themselves more boldly, intellect, to educate the head, the heart, and

THE BLANKSHIRE HOUNDS

I HAD passed the College, and taken out gusted. My mother's ambition was satisfied, and she felt herself amply repaid for her long years of shabby stuff gowns and sugarless tea when my diplomas, framed and glazed, were the legacy of my aunt Podsleigh in genteel apartments and a brass plate in the principal street of Jennyton. I wore a white cravat, and walked about with a book seriously bound in my hand. A carriage I could not afford. It was before the days of broughams; but no one came with a fee, and the poor patients-chiefly old women who had been the round of all the

Fortunately my uncle—who had quarrelled with fly mother, his sister, because she would make me a physician-was solicitor and agent they contain or cover - arctic animals are to the Dowager Countess of Bullrush; and, white as their native snows. For the same about the time that my legacy was reduced reason, too, the snow itself is white. When to a very minute balance which I feared to draw out of the Old Jennyton Bank, the young Earl, who had been brought up on the coddling principle-two nurses and a governess until some of the heat escape which is retained he was thirteen; then a private tutor, and under its whiteness. The colours, even of two grooms, one to ride behind and the other men, daffer in hot climates; in the hottest beside him; three glasses of wine at dinner, they are made quite black. Black substances and a select library, chosen by the bishop of the diocese, the popular Bishop Flam, celebrated for his melodious voice and accommodating opinions — I say the young Earl suddenly broke out of bounds, first accepted an invitation from the Bishop's wife's nephew, the Honourable Frank Fastman, without consulting the Countess; staid away a fortnight; returned driving a tandem and smoking a cigar; and then, after purchasing a stud of hunters from Mr. Thong, the celebrated dealer, on credit, accepted the mastership of the Blankshire Hounds, which had been offered by a gentleman he met at Mr. Fastman's table, on the strength of Lord Bullrush having an estate in that county, which neither he nor his father had ever seen.

The Dowager had hoped to lead her son through life in the same pleasant and easy way that she had led him through the castle gardens when he was in frock and trousers, rewarding him from time to time with a

fell into hysterics, and finally sent for my

My uncle was not taken by surprise; but set out at once, and took me with him. We rode his two Norfolk cobs, presents from Lord Holkham. The family physician, Dr. Fleme, had been sent for: also Sir Albert Debonair, from London; but Dr. Fleme was attending the Duchess, and Sir Albert was at Brighton, waiting for a bow from royalty; so, I felt the Countess's pulse; and, with much trepidation, made up, on my uncle's suggestion, a prescription consisting chiefly of sugar, hot water, and old Cognac. Then I retired.

'My uncle listened to the Downger's mingled fears for her son's soul and body; for the Countess fancied a fox hunt was next door to his tutor had been pretty regular attendants on the Jennyton harriers for the previous three seasons. He then gently insinuated that, as the young lord unfortunately took after his father instead of his mother, and was consequently obstinate, and would be of age in a year, and might then object to certain liberties that her ladyship had taken with the estates, perhaps it would be better to let him have his own way. He mentioned the case of young Lord Modbury, who married the dairymaid to spite his father, because he would not let him go to Paris; and the Honourable Mr. Eton who went to London and lost forty thousand pounds at the oyster club, because Lady Eton objected to his four-in-hand: with many other anecdotes of a like nature. Finally, he advised that the Black Oak Grange, the best house on the Blankshire estate, should be fitted up and filled with a carefully selected staff of servants, and a stud of first-rate hunters, and that her ladyship should withdraw all objections, on condition that his lordship took with him a resident medical attendant. To this conclusion, not without much sighing and sobbing, and pious ejaculations, her ladyship came at length; Müfleigh, who always had the strongest objection to anything beyond nine miles an hour, came to be the medical and daily companion of a fox-hunting Earl. Ah, me! The thought of what I have had to do, in my time, even now makes me tremble all over with goose's flesh as I sit in my morocco arm-chair, and enjoy the fruits of early hardships upon pigskin.
The Dowager took a fancy to me from the

moment she saw me trotting up the avenuefor, as she flatteringly observed, "He rides so badly, he is not likely to lead dear Reginald

into mischief."

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It was October when this occurred. Down we went into Blankshire, and took possession of Black Oak Grange, a curious ord-manned, observed in a loud whisper to the land house, which was already scrubbed, warmed, observed in a loud whisper to the land house, which a corps of the ugliest. "They didn't want any interlopers, showing and their horses." And it is a of Black Oak Grange, a curious old-fashioned

many adventures; of which one will be enough for the present.

The Blankshire hounds hunted over one of those bld lashioned squirearchal districts, where good fat land, rude cultivation, old families of moderately independent means, and the absence of mines and manufactories, as well as of roads leading to any important town, combined to nourish in great perfection all those John Bull prejudices which railroads and high-farming have done much to extinguish. Pigtails, top-boots and buckskins, four-horse coaches, postillions and outriders. county assemblies, minuets and cotillions, had their last stronghold in Blankshire. county families seldom travelled to London; even the county members had perpetual leave an hospital; not dreaming that the Earl and of absence. The peers who had estates in the county rarely visited them, and if they came for shooting, came as strangers. Manufacturers were looked on and talked of, much as Southern planters talk of niggers. professional man, except one favourite M.D., had ever been admitted to the Blankshire assemblies, held in the rooms of the chief inn –the Bullrush Arms—in a decayed cathedral town, where the squires had town houses, and spent a portion of the year (including hard frosts) in a series of dinners and whist-parties with the rosy, port-loving prebends of the old school.

The Blankshire Hounds had been a subscription pack from time immemorial, and had grown imperceptibly from badger and hare hounds, to fox-hounds. There was a club, and a club uniform, which it is not necessary to describe, although it might fill a few pages for some fashionable sporting writers—at any rate, the whole club and county believed this costume to be perfection, and the utmost possible contempt was felt and shown for any stranger who varied a hair's breadth or a shade from the cut of the clothes or the colour of the tops, of the Blankshire Club. It was the rule of and this was the way in which I, Adam the Blankshire Club that no one appearing in the field should be spoken to unless he was introduced. "Foreigners," that is, persons not belonging to the county, were especial objects of dislike; and, at various times, the sons of rich merchants and manufacturers, who had been tempted to bring their stude over hundreds of miles of bad roads, by reports of the famous sport among the oxen-feeding pastures of Blankshire, were signally routed, in spite of their first-rate hunters and Meltonian costume, by the combined contempt and studied insults of the old squires and sporting parsons. Gates shut in their faces, loud laughter at mishaps, frequent misdirections, and unmistakeable signs that they were not wanted, generally caused a speedy retreat. In fact, as Squire Thicked and ventilated, with a corps of the ugliest "They didn't want any interlopers, showing maidens I ever beheld together. In this off their airs and their horses." And it is a house I passed four seasons, and met with curious fact, that these gentlemen of the old

But, the falling of war rents, and the change of times which brought the corn and cattle of other districts, better provided with roads, to compete with Blankshire; not to mention the inroads which a few generations of fourbottle men had made on ancestral estates; gradually diminished the income of the Blankshire Foxbound Club. As it was impossible to admit as subscribers any of the new men-sons of millers, agents, and lawyers who had grown up in a new generation—the suggestion of the Honourable Mr. Fastman, when on his visit to his uncle the Canon of the Blankshire Cathedral, of inviting young Lord Bullrush to take the mastership of the Ices." hounds (then vacant by the death of Squire that my lord was to pay half the expenses, and they were to manage.

and agreeable prescriptions for themselves, and a remarkably neat flexible figure. when they made too free with Bullrush claret, In an instant they were both mounted; which mixed with Blankshire ale rather and it did not look likely from their style was supposed to hold a sort of secret-service-post direct from the countess, and the squires were tolerably civil.

had been brought up in a nursery almost ran him a run of ten minutes back to cover, all his life, bloomed and flowered into im-there changed him for another who put his portance. In a month, when the Dowager head straight and gave us (that is to say, came down to visit him, she found that her those who like riding over hedge, ditch, influence had faded to a shadow; he came brook, rail, and gate—I don't) one of the up to her, with his hands in his pockets, quick things of the season. Here, perhaps, smoking a cigar. But to return to the Blank- it may be expected that I shall relate how shire squires.

Lord Bullrush would shake hands, and would make friends with all who came out with the hounds; he broke through all the county etiquotte; he greeted a hard riding young the ner quite as cordially as Squire Beechgrove or Squire Oldoak; he even asked Sheepskin the young lawyer to dinner, the day to beat all the field and jumped the

school, who could not be too civil to the bred weight carriers, quite fresh on their friends of their own set, were as proud of legs; one of them, a black, with a side saddle. Whose could they be? It was not Miss both wise and witty.

Blorrington: we knew Miss Blorrington's. old grey col; it was not Mrs. Beechgrove: she was there, staring with all her eyes. Some one had asked the groom, and he had answered in a sort of Yorkshire accent, "My maister's."

"And who is your master, my man," said

my lord.

"There he is, a coming," said the man,
"and perhaps you'll ask him yoursen."

"Fellow," cried Squire Grabble, "do you

Master of the Hounds, Lord Bullrush."
"I don't care who the hang he be; my orders is to answer no questions and tell no

Up drove a Stanhope, drawn by a fast trotting bay; out of it got, first, a tall, Blorrington, of apoplexy, the day after the trotting bay; out of it got, first, a tall, Annual llunt dinner at the close of the broad-shouldered young man, dressed in a cosseason) was entertained, grumbled at, and finally agreed on: with the understanding Bullrush, in a ferment. None of them had ever seen anything like it before; but my lord always liked something new, and does Behold us then installed in the Grange, now. A scarlet single breasted coat and cap with everything new about us, except the —all the Blankshires were hats; leathers. with everything new about us, except the black and white timber-laced house; everybody calling on my lord, and my lord hunting jack-boots—and all the Blankshires calling on everybody. Oh, those were queer wore managemy tops. Worse than all, the times! Chiefly, the county people were puzzled how to treat me; but, as I kept to the master and more ceremony to his comin the background, and secured the good panion, he handed out a pretty cherry-cheeked will of the steward, and the stud groun, but a little timely attention to their wives may line and nice teeth; a short saucy nose: by a little timely attention to their wives, rosy lips, and nice teeth; a short saucy nose;

badly, I had good rooms, good attendance, and scat, that they were French—as Grabble and the best of the quiet horses to ride. I had suggested, with a contemptuous point at the black boots and moustaches.

On that morning there was not much time The hounds found a fox for inquiries. It was astonishing how Lord Bullrush, who five minutes after being thrown into cover, the two strangers took the lead, kept it, and pounded the whole field at some tremendous fence. But, they did not do anything of the kind; it is true they did not follow my example, and keep with Farmer Greenleigh and Lord Bullrush's second horse man to the high road and the bridle roads; no, they kept tolerably straight, rode a fair second place out of the crowd, and made no display except once Park palings.

Once Park palings.

Once the trowd, at his had no takely stately s the face of Grabble's wheezy mare, with a smile.

The kill was a pretty thing, on a steep grass hill-side, in view—the strangers fairly up. After the whoo-whoop, they turned their horses' heads and rode off, without giving any one a chance of saying a word.

giving any one a chance of saying a word.

Their departure was the signal for a thousand questions. Who were they? What were they? Where did they come from? Their persons, their horses, their accourtements, were severely criticised. . Their appearance in the field was treated as impudence; the man was a strolling player, if not a Frenchman. Parson Doddle suggested that he might be an emissary of the Pope; Lawyer Toddle suspected he was a Russian spy rather At length an appeal was than otherwise. made to Lord Bullrush, whom they despised for his youth, his half shyness and his ignorance of fox hunting, and whom they admired for his title and his estate. My lord gave it against them. He thought "the stranger a neat style of man who rode well, and the girl was monstrous pretty." This changed the current of criticism. Then came the next strom Toddle's articled clerk, Bob Charply, that the strangers had taken the farm-house which formerly belonged to Farmer Cherry, and had six horses there; but only brought two men servants—one of whom was a yokel -and had hired a maid and two understrappers in the village. They were man and wife, named Burden, or Barden, or Barnard, or something beginning with a B.

The next hunting day—we went out three times a week-the mysterious B's were on the field. This time mounted on two greys, better bred, better broke, and handsomer than anything in Lord Bullrush's stud. Again they rode forward, again disappointed Grabble, and Doddle, and Toddle, by not getting into grief. Ours is a fair country, with stiff hunting fences and some water, but it seemed child's play to the lady; and, as for the husband, he rode like one who had been crossing such a country all his life-quite quiet, and as firm as a rock. The vexatious thing was, that when all the club had decided that he was not to be noticed, or answered, or encouraged, he never gave them a chance of being impertinent, never spoke, never seemed to see any one: rode away the moment it was decided that the hounds were to go home. Some of the younger members of the hunt, thawed by the bright eyes and dashing style of the lady B., attempted a few civilities; but with no sort of success, although she succeeded in getting several into terrible croppers, by leading them over tremendous fences at the end of a hard run. Her favourite bay, thorough-bred, with her feather weight, was what she called him, her Perfection.

The steady silence of the strangers had its young damsel, apparently a sister of the lady effect. To my great amusement, after a certain in the Spanish hat; the farm-house was found time it began to be rumoured that they were shut up. Farmer Cherry's executors adver-

a young couple of high rank living incognito. One day the news came that the gentleman was a French prince of the blood; then he was the grandson of a noble duke'r then he was the nephew of an English north-country earl. At length it was settled that they were most distinguished personages, who chose to bear the simple name of Barnard. Toddle's wife went in her new carriage with her best harness to make a call, when she knew they were out hunting, but found no one to answer her questions except stupid Molly Coddlin from our Blankshire charity school, where the smallest quantity of instruction was doled out among large lots of girls in hideous uniforms. Molly knew nothing except that her missis and master were real quality, and that Reuben, the saucy groom at home, had strict orders to let no one in. Mrs. Doddles tried, and called when Mrs. Barnard was at home. Mrs. Doddles had loudly proclaimed, after seeing the mysterious lady at the cathedral in a Parisian bonnet, that she must be an actress. Mrs. Doddles's cards were received? but "Master and missis were out, they told me to say," was the satisfactory answer. Squire Grabble, full of some private information, so far changed, that he rode up to the unknown horseman and "hoped he'd join a few friends to dinner that evening;" to which the stranger answered loudly, before three or four of Grabble's set, "I have not the honour of knowing you, sir; and you don't know me. I may be a bagman, or a play-actor, or even a newspaper writer, as you observed to my servant the other day; therefore, I beg to decline your invitation.

Grabble grew so blue that I began to feel for a kneet. He spluttered out, "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Just as you please," said the stranger, laughing, and looking down on the little fuming man. So there the conversation

At length I was sent on an embarsy from Lord Bullrush, and got for answer, very ewilly, that Mr. B. had come down for amisement and good sport, did not intend to go into society, much obliged, and all that.

For the rest of the winter these mysterious B's supplied our city with the staple of gossip. Offers to buy their horses were declined with not at present." In the end, the conclusion come to, was, that Mr. B. was some great personage in disguise. The majority inclined towards a Russian agent; though Doddles stuck up for the Pope and the Jesuit's College All agreed that such horses were never seen in the county.

While the mystery was at its height; when Lord Bullrush, perfectly frantic at being baulked, had determined to storm the house and throw himself at the feet of a young damsel, apparently a sister of the lady in the Spanish hat; the farm-house was found shut up. Farmer Cherry's executors adver-

tised a sale by auction of the furniture and hounds, and I went there to speed my honey-Mr. Bernard's horses were placed in the stables of the principal hotel under the charge of the Yorkshire groom, and an adver-tisement in the local papers announced them for sale, "the property of a gentleman de-clining hunting." They were sold, with the exception of two reserved, at high figures, fetching the largest prices ever known in the county; but they did not give unmitigated satisfaction to all the purchasers. Perhaps it was the weight or the hand; but the sorrel and the grey never went so well with any one as with the lady in the Spanish hat. The groom was proof against gin, brandy, crowns and half-guineas. His master could ride a bit, he could, so could his missis; and that was all they could get out of him-probably it was all he knew.

. After two more seasons, Lord Bullrush gave up the Blankshire hounds, and not only disgusted the whole neighbourhood, but I verily believe killed the Countess Downger by marrying a pretty girl-a country surgeon's daughter-the very picture, as he declared, of the lady in the Spanish hat. After that, we travelled on the continent for three fears. I published my book on Peculiarities of Digestion, and my Analysis of the Cries of Infants: on the strength of which, with Lord and Lady B.'s patronage, I set up in practice; until, at a fortunate moment his lordship, who had settled down into a steady voting politician, was able to put me in the snug appointment I now hold. I live genteelly in Calverdish Square, and have a great reputation for the diseases of infants.

I continue a great favourite with both my lord and my lady, and am often asked, in the dull scason when Parliament sits late, to take a vacant place at their table. It was after one of these dinners, on a hot July evening, that his lordship proposed a stroll and a cigar. We walked up and down divers quiet streets, until we came into a modern neighbourhood. where a magnificent chemist's shop occupied the corner. "Let us go in," said my lord, "I should like a glass of soda water."

Now, though my conscience went against patronising a surgeon who demeaned himself to sell soda water, I could not say no.

We walked in and had the soda water; but the sight of all the pretty things in glass and china set Lord B. (always a gossip) chatting and asking questions; at length the shopman was obliged to appeal to his master about some question of eau de Cologne. The master came forward: a tall man, dressed in the professional black and white.

As I was looking over the labels, a name repeatedly caught my eye, and reminded me of something, when I heard Lord B. exelaim, "Pray, sir, where have I seen you before Your face is familiar to me." I looked up, and the truth flashed upon it, swelling behind each other. At a little me as the druggist answered quietly, "In distance forests take the place of grass, and Blankshire, when your lordship had the in the far background there are picturesque

moon, and sell my athers horses, while waiting until I could buy a business to my mind. My father was a Forkshive farmer, and made me-his third son-a surgeon. He had horses: of course we rade them. I went to Paris to finish my education, and there picked up my moustache and boots. When I married Farmer Cherry's heir-at-law, a neighbour of my father offered to lend us the house, and told us the story of the Hunt. We were young, much in love, did not want impertinence, and did like fox - hunting. I heard of a surgeon's and druggist's business likely to suit me, and I left your county. We have three children. I am doing a good business-indeed it cost me some thousands of pounds—and we often laugh about the Blankshire Hunt. I hope to have your lordship's custom." Here he handed an ornamental card : Robert Barnard, Surgeon Accoucheur. Prescriptions carefully made up. Eau de Cologne, Seltzer, and all other German Waters.

Lord Bullrush laughed with delight; gave a large order for Seltzer water and perfumery; and hastened home to tell his wife. Barnard's has since become a favorite house of call. My lord delights to tell the story of the Russian Prince and Princess. And the other day, when young Lord Pie Poudre, grandson of Softington of Lombard Street, was expatiating after dinner on "blood," and its inscrutable advantages. "Bosh," answered Bullrush, in his rough way, "Blood in horses, blood in greyhounds, blood in gamecocks, I understand; but as for men, we must take him round to see our sporting druggist, eh, Doctor ?"

THE STYRIAN MECCA.

Perched upon the summit of some pleasant hill, with cloistered paths under greenwoods about it, the rambler in Germany finds often some deserted hut, used now perhaps as a place of occasional prayer and meditation, wherein he is told that there once dwelt a holy man. Often there is a little chapel near the spot, and sometimes it retains much of its old character for sanctity. In some of these places bygone monks have established shrines. to which pilgrims continue to repair, and of these in all Germany the most famous is "Mary-Cell (Maria-Zell) in Styria. It is a place of resort much resembling in character the Maria-Einsiedeln in Switzerland, or the Maria-Czenstochau of Poland, not less distinguished in its way or less frequented than the Italian San Loretto or the Spanish shrine of Sant Iago di Compostella.

The church of Mary-Cell is built on a charming hill which rises from the centre of, a wide natural basin. Green slopes environ;

rocks. Streams that descend from the surrounding hills and mountains sparkle through the wide plain of the valley to join, close under Mary-Cell, the river Salza.

.The traveller finds his way into this happy valley from the outer world through woods and between rocks, at last by a small footpath to which several highways have converged, a narrow path trodden by many millions of feet. He is never out of sight of pilgrims, or out of hearing of their songs. They come from Vienna, and from all parts of Austria; from the Tyrol, from Bohemia, Hungary, Styria, Illyria, Croatia; they come singly or in sets, in processions, occasional and informal or annual and solemn. flow of people from surrounding countries causes an average arrival of two hundred and sixty pilgrims to the shrine of Mary-Cell every day throughout the year; a like number of devotees is at the same time outward bound. They do not set in with an even tide, although the guardians of the shrine endeavour as much as possible to prevent themselves from being overwhelmed by too complete a flood. Generally during the fine weather, but especially at Whitsu .tide and in the month of August, the influx is greatest. On remarkable and rare occasions the throng is enormous. Such an occasion will arise in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, which will be the seventh jubilee year. In the course of The numbers of pilgrims fell during the heroes. disturbed year eighteen hundred and fortyformer strength. In their strength lies, of course, the strength and prosperity of the whole population fixed upon the spot. The priests preserve a register of all communicants. Annual announcements of the num-bers registered have for the Mary-Cellians the interest of budgets. Publication of them is made first in the church; the knowledge of them is then circulated and perpetuated in a great many forms, and they may even be seen scored up behind the doors of innkeepers.

Once upon a time, eight hundred years ago, there was a Benedictine Abbey, newly dedicated to Saint Lambrecht, on the borders

beard, he has been taken home as a picture by many millions of pilgrins.

He was a good old man, who went among the woodcutters and herdsmen with a little image of the Virgin carved in limetree wood. Upon the hill, to which the pilgrims now repair, he found a hollow tree, and, as the spot was suitable, he set up his emblem in the tree, and built himself a wooden cell hard by. The man was so good, and the site of his hermitage was so good, that they attracted not only the peasants of the district, but travellers also. The fame of the beautiful place increased, and in the twelfth century special journeys thither were not unfrequently made from distant places.

At last a certain Margrave, Henry the First, who was sick, dreamed that he must owe his health to Mary of Cell, and on his recovery display his gratitude by a pilgrimage made in his own person to her shrine. He recovered, and at the beginning of the thirteenth century made the pilgrimage. He first took thought for the better preservation of the hermit's image, and built for its reception a stone chapel. He is the second hero of the history of

Mary-Cell.

Then the fame of the shrine grew quietly until, after a great many years, Louis the First, King of Hungary, vowed a pilgtimage to it before engaging in a battle with the Turks or Bosnians. He, in the middle of the the last jubiled year there were assembled fourteenth century, fulfilled his vow, and, not together at Mary-Cell in a single day three to be less liberal than the Margrave, built hundred and seventy-three thousand pitgrims, a handsome church over the stone chapel, and the attraction of the shrine has in the just as the chapel had been built over the succeeding century not in the least abated. hermit's tree. He is the third of the three

From that date Mary-Cell began to preeight, but they have already resumed their dominate over other shrines of the same kind. The priests laboured in its behalf. The abbot of Lambrecht obtained from the temporal princes special privileges for dwellers on the spot. The archbishop of Salzburg, to whose see the place belonged, endowed Cell-pil-grimages with spiritual gain. Dukes and kings began fervently to dream of Cell, and to vow pilgrimages thither. Popes then took the place (of course) under their protection. Even in the time of Clement the Sixth a bull of indulgence for a hundred days was granted to those who performed penance at Mary-Cell. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries almost every prince of the reigning House of Austria of Carinthia in Styria, and the Duke of went thither. Few incidents in Austrian Carinthia had presented to the monks certain history failed to be registered by offerings extensive tracts of land, including woods and paid to the shrine. Ferdinand the Secondmeadows round about the borders of the went thither on the day when the "Rebels Salza. This district was inhabited by scat of Prague" were executed. Emperor Leopold tered hinds and hewers of wood who led but the First made the pilgrimage as often a very heathen life. The Benedictines sent a as nine times. An Austrian archduke had missionary to them, and that missionary was his heart built into the walls of the the founder of the shrine. He is the first of inner chapel of grace. After Austrian victhe three heroes of the history of Mary-Cell; tories gold statues and crosses were desard in hermit's robes, with grey hair and spatched to Mary-Cell. Maria Theresa, after

double heart of gold studded with diamonds, in order that, as the inscription said, " the hearts of the wedded might be one in God." Joseph the Second, when archduke, sent the same gift when he matried. Pounds of gold and silver, worked into dedicatory offerings, travelled the narrow way among the rocks and through the woods into the lovely valley over which Mary-Cell, througd on a nill, sits dominant. The wealth has been partly dissipated by the ravages of the French, and partly by the loss accruing from a fire which, in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, destroyed King Louis the Great's church almost completely. To rebuild it, gold and jewels had to be sold, but there still remains, as we shall see presently, a rich and curious treasury. Of its contents account is kept, not only by the priests, but also by the government of Austria-not that there is any wide demarcation between the two bodies.

As one approaches the spot, road chapels and crosses recur at shorter intervals, and a turn of the road presently reveals a rock made to resemble Golgotha. The green watered valley shortly afterwards is entered, and the towers of the shrine are seen crowning the central hill. The singing of the pilgrims becomes more enthusiastic, and the flags of the processions flutter in the open sun. Processions which consist simply of fellow-townsmen or fellow-travellers marching in company are widely distinguished from the solemn processions, two of which set out in great state every year from Vienna, two from Grätz, others from other places in Austria Proper, Styria, Bohemia, Hungary, &c. There are seventy of these formal pageants which arrive regularly every year at Mary-Cell, but of that number twenty-four all come in the one month of August, and seventeen at Whitsuntide.

The hodily wants and the vanities incident to so large a fluctuating population, have of necessity called into existence a state of life in the immediate vicinity of the shrine that has not a very spiritual aspect. The market place of the hermit town consists, as may be supposed, almost entirely of public-houses or shops for the supply of the wants of pilgrims, and the church itself is encircled by a Vanity Fair as remarkable as Mr. THACKERAY'S admirable book.

Within the great church, which contains the inner chapel, or the Caaba of this Styrian Mecca—within the great church are hundreds of people differing in costume, manners, language, and occupation. There seem to be thousands under the great roof, which is resounding with their songs; not with one song,

peer through the twilight at an image dinfy Viennese smith plated with shocing iron

her marriage with Francis the First, sent a seen; some walk as they sing; some kneel: some newly arrived are engaged on cheerful hymneof greeting to the Virgin; others about to leave are mournfully singing farewells. On the walls are votive tablets and inscriptions "courteously begging" the prayers of pilgrims for some persons dangerously ill.

There are men and women working about on their knees, all the while singing.

There is a fat man struggling with his weight, and labouring to walk on his knees round the wide church walls day after day forty times a day, singing, while he does so, penitential psalms.

One may know the Sclavonian groups from the German by their accents, which are so much softer, the people too are more impressible, and though they may not have more in their hearts, they show more reverence and devotion in their faces. There is a group of Water-Croats led by an old white-haired man with spectacles upon his nose, who gives the hymus out from a thumbed and soiled book of his own manufacture, written with his own hand. He cannot read well, or he cannot see well; evening is closing, and a man as old as himself stands gravely by holding a torch near the paper. Sometimes the whole hymn that the old Croat leads breaks down, when he has lost the thread of it. His neighbour puts the torch quite near the paper, and all gravely wait till they are able to go on again. One hymn being done, the old man is asked to lead another. Nobody attempts to supersede him in his office.

There are confessionals too. Sixty or seventy priests are engaged daily in at-tending to the pilgrims, and over each confessional is an inscription stating what language the priest there presiding speaks and understands.

The treasury of Mary-Cell, to be viewed under the guidance of the sacristan, is not only a treasure house, but a museum of antiquities. Many of its contents date from the time of Louis the First of Hungary, and Mat-thias Corvinus The best part of the wealth has been contributed by the Hungarians, and to this day, next to the members of the Imperial Court in Vienna, the most liberal contributors of offerings to Mary-Cell are Magyar magnates. Among the curiosities of the treasury is a mermaid worked in gold and silver, which the wife of Matthias Corvinus used to wear suspended from her neck. The figure of a mermaid has been by popular superstition for centuries connected here with the health of women. There are offerings in the store that have been sent from France, Naples, and Spain, and from Don Miguel of Portugal. There is the bridal attire of the Duchess southing with their songs; associated men or man, or every group of d'Angoulème; and in a golden acorn is con-associated men or women sings independent tained the ball shot at the good Emperor hymns to independent music.

Ferdinand. There are many anonymous Some pilgrims are lying flat upon the gifts. Workmen have vowed to the shrine ground; some cling about the altar rails and their master-pieces. There is an egg which a

the pens of some authors. Centre of attrac-tion, there are the closhes of the bland hero of the shrine, Louis the First of Hungary, himself; and there is the bridal dress worn by his wife five hundred years ago.

The quaintest thing in Mary-Cell is the Vanity Fair round about the church. Rings of shops are established for the sale of waxlights, rosaries, prayer-books, and a great number of little things that are sold very cheaply, and are bought by the pilgrims either as offerings to use upon the spot, or as pious tokens to take home. The shopkeepers call wares of this description "prayer-goods," and themselves "doalers in prayer-goods," or "dealers in spiritual wares." One shop is an "establishment for Christian goods even in glass-blowing, wood-carving, and of every description." Occasionally the shops other branches of the pilgrim trade at Maryhave signs, and such signs are all taken with startling coolness, sometimes from scripture. One is called "The All-seeing Eye. Establishment for Prayer and Spiritual Goods, by J. Hotzel." On the sign-board there is painted an eye within a triangle. Notices are to be seen in windows, labelling "Relics at reduced prices." One inscription over a door states that there are "Spiritual and pilgrims' goods sold here, and all kinds of fancy ware." Gigantic rosaries hang over the doors of rosary venders. who supply readers—has given a detailed notice of Mary-those articles in every material, in glass or Cell and its Pilgrimages; and it is upon the alabaster, in all kinds of wood or stone or metal.

The books at the bookbinders' shops are chiefly variations upon Litames to the Queen of Heaven, in the Magyar, German, Croatian and Czechic languages. The silliest are among those written in German; priests who write in the other languages belong commonly to the more learned class. Many of the German books are produced by a literary class analogous to that by which boa-bon mottoes are produced. One of the books is called, for example, "The Heavenly Key to the little Garden of Paradise of Mary-Cell."

The most interesting branch of trade that has been fostered near the shrine, is that in wax articles. There is a factory upon the spot, of which the works are divided into two sections: one old-fashioned, in which arms, bit of vegetable, and must pay for it on the logs, and bodies are manufactured in the dresser. Then they take it out into the traditional way; the other new-fashioned, streets and fields, and sit about munching traditional way; the other new-fashioned, in which tapers, little baskets, flowers, and many pretty things are made. The oldfashioned wares are offerings, and consist of nenow models of stout legs, arms, eyes and times, sir, that they make for us poor innother portions of the body, cast in the old keepers!"

wooden moulds and mode as the control of the poor innother portions of the body, cast in the old keepers!" wooden moulds, and made as thin as possible in order that they may be sold cheaply. These maintain the form that they have had an eye for an eye, and so forth.

without once cracking the shell; there we recovered of a broken leg presents a wax leg, and when the collection of such church offerings becomes very great they are melted down by the priests for hallowed tapers. In thankfulness for the preservation of persons saved from peril of death entire figures of men, women and children are also bestowed upon the shrine. There are also waxen begs, having an emblematic signification, frequently offered, more especially by the Hungarians and Slavonians. Mermaids of wax are given by women on recovery from sickness; and when a house or cottage has been saved from peril, a little wax house is the proper offering.

The modern wax department is pretty well level with the last improvements of the day Cell innovations and improvements on the ancient practices have for the last twenty years been suffered or encouraged. In this respect the contrast is great with the custom of the Greek church, which continues to produce amulets and fictures after the manner

in use centuries ago.

We close this account of Mary-Cell with an innkeoper's view of it, as laid before M. Kohl. That gentleman, in his last book of travels-not yet introduced to English store that we have been drawing, M. Kohl observed to the mukeeper, that there was a great majority of women among the frequenters of the shrine. "Yes," said mine host, "mercy upon us, such a heap of singing women as there is parading about. It's wretched, sir. They don't eat anything, and they bring to the innkeepers of Mary-Cell nothing but trouble and grief. They are all very well for the prayer-dealers. They buy mountains of wax-lights, offerings, and amulets. But the men eat and drink. The right men for me are your Austrians. I like your people from Vienna. But the Croats, and most of the ('zechs, too-mercy upon us-there's a wretched lot! They sleep on straw, and pay a penny cash for the accommodation. And they pay no nfore for their dinner. They come straight into our kitchens, buy their soup and by hundreds. Sometimes there are four or five hundred such folks crowding and worrying at once about the house. It's hard

It is a fine sight to watch a Croat procession of patriarchal men in grey heards and white woollen cloaks, with their women for centuries, and belong to the traditions of also dressed in white, gravely departing According to the diseases of homewards to their distant villages, after they which they have been cured, are the wax have fulfilled what they consider a religious offerings presented by pilgrims in the church, duty. The simplicity and uniformity of their

A man costume dauses these people to form much

finer groups in their processions than are produced by the congregation of their particular coloured neighbours.

THE LADY TIERTH.

Tur ancient Germans thought all blessings came From a fair goddces-Hertha was her name She bade the spring awake the sleeping earth. She nuscd the tender flow rets at their birth ; She scitter d verdure over hill and plain , She cover'd the broad field with golden grain; She call'd sweet waters from the barren rick She guarled from the wolf the timid flock The trees she loaded with their lustious stoic, And, when the time of flowers and fruits was o cr, Upon the cuth her veil of snow she threw, And writh'd its slumbers with her eyes of blue, She the first distaff to the housewife brought, And how to use the plough the peasant trught

When n ture were a garb of dan ty green, And cluster'd wealth upon the vine was seen; When the h t sun flow d in a cloudless sky, Men did not think the Laly Hertha nigh , They thought, while all were basking in her love, She smiled upon them from her home alove But when the winter came, in I nights were drear, They thought the Lady Hertha bover'd neu And then their love was not unmixed with fear

Throw open, throw open the windows wide, For now is the se ison of glad Yule tide The Lady will pass through the frosty air, In snow-white garb, and with flowing hur.

Hear you her voice as she florts along,-Through the wintry blast sounds her liquid song Twelve days will she wander-that I ady fair-In snow white gurb, and with flowing hui.

A heavy muschuf will full, no doult, On him who shuts the Wand'ter out So open the windows wide. Take cure To velcome the Lady with flowing hair.

Good Rousewives, mind that your floors are clean, Let no unseemly speek be seen. Ys slutush drones, boware, beware There is wiath in the Lady with flowing hair

The land had lost its youth, Years pass'd away And hely men had come to teach the truth Some said that Heitha was a phantom vun-The mere creation of a heated brain, While others taught she was a spute of ill, Who roam'd about the soul of man to kill. Her sacred can, which once the priest alone, Trembling with awe, might lay his hand up on, And which, with curt one closely hung wound, Scen d to enclose some mystery profound, W is now thrown open to the vulgar gaze, And serv d perhaps, the winth a fire to raise. The nuthless are how d down her holy wood A huich was built where once her altar stood.

Though now the people seek not to adore Her, whom they worst upp d in the days of yore, Still, it is thought, the Lady lingers near The sons of those to whom she was so dear Her Yule tide visits are not yet forgot, But Chaptenes draws her to the ancay't spot.

Throw open, throw open the windows wide. For now on the blast doth the Lady ride, Her garb is a shroud and hat eyeballs glare-Still, welcome the Lady with flowing hair.

Ye maids and ye mistresses, busily spin. Although from your fingers ye wear the skin ; If on Three kings' day still the flax is there, You will anger the Lady with flowing hair.

The wheel is broke of any Lady's car, To fetch strong wood she will come from afar: This good Yule log will the wheel repair, Let it stand by the door for the Lady fair.

Now through the ur the witches shout, And the Wese wolf is rosning about-about. His teeth aic sharp, and his claws can ten; But he diends the Lady with flowing han

'Tis Christmas eve, the shepheid walking Across the heath, is sagel, talking Unto himself about the weather, And putting this and that together. He loves to pass in neighbours eyes For one who is most weather wise The Lady Heithy-well he knows-As mistices of tune, fogs, and snows, On the twelve mystic nights arranges For the whole you the weather's changes. Thus, if 'tis fine on day the first, The years first month won t be the worst, While wet twelfth nights, he well remembers, Ato certain signs of damp Decembers Now, though to make up the amount Of Iwelve the Evo we do not count, Still one who would be extra knowing Will mark which way the wind is blowing, And shrowdly guess, by that same wind, Which way the I ady is inclined.

The breeze blows from the cust, no doubt-Our shepherd flings his cloak about His shivering limbs, the night is chilly-He thinks it would be wondio is silly Longer about the heath to roam, And so he makes his best way home.

' I've seen a many ugly beasts, but never sat before A cur so ill condition d as that strange one at my door; There's evil in his shaggy han, there's evil in his growl,
There s call in his shining eyes—I hope he will not

howl.

A howling dog is b I enough at it time I know, If such a dog is that should howl, what would it not foreshow?"

> He passes by the ugly cur, Rejoicing that it does not stir ! But still a picy to anxious d ubt, Although his heart is pretty stout. He enters, but he does not find Aught that will cheer his troubled mind. His wife has -- Heaven knows whither !-- gone And he -- poor man !-- is quite alone.

Funtly burns the lamp Duk and deep is every nook, Ghostly cycs appear to look I rom then hiding place. Every shadow forms a face; Chilly is the air and damp, Faintly burns the lamp!

Faintly burns the lamp! Strangely do the embers glow;
And the ruddy light they through Seems to trace, in words of fire, .On the hearth some omen dire, Which the very heart will cramp; Faintly burns the lamp !

Faintly burns the lamp! All is still as douth around, And the eye in mist is drown'd; Every sense scens magic bound. Stay! that heavy distant sound; Was it the Wild Huntsman's tramp? Faintly burns the lamp !

With trembling hand the shepherd takes The flick'ring lamp, and towards the cradle, In which his infant child is laid With tottering step his way he makes, Bumping against each stool and chair, And wondering who has put them there, Secing in kettle, pot, and ladle, Faces that make the heart afraid :-At last the lamp the cradle shows Without the child-then out it goes. The embers which the strange light threw Grow faint-faint-faint-then go out too.

All is dark as pitch, Dismal, desolate and drear, Sorrow would compel a tear, But the eyes are dry with fear. Some ill thing is hov'ring near, Werewolf-goblin-witch-All is dark as pitch.

A minute passes, which appears As long as half-a-dozen years. But while the shepherd's cycballs stare On the black space in dull despair, The door flies open, and his wife Stands on the threshold, looking wild And bearing in her arms the child. With her the silver moonbeams come, And cheer once more the shepherd's home. Waking his deaden'd soul once more to life.

My gudeman, oli, my own gudeman! the danger now is past, I thought I should have died with fear, but all is right

at last ;

The child is safe-just see its smile; my very heart it warms,-

I feel so strong, no power of ill could snatch it from my arms.

"I fear you will be anger'd sore to think the child was left;

Alas! I had set out upon a little harmless theft; A stolen cabbage, as you know-such stealing is no crime-

Will always make the cattle thrive, if given at Christmas time.

While I was in my neighbour's field, resolved my luck to try,

I heard a hurried rustling sound-a monstrous wolf pass'd by; And, as he pass'd, a track of fire he seem'd to leave

behind; I would have screen'd, but ah! methought my voice I could not find.

"Then, suddenly, just o'er my head, the sky, it seem'd. grew bright,

And close before my eyes there rush'd a form attired in white;
In speed 'twas like the lightning's flash, but yet, methought, it throw

A kindly glance upon me from an eye of gentle blue.

"And while I stood with wonder fix'd, half-hopeful, half-afraid.

The wolf came back, and at my feet a burthen gently laid. It was my child; the moon was bright; the hidcons

beast was gone,

But something seem'd to tell me that I was not quite

The shepherd mused upon the danger past, Till in a tone of joy he cried at last: "Throw open, throw open, the windows wide, For now is the hour of my Lady's ride : The Were-wolf was forced the child to spare, He dreaded the Lady with flowing hair.'

BULLS AND BEARS.

THE animals of which we propose to treat, are to be seen leading a civilised and peaceful life, in and about the purlieus of Change Alley, London; their place of most especial resort being Capel Court.

Although the subjects of this paper may not be found described in any current history of quadrupeds, the reader will not fail to have observed frequent allusions to them of late, in the various City articles of the daily journals. He will there have read, especially since the affair of the occupation of the Principalities, how Prince Strongenough has been carrying everything before him; and how, in consequence, the Bulls have been forcing the market. This simply means that a certain class of stockjobbers called Buils, have been doing their best to to 26 up the value of the Funds—for their mere amuse-ment, of course. In like manner, when we read that Prince Stalkemoff, finding himself outflanked, haz made a retrograde movement, and that the "Bears" are consequently in a highly excited state, it need not be feared that the animals so called in the Regent's Park Gardens are becoming dangerous; all that is intended to convey being, that another class of stock-jobbers known as Bears, are striving to depress the funded barometer, and thus usher in a heavy "fall."

It may be said, without the least fear of contradiction, that the British Stock Exchange is one of the mightiest engines at work in the political world, if indeed it be not the most omnipotent. Monarchs, diplomatists, statesmen, and generals, all depend upon its breath for their existence. Diplomacy and military strategy are children's toys, the merest air-bubbles in the hands of negotiators of foreign loans. Place all the live emperors in the world, with all their crafty, old, grayheaded prime ministers in one and the former would kick the beam.

The despot of some overgrown but pauper country wants to march an army against a neighbouring state, to commit some act of spoliation; or he may only wish to construct a railway, or to strengthen his fleet. In either case he is obliged, as a preliminary proceeding, to write a civil note to one who is mightier than he;—a money leviathan, to request that he will be good enough to arrange the loan of a few millions of pounds sterling. The great capitalist does not send him a cheque for the amount by the return post, for ing such a goodly mendicant. It is related the very good reason that he does not usually of this well-favoured monarch that, once as the very good reason that he does not usually keep such large sums lying idle at his bankers' neither may he be possessed of a tithe of siding over the receipt of taxes, he kissed a the amount required. But he returns the young widow who brought to his treasury oft-repeated answer in money lending cases, "he has not the cash himself, but he thinks he knows some friends who have," and forthwith, having arranged the terms for interest, and security, commences the inquiry amongst his friends, by what is termed opening a new foan. Such being the importance of this estentations; for, according to his financial great interest, it may well claim from us logic, their frugality enabled them to do so. some notice of its origin, its constitution, and Elizabeth, having sold patents and granted its present working.

The property with which dealers and brokers on 'Change have to connect themselves, consists of money loans to governments and shares in public companies. Our present paper will be confined entirely to the former of these, which may be very properly and conveniently classed under two distinct heads, that is to say, loans to our own government, known as the British Funds, and loans to foreign kingdoms and states, called Foreign The custom of borrowing money Stocks. appears to have been a right kingly practice from time immemorial in all countries. England, ages ago, the sovereign thought it when this device failed to meet the exigencies of the case, he hesitated not at pawning the crown jewels or any other valuables upon which he could obtain a consideration. There were, it is true, no regular pawnbrokering establishments in those days from the door of which dangled the three ominous balls of gilt; but there were ever those ready with Macaulay observes, with great justice, that their cash, who, too powerful to be robbed, consented to make advances against royal trinkets.

King John had a peculiar way of raising toans, not at all approved of by Isaac of York and his Jewish brethren. Edward the First seized upon the plate belonging to churches and monasterics under pretence of aiding him in a crusade to the Holy Land; large sums of money were collected for the same purpose; but it happened that when the royal treasure-chest became replenished, the king was taken suddenly unwell and dee but the former still constitute a portion of clared that he did not feel equal to the voyage. the British Funds,

scale, and in the other, Rothschild or Baring, Wis Majesty, nevertheless, did not think fit to return any of the moneys received for the special raissions Both Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth were frequently compelled, during their French wars, to the most unworthy shifts, and did not heatate to bor-row money, well knowing that it would never be returned. Edward the Fourth was said to be the handsomest tax-gatherer in his kingdom, and so royally did he beg, that all the women of the day hastened to pay in their own or their husbands' contributions to the exchequer, for the pleasure of enrichhe sat in his apartments at Whitehall presiding over the receipt of taxes, he kissed a more than was her due, whereupon the cunning lady immediately doubled the amount, and so bribed the King for a second kiss.

Henry the Seventh levied his rates upon the people upon a rather novel principle, by forcing the frugal to pay as much as the monopolies until no more were required, resorted to the device of exacting new years gifts from all of any note in the state, and these came to a goodly sum. She was also in the frequent habit of borrowing largely from the various corporations; of course without the trouble of reckoning interest upon such trifles; and, when she found she had more in her treasury than the immediate occasion required, her Majesty condescended to re-lend a portion of it to the same companies at an interest of seven or eight per It may be truly said that the exchequer of our earliest monarchs was in the pockets of the people; that of Henry the not incompatible with his regal dignity to Eighth in the monasteries and churches; that levy "black mail" upon such of his subjects of Elizabeth in the corporations; and of the as he fancied had mough and to spare, and following sovereigns wherever they could find it.

It will thus be perceived that although our enormous National Debt dates no further back than the reign of William the Third, it does not at all follow, as some have supposed, that the art of getting the state into debt was the invention of that screreign. "from a period of immemorial antiquity it had been the practice of every English Government to contract debts. What the revolution introduced was the practice of honourably paying them." Skilled in the commercial craft of his own country, William, whilst he initated his predecessors in raising loans, hid so upon something like sound principles, and under the names of Long and Short Annuities, Tontines and Lotteries, filled his The coffers without defrauding his people. latter have been very properly abolished,

Although so intimately confected with hundred and seventeen. The Bank transacts history of the Stock Exchange, and the Government business for a fixed annual the history of the Stock Exchange, the career of Bulls and Bears, it would ocany detailed account of the growth of the National Debt of this country. Most of our readers will not require to be told how this debt, which William the Third left at sixteen millions sterling, had, at the accession of William the Fourth, reached the enormous amount of upwards of eight hundred millions, the yearly charge of which for interest was double the amount of the original debt of the country. The fatal necessities of war had caused this aggravation of our expenditure. Of the seven hundred and seventy millions of Stock created by loans between the years sevenhundred and seventeen nearly the whole had been the consequences of the hostile attitude of France. In one single year—that of eighteen hundred and fourteen, in which our greatest efforts against Napoleon had been made-not less than ninety-three millions were thus added to the funded debt of the country; in the two following years an equally gigantic amount was added

During the early years of national loans six per cent. was the legal rate of interest; although in fact much more was frequently given. We read that in sixteen hundred and ninety-two the Government offered. eight and ten per cent. for the loan of a million, yet could obtain but three fourths of the required amount. During the reign of Anne and George the First high rates of interest were given for the moneys required; and although such rates have long since ccased, a practice amounting in effect to the same thing was very common during the late wars. It was a customary proceeding for the Government which needed a loan of ten millions to issue stock to the lenders for twelve or thirteen millions, as an inducement for them to provide the money; hence, although only four per cent. was the nominal interest allowed, it in fact amounted to four-and-ahalf and sometimes to five per cent. on the sum actually raised. It is worthy of remembrance that, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-six, eighteen millions sterling were subscribed in London by way of loan in sixteen hours, with the view of enabling the Government to prosecute the war with Repub-The interest on Exchequer lican France. Bills has always been calculated at so much per diem; this rate has of course varied with other stock from threepence to threehalf pence. In eighteen hundred and fortyseven, when the Bank raised its rate of interest from three to eight per cent., hachequer Bills stood at threepence per cent. per day.

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The payment of the Dividends, or interest of this country, has been entrusted to the be repaid about the same time that the Great Bank of England since the year seventeen Sea Serpent is caught, or when the Flying

Austria, had the honour of negotiating the first foreign loan in this country. So long since as the year seventeen hundred and six half a million sterling was raised amongst the men of "the Alley"—short for Change Alley-where at that time the business now transacted in Capel Court was carried on. This was done at eight per cent, and secured on the Silesian revenues. The example once set, and the influence of British gold felt throughout the continent, other nations were not tardy in availing themselves of our surplus capital. The wealth that accumulated from trade and manufactures already gigantic teen hundred and ninety-four and eighteen as compared with other countries, the dazzling riches that poured in from our Indian possessions, offered a tempting prize to people who had no such resources within themselves. It was, however, chiefly during the present century that the great drain upon our ways and means to foreign countries took place. The first French loan was negotiated in eighteen hundred and fifteen, to aid the restored Bourbons. Up to eighteen hundred and twenty-five it appears that Denmark eased our capitalists of about three millions and a half; Portugal took a million and a half; Greece a similar sum; and Russia three millions and a half. These amounts are, however, mere trifles to the sums abstracted from our too credulous countrymen by the states of the New World.

We will say nothing about Pennsylvanian bonds and Pennsylvanian repudiation; but will confine our remarks to transactions in the more southern states of America. The young governments of that vast country, although scarcely out of their leading strings, yet evinced a capacity for loans that would have reflected credit on any luxurious Nabob of the East, or magnificent despot of the old world. As the rivers, the mountains, the animals, and the foliage of those countries of America are gigantic, so nature appears to have endowed their constitution with an equally enormous swallow for British capital. Within a marvellously short time young Brazils took unto itself five millions and a half sterling in the Mexico, although shape of English loans. scarcely on its legs, contrived the disposition of six millions and a half: whilst the states of Chili, Peru, Colombia, and Buenos Ayres were modest enough to be content with the trifle of four millions and a half amongst them; so that, in that one south-western direction, Capel Court has contrived to scatter upwards of sixteen millions of the nation's property. How much of this enormous sum will yield any permanent interest, is a problem we should not like to hazard a The payment of the Dividends, or interest conjecture upon: as to the principal, the on the Stock constituting the Funded Debt sixteen millions and odd—that will, no doubt,

Dutchman succeeds in getting his letter-bag

The accidental discovery of rich deposits of gnano on the Lobos Islands, enabled the Peruvian government, after a long lapse, to resume the payments of interest to their British creditors: these islands are estimated to continue productive for about nine years longer, at the end of which time, unless fresh discoveries be made, our Peruvian bondholders will be in their former miserable position.

When the uninitiated in the mysteries of Coupons read in the columns of the morning journals & notice headed significantly, "Conversion of Spanish, Portuguese, Mexican, and Chilian Old Fours," they need not turn to the next column in the belief that it relates in the most remote degree to any missionary triumphs over the inhabitants of those countries; well might it be if spiritual conversions were as readily affected as those of secular The notice alluded to is simply a Stock. notification that the governments indicated having failed for many years to pay any of the interest due on their English loans at four per cent per annum, intend to convert the shares of the said loans into Three per Cents. This change, harsh and arbitrary as it is thought by many not in the secret, will not in reality affect the holders of foreign stock to the smallest extent, as those persons will receive quite as much interest after the "con-version," as they were in the habit of doing previously.

The Stock Exchange, as it now exists, is of modern growth. Like "Lloyd's" and similar institutions, it has grown with the age, and by slow degrees accommodated itself to the altered circumstances of the times. Dealers in funded property, and negotiators of stock, first appeared in London in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-two; at that period the transactions in this description of business became so extensive, that men found it well worth their while to devote their whole time and energies to it. For a period of about eight years, their dealings were carried on within the busy walls of the Old Royal Exchange; but at a very early date in the eighteenth century, share-brokers assembled for sales and purchases in the coffee-houses of 'Change Alley, in Cernhill. This continued the case for fully a hundred years, and the brokers and jobbers in stocks were then known as the men of the "Alley."

In eighteen hundred and one the first stone of the present Stock Exchange Building was laid in Capel Court, and since that period its members have been in the habit of meeting daily under its roof for busi-

stips of paper containing daily and often which see exposed to public view in their windows or at their doors. For many years the dealings in foreign stocks were carried on in the rotunda of the Bank of England; but as those transactions grew in importance, it became impossible to continue the practice, and all stock and share business is now transacted under one roof.

The members of the London Stock Exchange have ranged at various periods from five hundred to a thousand, paying annual subscriptions of ten guineas each; at the present moment there are scarcely so many as the latter number. No person can become a member who is engaged in any trade, or who is a clerk to any merchant or company. Every one admitted must be recommended by three well-known members, who also become his sureties for two hundred pounds each for The society is governed by a two years. committee of twenty, having a president and vice-president; their rules are very numerous and stringent, calculated, as far as any regulations are capable of doing so, for preserving unimpaired the respectability of the body.

In spite of every precaution, however, improper characters sometimes gain admission, and damage the reputation of the institution by acts of fraud; which, unfortunately, are very easily committed. Besides these intentional cases, there are others, which though cqually damaging, are yet regarded by the gentlemen of Change, "more in sorrow than in anger." Men of previous high character have, through some unforeseen losses, been induced to enter rashly into speculation, in the hope of extricating themselves from their difficulties, by an anticipated rise in some particular stock: disappointment has blighted their expectations, and has led to their be-coming defaulters. Others again are ruined through the insolvency of those for whom they act.

The much-dreaded result of a "default"or inability to pay claims-when accompanied by fraudulent dealings, is the exhibition of the defaulter's name upon the "Black Board." To be once gibbeted in this way, is civil death to the sufferer, as regards the Stock Exchange; no interest, no wealth, can again place his name upon the society's books. Care has to be taken in this act that the committee, who order the fatal notice, be not made liable to an action for libel, For this purpose the sentence runs as follows:-"Any person transacting business with John Smith, is requested to communicate with Thomas Brown." John Smith will be the party whose expulsion is determined on, and ness purposes, just as merchants assemble the notice answers the purpose; for no dein the Royal Exchange every afternoon, faulter has ever been known to make his Nevertheless Change Alley continues the appearance after having had his name on the favourite locality for persons following the Black Board. This effective and peaceful profession of stock and share-broker, whose mode of killing members has been in exquiet offices may be easily recognised by the listence since seventeen hundred and eighty seven. Members who become defaulters, dr. in ordinary language, insolvent, are re-admitted after a careful inspection of their books, provided they are able to pay thirty per cent of their liabilities. They are re-admitted under three grades of what in bankruptcy would be called certificates; the class depends on the character of the defaulter's dealings, and the extent of his assets.

Of the respectability of the Stock Exchange, not less than of its vast influence, there can be no question; although the many cases of fraud and improper transactions which have occurred among some of its members, have earned for it a reputation by no means enviable, and certainly not deserved.

The members of the Stock Exchange consist of, as has been previously stated, brokers, and dealers or jobbers. The former receive and execute orders from monied people, to purchase or sell stock or shares, for which they charge a commission of two shillings and sixpence in the hundred pounds. It happens not unfrequently that their orders may come from mere speculators, men of straw, or men who go beyond their means during some great excitement; and, should such operations result unfavourably, the broker, by the Exchequer rules, must make good the deficiency. The dealers are men of varied means, and occasionally of no means whatever, who are nevertheless always willing to undertake a sale or purchase of stock at a certain price, and no matter to what amount. They buy on the calculation of selling to a gain, and in the same manner will sell what they do not possess, in the expectation of being able to purchase sufficient stock for their customer

at a price that shall leave them a profit.

What are called Time Pargams, or purchases for "the account," constitute the largest portion of the business on Change; and, although such transactions are, strictly speaking, illegal, and not recognised by the legislature, the members could not exist without them. These dealings have not been of very long standing. They had their origin in the following way:—Twice in every year—but latterly four times—the Bank Stock Books were closed against transfers for a period of some weeks, in order that the warrants for the dividends due on them might be made out. During these periods it was customary for individuals to effect sales of stock for "the opening," as it was termed; this was perfectly legitimate business, and was recognised by the Committee as such. But that which arose out of a necessity subsequently assumed a different shape, and time bargains, in place of being carried on only during the periodical closing of the books, have grown into daily and hourly transactions of enormous magnitude.

To meet this new state of things, stated settling days are arranged, on which all the funds stood at the highest point at which engaged in bargains against "time," or "for they were ever known; viz., 107, or seven the account," must close their, pending deal-per cent. above par. Between that period

ings, and square their purchases against sales. By means of this credit system, a vast amount of stock business may be done without the dealer possessing a large capital; all that he may require will be sufficient to meet the difference between his purchases and his sales on settling day. During such an exciting period as we have recently witnessed and are still experiencing from the uncertainty of peace, large sums have been made in this way. But if one party makes a gain, somebody must as surely be a loser for the like amount. To illustrate this, we will suppose that A agrees to sell B five thousand pounds of stock "for the account" at 95; the funds in question may at the time be 95, but A is working what is termed a "bear account," that is, he is operating on the chances of the funds declining in value. If he be right in his calculations, and the funds indicated fall to 94 by settling day, it is clear that A realises fifty pounds: but, should they on the other hand rise to 951, he will as surely have to hand over the difference of twenty-five pounds. either case, the value involved is not five thousand pounds, but simply the "difference" lifty or twenty-five pounds, as the case may be; and inasmuch as these differences will be paid by bankers' cheques, there is actually no coin required in the transaction? hence the great readiness with which these dealings are entered upon. Nevertheless there can be no question but that time bargains must be viewed in the light of gambling, in common with any other lottery.

The technicalities of the Stock Exchange have been current for upwards of a century. Some of them are sufficiently puzzling to the world outside the Alley. In addition to the term explained above, there are the Bulls, who are those jobbers who, reversing the operations of the Bears, seek to turn a few thousands by means of a rise in the value of stocks. To effect this, the most legitimate means are not always resorted to. Rumours violently exaggerated, predictions the most of posed to truth, are but too frequently the machinery employed for working either a Bull or a Bear-account. It is impossible for those who have not witnessed the arrival and spread of disastrous intelligence in the purlicus of Capel Court, during a period of public excitement, to form an adequate idea of the commotion caused by the news. Hundreds of thousands of pounds often change hands upon the good or ill news of a single mail. This may be partly realised by those of our readers who have observed the fluctuations in the value of the British Funds since the recent complication of the Russo-Turkish question. The heaviest and most sudden variations in the. Stocks were during the long and costly wars consequent upon the first French Revolution.

Previous to the middle of the last century, the funds stood at the highest point at which.

and the breaking out of the French Revolution in seventeen hundred and eighty-nine they ranged from par to 478 -that being the zero of prices, which Consols touched in the month of January, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight. A curiosity was lately exhibited or the Stock Exchange in the shape of a Stock receipt for thirteen hundred pounds Cousols at the price of 474 per cent. That being within a fraction of the lowest point to which Consols had ever fallen.

The history of the British funds shows that their falls have always been more sudden and of greater extent than their recoveries. Hence it is seen that the greatest improvement in the funds was on the concluding of the Peace of Amiens, when they rose ten per cent. whereas, when hostilities recommenced in eighteen hundred and three, they fell seven-teen per cent. in one month. The effects teen per cent. in one month. The effects produced on 'Change by different events are not without interest, The first outbreak of the French Revolution depressed the funds two and a half per cent. The war with Russia, in eighteen hundred and seven. sent them down two per cent. The landing of per cent, and the refusal of William the Fourth to dine with the Lord Mayor, in eighteen hundred and thirty, sent them down seven per cent. Whilst on the other hand the Battle of Waterloo raised them but six per cent.

The terms Contango, Backwardation, and Continuation, are applied to arrangements connected with Time Bargains. The Contango is the rate of interest (generally about | business. three-sixteenths per cent.) incurred by a buyer to postpone payment until the next settling day, when he has not the means or the inclination to pay for it at once. For instance : taking the price of the day at which the bargain was made at 943 for the December account, the to this quotation for the accommodation of deferring actual payment for the stock until the settling day in January. Backwardation reverses the transaction. In that case, the buyer receives a per-centage on the condition of not compelling the seller to deliver the stock at the next day of reckoning, but to retain possession to the succeeding account, or for any other future day agreed upon. The Continuation consists of an additional per-The centage paid by either party for keeping open the transaction, should he not be in a condition to close it at the time specified when the bargain was struck. These and all other incidents of Time Bargains, are rank gambling.

There have been Bulls and Bears other than those of the Alley, if we are to believe all hat is handed down to us in the shape of ssip of the day. Members of the Government higher office, Peers of the realm, are his career was one of unexampled prosperity; said to have jobbed in connection with 'Change and, although it is not our intention to do men upon the strength of official information; more than glance at the footsteps of this and it is even said that Ministers of State monarch of Change, an anecdote illustrative

themselves, for large sums of money to jobbers who did not fail to surn it to profitable ac count: and in those days, when steam and electricity were agencies of communication as yet undreamt of, the value of early intelligence must have been unlimited.

The great Marlborough was not proof. against the tempting bait held out to him by the Rothschild of his day, one Medina, who paid the commander six thousand a-year during his campaigns for the privilege of accompanying him, and forwarding to his friends in the Allev the important events of the war by the government courier. By this means the celebrated battles of Oudenarde, Blenheim and Ramillies, were turned to a golden account by the skilful stockbroker.

It is a matter of notoricty that the first forgery of Exchequer Bills, and which occurred in the year following their introduction, was committed by Members of Parliament some of whom were ordered to pay a fine of two hundred thousand pounds for the offence; although it is very doubtful if the penalty

was enforced.

To look into the history and proceedings of Napoleon from Elba caused a decline of eight our Stock Exchange without a glance at the career of its greatest member, Baron Rothschild, and of his co-labourer Mr. Baring, would be indeed a grave omission. The Capel Court Baron may be said to have brought the science of financing to its present perfection. The elder and original Rothschild, the father of the great man, was a merchant of Frankfort: where, with his four sons, he drove a thriving Towards the latter part of the last century, Nathan Meyer, the eldest of the brethren, came over to this country with the view of enlarging their connexion. For some years he carried on a prosperous business in Manchester; until, at the commencement of this century, having quadrupled his capital, buyer has three-sixteenths per cent. added he made London his head-quarters, and at the same time began to give more attention to financing than to trade. He was not long in becoming a man of repute on 'Change; and, aided by the very best advices from his brothers who were then corresponding with him from Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, he succeeded in laying the foundation of that fortune and fame which were afterwards to become a part of European history.

It is not a little remarkable that the first English loan for which Rothschild contracted, went at a discount. This was in eighteen hundred and nineteen, and the amount being twelve millions, appeared likely to prove a serious stumbling-block in the path of this rising man. But his genius By consummate address and management, he contrived to back out of this, his first essay, free from all loss. Henceforth,

have sold important news, known only to of his strategy may not be out of place.

The movements of such a man as Boths child was were watched by the jobbys of the day who, conscious of his superior information and judgment, were ready to take their cue from his proceedings. But the wary financier was usually an overmatch for the crowd. When he received some intelligence, which he believed would cause the funds to rise, he ordered the broker who usually transacted his business to sell out half a million of stock. This of course became known at once, and the fact alone caused a depression of one or two per cent. Availing himself of this fall, Rothschild gave orders to other brokers not in his employ to purchase to the extent of several millions at the reduced price, and in a day or two Capel Court was puzzled at learning good news when they were expecting bad.

Both Rothschild and Baring availed them

Charles Dinksons.]

selves of the use of pigeon-expresses for conveying important intelligence for a distance. and these continued to be used up to a very recent period. They exceed in rapidity all other means except the electric telegraph, which has now superseded every other metho . But inasmuch as this means is open to all, and since the daily journals forestall all private intelligence, there is no longer the same opportunity which formerly existed for working the market in anticipation. It is true some men of no character contrive to work even electric telegraphs to their own purposes by forwarding through them false or exaggerated statements, yet these are scarcely so numerous as might be expected,

and are soon detected.

Amongst the devices resorted to by the unscrupulous men who occasionally find admission into the Stock Exchange, is one almost impossible to prevent, and equally difficult to punish. Two persons acting in concert agree, the one to buy, and the other to sell "for the account" to as large an extent as may be possible. This will be done when some fluctuation is expected; and it follows that when the settling day arrives, one of the party will be a gainer in the same ratio to the losses of the other. It is thus possible that whilst one becomes a heavy defaulter, having no means, the other will have realised a handsome fortune, and this, unless the fortunate schemer outwits his fellow, will be afterwards divided between them. These transactions, however to be regretted, will happen, despite the one hundred and fifty-nine stringent rules of the Stock Exchange Committee.

CHIPS.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE AGAIN.

I AM a Queen's messenger, or rather, paid to us. At length, on our arrival at I was; for, of course, I am a ghost, or I joinbuctoo, the book of patterns disappeared should not dare to write this article. Well for ever. Be haps the authorities at Tomshould not dare to write this article.

while hurrying home from Dahomey with the account of an Ambassadorial equabble that I met with a little adventure in the neighbouring state of Tombuctoo, which retarded my journey. It also caused me for some time to be in bad odour with the clerks of the Foreign Office; and, as all my happiness while in this world of course depended on the opinion of those gentlemen, I am anxious, though a shade, to clear my defunct reputation in their eves.

About the time to which I refer many people were meeting with similar mishaps, for it was subsequent to the appointment of Lord Fiddlededee as British representative at that Court, and the Government of Tomthetoo were happy in the conviction that they might take any liberty they liked with such an agreeable clderly gentleman. This however was not my fault, it was merely my misfortune.

My mishap occurred in a railway, and in consequence of the suspicious appearance of a commercial traveller, who sat on the oppo-site seat. If e had a book of patterns with him-a neat book-an *English book, with a morocco cover, and a little patent lock. It might have been a despatch box, or it might have been used, indeed, for carrying forbidden pamphlets and revolutionary manifestoes; though, I confess, this idea did not occur to me at the time.

Being anxious to do as much business as possible, no matter what was the subject started by his travelling companions, he contrived to turn it, soon or late, to printed cottons, and to open his book of patterns. He was a pushing, bustling, money-making Briton, with spare whiskers, and a smug,

cleau face.

Between Dahomey and Tombuctoo he had opened his book of patterns, twenty times, to different persons who he supposed might be likely to trade with him; and a close acquaintance had sprung up between us. Indeed, I was never tired of admining the smart little man and his patterns. His determined earnestness in trying to take fortune by the forelock, and to bear her away from all competitors, had a kind of fascination.

We were drawing near to the famous capital of Tombuctoo, and travelling quite alone in a large carriage. Every now and then, the guard came to look at us to see if we were safe; once or twice he called us by our names and referred to an ominous looking paper which he carried in his hand. Various guards came in to look at us indeed, and on the appearance of every new one, something almost like the ceremony of an introduction seemed to pass between us.

My acquaintance, whose name was Gossop grew alarmed; and even to me there seemed something suspicious in the close attention then, I was a Queen's messenger, and it was bucton were ashamed to give it up, after having arrested two peaceable individuals on the arrength of its contents. Perhaps they thought it might furnish a clue to some new species of cypher. At all events we passed just sixteen hours in a most dreary gaol, till the matter was cleared up in some incomprehensible manner; and then we were let out

without the smallest explanation.

We had the honour of an interview with Lord Fiddlededee's porter, upon the subject, on the following days My lord was taking music lesson, and could not be seen. After some delay, we were shown into a room in which were a considerable staff of well dressed young gentlemen, warming themselves in every variety of position; and to these young gentlemen we were intraduced by a grave functionary, who could not speak English. The young gentlemen seemed to think we had met with a pleasant adventure, and rallied us agreeably about it.

"But," said Mr. Gossop, dolefully addressing one whose attention appeared to be chiefly absorbed in casessing a strange wild crop of hair, "I have lost my patterns, and without my patterns, I am nobody-nothing

-the object of my journey is lost.

"Oh, you can easily get others," said the young gentleman. "It is not worth while making a row about that. But do tell us something about the place where they shut you up." The lively young diplomatist as-sumed an air of awakened interest and delight at the prospect which had thus unexpectedly turned up, of supplying him with amusing information upon a subject with which he was unacquainted.

Mr. Gossop was abashed at this treatment; he grew also irate, and his story became confused. Wrathful, touzled, hungry, red-eyed, fresh from prison, that true-bred Briton was quite a different person from the brisk, clearheaded, well-trimmed little man, who vaunted his wares with such a keen eye to the main chance, only forty-eight hours before.

I tried to explain for him. Being myself of a rather resigned and phlegmatic temperament, and being, moreover, accustomed, from frequent journeys through, Mahommedan countries, to take things coolly, I was not so much affected by the indifferent board and lodging which had been supplied to us on the previous night by the Government of Tom-buctoo. I think the account I gave of what, had happened was plain and intelligible.

"You know you can have nothing to say in the business," observed the lively young gentleman with the wild hair. "It is Mr. Toffy who makes the complaint."

stopped siso; and, as a Government segment, carrying despatches, the consequences of such an arrest might have been serious.".

"Oh! If," said the young representative of

Britain, gaily; "If my aunt had whiskers she would be my uncle."

Stuff!" broke in another young gentle.

man, who had been trying to fix a remarkably obstinate eye-glass into his left eye. Stuff, Captain Bolt! Mr. Tiffin, the sub-vice-consul at Dahomey, was stopped the other day. I am afraid Huffey at the Foreign Office will; be very angry with you about this.

I had never heard of Huffey, and asked-

meekly who he was.

"Don't you know Huffey, the chief clerk of the Dahomey and Tombuctoo departments? You had better go to him directly you get to London, and explain the affair privately."
"Explain what?" said I, rather discon-

"Why, about your getting into this ness with the police, and giving all this trouble."
"Oh indeed!" said I.

This was all that came of our complaint. What befell my companion subsequently I don't know; for it was plain that I had better not keep company with such a dangerous character, at Tombuctoo, during the glorious mission of Lord Fiddlededec.

'YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH.

CEATAIN "Results of Sanitary Improvement" have lately been published in a little tract by that indefatigable and useful sanitary reformer, Dr. Southwood Smith. repeat here some of the most striking, taking them as we find them and leaving every man to deduce from them his own conclusions.

First, as to the preventibleness of what is called zymotic disease—of cholera, for instance. Baltimore in the United States is a town with nearly a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is generally well built, but has low and unwholesome districts near the river. In the spring of eighteen hundred and fortynine, cholera was in America, and seemed to be upon the way to Baltimore. The citizens of that town spent, freely, both money and labour to prepare themselves against the threatened attack; they purified the town thoroughly, and in the summer all agreed that it never before had been so clean. About the middle of June, cholera was in the surrounding towns, and there was in Baltimore "Gossop," said my companion.

"Well, Gollop then," said the lively young medical officer of the city, "I felt assured gentleman, "Upon my word, Mr. Gottop, I that the poison which produced cholere are prevalent diarrhoa, with a strange vague think you had better forget all about it, and leave Tombuctoo as soon as you can, for fear they should lay hold or you again. You see you were clearly in the wrong—"

"Think you had better forget all about it, and they should lay hold or you again. You see I anticipated momentarily an outbreak of the epidemic. In about two weeks, however, from you were clearly in the wrong—" epidemic. In about two weeks, however, from "But you forget," I said, "that I was the commencement of this diarrhea, and the

prevalence 'of the unexy sensation which accompanied it; these symptoms began to subside, and in a short time they wholly disappeared. Simultaneously with their disappearance, cholera broke out at Richmond, and other towns south of Baltimore. Lthen felt assured that the fuel necessary to cooperate with this poison did not exist in our city; that the cloud had passed over us and

left us unharmed."

There was better evidence of the danger that had been escaped. In the almshouse two miles out of Baltimore, the poison cloud did find the co-operation that was absent in the town. That almshouse is built on a pleasant healthy site, and is surrounded by a large farm. It contains six or seven hundred inmates. On the north side, not far from the house, is a ravine into which outlet had been made for all the filth of the establishment. Every precaution against cholera was taken in the almshouse, but the filth was left in the ravine. When the cholera-cloud-if we may so call it—hung over Baltimore, there was a slight breeze blowing steadily from the north. The wind blew over the ravine against the north face of the almshouse. Among the persons lodged on that side of the house, cholcra broke out. Paupers who slept in rooms opening to the north were attacked, others generally escaped. There were eight medical students attached to the establishment. Four who slept on the north side of the building were attacked; the other four, whose rooms were differently placed, escaped. The manager slept in a room looking north, and he was seized; his family slept in rooms looking south, and they all escaped. At last the bed of the ravine was cleansed with a stream of water, and then covered with a thick coat of lime and earth. The men employed in the work had cholera. After the drainage was complete, the number of seizures in one day fell from eleven to three. In a fortnight, the epidemic in the almshouse had entirely ceased.

In the next place we may come nearer home, and speak of the dreadful visitation which last year destroyed more than fifteen hundred of the inhabitants of Newcastle. The barracks are about three quarters of a mile from the centre of that town. In a village two hundred yards from the barracks, cholera killed one or two persons in almost every cottage. In the garrison, great activity was shown by the medical and commanding officers. Sewers and drains were cleansed, in the building, day and night; all overcrowding was avoided; diet was regulated; and the men were forbidden to go, after evening rollcall, into the town, where they would visit low haunts and infected places. Home amuse-districts, the annual mortality has been at ments were promoted, and there was a daily the rate of seven in a thousand. In an ill

medical inspection of all the five hundred and nineteen inmates. Among that immuter of people there occurred in the barracks four hundred and fifteen cases of premonitory disrrlicea; but not one was suffered to develop into cholera. The garrison came sound out of the trial.

Other facts stated by Dr. Southwood Smith in the small twopenny pamphlet to which we refer, concern the working of the Common Lodging-Houses Act, by which cleanliness is enforced and overcrowding is prevented, in the lodging-houses used by vagrants and the very poor. Such places, in their old condition, were always hotbeds of fever. One such house in the metropolis, would be known to and to the London Fever Hospital twenty cases in the course of a few weeks. Now, in one thousand three hundred and eight such houses, registered in the Metropolitan Police district, during the quarter ending last October, not one case of fever occurred.

In Wolverhampton there are two hundred lodging-houses, through which it is reported that, in the last year, half a million of lodgers passed. The Superintendent of Police testifics that "there has not been in them a single case of fever since the Lodging-House Act has been in force, in July, eighteen hundred and fifty-two." From Wigan, Morpeth, and Carlisle, statements have been received of a

similar description.

Lastly, let us take some facts which concern private homes. Near the Waterloo Road, London, there is a very decent square of thirty-seven houses: built twenty years ago, and provided with untrapped closets, cesspools, and brick drains. In the course of a year, out of the four hundred and thirty inhabitants of that square, one in five was sick, and the yearly deaths were at the rate of tifty-five in a thousand. At the beginning of eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the drainage of the whole square was reformed. When the property was re-examined two or three months ago, it was found that the rate of mortality had fallen from fifty-five to thirteen in the thousand.

Buildings have been erected in various parts of London by a Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes. They were not built as a commercial speculation, but they return a per centage to the promoters. Ground in London being expensive, they are five-storied and let out in flats; the stairs are practically streets; and each moon or set of rooms is not less private than an independent house. The every kind of filth was removed, and every remts are level with the rents in dirty streets spot upon which filth had lain was purified, which surround Drury Lane. In these build-The freest possible ventilation was established longs the utmost attention has been paid to rents are level with the rents in dirty streets drainage, water supply, lighting, and ventilation. Out of a whole population of more than thirteen hundred in such buildings, which are commonly erected in poor sickly

drained part of Kensington having nearly the same population, the mortality was at the settled more disputes, and gave more invitate of forty in a thousand; and in the square tions to masques and supper parties, than any recently spoken of it had been even more man of his time. than that. Of the thirteen hundred people in the well-drained, lighted, watered, and ventilated buildings, nearly five hundred were tions, a treatise which the preface says "goes children under ten. Of these five hundred only five died in a year. If their chance of life and death had been the same as is encountered by such children in the whole of London, there would have died of the five of State between forren Ambassadors." The hundred in a year not five—but nearly five date of the publication is sixteen hundred and times five—as many as twenty-three. For, fifty-six; but the journal of his great employ-on an average, taking the rich and poor ments begins with sixteen hundred and together, well drained and ill drained, we twelve. It contains the real unadulterated Londoners lose forty-six in every thousand of our little children. In the ill-drained bit of and-thirty years. He is associated in his Kensington just cited, there have died every office with Sir Lewis Lewkner, and no sooner year out of a thousand children, not less than one hundred and nine. If we were all in London lodged as wholesomely as those artisans who are tenants of the Metropolitan Association, it may be said—if we draw from a limited experiment a wide conclusion—the Sunday following for the purpose of marry-that we should save twenty-three thousanding the Lady Elizabeth, King James's only a year. If we were all lodged as 'anyhole-daughter." His train," says Sir John, "consomely as the inhabitants of the Potteries in sisted of a number not so great as gallant, Kensington, with the same reservation it most of them being much better fashioned may be said that the yearly loss of life in and better cloathed than Germany usually

through the want of a complete sanitary of the army, certainly, will be made up of Monsieur de Boiscot, with this formal invitathose who are already cast out from society, tion to the marriage of the princess: "That Another large part will be made up of the his Majesty who desireth to perform all children. The rest will consist of adult people, things with conveniency, having invited the more or less influential, who can make their French Ambassador and the Venetian to voices heard, if they choose to speak.

STANDING ON CEREMONY.

THERE are heroes who never get the laurel, poorer, than if they had had trumpets blown before them for a thousand years, and statues erected to their memory in tons of iron and quarryfuls of stone? No; and therefore we think we do a great and charitable action in producing for the reader's delectation a short and Venetian Ambassadors holding between notice of one of the most shamefully neglected them one course of correspondence, and the great men of old. Perhans his very Sannish and Arabduke's another their of the great men of old. Perhaps his very Spanish and Archduke's another, their name is unknown. Yet he was "that invitations had been usually joynt. knowing knight and well accomplished courtier," Sir John Finett, who was Master of the Ceremonies to King James and Charlet and not the Venetian; the Venetian and the First, and who told more lies for the good not the French; the Spaniard, the like; but

tions, a treatise which the preface says "goes indented with many signall passages of the Reception and Treatments, of the Conduct and Audiences, the Pretences and Precedencies, with divers Contests and Puntilices of State between forren Ambassadors." The experiences of a gentleman usher for sevendoes he receive his appointment than his troubles begin. The Count Palatine of the Rhine, landed at Gravesend on Friday night, the sixteenth of October, sixteen hundred and twelve, and achieved his journey to London on London would be greater than it is by forty sends them forth. There were of them eight thousand. The twenty-three thousand Londoners, about six-and-thirty gentlemen, and of the fewer or more, who in this year, eighteen rest about an hundred and fifty." Essex hundred and fifty-four, are otherwise to die House near Temple Bar was assigned as his usual abode; but he had private apartments system, had better bestir themselves and look at Whitehall and also at St. James's. On the after reforms. The difficulty is to know, thirteenth of February following, the Master taking the number as we find it, which of us of the Ceremonies was sent by the Lord are to be enlisted in the army of dead men Chamberlain (the Earl of Suffolk) from his claimed yearly by King Dirt. A large part Majesty to the archduke's ambassador, assist at the first daye's solemnity, requested him to honour the second or third daye's either dinner or supper, or both, with his presence. After some time of pause, his first question was (with a troubled countenance) whether the Spanish Ambassador were inand martyrs who never win the crown; but vited? I answered (answerable to my instrucis their worth the less, are their virtues tions in case of such demand), 'that hee was

hee, the archduke's ambassador, never; that little stomach, ferebore both her supper and for his own particular person (as hee was Boiscot) he should thank himself honoured. The practitio of the archduke's ambassador, never; that little stomach, ferebore both her supper and the company." to be called by his Majesty on any terms, were it to serve up a dish to the princess's table; but, as he was the representant of so great a prince as the archduke, one who would never allow it,' he said, 'so much as a question or thought of competition betweene him, a monarchall sovereigne, and a meane republique, governed by a sort of burghers, who had but an handfull of territory in comparison with his master, and (as would be averred, he said, by ancient proofes, had ever yielded precedence to the archduke's predecessors when they were but Dukes of Burgundie), hee could not be present at that solemnity."

The soul of the Master of the Ceremonics is sore vexed at this punctilio of the archduke's ambassador; he flies for assistance to various quarters. The Lord High Chamberlain looks at his silver stick, but can extract no information from that bedizened piece of wood. At last, the sagacious James is applied to, and he exercises his usual ingenuity in solving the knotty point. He even writes a letter to the recalcitrant envoy, laying it solving the knotty point. He even writes a Solomon broke in at the opening so lottelletter to the recalcitrant envoy, laying it nately left, and answered, "shortly and down, that being invited for the third day is pithily, in the same language." But the same his later can't in regard Swede was not to be daunted. "The ambasno derogation from his lofty rank, "in regard that the solemnity of the marriage being but one continued act, though performed divers kim another formall speech, the King left him; daies, admitted neither prius nor posterius in so did the ambassadors; and after a whyle itselfe; but it is to be understood that each day had the like dignity. Nay, it one would and the horrified Master of the Ceremonics argumentize thereupon, it might be alledged had the task of conducting the Swedish that the last day should be taken for the greatest day, as it is understood in many other cases, and particularly upon the festivalls of Christmas, wherein the twelfth day, or the festivall of the Three Kings, which is the

last, is taken for the greatest day." We are sorry to say this royal eloquence does not seem to have been successful. The archduke's ambassador is sulky and stays away; but where are a gentleman usher's anxieties to end? The wife of the French Ambassador is left to the "maviging" of the Lord Chamberlain at the marriage feast. He orders her to be placed at the table next beneath the countesses and above rise to the depreciatory word "muff:" still the baronesses; "but the Viscountesse of in use in promiseuous society, but then em-Effingham, standing to her woman's right, ployed by the politicst of gentleman ushers, and possesst already of her proper place (as shee called it) would not move lower, so held the hand of the ambassadrice, till, after dinner, between a countess and a viscountess care and boldnes to displace, some must of Whereupon the infuriated Viscountess of the better sort of Muffes have walked on foot Effingham, "with rather too much than too to their lodgings. They were encountered one

the company."

The punctilio of the arcifcuke's ambassader may perhaps be accounted for when we remember that his master was the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria; who, on his elections of the company of t vation to the Empire, waged such deadly war with the Elector Palatine, who had then been promoted to the crown of Bohemia. quarrel was rankling even at this time, and M. de Boiscot's hostility at the marriage solemnity was a sort of prelude to the Thirty Years' War.

The great Gustavus Adolphus sends an ambassador to the English Court, and the choice. he made of a gentleman to fill that office, seems to have been a departure from the usual wisdom of the Lion of the North. At his first audience, the envoy commenced an oration-to the astonishment of James and all his nobles as well as of some other envoys who were present-which went on and on, on every variety of subject, and in every tense and mood of the Latin tongue, with no apparent hope of conclusion. When at last the rent hope of conclusion. orator committed a slight pause, the British Solomon broke in at the opening so fortusador turned to the prince, and beginning to the prince, and returned to his lodgings, orator to his rooms in Crouched Friars with the remainder of his speech still sticking in his throat.

The Emperor of Russia sends over various ambassadors in the course of those years. The first gives evidence of the barbarous magnificence affected by that oriental potentate, and reminds us of the procession sent by Aladdin with presents to his royal fatherin law. That the Muscovites were held in great contempt at that period, is plain, from the merely civic manner of their reception at landing. It is curious that the contempt then entertained for the Muscovite Embassy, gave rise to the depreciatory word "muff:" still merely to designate a Russian.

"An ambassador sent from the Emperor of Muscovy was received at Tower Wharf by the ambassador, her husband, informed of the difference and opposition, tooke it for an indignity, and calling for his wive's coach sent in the name of the City, and brought up mignity, and caning for his wive's coach sent in the name of the City, and brought up wished that by her departure it might be in their barges. The king's coach, and five or seen he was sensible." But this attempt to six others tooke them in at Tower Wharfe, prove himself a profoundly sensible personage but with such disorder of gentlemen come was prevented by some arrangement among from Court (more than were appointed) that the ladies themselves, and she sate at supper too soone pressed into them, as without my

their scarlet gownes, and other citizens in their velvet coates and chaines of gold, ull on horseback, and thence conducted to their house in Bishopsgate Street, where they were lodged and defrayed at the charge of the Muscovy Company." This seems rather to have been a commercial minister than a royal ambassador. In a few days he is, however, conducted to Court. "All the servants of less esteem marched all the way on foot before him (the rest in coaches provided by the merchants), each of those on foot carrying before them, with ostentation, to open view, some parcell of the various present sent to his Majesty by the Emperour. This consisted of sable furres, black foxes, ermynes, hawken, with their hoods and mantles covering their backs and wings, all embroydered with gold and pearle, two hving sables, a Persian dagger and knife set with stones and pearles, two rich cloath of gold, Persian horsecloathes, a Persian kettledrum to lurt hawkes with, &c., &c. Besides many other sables and black fox furres sent to the King from three of the principal nobles of the Emperour's Court, and besides, some presented to his Majesty from the ambassador and the Chancellour."

The generosity of the Czar meets with a very poor return. James apparently will give nothing, and the Muscovy Company comes to the rescue, and engages the services of the worthy Sir John Finnett to put on his robes of ceremony, and present the barbarians with a few silver gilt dishes, pretending they come from the King and the Prince. "With these bestowed in two hampers carried by two porters, I went (that they might not be suspected if met by any of his followers to come from anywhere than the Court and from the King) first down to Queenhithe, and then up to the ambassador's at St. Thomas Apostle. Brought to his house I caused my man (after I had finished my feigned compliment in name of Majesty and of his Highness) to range the plate orderly, each portion by itself, on a table; that done, the ambassador, with a formall oration of thanks, took one of the King's bowles, and one of the Prince's, and drank their healths in each, inviting me the next day to dinner." The ambassador also presents Sir John with sables and ermines to the value of thirty pounds. set of joby hard drinking gentlemen were the Russian Ambassadors of those times. On their first presentation they dismayed the Lord Chamberlain and the other dignitaries, by dropping suddenly on their knees and blocking their foreheads three times on the ground at James's feet. On rising again, they were requested to address the Council on the object of their mission-but they said that on such festive occasions as seeing the eyes of a king, they always dismissed business and treated themselves to a night's drinking It was not of course for James, the tipsiest

Tower Hill by the Aldermen of the City, in their scarlet gownes, and other citizens in their velvet coates and chaines of gold, all on horseback, and thence conducted to their house in Bishopsgate Street, where they were lodged and defrayed at the charge of the Muscovy Company." This seems rather to have been a commercial minister than a royal ambassador. In a few days he is, however,

When he was going away, the shifty usher was again employed to deceive the Muffa. He took him fifty pounds for his expenses home, in the name of the Lords of the Council: though the money was really advanced by the Muscovy merchants; but the Muffe is greatly discontented with the smallness of the sum, and applies for more—a mean fellow he turns out to be, indeed, in spite of his liberality in furs. He petitions further, that "whereas in Lent he had forborne to take the first fasting week his allowance of fish, "requested) have an allowance in money (equivalent) for it. Also that their Lordships would be pleased before his departure to order some course about a woman that had deceaved him upon account of worke done for him of eighteen pounds."

eighteen pounds."

This shabbiness is congenially responded to, by a message from the Muscovy Company, in the name of the Lords, that his allowance for sea stores was greater than usual; but in respect of the saving in fish they send him ten pounds more. With regard to the woman, he must leave a letter of attorney, and have her prosecuted according to law. It is satisfactory to know that this answer did not lead to his indignant departure, or to the assertion of any claims of protectorate or authority. This was a representative of the first sovereign of the present reigning house,

and did honour to the Romanoffs.

There are other receptions of "forren" ambassadors in every page; with 'quarrels among them all, as to precedence at banquets, and amount of presents. The Venetian goes off in a huff because his parting donation consists of only two thousand ounces of silver plate, whereas the Spaniard had four thousand. James has to explain that a dominution must take place in his gifts

On laying down this record of falsehood, meanness, bitterness and ill temper, we can only marvel that diplomacy has survived to the present time, or that any Master of the Ceremonies has ever remained for half a year out of the congenial walls of Bediam.

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Being a Recerd of the Public Occurrences of the Year 1853.

WEEKLY JOURNAL

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BOTTLED INFORMATION.

THERE is a mode of bottling up information until wanted, which occasionally perplexes those who are not behind the scenes, and who do not see why and wherefore the thing is done. It was about half a century ago that this "bottle department" was established; we are not without examples of its previous use, but it then became a definite system. A captain of a ship tells of his whereabout; he writes on a piece of paper or parchment; he encloses this in an empty bottle; he seals this bottle, and casts it into the sea; he leaves it to the mercy of the winds and waves; and he believes that, at some time and in some place, it will be picked up, and the contents opened and read.

This is not a mere freak or joke. It has in it a serious and intelligible purpose. Navigators are greatly interested in determining the strength and direction of the currents of the ocean, and the winds which blow over it. Now a bottle containing only a slip of paper will float and travel hither and thather with a very slight impulse; and if it do not encounter a rude dashing against a piece of rock, it may remain intact, we know not how long, either floating about, or lying peacefully stranded on a solitary and unvisited beach. True, if such a bottle were cast forth on the first of January, near St. Helena, and were picked up on the thirty-first of December, near the Isle of Wight, the facts would not prove that the bottle had taken the direct or nearest course from the one island to the other, neither that it had been continuously and sixty-four days. But, if many bottles, at many different times, were cast into the sea sultant times and distances might, perhaps, give an average, which the navigator would store up among his valuable data. Again, if rate, a bottle thus filled with what cannot to the north-west coast of Ireland. make any one drank, unless it be with joy, bottle played rare pranks; it started

the Nautical Magazine, who, about ten years ago, determined to collect, so far as he could, all the records of bottles picked up, with a view to laying the groundwork for useful inferences hereafter. He drew and caused to be engraved, a very curious chart of all the bottle-voyages, concerning which any information could be obtained. It comprises a hundred and nineteen voyages or tracks, each marked by a straight line from the point where the bottle was dropped into the sea, to the point where it was picked up. Of the bottles' intermediate peregrinations, nothing is known. It may have travelled by a circuitous route; but, as the chart-compilers were in the dark as to that matter, they had no course left but simply to draw a line from the point of departure to the point of arrival. to mark the general direction : leaving it to after researches to make clear, if they could, the actual route which the bottle had followed.

The chart comprises only the Atlantic, and only that part of the Atlantic which lies between the latitude of the Orkneys, and the latitude of Guinea. Either bottle-papers had not been started elsewhere, or they had not been picked up, or information of their having been picked up had not been forwarded to London. The Atlantic, especially the portion between Great Britain and the United States, is plentifully scratched over with these lines of route. A large number of bottles thrown into the sea near the coast of Africa wers picked up on the shores of the various West Indian Islands; while those thrown into the sea near the coasts of the United States, travelling during a space of three hundred found their way to Europe. This corresponds, to a certain degree, with the known direction of the currents in the Atlantic. One bottle near St. Helena, a comparison of the re- seems to anticipate the Austral-Panama route; for, it commenced its voyage on the Atlantic side of the Panama Isthmus, and landed on the Irish Coast. Another bolds a ship be in distress, and the crew or pas bottle cut across the Atlantic, from the Canary sengers doubtful whether they will ever again, Islands to Nova Scotia. Three or four, see home, a few loving words may thus be started by Arctic navigators or whale-fishers entrusted to the merciful waves. At any from the entrance to Davis's Strait, voyaged bottle played rave pranks; it started from is an innocent bettle, and may do more good the South Atlantic, jumped across Western than harm.

Africa, then across the Straits of Gibraltar, then through Spain, across the Bay of Biscay,

202.

through a jutting-out portion of France near Brest, and landed at Jersey. The truth is, that a straight line drawn from the place of immersion to the place of finding, marks out this route; and such a line is the only one which could be employed on the chart. It is evident that the bottle travelled first towards the north-west, and then towards the northeast, to get round the African and European coasts; very likely, it approached near the American coast in the course of its trip.

The chart affords no information respecting the lapse of time during which the bottles were on their respective voyages; but an accompanying table gives all that can be ascertained thereupon. In this table are inserted eight items of information concerning each bottle and its contents—the number which it bears on the chart; the name of the sender; place where it was found; the date when it Therefore you, the lucky finder of this enclowas found; and the interval in days. One sure, in whatever part of the globe it may be, of these travellers had been out at sea are requested to send it under cover, addressed nearly sixteen years; this roving bottle was to the Editor of the Nautical Magazine, for nearly sixteen years; this roving notite was to the Editor of the Natitical Magazine, for immersed in eighteen hundred and twenty-two about midway across the Atlantic, towards ascertaining the currents of the and was picked up in eighteen hundred and forty-two on the French coast near instant, bound to Carboneur, in Newfound-Brest; it may, for aught we know, have had been lying there unnoticed lifteen years out very rough weather. The passengers have of the sixteen, for there are obviously no just had their morning lunch, with a glass of means of determining the time of its arrival theorem stout and intoud drinking success to means of determining the time of its arrival brown stout, and intend drinking success to years each; the majority were under a year; formed on accurate information from exhorse threw out a bottle on the seventeenth of April, in the Caribbean Sea; and by the afterwards.

twenty-second of the same month, the bottle had made a nice little voyage of about three attracted much attention among sca-faring

as the following:-"I write this letter in safely be drawn concerning occan currents as the following:—I write this letter in safely be drawn concerning occan currents order that I may find out the current; let from the apparent voyages of these itinerant me know if ever you receive it. It is a fine, bottles. He insisted on the fact that a light day for the time of the year, but we have a floating bottle is very decidedly affected by foul wind;" together with such entries, as to the wind, let the current be flowing in what names and positions and dates, as will serve direction it may. To try this, he shaped a circlicate the creating region of the best less than the circle of the control of the least less than the control of the least less than the circle of the circle of the least less than the circle of the circle to indicate the starting point of the bottle's flat piece of wood exactly the length and voyage. Captain Marshall, who humched a diameter of a bottle; this being loaded with bottle of the coast of Spain, determined to lead, so that the neck part only was visible leave ne chance untried to get it safely forwarded by the finder; so he wrote in English, the Acteon; a scaled bottle was thrown the Acteon; a scaled bottle was thrown "Whoever picks up this paper, is requested overboard at the same time; a gale of to publish it in the first newspaper, British westerly wind was blowing; and it was oborderign, in order to show the course of the served that the bottle was drifted along by currents;" in French, "Ayer la bouts de this wind, while the immersed wood of the publier ceci dans les journaux Français ou same dimensions remained comparatively stanglais." and in Spanish, "Tenga V. M. la tionary. On another occasion he filled a bottle bondad de publicar este papel en las Gacelas with pitch, to such an extent as to enable it to Españolas, Inglesas, a Americanas." The swim upright with only the neck above water; English request sufficed; for the bottle was when this and an empty bottle were thrown nicked up near Dover about nine weeks after—into the sea, the latter separated to leeward of

wards. One of the most remarkable bottlevoyages occurred in eighteen hundred and forty-two; a ship left Thurse for Canada; and when about iffteen hundred miles out, a bottle was launched. This bottle was picked up on the Scottish coast, within two miles of the very port whence the vessel had started about five months before.

The bottle-writers occasionally mingle goodhumour with good intentions, in their documents. Thus, a bottle was picked up, containing a paper denoting that it had been cast into the sea from the brig Flora, on July the twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and forty. It ran thus:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we may.

And this is to inform the mighty world, that the date when it was launched into the sea; the said brig is this day in latitude 43° 55' the latitude of the place; the longitude; the north, and longitude 18° 4' west, all well. on a coast, unless some watcher happens to the above magazine, and hope they may soon be there at the moment. Another bottle had succeed in sending forth to seamen a full been absent fourteen years; three others, ten and succinct theory of the cause of winds, the shortest interval between the throwing perienced navigators. Long live our beloved out and the picking up of a bottle, was five Queen, and always in the hearts of her dedays. In this last-named instance, the Race voted subjects!" The bottle was picked up

degrees of longitude in a westerly direction. men. Sir John Ross pointed out how much The bottle-papers often contain such notes caution is required before inferences can

Alton,

the former at the rate of a quarter of a mil per hour. When Sir John went on his Arctic voyage in eighteen hundred and eighteen, he threw overboard twenty-five copper evlinders in Davis's Straits; they were of just such weight as to show an inch or two above water at one end; but it was not known that any of these had reached the British coasts in the succeeding fifteen years—a fact which seemed to him to invalidate certain reasonings respecting currents in the northern part of the Atlantic.

Commander Fishbourne, well known in our coast surveys, combated some of the views of Sir John Ross, and insisted on the great maritime value of the bottle-paper system, under due caution against hasty generalisation. He la the bottles frequently give actual infor-at the same time suggested that it might be a mation of the nature of a particular current. good plan to employ white bottles, the glass in a particular sea, or indicate where a certain being rendered opaquely white by oxide of vessel was at a certain time. If even a small arsenic. He thinks that the bottle might be rendered visible enough to be seen from the on either of these two points, it would amply deck of a ship, and that, when picked up, the repay the trouble of launching a whole fleet contents might be opened and registered, as di-tional information introduced, and the bottle contain short but affecting narratives; the re-launched. This might be a very valuable ship is stranded or water-logged; the crew adjunct to the system.

Two canisters, thrown into the sea by Sir James Clark Ross, while on board the Erebus, in his voyage to the Antarctic seas in may perchance learn thereby the probable eighteen hundred and forty-three, were picked . up, some months afterwards, one on the coast! of Ireland, and the other out at sea of Leg-horn. A third made more than half a circumnavigation of the globe in a high southern latitude, before it found its restang-place on the shores of Australia. Judging from the known until a floating bottle brings news of narratives of our sen-captains, the Pacific the crew, down to nearly the last hour of their would be a capital theatre for the bottle ex-lexistence. Sometimes, the papers contain a periment. It presents such a vast expanse of few doggerel lines, or a bit of sentiment, or a water, and the interspersed islands are mostly touch of poetry-not much to be commended, so small, that a bottle-voyage of five or six for its own merits; but, even here, if the thousand miles might easily be made.

The bottle-papers have given us more information concerning the progress of the fitable bottle. many recent Arctic expeditions than would be supposed by persons who have only glanced cursorily at the matter. Captain Bird threw pied public attention a year or two ago. overboard a cask containing papers, when on The story runs thus: board the Investigator in eighteen hundred | Captain D'Auberville, in the bark Chiefboard the Investigator in eighteen hundred! Captain D'Auberville, in the bark Chief-and forty-eight. It was picked up by the tain, of Boston, put into Gibraltar on the Prince of Wales, Hull whaler, and afforded to twenty-seventle of August, eighteen hundred the Admiralty evidence of the position of the and fifty-one. He went, with two of his pas-Enterprise and Investigator on a particular, sengers, across the Straits to Mount Abylus, day. From the same ship, but when under the on the African coast; as they were on the command of Captain M'Clure (who has since point of returning, one of the crew picked made himself famous by the discovery of the up what appeared to be a piece of rock, but north-west passage), a bottle was thrown which the captain thought to be a kind of prout while she was voyaging down the Atlantic mice-stone. On examination, it was found to towards the Behring's Strait route in February be a cedar keg completely incrusted with bareighteen hundred and fifty. The bottle floated nacles and other marine shells. The keg was three thousand six hundred miles, in two hundred, and within was found a cocca-nut, dred and six days, and was picked up on the enveloped in a kind of gum or reginous sub-coast of Honduras. By a very singular coin-stance. Within the cocoa-nut shell was a cidence, Captain Collinson, who commanded piece of parchment covered with very old the Enterprise, the companion ship to the writing, which none of those present could Investigator, threw out a bottle which found read. An American merchant in Gibraltan

a resting-place near the other bottle, but under very different circumstances. McUnre launched is bottle near Cape Verde Islands; Collinson launched his, six hundred miles farther south, and nige days afterwards; yet both bottles found their way to the Honduras coast, as if a fellow feeling actuated them as well as the captains.

So successful, or at least interesting, has this bottle system become, that Commander Becher was enabled to give a new and much enlarged bottle-chart in November eighteen hundred and fifty-two. This chart contains a register of sixty-two bottles, in addition to those given in the former chart. In the one chart as in the other, the voyages taken amount only of information can be conveyed can hardly reckon on another hour of life with any probability; and their captain pens a few words, in the hope that friends at home fate of the hapless ship. Many instances have occurred within the last few years, in which a bottle has been the only messenger of correct information; a vessel has been so long unheard of, that a disastrous fate seems to have been certain; but this fate is not date and position be given, the bottle which contains the poetry is by no means an unpro-

One of the most extraordinary bottle vovages, or cask voyages, yet recorded, occu-

addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella. It stated that, according to the writer's judgment, the ships could not survive another day; that they were between the western isles and Spain; that two similar narratives were written and thrown into the sea, in case the caraval should go to the bottom: in the hope that some mariner might pick up one or other of them. There is nothing outrageously improbable in this story; for it is within the bounds of a reasonable possibility that Columbus may have written such a parchment, may have inserted it in a cedar keg, which may have become to incrusted with marine shells as to be shielded from destruction, which may have floated upon a little-used coast, and which may have been wedged in between two rocks so tightly, as to have remained untouched and unmoved, and probably unseen, for three hundred and fifty-eight years. All this may be so, and yet it would not be prudent to give full credence to the story without some corroboration. There has been something like corroboration, however, of a curious kind. Captain D'Auberville's narrative was given in the Louisville Varieties, whence it was copied into the Times. Shortly after its appearance in the great leading journal, Mr. Morier Evans writes to the editor of the Times, stating that he has in his possession an old volume of voyages, containing an account of Columbus's voyage in February of the year above named, in a very dreadful sea near the Azores. There occurs in the narrative this passage: "The admiral finding himself near death, to the end that some knowledge might come to their Catholic Majesties of what he had done in their service, he wrote as much as he could of what he had discovered on a skin of parchment; and having wrapped it up in a piece of cerecloth, he put it into a wooden cask and cast it into the sca, all the men imagining it had been some piece of devotion." Mr. Evans thinks that this passage is some support to Captain D'Auberville's story. The subject is curious enough to deserve further scrutiny; and especially would it be right and proper that the barnacle-covered keg and its precious bit of parchment should be preserved in some public establishment—even some museum in Spain, which the rest of the world knows nothing about.

. Reverting to the bottle-voyages, we will suggest that it might be a good plan for emigrants to make use of this peculiar kind of ocean-postage. It could do no harm to of ocean-postage. It could do no harm to horoughly understands a joke, and possesses any living being, and it might render service a quick wit and a happy comprehension, we or afford satisfaction to many. Eighty-eight thousand persons went from the United Kingdom to Australia in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two. We think it not

then read it, and found that it was a brief were at least eighty-eight thousand bottles account, drawn up by Christopher Columbus, in the many hundred ships which conveyed in fourteen hundred and ninety-three of his these persons? bottles which had had some. American discoveries up to that time. It was thing to do with wine, or brandy, or pale ale, thing to do with wine, or brandy, or pale ale, or stout, or pickles. What became of these bottles? Were they broken, or sold to be used again? If broken, might they not, instead, have been taken, one by each of the emigrants; might not these emigrants, have employed some among their weary vacant hours on ship-board in conceeting little budgets of information-those who could write acting as secretaries for those who could not; might not these little packages have been sealed into the bottles, and launched at regular intervals throughout the duration of the voyage; might not some of these bottles say one in ten, or even one in a hundred -have ultimately reached the hands of those who would have willingly transmitted the information through some consul or agent to England; and might not the history of each bottle-voyage have given some pleasure to private individuals, and some useful information to navigators, who want to know all that can be known about currents, and tides, and winds?

> There has lately arisen a hottle-question of some interest. A bottle has been picked up on the northern coast of Siberia. The Russian government having given orders that a good look-out should be kept for any stray information coming from Sir John Franklin, this bottle was sent to the authorities. • It contained nothing, nor could any one at first say for what purpose it had been employed. Some time afterwards, however, it was discovered that the bottle was one of those which the Norwegian fishermen employ instead of corks, to float their nets. As the Norwegian fishermen do not go to the Siberian coast, how did the bottle come there? If it floated round the coast, past the North Cape and the White Sea and Nova Zembla, it would surely indicate a current flowing in that direction; and this current might possibly have something to do with the northcastern route to the Arctic regions, advocated by Mr. Petermann. All these may be only possibilities, not probabilities; yet ought we to be thankful to a common green bottle, even for being instrumental in suggesting such thoughts.

CHIPS.

READY WIT.

As an instance of a correspondent who cannot resist the temptation that is upon us to plint the following genuine letter:

"Sir,-I happened this afternoon to take a very improbable supposition that there up the last number of your Household Words.

whilst waiting to see my doctor, at whose only she promised that she would speak house I had called. It has often struck me, privately, and not in Dorel's passence, when residing your writings, that the tendency one evening, the little pewter lamp was of your mind is to hold up to derision those of the higher classes. I refer you for the present to the Ignoble Nobleman as written by you and published this month. Now we Find recorded in Scripture the world described as hateful and hating one another, and I would call your attention to the third chapter of Paul's Epistle to Titus; read the first six verses, and see what believers in -- the son of the living ---- are called upon to do, and then judge yourself, that ye be not judged. I would invoke you unto a kinder spirit, and be ye a doer of the word and not a hearer only.

"I am, Sir, "Your very obedt., "A COMMONER."

FROZEN AND THAWED.

Good Doctor Wildenhahn, a man of lowly birth, whose stories are much liked in Germany by lowly readers—and by high-born readers, too-has written certain village tales of the Hartz Mountains. Of one of them the heroine is a poor little lace-worker, Dorel. I should like to tell again in fewer words, what I have read of Dorel.

She worked lace into elegant patterns, and so did many of the girls, her neighbours, on a quaint-looking particoloured pillow: slifting her bobbins busily with nimble tingers, and bending over them a pair of the kindliest black eyes. She was ill-paid for her labour. Indeed, many of the maids in her villagewho took less heed of their earnings-fainted sometimes through hunger as they sat at Dorel was the chief help of her widowed-mother, and of five younger brothers and sisters. She was only eighteen; and, though she went barefooted, she looked like a little princess in her peasant dress, which was made up of three garments-a blue chemise, a red frock, and a neckerchief white as a blossom.

Gottlieb, her betrothed lover, was a rough peasant of the village; a joiner by trade, who inherited from his deceased father a house and little field, and was proud of being a free-bowl was filled, strewed salt and pepper over holder. The village in which they lived is a it. "Now, mother, you can pour out." The very poor one, high up among the Hartz Mountains.

Gottlieb's nightly visits had become halfweekly, or weekly, and his conduct when he came had grown to be uncivil. mother had been courted differently; and they filled the bowl with a mass so dense that she was resolved to understand the suitor's Dorel had some trouble to stir and mix it conduct. Dorel pleaded for him that he had slways been good to her, and that she world rather bear with him patiently until the evil humour passed sway. Her mother thought a regret before marriage better than a repentance after, and resolved to speak to Gottlieb; you not join us?"

put upon the table, whence it shed a dim and yellow light on Dofel's lace pillow. The mether kindled a fire in the oven, and two of the elder children peeled potatoes with the handles of their pewter spoons. The little ones sat on a bench by the stove, playing a opened, and in came a stout young lad of four-and-twenty, who sat down in an unoccupied warm corner, after he had said good

evening in an ill-tempered way.

"Good evening, Gottlieb! Welcome," said e mother. Poor little Dorel looked very rad, and made the bobbins fly extremely fast. Gottlieb was in a boorish sullen mood: the old woman was suppressing indignation, coughing and looking at Dorel; who, with an anxious loving heart, was labouring away over the lace pillow. There was a miserable silence.

The potatoes were peeled, the fire leaped in the oven. The mother pushed the great pot into it, coughed again, and discharged herself of an extremely noticeable sigh. Gott-lieb sat like a log. After another quarter of an hour, the good woman's patience was ex-hausted: "Now, Gottlieb," she said, if a halfangry tone, "I vow you sit there as if you had no tongue."

"Ay, ay," said the youth. "As you may

take it.

"Indeed," said the mother sharply, "I don't know how I am to take it! It would be well if you would open your mouth, and

let us know what taking you are in."

"Hush, mother, dear!" whispered Dorel beseechingly. "Gottlieb is surely tired after his work. Let him but rest a bit. The soun is ready by this time, and I will get the table

ready for the soup.

So Dorel stood up; and, having put her bobbins carefully in order, threw a white cloth over the cushion, and placed it on a corner of the bench near the window. Then she spread a napkin upon the table and laid pewter spoons for eight. Then she took from the cupboard a great lost of black bread, and cut it into tidy little pieces over the large earthen bowl; and, when the mother lifted the great pot out of the oven, mashed the cooked potatoes to a broth in it, and then poured the yellow soup over the bread. The bits of bread at first danced about Dorel's like little fishes, but, beginning soon to swell,

He refused churlishly: said he had supped. "But you will take a spoon with us," said Dorel, gently.

"If I won't," said the rude lover, "I won't,

and that's enough."

With a sad look, Dorel folded her hands and said the usual grace. The seven spoons then fished together, amicably, in the bowl. Five of them came and went fast, and always travelled mouthward full to the brim, for the children had good appetites. Mother ate; but did not seem to like her supper; poor Dorel chased with her spoon individual bits of crust until she caught them, and, when she caught them, set them down again. When-ever her spoon left the bowl it went almost empty on its expedition to her lips. Her share, however, was not left, nor Gottlieb's cither. Five busy spoons emptied the bowl and scraped its sides, and then were themselves scraped clean by five little red tongues. Gottlieb all the while provided table music, drumming against the oven-sides or whistling to himself.

" Children, have you had enough?"

"Yes, mother," they auswered, half aloud, as if they were not quite certain of the fact they were attesting. Dorel said grace again, and was clearing the table, when the mother said, "I will do that. Go you and put the children to bed." Dorel knew what was meant, and went upstairs with the children, trembling; one holding by her hand, another lying on her arm. Poor little Dorel!

The mother had an explanation—that is to say, as much of explanation as could be had with a stolid man, who did not well know his own humour. She accused him of being taken up with tailor Wenzel's daughter and of being contemptuous and calling Dorel a beggar. Then the honest woman thought he was no right man to be her daughter's husband, when he had the spirit to say that he would not have married her except for

pity.

Dorel was hearing the children say their nightly prayers and proverbs, which she had always done gently and helpingly; but now she was letting them blunder as they would. The other children cried out upon little Fritz: "Dorel, Fritz says the wrong prayer;" then she became attentive until she heard the house door violently shut, so that the walls trembled, and upon that she ran down stairs. "O, mother, what have you done? Is Gott-

lieb gone?"
"Yes, Dorel, and I think he will not come back again." Then Dorel cried bitterly.

"He is not worth a drop of cold water, child," said the good woman. "It is an escape for you. He would have made your home a misery if you had married him.

"Ah, mother, you judge too soon. is not bad, and I love him so fondly." is not bad, and I love him so fondly." The "1 am very sorry for him, mother," she mother gently told her daughter of the cruel sobbed; "besides, he was so good always, he things Gottlieb had said; but Dorel had cannot have become bad all at once." excuses ready for all. Gottlieb had been her Minel Endeavoured, however, to show

love and hope: he was her love still. "If it is my sin," she said, "I cannot help it; but I never felt my love for him as much as now— I cannot tell you why. And yet I think it is because I am so sorry for him.

"It you take it so," said the mother, "I agree with you. For surely, unless Heaven be merciful, he will go doggedly to his own

evil end."

"Just so, mother," Dorel answered quickly.
"And the mercy of Heaven upon one creature is sent always, you know, through another.

We must have mercy upon Gottleb."
"What can you do? You never can run
after him? What do you mean, Dorel?"

"I do not know, but it may be that I shall. One thing I know I can do for him, and I will do that to-night."

"And what is that, child?"

"I will pray for him," said the simple girl,

and fell again a-crying.

The door opened suddenly, and some one entered. "If that should be he!" cried Dorel in sudden terror. "No," said the old woman, "only his good or evil genius could bring him back; the good would not work on him so soon, and I don't think him bad enough to come back and do evil." deed, it was only the good-natured, lame Minel who halted in, and who was set down hospitably by the stove, and had the table drawn so that she might rest her lame foot on the ledge of it. She was a little, palefaced lace-worker of Dorel's age; a near neighbour; and she took out her lace-pillow which she had brought with her, and Dorel fetched her's, and the two girls went on by the pale lamplight with their endless labours. Minel often came in that way and was always welcome.

"I thought Gottlieb was here," she said,

but she knew better.

"Gottlieb," answered the mother, sharply, "has left here for ever; and if you like him, Minel, he is yours.

"Too late in the field," said Mincl, laugh-

ing.
"But if Dorel is content?" the mother

asked.

"Still, too late," answered the girl.
"That is not kindly said," Dorel objected, with her downcast eyes upon her work; "what may you mean?" Minel meant kindness; and, with hesitation, told how she had just seen Gottlieb going into tailor Wenzel's house; how, on the last Sunday, she had seen him at a dance with tailor Wenzel's daughter, fetching beer for her because she could not take a dram. Poor little Dorel's fears streamed over her glowing cheeks. "Let whe bad man go," said her mother, "you can-not wash his sins out with crying. It would be getter that he cried himself."

her friend why she, for her part, had not book is called Rinaldo Rinaldini. thought Gottlieb so good always. He was too proud of his house and bit of field; he worked at his joinery as if he could live without it; and people did say, that he must soon needs try to live without it, for his little business was being lost. Dorel was too coy and innocent she feared. Gottlieb could get on faster with the tailor's daughter, who must call herself Lisette; because, forsooth,

Lisel (Lizzy) was not fine enough!

The old woman next endeavoured to show her daughter how she had secretly grieved at, and dreaded Gottlieb's boorishness and sullenness of temper. At last, Minel put up her work. Dorel did not, as usual, seek to delay her going. When she was gone, the old woman took the hand of her daughter tenderly and Dorel fell upon her neck and said, "Do not be angry, mother, but I am not able to think hardly of Gottlieb."

That foolish young man after he had broken with his sweetheart went to the public-house. There, he sat down at the table with a highly distinguished looking person: very lean, with sharp nose and clows, and a yellow skin, but a most dignified air—the tailor Wenzel. He was a tailor who had seen the world; beloved cat down to the ground, made the who in his day, as he told the village people, young man a curtsey. "Too much honour had clothed princes. Wenzel soon found by for us and Lise!!" Lisel looked upon the the young fellow's conduct what had hap-ground and fumbled in the pages of Rinaldo, pened; and, although Gottlieb was as rude to him as he had been to Dorel's mother, he bore with the ill humour and did his best, like a good father, to divert the youth into the snares of Lisel. He fished with the clumsiest of bait; but fine angling would have been lost upon Gottlieb, as indeed any kind of angling might have been; for he had then only one notion in his head. Having wronged Dorel, he meant she should repent Having it—for he still clung to her in a churlish way-and his one thought that he enjoyed over his brandy was "I'll make her come after me yet." The tailor's hints were, however, so far in accordance with the youth's mood that he adopted the advice to go, when he had taken a full dose of the boldness purchasable at a tavern, to the tailor's house.

There, he broke in abruptly upon Mother can talk one's heart asunder. But Dorel Wenzel and her daughter; the old woman in shall come after me yet. I don't care." an armchair by the stove with a pet cat upon her lap; Lisel upon a stool, reading. When the damsel saw Gottlieb she uttered a small shriek and dragged a dirty cloth from underneath the oven which she threw over her shoulders, dragged about with all her fin- as she may, I should like to see the girl that gers in her hair, and said, "Good gracious! is her match. And what I like in her is, that

"If I'm not disturbing you," said Gottlieb placing himself quite at his ease, still in a dogged way. "You were reading the Tible or the hymn-book, I suppose ?"

he's a robber; but so very nice. And Rosa—that is Rivaldini's love—she has such courage; and the Lion-that is Rinaldini-becomes when he speaks to her such a lamb. Doesn't he, mother?"
"That's true," she replied. "Lisel reads so

naturally."

"Go on, then," said Gottlieb, "I'm in the mood myself, just now, to be a Ruinini, or what's the fellow's name. The world's too bad for me, and I've broken with Dorel. But the girl shall come after me yet.".

" Broken with Dorel!"

"Yes. She is too proud, and her mother is the vilest woman in the world."
"There you have it!" said old Mother Wenzel. "Well for you, you are out of the Wenzel. "Well for you, you are out of the snare. You would have had to support that entire tribe of children. Old and young were regularly fishing for you. Such a rich, handsome son-in-law is not to be had every day. But what will you do now, Gottlieb? You can't stay as you are.3

"No," said the lout. "In spite to Dorel, that I can't. So I come here."

The mother rose, and, gently sliding her waiting for more precise communications. The cat, rubbing against the visitor's leg, received a kick, and departed wailing. "The received a kick, and departed wailing. "The nasty creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Wenzel, giving the lie to her sympathy with Gottlieb by caressing her afflicted favourite. Lisel listened attentively for the next words of the new Rinaldo. They were: "How can you keep such a beast of a cat? It, shan't come near me. 1 can't bear dogs either, the beasts. Besides, why do you keep cats? What are mousetraps for?" The old woman sat down with a grimace, and Lisel began reading viciously. Gottlieb pulled out his clay pipe, filled it, lighted it, and composed himself with quiet smoking. "Yes, yes," he said presently. "Dorel was not so bad, and things wouldn't have gone so far but for the mother. She was too bad altogether; she can talk, ay, she

The old woman stroked the cat that was again at rest upon her lap; Lisel read on.; but, both women were at heart vexed and impatient: "Well, to be sure," Gottlieb continued; "Dorel's properly a neat girl. Be she this is too great an honour! Please to be she can't abide beasts of cats, who do nothing seated."

Mrs. Wenzel's Mrs. Wenzel's wrath thereupon boiled over, but she still prudently endeavoured to extract from the young man some definite pledge of surrender to her the hymn-book, I suppose?" Lisel. Father Wenzel, coming in soon after "Oh dear, no," said Lisel, ashamed of the from the tavern, found his household in disimputation, and quite eager to rebut it. "The tress, his daughter in despair and rage behind

the stove, and his wife attacking the obtuse worth in vain. Tailor Wenzel came to the He insisted that the affir had all been settled between him and Gottlieb at the tavern; he dragged Lirel out of her hiding place; he gave her to Gottlieb, who received her open mouthed, then blessed them both, and told his wife to make a cup or two of coffee.

Next Sunday Gottlieb had his triumph. That is to say, he went to the dance arm in arm with his new sweetheart under Dorel's window. He had meant to fling defiance at the house as he went by, but his heart failed when he came near it, and he hurried away, dragging his Lisel after him in an urgainly Lisel looked up in triumph from fashion. "among the roses and forget-me-nots inside her bonnet.

But she had no reason to enjoy her conquest. Gottlieb, though he betrothed himself for three long years, evaded marriage. After having endured his rudeness all that time, in hope of being one day mistress of his house and field, Lisel and her family abandoned their design. Lisel married a young journeyman tailor, who came by chance into the

village.

Poor little Dorel during those three years worked at her lace pillow, and maintained and comforted her mother. She showed no change in her home-temper; and, as she scarcely ever went into the village except when she went to church, it could not be said that she was running after her lost swain. Twice, however, during that time, she became a topic in the neighbourhood. Two suitors offered to take Gottlieb's place, both of them well to do; one of them, a young worker in the mines who had lately risen to the rank of underoverseer; the other, no less a person than the son and heir of the village innkeeper. Dorel refused them both, and a great talk arose upon that head. Was she too proud? Did she want Gottlieb back? Was there some fine gentleman in the background? Was it the mother who kept her, and lived upon her? Another event made a great sensation. The widow's little hut was the last house in the village. A hundred paces farther on, the road passed through a thick pine forest, only passable by foot-travellers, or riders who could put trust in their horses. One evening, at twilight, the widow's family was alarmed by a cry for help at the door, and found a horseman who had come in from the wood, and stopped at the first house in the agonies of sudden illness. He was bent double and was stiff upon his horse. Dorel mounted a atool! and, steadied by her mother, lifted him in. She left him in her mather a care, conducted his horse to the inn, d then set off at dusk upon a mountain Journey to the nearest doctor, who lived six miles distant. The stranger was a travelling thought she would be better in the open merchant, and was on the point of death, air. It needed some persuasion to get leave After receiving much gentle help, he be- to go abroad, because the mountain was not

cheathed a pocket book and his contents to Dorel. With more gentle field, however, he recovered , eventually, he departed, refusing to take back his gift, which was then found to contain good notes for three hundred dellars. dollars."

"Thank Heaven!" said the mother; "now

we are at the end of trouble."

"Do you think so !," Dorel answered sirrowfully. "It seems to me that now our trouble will begin."

Months and years passed. The next great event in Dorel's life happened in winter time. A winter in the upper mountains of the Hartz, is very gloomy and very comfortless. Mountains and valleys lie covered vards deep with snow; roads have vanished, and the traveller on unknown ground incurs a risk of breaking through into some hidden chasm. The larch and pine-trees creak under their load of snow whenever the wind crosses them: and the whole forest seen at a distance, lies like a dark green girdle on the mountain sides. Ravens and crows become stiff in the open air, and are found fluttering behind the chimneys of huts. Out of the chimneys rises grey smoke in heavy piles from the brushwood mixed with dust and earth, which forms the fuel of the peasants. It is a poor fuel which smokes much and burns with a suppressed dull glow on their hearths. Ice is very thick on the little windows, and such light as they can ever admit is lessened by the heap of straw and refuse that rests against the walls outside, and rises higher than the window-ledge. There is a solemn silence on the mountains, only broken by the sledges of the charcoal burners, or the skimming over the hard snow of some light sleigh that belongs to a more wealthy mountaineer.

After a month of hard frost came a stormy but too warm south wind, threatening a rapid thaw. Thaw on the mountains brings with it unusual perils. Fields of snow, traversed easily in frosty weather, yield in critical places under the traveller's foot; and he is perhaps plunged into a mountain torrent, or falls into a prison with four walls of snow, which he attempts in vain to scale, and be-

tween which he perishes.

On such a day, Dorel had been working for a long time silently over her lace-pillow: not telling tales, as she did usually, to the younger children.

"Is anything the matter, Dorel?"

"No, mother;" but she answered as if

with her mind abroad.

"You do not talk. What ails you, child?" Dorel owned that she felt ailing, though she knew not how. She was disturbed, the said. She dreaded some evil, she knew ot what. The mother thought it must be heartburn. Dorel thought it might be heartburn, for her heart felt bad. She

nigter a visit and that if she went into the village she would still be among people. Dorel threw a frock over her shoulders, which served as cloak, and, pulling part of it as a hood over her head, drew it together under her chin, and looked out of it lovingly at her mother, with her fresh wholesome face and kindly black eyes, like the pretty girl she was; then hurried out. "God forgive my sin!" she said when she was out of doors. "It is the first lie I ever told mother. But I saw him go into the wood this morning, and he has not come back."

"She shall come after me yet," Gottlieb

had said.

Dorel followed a path made by the handsledges, that went from the village to the wood. From the trees through which the wind was howling, the snow fell in dull heavy lumps about her, and she heard the hoarse crows crying hungrily. When she passed beyond the track of the sledges, her feet sank deeply in the snow as she worked on with anxious haste. At last, she stopped and looked about her. She felt sure that she was in the neighbourhood of a small chasm called the Schieferbruch. Thence home, she knew her way. If she could but descend it! For that was the pit—about thirty yards deep—into which she had felt that Gottlieb might have fallen. "With the help of Heaven I will venture," she exclaimed, and struggled on till she found deep footsteps that crossed her path. At once she pursued their track. At one place the traveller had fallen. Farther on, something dark lay in a hollow—a fur cap. She wrung her hands. It was his cap, given to him by herself last Christmas four vears.

From the edge of the chasm, at last Dorel looked down on a black object, silent under all her cries. She knelt waist-deep in snow, and prayed for a good augel to help her. "Gottlieb!" she cried again; "if you do not answer, may my sin be forgiven-I shall throw myself down to you among the snow!" She then heard a low wailing; and, commending to God her mother, the widow, and her household, she ventured to descend and struggle for her lover's life. Thrusting her arms into the snow when she was fallingclimbing, rolling, sometimes buried nearly to the chin-Dorel came to the bottom safely, and flung herself on Gottlieb's body.

He still lived. With glowing hands she cleared away the snow in which he was imbedded. She rubbed his temples; and, having melted water by putting snow into her hands, she stooped to him, and let it flow between his lips. When his eyes opened, and his chest began to heave, she uttered a loud cry of joy, and tried to lift him by the shoulders; for he had no strength to help himself.

safe, At last her mather suggested that it in her pocket which she had picked up was a long time since she had paid the si- when it had been left by one of the children in the hadroom. Gottlieb had no strength to bite it. "You will turn against it, Gottlieb, but there is no other help," she said. with a smile; and she bit the bread herself, and so stood over him, and fed him carefully, as a bird feeds her young. Then, when he could better use his limbs and stand upright, she bade him stamp upon the ground, and stamped before him merrily. At last they were able to climb up together out of the Schieferbruch, and Gottlieb was led by Dorel homeward. When they got into the track, there was Minel's little brother Kan to be seen turning a corner with a hand-sledge. " Sec." the said, laughing, "there is a carriage waiting for you!" She told Karl that he must lend his sledge and strength, to help in carrying the sick man home. Gottlieb was put, whether he would or no, into the dray; and Dorel, when she had taken the frock from her head and shoulders to throw over the young man's breast and face, started with Karl in the sledge. It was a fine sight for the villagers when Dorel was seen dragging Gottlieb out of the forest. She looked at nobody, and cared for nobody, conveyed him up to his own door, committed him to the care of his housepeople, ordered peppermint tea to be made for him, and bade them put him instantly to bed. Then she went home, still glowing from the exercise.

"Thank God, Dorel, you are home at last.
Where have you been ?"
"Mother," she said, with emotion, "it was

well that I went! But make me a cup of coffee. I am chilled." "You shall have that, at once," said the

widow, setting instantly to work upon it.

"But what has happened to you?"

"Nothing to me. But, I was in time to save a man who was half-frozen in the Schieferbruch."

"Who was it?" the mother asked. Dorel turned aside with scarlet cheeks and tears; but said at last with forced indifference, "It was Gottlieb, mother.

"What! Gottlieb! the bad man! Heaven only knows, my child, what sort of stuff your

heart is made of."

Gottlieb had been on his way to the next village to take the measure of a child's coffin, when he was caught in a thick snowstorm and missed his path. When the storm was over, he had staggered, half-faint, through the deep snow, until at last he fell where Dorel found him. Safe at home in bed, of course after what had happened, he repented heartily of his behaviour to Dorel. Dorel, of course, would come or send to ask how he got on; then he would make amends to her. But Dorel did not come or send to ask how he got on. When he was up again and should have gone like a man to own his obligation to mself. her and confess his evil-doing, he was too Then she remembered that she had a crust proud. He resolved to write. The ink was

dry in the little bottle that hung by the wall; but he got up a brown broth in it with water. Then, as he found no paper in the house, he tore out a mouldy fly-leaf from his hynn-book, and wrote upon that. Having written his note, he folded, sealed it with glue out of his pot, and sent it by his landladv.

It was the first letter Dorel ever had received from anybody, and she took it with astonishment and reverence. "I don't feel, mother, as if I ought to read it to myself. I will read it to you." It was the following:

"Dear Dorel,
"I have your frock with which you covered me when out of the Schieferbruch. Surely you want it, and I have something to tell you which your mother must not hear. So when the bells chime in the evening, you know where, namely behind the mill,

"I remain

"Your loving Gottlieb."

It is not needful to relate the mother's wrath at this. "Be easy, mother," Dorel said. "I have served four years for Gottlieb, and am not ashamed; perhaps Gottlieb can serve four years for me, but not in the way of that letter; that will not do. I am no Rachel, mother darling, but if 1 am only Leah, Gottlieb can be a Jacob. I abide by that."

Gottlieb adorned himself to meet his love in the miller's meadow, where they had met in old times twice before, and where he had been vexed with her for bringing, first her brother George as her companion, and next the Iame Minel. No Dorel appeared. It was her pride, he said. It was her three hundred dollars. He was poorer than he had been, for his trade was almost gone. What did he care for her? So he went home sullen. Next day, he tied Dorel's frock in an old handkerchief and sent it to her by the landlady, hoping still that she might bring him back some message. But the frock was taken and the handkerchief returned, and nothing said.

Then Gottlieb, began to put himself in Dorel's way, to pass her in the road and say, "good morning!" when she went to church; he always had a courteous echo to his greeting and no more. Furthermore, he posted himself close before her seat at church. She looked at the minister and never once at him. The foolish fellow! If he had but gone with the right word in his mouth, to her cottage door! He persuaded Minel to sound her friend. Dorel, discovering that, was back yesterday as if his lungs were tied up indignant for some minutes.' Gottlieb then with a cord. He wants the sacrament, and frequented taverus, neglected work, danced wants you and your mother. As he had taken wants you are the latter than an old leave to but it's sharp cold up there." a great dancer, and who had become able to take stronger drink than beer. He ran into debt, borrowed, sold his field, and crying "Wait till my mother comes home, hurried desperately to ruin.

"There is only one soul in the world that

can save Gottlieb," said Minel one day. "He is brought to this, through love of you, and through despair."

"And why," Dorel answered, "should he do evil for the love of me? It would be great sin if I made any man do ill who loved me. As for despair, I do not know what he despairs of; he has never said a word to me.

"But you know, Dorel, that he is ruined for love of you, and because you will have nothing to do with him. His house, too, is going to be seized for his debts, and he must go into the poor-house or - or kill himself."

"You say, Minel, that I will have nothing to do with him. Heaven knows I should have happier years behind me if I had felt so. And I should think it, for myself, a great sin even to suppose that I must be wicked because I am pained by love for somebody. I think that ought rather to make me good. And how do you know, Minel, that Gottlieb really loves me?"
"Why, you must own yourself that he

cares for you only."

"I am a miserable woman!" exclaimed Dorel, weeping bitterly; "am I so bad and godless that I am to be won by defying Heaven? No, Minel. My heart is only too, too cheap, when it is to be had for a single spoken word. But Gottlieb's is not a good way of courting."

"And can you see him put into the poor-

house 3"

"Yes, I can, and marry him from the poor-house. I feel as though he must needs come to that, before his heart is softened.'

" Let me tell Gottlieb what you say?"

"You might have told him of your own heart, what to do; but you must take no word from me. It is Gottlieb who must be the first to speak."

Gottlieb's house and goods were sold by auction; they were bought by the justice for

two hundred and ninety dollars.

A year afterwards, a poor old woman came to Dorel's cottage, with a kind greeting from Gottlieb, and an entreaty that she would go up to the poor house, for that he would like to speak to her before he died.

"What do you say? Die!" cried Dorel, in great terror. "I never heard that he

was ill."

"He's going fast," said the nurse care-lessly. "I do as I can, but it's of no use." "It cannot be! What has happened?"

"He went out eight days ago, and came gown; but it's sharp cold up there."

The poor-house-was a mud hut forming a

single chamber. There was straw spread on a rude worm-eaten bedstead, and Gottlieb, wasted and ragged, lay on the straw: half beovered by the patched gown of the nurse.

Stood in the opening of an emission of the straw is the straights reported to the straights reported as fair.

This was aggreat sorrow for Dorel. But when at last, after their few first words, he asked her for pardou, she bent over him, and said, "He who sees all things knows that I have nothing to pardon. You have made me sorry because you were blind. A year ago, if you had turned into the right course, we might both have been happy. I never have thought hardly of you, Gottlieb; I have loved you more dearly than you know. I knew you loved me in the bottom of your heart. I hought your cottage with my money -only my mother and the justice knew of that; and if you had come and said to me, 'I will defy God no more and put aside my stubbornness;' on that day I would have given you back the house and would have become your wife. But it was not to be."

"Now I see all," he said. "Alas my heart

and now it is too late."

"No! not too late," said Dorcl. "Still in good time. Gottlieb, with you dies all my happiness in this world. I shall work alone until the end. But you will leave me, now, a holy memory and a blessed hope, Gottlieb. I will close your eyes to-day. Hereafter may you be sent to open mine!"

The sacrament was brought, and Gottlich

died and Dorel closed his eyes.

Years still ran on, and Dorel's mother died, and her brothers and sisters married away from her. She was left to the last, quietly working at her lace pillow, alone in the old house.

MOTLEY.

BEFORE a world of tremulous green baize.
Whose slightest motion made us leap and start,
And nudge with elbows eloquent (in ways
That boys drive expectation to the heart;

Unlike the etiquette of later days

Which misses oft its aim from too much art,)

Each other's aching ribs, in pleasure's search

We sat, three youngsters fresh from school and birch,

The curtain of the mysteries before us
Hung with a solemn sense of all it knew;
The gallery gods and chandelier flamed o'er us,
Like an Olympus glorious to the view.
We heard the frequent uectar pop, and chorus
Shrilling aloud, impatient for its due.
Time and the fiddlers, in dumb concert playing,
Seemed for our special wretchedness delaying.

Sudden the tinkling of a mystic bell
Proclaimed the preparations were complete,
And through the green baize sent a shuddering
spell

That took us for the time half off our feet;
The curtain curled, and with a gradual swell
Rose. Ah! who shall say what sight did greet,
As orehestra and gallery ceased their wrangles,
To gaze on glory, gorgeoustess and spangles?

A glittering lady with a silver wand,
Which, (oh, how gracefully!) she softly away d
To quisic with the smallest whitest hand,
Stood in the opening of an emerald glade.
Behind her, brightly grouped, a fairy band,
Each inclination of her arm obey'd,
And like a gliding lustre forth did flow,
Or like a wizard top spun on tiptoe.

Her mortal enemy, a mighty dragon,
Too base his beastly entrance to announce,
Surprised her. 1.: one claw he dutched a flagon,
The other held her tightly by the flounce
(Threatening to leave her soon without a rag,
In spite of our low-muttered wrath and frowns),
Then drew her quickly to his loathsome cavern,
Stored grim with evil spirits like a tavern.

But her good genius rising on a shell
As Aphrodite rose (yet far more fair),
Dissolved the power of the magician fell,
And sent him shivering down to sulphurous air.

Then all those ladics, issuing from the bell
Of many a drooping flower, enring'd her there,
Like human leaves wound some angelic rose,
They linked their arms and quivered on their toes.

She gazed, and gazed direct upon us three, With worl is of unintelligible meaning; Above them like a silver-seen birch tree (Horrible simile!), in beauty leaning—

Leaning towards us wistfully, while we, All bushfulness from boyish ardour weaning, Shadowed the pit in answer, clapping red, Till the masks entered, and her figure fled.

Oh wondrous length of nose! Oh breadth of cheek Whose bloom all mortal rivalry defies! Capacity of month, and body sleek! Oh hugeous head, and monstrous goggle eyes! The tickle of late laughter sure is weak

To that which your appearance first bids rise.

Lord! how we laughed! Meantime, demeanour
solemn

Marked the great pate upon the puny column.

Fair Rosamond, embowered by royal Harry, Upon the balcony her flower-pots waters. A broad Scotch colonel, intent to marry.

(Whose claymore each unseen opponent slaughters), Fired with impatient love, no more can tarry. But hopes to take by force this worst of daughters. He scales her window steathily on the sea-side; Sagacious flarry wooing her on the side.

She seizes, most alert, the colonel's ladder,
And flings him off to court the willing billow,
Whereon he falls; and, like some briny bladder,
Floats, the while his men set up a. hillo!
And drag him up the friendly beach, a sadder
If not a wiser Gael. Down like a willow
Hangs his proud plaid. He, with a monstrous spaon,
Shuffs his wide ness, and sneezes to the moon.

Great Harry, underneath her balcony,
Lutes to her softly a sweet serenade;
When, lo! the flower-pot that she waters free,.
Falls from its perch and fixes on his head!
A right reward of naughty majesty
Caught in its trap. But what more need be said?

Clown, Harlequin, and Pantaloon in station, Startle us all by wondrous transformation. ç

Also Dibwn I with what a welcome wert thou greeted. E. Hailen like a here to some lighted city. And Pantaloon, old fool! for ever treated Horribly ill, and looking not for pity. Diamond-cut Harlequin, with magic heated.

Least loved, yet luckiest, as in committee We three acknowledged when the play was over, For he was Columbine's accepted lover.

Shall Clown for ever rest unsung of bard? . His notable profundity of pocket, At once a garden and a poultry-yard;

Stored secretly with cracker, squib, and rocket;

Still fawning in abyem wide-barrd,

Enough to make all tradesmen strike their docket. For every kind of bibible and edible, With a digestion perfectly incredible.

Choice son of Mercury, whose cool mendacity Delighted us, delights us in perspective, The laws are not for one of thy capacity; Thou bidd'st defiance to the 'cute detective.

So indiscriminate in thy voracity,

Saye when to grumblers giving sharp corrective, Thy face of brass our golden age brings back again, And sends us wandering in that dreamy track again.

Thou art not flesh and bone; no wife hast thou Who watches shudderingly the magic leap, With hands clasped close, and anxious furrowed brow, . Gasping to thruk that life should be so cheap. No little ones sleep in thy homestead now,

Whose daily bread thy nightly risks do reap; Else art thou such a fighter in our battle As seldom yet heard arms and harness rattle.

In vain of thee they write the grave biography, Telling us thou wert mortal and knew pain; Thou livest in a world remote from geography, Somewhere between our earth and the inane To the blithe adolescent's mixed cosmography Familiar : o'er thy grave no starry wain, When midnight whispers soft its bright wheel rolls, Oh vernal presence to our passing souls!

So laugh, and have our love! Be'st thou, indeed, Mortal as we, Oh whither shall we turn, When the young flowers of life are choked with weed, For one thing faithful in our ashy urn? The gayest piper on our human reed, Of him the saddest lesson must we learn? Alas! that he should e'er belie his paint! Humanity seems in him almost a taint.

Boyhood and Manhood have their separate clown, And hard we find it from the first to part; Yet tenderly to the latter, when well known, We cling, for he is of us, and the heart.
Is not beguiled by fancy. Cheer the town
For many a week, old favourite as thou art. We owe thee much ungrateful would not be; And will remember thy humanity.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE OLD MAGICIAN.

invoked; whether from the musty recesses of Magidan.

my old books in the dusty, legendary corner. Before faydom existed, was Magic, awfui, youder, or whether merely from those inner erect, weird insorubable. Magic stood in the

most chambers of the brain, whither the soulstrays, oft-times, to seek for that which never was; whether from all, or any, or none of these haunts, still there came, lately, and sat down over against me the old Magician. He had nor white beard, nor wand, nor cabalistic figures inscribed on his dress: he did not smell sulphureous, nor did my famp burn blue at his approach. Yet he was a presence, in which was power and wisdom! and knowledge, and an importunity of charm to which the deafest adder must have listened. perforce. And there came out of him a voice, mildly saying: I am that false belief, as old almost as true belief, and, though false, not incompatible with the existence of my veracious brother. I am that superstition, or fancy, or imagination, or fiction, as you, in your clemency or severity, may call me, which you have dwelt upon and cherished and nourished against your reason, against your convictions, against your experience, since it was said, "Let there be light," and since light was.

Unembodied as I am (thus to me the old Magician), I yet take interest in the doings of the material world. I peruse, not unfrequently, the hebdomadal productions of the press, and among other periodicals I often see the one to which you contribute. Inflated with conceit, and blinded by opiniation, you lately undertook to commiserate and to point out as a Case of Real Distress, one Mab or Mabel, a shiftless jade, calling herself Queen of the extinct kingdom of Fairyland-a kingdom recently blotted out from the map by the united efforts of the March of Intellect, Transatlantic Go-a-headism, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. You said, truly, that QUEEN MAB had not a shoe to stand upon, that she was brought very low, that she was sadly reduced. I admit all that. The nonsensical kingdom of Fairyland is deservedly dismembered, and its subjects relegated to the ballets of the London theatres, there to wave branches of red foil, and smilewhile their hearts ache-for fourteen shillings a week, finding their own shoes and stockings. But, my son (the Magician became familiar), you have enormously exaggerated the power and influence of Queen Mab. You have ascribed to her territories and vassals she never possessed, and that never were, in the remotest degree, tributary to her. You gave her as lieges, demons, dwarfs, dragons, dwergars, horrible spectres and creations that belong only unto me-the Magician. You have, not of malice I hope, but inadvertently, confounded the kingdom of Fairyland with the far more (once) potent, far more distressed, far more reduced kingdom of Magic. THER from the realms of magic, self I am the case of real distress. I am the The perchance, by some involuntary Magician without a shoe to stand on tuitive Abracadabra of my own accidentally My Ylory is departed—mine, Ichabod the

dark cave of Endor, when the ghost of Samuel When the Israelites wandered in the desert my Magicians held dark and fearaome sway to the wicked lands of Canaan. They presided over the ghastly rites of Moloch; they wrought enchantments among the Amalekites, the Amorites, the Jebusites, and the Hittites. In Judea, in Persia, in Chaldes, my Magic, my Magicians, worked signs and wonders (false but fearful) through loug ages. Wise men, soothsayers, sorcerers, and astrologers, were in the trains of mighty kings, of Darius the Mede, and Nebuchad-nezzar the king. Throughout the broad miles-long streets of Ninevel and Babylon; by the arched terraces; under the hanging gardens; in the courts of marble palaces; by the myriad-hued tablets on the wall of strong warriors and fair youths such as Aholibah sighed for; in the midst of the motley, bright arrayed, swarthy, strong bearded throng stalked my Magicians, and their incantations the orgies of Semiramis, and the conspiracies of the captains and the liturgies of the priests. When Belshazzar, the king, drunk deep with his lords, and praised the gods of gold, and bruss, and iron, and wood, and when in the same hour, there came forth fingers of a candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace—words which none could understand, did the king bethink himself in his need of light inconsequential fairies? No: he cried aloud for the astrologers, the Chaldeans, the soothsayers—the wise men of Babylon. And though we, the wise men, could not read the interpretation or wiss that the Medes and Persians were at the gate, yet we only ceded to One, whom the king Nebuchadnezzar had made master of all the Magistill recognised.

You have spoken of Queen Mab's sway in Egypt, and of her myriad elves sporting upon the tails of crocodiles. Sir, you are impertinent. Let Queen Mab and her fairies disport themselves in frivolous Persia and enervated Arabia; but leave the land of Egypt—that dyes of Tyre and enervating arts. Came the long, narrow, dusky land of wonders—to me, the king of magic and mysticism. Where that gigantic enigma, the Sphynx, rears its dim, battered, mysterious, time-worn, yet time-defying head, against the copper sky, and amidst the shifting sand; where the river of Nile reflects-

ş

" the endless length Of dark red colonnades,'

upon the rudest and most debasing African trembled in the lurid air, and scared Saul's fetichism; where phantom hieroglyphics shadow forth the dim creed that the soul, after its three thousand years' cycle of metempsychosis or rather metensomatosis, shall return to its human envelope again; and where the spirits of kings, and princes, and priests are pourtrayed migratory through the bodies of swine, and birds that fly, and reptiles that crawl-there I and Magic dwelt. Mine was Fetichism and Zoroastjanism. Magic had no sympathy with the light Bacchus in his convivial, his joyous, his saltatory form. Queen Mab, or Queen Ariadne, or Queen Anybody may sport with him in Naxos, and the sunny isles of the Archipelago; may bress the red grape for him, and hold the golden chalice to his eager lips. But Bacchus. as Osiris, the awful Lord of Amenti, belongs not to Fairyland, but to the realm of Magic and to me. My Magicians sat at his feet, when, as he is painted in the royal tombs of Biban el Moluk, he sits pro tribunal, weighwere blended with the wars of Ninus, and ing the souls that have just departed from the bodies in the fatal scales of Amenti, and indoing them according to their deserts. The judging them according to their deserts. Magicians were at home in Egypt. as the legend of Manetho tells us, the great pyramid was built by King Suphis, the Magicians stood by and aided the work with man's hand, and wrote-over against, the their spells. When that King Pharaoh who knew not Joseph or his people was so sorely beset by the plagues raised by the indomitable brothers of Israel, did not he call upon his Magicians for aid? Did not their magic lore stand them in such stead that their rods all produced scrpents, albeit Aaron's rod, through a power that was preter-magical, swallowed. them all up eventually? As year after year and age after age rolled their sternly succceding waves over the land of Egypt, and as the remorselessly advancing and receding tide brought from the womb of time the cians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers tide brought from the womb of time the in the kingdom. Magic was vanquished, but myriad pebbles of mortality, and carried them back into the abyss of eternity, Magic was left high and dry-a monument and a misleading Pharos, inscrutably cabalistic and existent as the pillar of Pompey, and the needle of Cleppatra, and the obelisk of Luxor,

Came the soft sons of Syria with the rich luxurious Greeks, and gave plasticity and symmetry to the bizarre, yet awful sculptures of the Egyptian Pantheon. The muscular fauns, the brawny Hercules, the slim Adonis, the cested Venus, the crested Diana came to teach the limners and sculptors of Egypt how to cast their deities in the moulds of Zeuxis and Praxiteles. But the Sphynx looked coldly on in her unchangeable, enigmatical beauty, and the Magicians stood by, unchangeable where religion was philosophy, and philosophy too, their arms folded, gazing with a frown religion; yet where the purest doctrines of half of anger, half of contempt at the clumsy metaphysics were mingled with the gressest legerdemain of Paganism, at the boggling forms of Zoroastianism and the brutifying tricks of the haruspices and the transparent. worship of beasts and reptiles and vegetables, cheatery of the oracle. "These priests of and the profoundest merality was grafted Bacchus and Venus," they thought, "are mere quists, miserable experts at sleight of hand and cogging of dite." Came the Remans, and with them the loud prating augurs, and the bragging soothsayers, and those that dealt in oness and prophecies. But the magicians who had wrought magic for the Ptolemies laughed these clumsy bunglers to scorn. When Pompey, Casar, Antony told them of the supernatural wonders of Greece and Rome; of the ghastly priests who reigned beneath the deep shadow of Aricia's trees,

> The priest who slew the slayer, And shall himself be slain;

of the thirty chosen prophets, the wisest in the land, who evening and morning stood by Lars Porsenna of Clusium; of the strange visions of pale women with bleeding breasts that Sextus Tarquinius saw in the night season; of the Pythoness on her tripod, and the Cumman Sybil in her cave; the Magicians of Egypt pointed to the Sphynx, the pyramids, the hieroglyphics, saying: "Construe us these, and unriddle us these. Liars, and Liars, and boasters, and whisperers through chinks in the wall, and fumblers among the entrails of beasts, can ye call, as we can, serpents from the hard ground, and cause them to dance to the notes of the cithara and the timbrel? Can ye forefell life and death, and change men

and great battles fought long ago?"

The proud conquerors of Egypt bowed to Egypt's soothsayers. The Magician was welcome in Cleopatra's palace. He boasted of sorcery;" Iras, Alexas, Euobarbus, listened to him, and he foretold truly that one should outlive the lady whom she loved, and that another should be more beloving than be-loved. The Magician stood in Cleopatra's galley, beside the proud and stately queen, —the "serpent of old Nile," that was "with Phœbus' am'rous pinches black;" in the galley that burned in the water like burnished gold; the galley with purple sails and silver oars; with a pavilion cloth of gold of tissue; the galley whereof the gentlewomen were like the Nercides, on each side of which when Antony lay dead, and the proud land of Expt lay at the feet of Octavius Cresar, the ominous finger of the soothsayer pointed to the basket of figs and the "pretty worm of arms, and Miss Riffin with both arms and Nilus"—the deadly asp, the baby at the legs, and Daniel Lambert as a thin man, and breast of Cleopatra that sucked the nurse anakespeare with a cocked hat and spectacles, asleep.

edge has been blunted, as the characters in cuffuences. the hieroglyphics have been, some rounded

buffoons and tricksters, wretched ventrilo- and clipped, some choked up with sand and dust. But the ruins of Magic yet exist like the ruins, of temples, and statues. The rage of the heathen Saracens, the iconcolastic theology of centuries of Mokammedan sway, have battered, have defaced, have devastated the caryatides that supported the frieze of the temple of Egyptian Magic; but the temple and the caryatides are erect still. The fires that destroyed the stored-up learning of Alexandria have been impotent to quench it; the devastating hoofs of the steeds of the Mamelukes and the Beys have not trampled it under foot; the hordes of Buomaparte, fired by revolutionary and subversive frenzy, could not annihilate it; the glamour of the East vanquished the atheism of the West, and the Egyptian seer warned Kleber, though unavailingly, of the dagger that was to lay him low. Even now, in this age—in this nineteenth century-when English cadets and judges of Sudder Adawlut jolt in omnibuses across the Isthmus of Suez; when steamers have coal depôts at Alexandria; when Cairo has European hotels with table d'hôtes and extortionate waiters; when the sandy desert is strewn, not with the bones of men slain in fight, or with the ruins of bygone empires, but with the crumbs of ham sandwiches and the corks of soda-water bottles; when the "cruel lord" who reigns over Egypt drives into beasts and reptiles, and show in a drop an English curricle; when a staff of English of water the images of men that are dead, engineers view Thebes and Memphis through theodolites, and talk of gradients and inclines, tunnels, cuttings, and embankments through the valley of the Nile, Magic and Magicians hold their own in the sunburnt land of Egypt. that he could read in "Nature's infinite book In some dark street of Cairo still is the traveller introduced to the seer, fallen indeed from his high estate, with diminished credit, and circumscribed empire over things magical, still versed in "Nature's infinite book of sorcery." No longer the proud confident of princes and monarchs, the explicator of enigmas, the unraveller of mysteries, the expounder of dreams and visions of the night, he is but a meanly-clad old man with a long beard and a filthy turban swathed round his head. But still he pours into the palm of the youthful acolyte the mystic pool of ink, and traces around it the magic characters stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling which none may read but he. And still the Cupids; the galley steered by a seeming boy, at his command, sees in the inky mirror mermaid; the galley with silken tackle, and "the figure of one sweeping," and after him from which a strange invisible perfume hit are mirrored in the pool, as the traveller the sense of the adjacent wharves. And summons them, the portraits of the nighty dead, or the friends or dear ones at home. And though sometimes the Magician may err, and Lord Nelson present himself with two you must ascribe that to its being Ramadan, Ages of youth have not been able to efface or the boy not being a proper medium, or the Magic from the Egyptian surface. Its yourself not properly susceptible to magical I have gaid enough, I perpend, Scholar,

(continued this garrulous old Magician), to show you that in Egypt, at least, my empire is of a date superlatively more ancient than that of your vaunted Queen Mab. If you doubt me, to ask, go search the works of those conscientious ghoules among the graves of Egyptian antiquities—Rosellini, Gravius, Lane, Denon, Champollion, Belzoni, Wilkinson-go to the fountain-head, the father of history-Herodotus. Go ask that famous student of the black art in your own times -Caviglia-he who, from the three corner stones of astrology, magnetism, and magic, raised a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism, on whose airy faces he could see inscribed in letters of light invisible to all but himself elucidatory texts: he who was the last recipient of that rich but awful legacy of mystical learning which has been handed down from age to age-from the Essenes to Philo the Jew, from Pythagoras to Psamnadius; he who, from the constant and engrossing study of the mysteries of the pyramids, became (like those Cingales) insects that take the shape and colour of the leaf they feed on) himself in dress, feature, manner, thought and language, absolutely pyramidal.

But I have not done with you yet, Novice, nor have I vindicated the claims of Magic sufficiently. You shall leap with me o'er centuries. I willingly resign to Queen Mab and her fairies the cra of Sultan Haroun Al'Rasohid, the silly, sparkling, spangled enchantments of Bagdad, and Damaseus, and China, nay, even the fairy doings in my own Egypt-my own Grand Cairo-during the sway of the caliphs. I look upon her trivial pranks with calenders, and caravans, and fair Persians; her peris, genii, and dwarfs, just as so many conjuring tricks and mountebanks at a fair. She may have the whole of the dark and middle ages (in the East) for me, and plague or reward as she list the enervated occupants of Moslemin harems or the effete princes of the Lower Empire. Europe was my field of sovereignty then; and the realm of Magic held its own against the realm of

Fairyland there for ages. 1 will take Puck. You have been bold enough, sir, to claim that essential vassal of the king of Magic as a fairy. You will quote, of course, the authority of William Shakespeare (a fellow so ignorant of geography that he talks about the sea-coast of Illyria), who makes Puck a sort of fairy tiger or "gyp" to Oberon, putting a girth round about the earth in forty minutes, and bragging with disgusting egotism of his flying "straight as an arrow from a Tartar's bow." You will have seen, doubtless, also, the Midsummer Night's Dream at Covent Garden Theadre under the management of Madame Vestris, and probably because you saw therein Miss Marshall as Puck looking very fairy-like in a

ter's "call" for "Puck and all the fairies at twelve," you jumped at the conclusion that Puck was a fairy. He is nothing at all of the soft. The fellow is a hobgoblin, and belongs to me. Let Mab rule her own roast of sylphides, coryphées, fays and sprites, and not meddle with me. I will quote chapter and verse for it.

> "In John Milesius any man may read Of divels in Sarmatia honoured, Called Kotri or Kabaldi, such as we Pugs and hobgoblins call-

Thus writes old Heywood in his Lucifugi. Pug or Puck is a hobgoblin, a divel, and, as such, I do not think the sportive Queen of Elf-land will be inclined to claim him in future. Indeed, many learned theologiansboth Catholic and Protestant—have gone far to prove, by texts and arguments, both from Scripture and the Fathers, that Puck is no other th. A Satan himself in various disguises. Such was Puck who had a domicile in the monastery of the Greyfriars at Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which he haunted in the form of a pug or monkey, and tormented the monks and lay brethren sorely. He had his fits of good humour sometimes certainly, and turned the spit, baked the bread, drew the wine, and cleaned the kitchen, while the inmates of the monastery lay a-snoring, receiving as wages two brass pots and a parti-coloured jacket to which a bell was appended; but these benevolent humours were transitory and capricious; and he is truly described, by the monk to whom we owe the Veredica Relatio de Demonio Puck, as an impure spirit. In fact (and you will excuse the freedom of my language for, though I am a Magician, I am a gentleman, and would not wish to wound your ears unnecessarily) Puck was a very devil. Do not misconstrue me. I don't mean the devil who was always requiring payment, and for whom there was no pitch hot; the devil who taught Jack of Kent bridge-building, on condition that a certain post obit should be paid if Jack was buried on land or in water, and was cheated out of his bond by Jack causing himself to be buried in the keystone of his last bridge; the devil who patronised old Nostradamus, and was, in a somewhat similar manner to the Jack ruse, cheated—he having a contingent reversion in Nostradamus, which was to fall in if that worthy was buried within a church or without a church, whereupon Nostradamus left directions in his will "to be put into a hole in a wall," which was accordingly done, to the devil's discomfiture. Puck is not the devil whom Banagher beat; the devil who assisted (for a consideration) the architect of the cathedral of Cologne; the devil who raised the Lust-Berg at Aixla-Chapelle, and had a finger in most of the castles on the banks of the Rhine; the devil of Evreux, who migrated from thence to short tunic and fleshings; or perchance saw Caen, and appeared there in eighteen hunpasted on the green-room pier-glass a promp- dred and eighteen clad in white armour, and

attacked the commandant of the town in a mischievous little devil on the hip on a sub-Puck is not the devil with a glessy black ekin, saucer eyes, horns, hoofs, a tail, and a pitchfork, who was vanquished by St. Cuth-bert, and many ether saints, as recorded by learned hagiologists; who was associated with Tom Walker in that peculiarly disadvantageous partnership (for Tom), recorded by Washington Irving; who carries off Don Juan in the pantomime; who is generally associated with the idea of blue flames, sulpaur, brimstone, and red-hot Wallsend. And, O Neophyte, Puck is not the awful fiend of Milton, stretched on a burning lake, floating "anany a rood;" the arch spirit of Evil, who, amidst agonies which cannot by conceived without horror, deliberates, resolves, and executes, whose fiendish spirit stands unbroken "against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, against the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermittent misery." He is not the Aabodos of the Greek—the demon of Æschylus, the Prometheus, half-tiend, half-redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemics of heaven. berth, He is not one of the chattering, bestial, devil, grinning, mopping herd of devils, bloated black. with meat and wine, and reeling in ribald in the Masque of Comus; he is not one of the inexorable spirits who hover in the now prescribe to you, and said the four Greek cagonies of Ugolino, and the remorse of too. In the meantime, he must be exorcised burning tomb. Puck is not THE DEVIL, but whereupon whack! whack! whack! goes a devil-a didblotin. He is a very monkey, a mischievous ape, having a special delight in the anaoyance of saints and hermits. The writings of the Fathers are full of authentic relations of his knatish tricks. Twas he who tempted Saint Anthony (pace Thomas

- sat in an earthen pot, In a big bellied earthen pot sat he,"

Ingoldsby); 'twas he who

and with a rabble rout of devils with tails and devils without, devils stout and meagre, devils serious and jocund church-going devils and revel-haunting devils, endeavoured first in his own proper likeness as a hobgoblin, and afterwards as a laughing woman with two black eyes-the worst devil of all-to decoy the Saint from the perusal of the holy book. This devil it was who as Saint Benedict was saying his prayers on Monte Casino, did (according to Saint Gregory) appear to him in the likeness of a doctor riding upon a mule, avowing his intention to physic the whole convent, although, if we are to believe other accounts, it was to Saint Melanius that he appeared in this medical guise. Whichever way it was, however Saint Benedict had the There were a good many sins that day both

sequent occasion. There was a certain monk in the convent, who somewhat after the style of our old acquaintance Daddy Longlers, couldn't or wouldn't say his prayers. After praying a little while he always rose up sud-denly and vamosed out of the orstory, as though the devil was at his heels; which indeed he was, as you shall hear. The monks told the prior, and the prior told the about, and the abbot told Spint Benedict of the non-praying brother's irreverent conduct; and in goes the Saiht to the oratory, with a big walking-stick, just as the monk is coming out as usual. "See ye not who lead-eth our brother?" says Saint Benedict to Father Maurus and Pompeianus the prior.
"We see nought," they answer.

"I do," says the Saint, directing a meaning and somewhat menacing look towards his subordinates, "I see plainly a little black devil lugging violently at our brother's gown,

and leading him towards the door."

The obtuse Pompeianus still persisted in seeing nothing; but Father Maurus, who was in training to be a saint, and had besides an eye to the reversion of the prior's borth, immediately declared that he saw the devil, and that "he was very little and very

"Of course," says Saint Benedict. "Perhaps, dances, who stagger and leap round the lady Brother Pompejanus, when you have administered to yourself the seven score stripes I silence and gloom of Dante's Inferno, who epistless which you will be good enough to point pitilessly to the hopeless inscription repeat to me without book to-morrow above the portal, who watch inflexibly the morning, you will be able to see the devil Francisca, and Facinata writhing in her from the person of our dear brother;". the big walking-stick about the legs, head, back, and shoulders of the dear brother, till, as Saint Benedict declares, the little devil is completely exorcised, and the dear brother is covered with bruises. The legend adds that the D. B. was ever afterwards distinguished for his remarkable assiduity of attendance and attention at matins, complins, and vespers.

This little devil of Puck's kindred, if not Puck himself, was evidently the same who lay in wait so many years in order to bring to shame the chaste and pious Saint Gudule. It was the custom of this noble maiden to rise at cockcrow every morning and walk to church with her maid before her carrying a lantern. What did the devil, but blow the candle out? What did Saint Gudule, but blow it in again by her prayers? And this is her standard miracle. Then there was a St. Brituis, who, you must know, was clerk or deacon to St. Martin. One day, while his principal was performing mass, St. Brituis saw a sly little devil behind the altar, busily employed in writing on a strip of parchment as long as an Lotel bill all the sins of the congregation.

711 1100 of omission and commission, and the deva's panhment was soon full on both sides, and crossed, and re-crossed into the bargain. What was the levil to do? He had no more parchment with him; he could not trust to his memory; and he was unwilling to lose count of a single sin. As a last resource, he bethought himself of stretching the parchment. Holding one end in his teeth and the other in his claws, he tugged and tugged, and strained and strained; but he forgot that the material was unclastic; and presently crack went the parchment into two pieces, and bang went the devil's head against the stone wall of the church. Saint Brituis burst out into a hearty fit of laughter at the devil's misfortune, for which he was sternly rebuked by his chief; and, indeed, narrowly escaped that exemplary chastisement which, as legends tell, befel the nursery heroine Jill

"For laughing at Jack's disaster."

When, however, St. Martin came to be informed of the real circumstances of the case, he immediately hailed it as a "first chop" miracle, of which the world was running rather short just then; and as a stock miracle it has been retailed ever since, to the great edification of the faithful; and as a miracle you will find it in good dog Latin and in the

Lives of the Saints to this day. You will curl up your lip, I dare say, because I persist in stating Puck to be a goblin and not a fairy, and in tracing him even to a habitat among the mischievous demons of the Romish hagiology. You will acknowledge him as a demon, however, when I tell you that Odericus Vitalis alludes to him as the devil whom St. Taurinus banished from the quondam temple of Diana at Ebroa, the Norman town of Evreux; that he was known to the Normans as Gubbe, the old man, and from thence we have the word Goblin ; "Hunc vulgus Gobelinum appellat," says Odericus. The Gubbe of the Northmen was own brother to the "Tomte-Gubbe," or "old man of the house tott" in Sweden, known in Saxony as the spiteful devil Hoodekin, Hodken, or Hudken, in Norway as "Nissegodering," in Scotland as "Redcap," in England as Puck; or, on a very non lucendo principle (seeing that he was always playing naughty tricks), as Robin Goodfellow. He is directly charged with being a Gollin in your own vaunted Midsummer Night's Dream, by one of Titania's fairies. Thus she-

" Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite Called Robin Goodfellow; are you not he That fright the maids of all the villagery?

Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm, Those that Hobgoblin call you .

If the variet had been a fairy, all Titania's

autecedents without questioning him. Peaseblosson, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed, were fairles if you will an were those "minious of the moon" that came from ox lips and nodding violets, from lush woodbine, from sweet musk-roses and wild eglanting, the fairies that warred with rear-mice for their leathern wings, and killed the cankers in the rose-buds; the small grey-coated gnate that were Queen Mab's waggoners, the joiner squirrels, the fairies' midwives. A figo-the fig of Spain-for them all. Puck has nought to do with them; and I demand that his name, as it stands in the dramatis persons of all the editions of Shakespeare, as "Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy "shall be expunged and altered to "Puck, a Goblin or malicious demon.'

The subject of Puck (continued the old Magician) has detained me much longer than I anticipated; but I felt so strongly on the subject, that I was moved to adduce all the evidence I could lay my hands on. It were bootless in this stage of the argument to demonstrate that this same Puck is the Spanish "Duende," corresponding entirely to the "Tomte Gubbe," which fact is attested by Corbaruvias; and that, in another part of Spain, that Puck appears as a Frayle, or little friar; for which you may see Calderon's comedy of La Dama Duende. Nor is there time here to show how Puck in Anglo-Saxon became Pickeln and Packeln, from which Mr. Horne Tooke tells us, in the Diversions of Purley, we have Pack or Patch, the fool; likewise Pickle, a mischievous boy, and the Pickélhürin, oddly enough, though analogically. translated as Pickle-herring, the zany or mountchank of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, and who (Pickelhärin) was so called from his leafy or hairy vestment. Ben Jonson re-Anglicised him as the shaggy little devil Puckhairy, while the original Puck or Pug became Pog, Bog, and Boge in the north of England, Bogle in Scotland, and again returned to England as Bogey, where he dwells in the coal-cellar or the nursery-cupboard to this day. There's a derivation for you, Scholar! Think of your merry, spangledwinged, sportive fairy Puck, forsooth, turning out to be synonymous with the child-quelling, naughty-boy-kidnapping Bogey. The monkey, you know, acquired the name of Pug, from his wickedness and malice; and the Pug-dog, from his spitefulness and snappishness. Bwg in the language of the British was a goblin; Bog was the angry god of the Slavi. The Anglo-Saxon Bucca and Buck, a goat, were both derivatives of Puck, and were so called from their skittish, savage natures; and a goat was, if you remember, one of the favourite incarnations of the evil one; finally, we trace the mischievous mirth and inebriated inspiration of Puck in the Greek word Βακκευω,

Thus far the old Magician. I had listened tribe would have known his position and with bated breath to the sage as he dwelt

little (nor has another person been able to refrain from doing the like more recently, I dare say) at the somewhat tedious dissertations on magical etymology into which he was led. The ancient man would seem to have been imbibing deep draughts from the founts of Junius, Ménage, Casaubon, Skinner, Minshew, Lemon, and the venerable cohort of old English etymologists, to say nothing of Thomson, Whiter, Fox Talbot, and the moderns. Now the study of etymology produces nearly the very same effects that Doctor South ascribes to the study of the Apocalypse: "It finds a man mad, or leaves him so;" and, moreover, as the study of Magic has led to not a few commissions de lunatico, it is probable that the old Magician I had been listening to had a "bee in his bounet," or, as is more vernacularly expressed in this part of the country, that he had "a tile off," or "eleven pence halfpenny out of the shilling." It may be, and is as probable, that he was sane; it may be that he never existed save in my brain; yet he may be sitting opposite to me still, graving, didacticising upon the former glories and present decay of Magic.

Yes, its decay. The state of that once glorious and potent science is now far more a Case of Real Distress than that of Queen Mab and her elves. They at least can obtain engagements in the pantomimes and Easter spectacles. Doctor Arne's deathless music yet summons them to dance on yellow sands and there take hands. Music-sellers yet deem them worthy as subjects of delicately tinted lithographic title-pages to polkas. There are yet to be found publishers (though few alas!) who will invest capital in the illustrations, editing, and publishing of farry tales; and till Mr. Richard Doyle he die, and till Messrs. Leech, and Hablot Browne, and Tenniel, and especially Mr. George Cruikshank, masters of the pencil and etching point, they die, we shall not lack cunning graphers of the life, and light, and glories of Fairyland. Magic is dead. Its professors never sought to insinuate themselves blandly into the imagination like the fairies; they brought neither housed words, nor sparkling pictures, nor dulect music. They sought but to control, to terrify, to destroy. Read the Arabian Nights through, and perhaps, with the single exception of Cassim Baba quartered in the robbets' cavern, you will not find an incident in that mast collection of fairy tales that will exacte terror or disgust; but glance over the ful Malleus Mallificarum, as printed on the eve of Saint Catherine, Queen, Virgin, and Martyr, in the last decennary of the fifteenth century-pore over its dusky, black-lettered

pages, its miniated capitals, and shudder;

on the pedigrees of his subjects with a Garinet; peep fearfully into the mysterious somewhat excusable pride, though I must tomes of Piccatrix, Cornelius Agrippa, of confess I could not refrain from yawning a Delrio and Remigius, of Glanvill and Sinclair; think of the legendary volume of Thomas the Rhymer, that was "lost, lost, lost," and "found, found, found," in the Lay of the Last Minstrel ;-study these monstrous books-monstrous alike in form and contents study them in the dead of the night (if you have nerve enough), and sleep afterwards, night-

mareless, if you can.

Magic! It is associated with cruelty, ignorance, brutish stupidity, and brutal wrong through all time. It recalls the ages of darkness, persecution, havoc, and intolerance. It recalls poor maniacs, brooding over forges and alembics, cowering amid stuffed mousters and noxious elixirs, mumbling incoherent blasphemies over the entrails of dead beasts, and the skins of dried reptiles. It recalls the mummeries of the Rosicrucians, the laboriously itle speculations of Dee and Lilly, the impudent impostures of Romish priest-craft in the worst ages of Romecraft; it recalls with terror and horror the appalling buffooneries of witchcraft, the horrible merriment of the Witches' Sabbath, and with more terrible and horrible reality it brings back, to our lasting shame and disgrace, the long long record of aged, mained, blind, infirm bld creatures, chased, scourged, imprisoned, tied hand and foot and drowned, hanged and burnt unjustly, and condemned too by learned English judges. It recalls dirty gipseys, and heartless swindlers, dwelling in back garrets with mangy cats and greasy packs of cards.

No; I am not sorry that Magic is in distress; but I grieve more than ever (if that be possible) for Queen Mab and the fairies, flouted and contemned by this sometimes and

somewhat too dully practical age.

TOO LATE.

"HERE, take these knots and this letter for him," said Amalie in a broken voice to me, as I sat in the sledge already prepared for departure. "May your journey be fortu-nate and speedy!" Petro, lashing on his horse, covered me with a shower of snow; and, in a few minutes, I had St. Petersburg behind me. Before me was a snowy wilderness.

Whither did I speed? Across the frozen region of Siberia to Ochotsk, and to the exiled friend of my youth. Quicker, Petro; quicker through this comfortless and deathlike region. See! There are tracks of a panther; the horse scents them; how it trembles! So,

w are in Tobolsk.

A half sun arises. The white plain lies before me, glittering with millions of crystals. few stunted pine trees throw ghostly pages, its miniated capitals, and shudder; A few stunted pine trees throw ghostly turn over the *Dictionnaire Infernal* of Colin shadows across the white waste, their borders de Flancy, the *Histoire de la Magie* of Jules tinted with the red beams of the sickly sun. are in Jakusti

Where no sun rises, no description can be given. Forward, Petro! A world without a sun is too like a grave. The monotony is too like the dreariness of death. Ha, yonder the northern light! That is a transient

comforte On, on, Petro!

After a dreary journey of six weeks, I am at length in Ochotsk. I deliver my despatches to the governor, and at the same time make him acquainted with the object of my volunhis son he receives coldly; and, with a gesture of his hand only, introduces me to his daughter.

After having read the order, he offers to accompany me to the dwelling of my friend, and personally make known to him the clemency of the Emperor. For, I an the bearer of an order for my friend's release.

"If it is not a necessary part of your duty to accompany me, permit me to go alone on this errand to Count Paul," I say to the governor. "Be it so," he replies, shaking his head, and ordering the soldier on guard to conduct me. The feeling of excitement with which I walk the short distance to tho hut of the exile almost unmans me, My heart beats fearfully. Strange figures flash before my eyes, from which the tears are falling.

A misgiving, such as I had felt before. while waiting two days for the order at St. Petersburg, seizes me, but in a greater degree. I am forced to lean for support on my guide.

"This is the hut of Count Paul." I thank him, and he retires.

1

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon whon I opened the door. The exile of six years stood before me, half bent and half clothed, occupied in cleaning the skin of a

I opened the door in the supposition that he would not recognise me; but, scarcely had he looked towards me when he called me by my name, and I was embracing him. My tears fell on his garments; a tempest was in my heart. But his heart remained cold; I hung on a statue, his arms embraced me not, his eyes had no tears. Shocked and astonished, I retreated a step or two and looked as if to question him. Still indifferent he returned to his work, as though nothing particular had happened, and as though I had been his daily companion. He said, calmy, "I am preparing my skin for the next de-livery," and said no more. He asked me not, why I came there; he asked me not, for his mother, nor his Amalie; he hung over his work silently—lost.

On everything is written the death sentence my arms towards him. But they fell again, of the imperial doornster. Quicker, Petro; as he disected a look towards me with a pasquicker through this horrible desert! So, we signless indifference. Presently he expressed impatience at my presence. I diverted him from his work. "I am busy," he said.

The governor came to me as I turned away. "He has suffered no one to approach kim for more than three months," he said; "he has even prepared his necessary housekeeping himself-placing the appointed government tribute on the door step, in the proper number and quality—and has now for the last four weeks been wholly silent. I have suffered him to have his own way, because I remarked. tary journey. He is a man suited to his that he was determined against ever accepting place. The letter from St. Petersburg from his freedom, and that no other impression was left than this pre-conceived idea. He is so punctual in preparing his tribute, that with wonderful accuracy the number of his payment is always full. He has never been

"Still we must make his freedom known

to him," said I.

"If you have not already done so, we can send him the despatch, or, you can seek him again to-morrow at this time. The night will, perhaps, leave a favourable impression on him.

" Why not early?"

" Because at midnight he goes to the chase, and does not return until the middle of the

The governor invited me to his house and Although overcome by the journey and the recent events, I found myself in the

evening at his tea-table.

"I have never been able," said the governor. "to understand rightly, from the sentence, the nature of the Count's crime. At first I numbered him with the state criminals of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-five; but lately, from his diary, his youth, and un-common privations, I have taken another view of it, and feel disposed to pity him. Also, I learn that his father was sent to America, but that his mother was permitted to remain in St. Petersburg.

"A year before the death of the Emperor Alexander," replied, "the Count and I were students together at Gottingen. I loved him with a kind of worship, grounded more on the rare pre-eminence of his mind than on the tenderness of his heart. We had the fairest hopes from his industry and talents, particularly as he did not seem disposed to enter into the revolutionary spirit of Hungary, but hoped to strive in some other way for that oppressed country. He distinguished himself in every branch of knowledge, from the tangled system of philosophy to the obscure researches of philology; and in active gymnastic exercises he was ever the example and model of his schoolfellows. He bestowed upon hy I came there; he asked me not, for his one in a great measure his confidence and other, nor his Amalie; he hung over his regard; I can hardly say his friendship. Shortly before the death of the Emperor, his Paul! Dear Paul!" I cried, and stretched father recalled him to St. Petersburg; and

"I pity him," said the governor. Emperor."

"Why do you suppose so?"

Thy mother and Amalie have sent these station becomes, after exile, wholly unfit for society. Count Paul feels this, and, if I do not err, he keeps, on a black tablet over his bed, a rigid reckoning. My development of the prince Annoskoi has confirmed his kindness in his own handwriting. Can we not, my development the prince Annoskoi has confirmed his kindness in his own handwriting. Can we not, my development the prince Annoskoi has confirmed his kindness in his own handwriting. Can we not, my development the prince Annoskoi has confirmed his kindness in his own handwriting. Can we not, my development the prince Annoskoi has confirmed his kindness in his own handwriting. bed, a rigid reckoning. My daughter and I have carefully watched him. In the two first years of his exile, he constantly placed his the bed and wrote on the tablet, "March hare breast against the cold snow—to cool, as the ninth." His look seemed to tell me he said, his burning heart, while his tears this would be the only answer to all I said. melted the frozen earth; he refused his food; He then turned his face to the wall and with the greatest rashness he encountered the flercest of the wild beasts. In the third year, he asked for ink and paper, which he covered with aimless designs, and with the words fatherland, death, vengeance. One night, in the fifth year of his captivity, he collected and burnt the whole of these scraps, together with his portable library; from that hour he has never more read, written, complained, sighed, nor wept. He is not an accountable being.

" Of all his writings," said the daughter, "I have one leaf only, which he gave me from his diary four years ago, at the time when he did not avoid our compan-

ionship.

After six hours in bed, I melted with my breath the ice on the panes of my window, which gave me a view of the country whence Paul would return from the chase. I examined every living being who went by, until at length, about ten in the forenoon, I saw Count Paul returning to the hut with slow and weary steps. He threw down the bag with the dead animals, and his large fur boots, before the door. With his gun directed downward, he then walked into the hut.

About the same time as on the day before, Lagain stood in his presence. He lay half dressed on the bed, and stared wacantly on the bare walls. On the table stood his un-prepared meal, near his head was his gun, there was no fire in the chimney. I knelt down by the bed, and taking his hand, called him by his name; his lips moved convulsively, but his eyes did not move.

Paul! the world is again open to thee. Here is the Emperor's pardon." His lips His lips moved again. He opened and shut his eyes

quickly, to repress the last—the only—tear, and aid, "Too late!"

At this moment my eyes fell on the black stone tablet over his bed. As I looked at it and closed his eyes. The tablet was divided into three columns. In the first, was the month of Japuary, with its number of weeks half up in the bed, drew a heavy, deep and days; in the second, the month of Feb-breath, and tell back. I closed his eyes and

when, a year after, I also returned home, I reary; in the third, the month of March, to hearnt the fate of this whole house. They had? been exiled. Why, was, as usual, a secret."

"I pity him," said the governor. "He the third column was white, so that from will not avail himself of the mercy of the the twenty-first nothing more could be written on the tablet.

"Thy mother and Amalie have sent thee

morrow?'

signified that he wished to be alone. I placed the letters on the table near the bed, lighted the fire, and, full of anguish, quitted the

The governor was waiting outside, and I

related to him what had happened.

Early the next morning-about two o'clock I saw him steal out of his hut. He appeared weak and languid. At my request, the governor hired a man to watch him.

He did not return until two in the afternoon. He was exhausted, and was with-out any game. He immediately fell on his

bed.

When 1 entered, his eyes were closed, and his face with its fixed stern expression was turned towards the chimney. The letters and the knots of ribbon remained untouched. At nine in the evening he opened his eyes, took the tablet and wrote on it the day of the month—the tenth—and signed to me to ge away. On the eleventh, towards midnight, he arose to go as usual to the chase, but fell back on his bed. With great difficulty he arose again, about the middle of the day, and placed the prescribed number of skins in order for the delivery; wrote on the tablet "the eleventh;" and staggered back to

He lay, during eight days, stolid, immovable, rejecting all help from human hands. In vain I wept and prayed, kneeling by his bed; in vain the soft voice of the governor's daughter; in vain the physician and the

priest.

I dreaded the twenty-first; his self-appointed death-day. Dreaded or not dreaded, any day will come in its course. At five in the afternoon, he lay at the last extremity; around his bed stood the governor, his daughter, and the physician; I stood at his head. He still breathed; his eyes were closed. Shartly before six, his eyelids opened with the last flash of life's fire; his lifted hand made a sign for the rest to go away. They went, and I remained; he saw me not; about five minutes afterwards he suddenly work

LANCASHIRE WITCHCRAFT.

It is little more than a century since, when women who were the possessors of black cats; who were much out of doors on windy nights; who said or did things beyond the compredition to all this, committed the offence of being particularly good-looking or extremely ugly, were either burned or drowned according nineteenth century may congratulate our-fof the stick and pack. selves and our female friends that the dangers, if not the practice, of witcheraft have passed away for ever. We are personally acquainted with no end of bewitching young ladies who possess cats of all shades of colour, who pay frequent visits upon windy nights, yet who are without the least fear of stake or duckpond before their pretty eyes.

These are not the witches about when it

is our present intention to discourse

Ethiopic sorcery, Chaldcan magic, Egyptian necromancy, Arabian cabalistics, are as airbubbles before the steam-and-metal witchcraft of Lancashire. Miles of bleak, barren plain have been thickly peopled with human toilers; leagues of silent valleys have been made to send forth busy sounds of never-ending labour. The moorland is replete with life; the treacherous moss and yawning gully are spanned by metal roads, over which the magic power of steam whirls endless trains. Hamlets are towns, villages are cities, the hovel and the hut are swollen to mighty fabrics, in each of which a thousand of our fellows are toiling " from morn to dewy eve." And all of this and more is the handy-work of Larcashire Witchcraft.

Not very long ago some few of the oldest Manchester was considered a rather rising town; when Preston, Oldnam, Macelesfield, Staleybridge, and a good score or so of other leading manufacturing towns of to-day were but simple groups of houses, with here and there a tall smoking chimney rising among the trees and hills to tell of the adventurous spirit of the Lancashire spinners; when manufacturers and dealers in yarns rode through the country on pack-horses to buy or sell their goods as the case might be; and when the introduction of steam-power weaving was deemed an act of insane folly that must sooner or later end in the ruin of the speculators. There are scores of Lancashire folks who remember right well when the jenny Street, close by the Royal Hotel, in Man-chester, was but a narrow range of crabbed old beetle-browed store-rooms. Forty years ago, Elkanah Shuttle and Cyrus Waterloom,

prayed by the body. The last words he who own the splendid palatial edifice half spoke, even now ring in my ears. Too way up the street with the way up the street, with the magnificent por-tice, the sweeping staircase, the madisval hall, the artistic show-rooms, the Crystal-Palace roofing, were unknown beyond their own village. One made his way to Manchester with all his worldly possessions in a small bundle at his back; the other arrived shortly after him, by one of the canal-boats to this day the crooked stick of Elkanah and hension of their neighbours; and who, in ad- the yarn pack of Cyrus are preserved in a glass-case among the archives of the firm. These men have risen by the potent aid of Lancashire Witchcraft; so, likewise, have to the tastes of the operators, as being veri-hundreds of their fellow-citizens, as rich and table, unmistakable witches. We of the powerful as themselves, but not as mindful

Mighty, indeed, are the dealings of these cotton monarchs. Complicated are their transactions; numberless the interests they affect; and far away and strange the lands they give vitality to, the mouths they feed, the forms they clothe. Our Witchcraft is felt in all the four quarters of the would: from Crim Tartarysto Zulu Kaffirland, from the frozen homes of the Esquimaux to the palmy groves of the Oriental. Many are the races who help to feed those craving machines, ever consuming cotton at the modest rate of thirty thousand bales of three hundredweights each, weekly.

The patient poverty-stricken Hindoo ryot, in the hot valleys of Berar, among the wooded hills of Candeish; the active Malabar coolie on the sandy plains of Travancore and Tinnivelly; the abject Egyptian, a slave in all but the name, groaning as he toils at his cotton task for masters more exacting than in the days of Pharoah; the slave in the southern states of America, and the kingdoms and republics of the southern continent; all these labour for one end, all help to send their quota of the fibre that ere long shall be seen whirling and twisting round metal rods, or darting in between fine polished meshes. And soon it shall be dressed, and bleached, and inhabitants of the shire remember when dyed, and calendered, and hot-pressed, and finally make its new advent as a radiant garment, a flowing robe, a brilliant shawl or handkerchief a simple piece of bobbin or tape, a piece of bed-hanging, a jack-towel or. a waistcoat piece. Or perchance Lancashire Witchcraft will cunningly throw in a small quantity of silk or alpaca amongst the cotton fibres; and lo! a compound of a new and startling character appears. Soft, glossy shades, bright tinted, many coloured, with devices, and reliefs, and borders, endless.

But it is not alone in quantity, and style, and combination, that this Witchcraft is so distinguished. It brings about, other and still. more surprising results. The most remote grown of our raw cottons are those from magnificent pile of warehouses in Spinming-| Central India: which, from hill-side to port of Now let us see what our witcheraft does for state; nine-tenths of it go to feed the bungry

the Hindoo consumer of cotton goods.

The cotton cloths in chief demand throughent British India are of a most simple kind, requiring no artistic effort in their production, likely to be advantageously made by the simple means of the Hindoo weaver, little likely to tempt science and capital in their production, and assuredly for the same reason little able to bear a large charge for transport. Our Lancashire Witchcraft fetches raw cotton from Contral India, as already shown, over a distance of eighteen thousand miles. This cotton is carded, spun, woven, dressed, emore to Liverpool, where ships are always There are some for India; on board of these the bales of Indian-grown cotton cloth are shipped; another eighteen thousand miles of voyage are performed, rivers are again navigated, mountain passes are again traversed, plains and valleys are again travelled over, and at length the bales of Lancashire Witchin the gardens of which their contents first not more than thirty miles round Manchester. saw the light of tropical day; the ryot who grew it is still there, sowing the same patch of ground with more seed; his wife is still at the threshold of their little but busily occupied in weaving some of the selfsame cotton crop which has made so long a double journey, which has seen so many wondrous witcheries in British lands, which has found its weary way back in clean white folds. And why is it brought thus far? Why does the wary dealer at the village Chazaar welcome these many yards of steam-spun, steam-wove cloth? Simply because in spite of the journey, the voyage, the river, the ocean, the railroad, and the custom-house, our Lancashire Witchcraft can afford to sell goods cheaper than the simple Hindoo weaver can, though his cloth never left his native village, and was woven beneath the shade of palm trees to the song of the nightingale, instead of within a Manchester factory to the rattle of a thousand power-looms. And this is the universal tale of intellect applied to industry—the legend of modern scientific witchcraft.

How many thousand slaves, and ryots, and coolies, are toiling at this one production of the earth to keep our mills at work? How many busy factors and dealers, planters and brokers and middlemen, are straining every nerve, lest a single factory fire in England should die out? How many deeply-laden ships are buffeting the angry seas, and beating round the dreaded Cape of Storms, to keep the Liverpool and Manchester railway occupied, and the cotton brokers in good feather? A the great coston mart of Britain—Liverpool the landings of this article during the past year have averaged a thousand tons a day. But a triding portion of this enormous bulk leaves the Country in an unmanufactured millions sterling; in the latter year they had

mills of Lancashire.

The actual wealth of our cotton nobility would be hard to estimate. How much has been realised and invested in other property, or how much sunk in new factories and machinery, who can say? Yet some ap-proach to the truth may be made, and the figures are startling. Within the kimits of Laucashire there are not fewer than a thousand factories, in whose direct employ there are about three hundred thousand people, men, women, and children; but by far the greater portion are women. This is, however, pressed, packed, marked, and shipped once a small portion of the actual strength employed in working up cotton, for the steam ready to sail to all parts of the world, and water power applied to machinery for this purpose is equivalent to nearly ninety thousand horses. What the conjoint capacity of all this strength amounts to, may be imagined from the fact of its putting in motion and controlling a quarter of a million of power-looms and more than twenty million spindles. Of this large number eighteencraft behold the very village of Central India twentieths are to be found within a circle of

By the united efforts of all this steam and water, and human power, and the added elements of skill and design, we find that the United Kingdom produces cotton goods to the yearly value of more than sixty millions sterling, of which about one half is consumed at home, and the remainder shipped to foreign and colonial customers. Thus, there are being turned out a daily aggregate of nearly a quarter of a million sterling, or about twenty thousand pounds' worth of cotton goods every hour.

Before cotton threads are spun in the loom, they require to be lightly steeped in a glutinous liquor composed of wheaten flour, and sometimes rice flour, and water, in order to impart a degree of tenacity to them. This practice is incidentally alluded to in a Hindoo work of high antiquity, showing how old was the custom of employing a starch solu-tion in weaving. We mention it, in order to furnish another illustration of the enormous magnitude of the cotton industry of this country. The weekly consumption of flour for this simple but necessary process is not less than five thousand barrels.

In strict keeping with the growing extent of the manufacture, has been the constant lowering of the cost of production by means chiefly of improved machinery, and partly by lower wages. In short, taking the average market value of all kinds of cotton goods, we may state that they have, during the last twenty years, been reduced from sevenpence-halfpenny the yard to threepence-halfpenny, or rather more than one half. That this must be so, will be seen har reference to the quantities and values of the cotton exports for the years eighteen hundred and thirty, and eighteen hundred and fifty. In the former year they stood at four unndred millions of yards, valued at fourteen

seached the enormous extent of nearly fourteen hundred millions of yards, whilst their this class; and ignorance and prejudice work declared value was twenty millions and a half sterling. So that whilst in quantity the exports had forceased by two hundred per cent., they had augmented in value not more

than fifty per cent.

Like many other crafts, the art of cottonweaving was brought from the East. In the land of the Pharaohs, spinning and weaving were arts well understood. Upon the Ninevite marbles are to be seen representations of In the earliest weavers at their looms. records of Hindoo barbaric history, we may trace the Indian weaver at his work; and when, some centuries ago, the stores of oriental lands were first laid open to the kingdoms and people of the West, among those things which were counted rare and valuable, were calicoes, both plain and printed. As years rolled on, and fleets sailed where formerly a single merchantman had tempted the dangers of the Eastern seas, cotton goods from India made up a formidable total i our Asiatic trade. But now, all this is changed. Steam and iron have beaten the plodding Hindoo from the field. The plain white canco, the printed handkerchief, the rajah's manycoloured searf, the nabob's gorgeous rainbow shawl, the sultana's head-dress, the gossamer hangings for the Zenana, all are copied and reproduced by Lancashire Witchcraft, and sold at half the cost of their originals to wondering Hindoos and astounded Mussulmen.

The rapid glance we have here taken at our English witchcraft, is by far the most pleasing side of the picture. If we lift the outer cheerful veil which encircles all these stirring things, we shall behold dark scenes behind. It is not alone in Manchester that the people who work in mills should be seen. They have other and darker homes within the hundred villages and towns that lie scattered about the heart of Lancashire. There, on a cold, raw, dark December morning, hundreds and thousands of women, slipshod in mind and body, may be dimly seen amidst the murky gloom of fog and smoke, slinking along toward the many factories where, hardworked though they be, they at least find light and warmth. Many of them are mothers; and these will be seen hurrying with their tiny infants, to place them in the hands of some old crone, who, for the merest trifle, consents to allow them to lie beneath her miserable roof until the usual evening hour returns. There, huddled together like lower animals, these poor infants sleep, and

cry, and fret away their wretched daily life.

The ordinary pay of weavers is ten or twelve shillings a week, with occasionally fifteen for particularly expert hands at certain kinds of work. At spinning, men are more

cation and discretion are required amongst unknown miseries when following in the train of poverty. In Manchester, and in one or two other leading factory towns, very much has been done in the right direction, by sanitary regulations, by free libraries, and by cheap and wholesome houses for the poor. Employers have nobly shown that they understand the duties not less than the rights of capital, and men begin to feel that the best workpeople are those who can employ their heads not less than their hands. Stall, in many places, much remains to be done. And it were well it were done quickly.

ANYBODY'S CHILD.

Anynopy's child is a sad little being. You find him playing at marbles in a London His feet are bare, his clothes are ragged, his voice is hard and cracked, his hair is matted down over his eyes, his hands are thin and angular, his knees protrude through his torn trousers, and those rags are kept on by a piece of cord that passes over his left shoulder. How keen are the eyes that leer out at you from under that hair-thatched brow! They read you off in a minute. Anybody's child can tell, at a glance of those sharp eyes, whether you have anything or nothing in your pocket; whether your heart is hard or soft; whether you are a parish officer or a detective policeman. You may deceive casual observers, but Anybody's child is not to be done. Admitted.

He has no respect for you; if you freely offer him money, you are a flat; he has a ready impertinence to throw at you should you be harsh to him; he hates you if you be either a parish officer of a detective. If you be a philanthropist, he listens to you, only to laugh at you. Anybody's child is twelve years old, yet has he had great experience of the world. He is skilled in every artifice and ready to profit by any. Admitted.

Is it his cue to be penitent, to repent thoroughly, to cry, and call himself an abandoned wretch and a miserable sinner, to declare that there is no good in him, that death is the best possible thing that could happen to him, to exhibit a knowledge of religious observances-he will do all this, you know he will. Admitted.

First, he cries, then he allows himself to be soothed; then he describes the terrible hardships he has suffered; then he strikes up a pealm, which he sings very fairly. This performance is well adapted to touch the feelings and to influence the pockets of the good ladies who go their rounds courageously, about the worst byways of London, doing what they conceive to be their commonly employed than women, and by the duty, quietly and firmly; distributing, with aid of a boy they will not unusually earn real charity of heart—but often to unworthy from one to two pounds a-week. But anfore objects—money which they can ill spare tunately, save in exceptional cases, more edu. Anybody's child knows, these good ludies

very well. He hears what they have to say, with downcast eyes; and he is very serious when he takes the tracts they are so good as to distribute. But how can he read while he is hungry? The lady is certain to be touched by this appeal, and, all honour to her gentle heart! Anyhody's child receives sixpence. Then the lady proceeds to the next court, and Anybody's child buys some pudding at a house close at hand—which he wraps up in the tract-and saves twopence for the low theatre at night. You know all the eternal Heavens to be realities - that this is true of Anybody's child. Admitted.

Anybody's child plays other parts. Many come to inquire into his condition; to ask him about his parentage, his mode of life, the number of times he has been in prison, the games he has played. To these he appears very hardened indeed. He has no recollection of his mother, and his father is somewhere in him the quiet inhabitant of a monotonous the country. He is allowed to sleep upon a pallet in the corner of a kind old woman's uise a ministering Angel in a drill Serjeant; kitchen up a court. He lives by all sorts of because he is slow to learn, and has a disgust stratagems. He holds gentlemen's horses; he goes out with costermongers to cry their because the wild animal of a London alley wares. He has been offered the situation of liked it; such places was always too hard to cry aloud that the case is hopeless. Let for him. He has been in prison many times, our Voice cry aloud, instead, To whom does five or six times at least. He proceeds to Anybody's child belong? To some of us surely; repeat the prison regulations, for he knows if not to all of us. What are our laws if they them by heart. He has been engaged with secure for this child no protection; what are other boys in taking lead from house-roofs; we if under our eyes, Anybod in "snow-gathering" (a poetic expression up to be Everybody's enemy? for clothes-stealing from hedges); in picking Anybody's child is undoubte pockets at fairs. He can turn his hand to anything destructive; but finds the world is deserts it, should be the duty of the State; again him. He knows very well that he is and the law's heaviest hand would we lay an outcast, and that boys of his sort are not to upon this Somebody. The State, professing be admitted into any decent companionship. Yet his is a hard life—his is. He has tried very often to do something for himself-he has; but it ain't of no use, he can't keep to nothing : him. He supposes he will be transported at last. He doesn't much care what becomes a he gets tired of it, and people gets tired of him. As for a home—he has never had a home. He is glad his father has gone away, for he this child's soul, and punish that heaviest of was always a thrashing of him. He will say all all offenders, in pocket and person. this to you, will Anybody's child. Admitted.

Anybody's child here begins a true story, a little coloured. He watches narrowly the expression of his questioner, and shapes his answer according to the result of his obser-He thinks there is a chance of getting something out of his listener, perhaps half-a-crown, perhaps a passage to the diggings; but he is afraid it may be an introduction to some reformatory institution.

Anybody's child plays a third part. Adpritted. This is played when he is accosted by an inquirer who is the sworn advocate of popular education. Herein the child is a mass of ignorance. He has never heard who is king or queen. He is not certain that it newed our hopes of Anybody's child. Reader, ain't the Black Prince. How should be know? cs you have children of your own, or were a He has heard of the Creator once or twice, child yourself, remember him!

bus knows nothing about the New Testament. Cannot read or write; wishes he could. Will go to the ragged school; wouldn't he like to? But he must have something to cat at, afore he can think of learning anything. Has heard of all sorts of places built to do good to him; but he doesn't like them. He isn't fond of work. It's a hard life in the streets; but he will get used to it in time.

All this, admitted. Admit on the other hand-you must, if you admit the sun and while opponents discuss theories, he grows up

to Newgate and perdition.

Yet, truly regarded, Anybody's child is something more than this worthless little wretch and irredeemable outcast. Because he cannot be made to mend his ways in a few weeks; because it is not easy to make reformatory ward; because he cannot recogfor, the irksome foundations of education; cannot, in a few days, become a lap-dog for errand-boy, to carry out goods; but he never lady visitors to pat and smooth; voices begin we if under our eyes, Anybody's child grows

> Anybody's child is undoubtedly Somebody's child. To discover this Somebody, who basely and calling itself Christian, and therefore refusing to breed Plagues and Wild Beasts and rubbish to be shot into the bottomless pit, should systematically take that child, and make it a good citizen. And as it can, in most cases, find out Somebody when he or she has done a murder on the body, so let it find out Somebody guilty of the worse murder of

Anybody's child is a little fiend, a social curse, a hypocrite, a liar, a thief. Admitted. But if the State had long ago made Somebody accountable for the child, and taken upon itself the duties of parent, Anybody's child, in lieu of the dreadful creature you recoil from, would now be a hopeful little fellow, with the roses of youth upon his cheeks, and the truth of happy childhood on his lips.

Anybody's child cannot too soon become the adopted of us all; and the Somebody who gave it birth cannot too soon or too relentlessly be made to pay the charges of the accortion, or be punished in default. Recent conferences on this shame to England have re-

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ON STRIKE.

TRAVELLING down to Preston a week from this date. I chanced to sit opposite to a very acute, very determined, very emphatic personage, with a stout railway rug so drawn over his chest that he looked as if he were sitting up in bed with his great coat, hat, and gloves on, severely contemplating your humble servant from behind a large blue and grey che ked counterpane. In calling him emphatic, I do not mean that he was warm; he was co' lly and bitingly emphatic as a frosty wind is.

"You are going through to Preston, sir ?" says he, as soon as we were clear of the

Primrose Hill tunnel.

The receipt of his question was like the receipt of a jerk of the nose; he was so short and sharp.

"Yes.

"This Preston strike is a nice piece of business!" said the gentleman. "A pretty piece of business!"

"It is very much to be deplored," said I,

"on all accounts."

"They want to be ground. That's what they want, to bring 'cm' to their senses," said the gentleman; whom I had already began to call in my own mind Mr. Snapper, and whom I may as well call by that name here as by any other.

I deferentially enquired, who wanted to be

"The hands," said Mr. Snapper. "The hands on strike, and the hands who help 'em.

I remarked that if that was all they wanted, they must be a very unreasonable people, for surely they had had a little grinding, one way and another, already. Mr. Snapper way and another, already. Mr. Snapper eyed me with sternness, and after opening and shutting his leathern-gloved hands several times outside his counterpane, asked me abruptly, "Was I a delegate !"

I set Mr. Snapper right on that point,

and told him I was no delegate.
"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Snapper. "But a friend to the Strike, I believe ?"

Mr. Snapper.

"Not in the least," said I.

man must either be a friend to the Masters or a friend to the Hands.
"He may be a friend to both," said I.

Mr. Snapper didn't see that ; there was no medium in the Political Economy of the subject. I retorted on Mr. Snapper, that Political Economy was a great and useful science in its own way and its own place; but that I did not transplant my definition of it from the Common Prayer Book, and make it a great king above all gods. Mr. Snapper tucked himself up as if to keep me off, folded his arms on the top of his counterpane, leaved back, and looked out of window.

"Pray what would you have, sir," enquired Mr. Snapper, suddenly withdrawing his eyes from the prospect to me, "in the relations between Capital and Labor, but Political Economy?"

I always avoid the stereotyped terms in these discussions as much as I can, for I have observed, in my little way, that they often supply the place of sense and moderation. I therefore took my gentleman up with the words employers and employed, in preference

to Capital and Labor.
"I believe," said I, "that into the relations between employers and employed, as into all the relations of this life, there must enter something of feeling and sentiment; something of mutual explanation, forbest ance, and consideration; something which is not to be found in Mr. McCulloch's dictionary, and is not exactly stateable in figures; otherwise those relations are wrong and rotten at the core and will never bear sound fruit.

Mr. Snapper laughed at me. As I thought I had just as good reason to laugh at Mr.

Snapper, I did so, and we were both contented.

"Ah!" said Mr. Snapper, patting his counterpane with a hard touch. "You know very little of the improvident and unreasoning habits of the common people, I see.'

"Yet I know something of those people, too," was my roply. "In fact, Mr. ____," I had so nearly called him Snapper! "in fact, sir, I doubt the existence at this present time "Not at all," said l.

"A friend to the Lock-out?" pursued in the main, I am disposed to think that it. Snapper.

"Not at all," said l.

"In the main, I am disposed to think that whatever faults you may find to exist, in your own neighbourhood for instance, among the Mr. Snapper's rising opinion of me fell hands, you will find tolerably equal in amount again, and he gave me to understand that a among the masters also, and even among the dasses above the masters. They will be modified by circumstances, and they will be the less excusable among the better-educated, but they will be pretty fairly distributed. I have a strong expectation that we shall live to see the conventional adjectives now apparently inseparable from the phrases working people and lower orders, gradually fall into complete disuse for this reason."

"Well, but we began with strikes," Mr. Snapper observed impatiently. "The masters

have never had any share in strikes."

"Yet I have heard of strikes once upon a time in that same county of Lapcashire, masters when they wanted a protext for raising prices."

"Do you mean to say those masters had any hand in getting up those strikes?" asked

Mr. Snapper.

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"You will perhaps obtain better information among porsons engaged in some Manchester branch trades, who have good memories," said 1.

Mr. Snapper had no doubt, after this, that

I thought the hands had a right to combine to "Surely," said I. "A perfect right to combine in any lawful manner. The fact of their being able to combine and accustomed to himself and counterpane into another carcombine may, I can easily conceive, be a pro-The blame even of this tection to them. business is not all on one side. I think the associated Lock-out was a grave error. And when you Preston masters-

"I am not a Preston master," interrupted

Mr. Snapper.
"When the respectable combined body of Preston masters," said I, "in the beginning of streets. But, except for the cold smokeless this unhappy difference, laid down the principle that no man should be employed henceforth who belonged to any combination-such as their own—they attempted to carry with a high hand a partial and unfair impossibility, and were obliged to abandon it. This was an unwise proceeding, and the first defeat.

Mr. Snapper had known, all along, that I

was no friend to the masters.

"Pardon me," said I, "I am unfeignedly a friend to the masters, and have many friends among them.

"Yet you think these hands in the right?"

quoth Mr. Snapper.

"By no means," said I; "I fear they are at present engaged in an unreasonable struggle, wherein they began ill and cannot end well."

M1. Snapper, evidently regarding me as neither tish, flesh, nor fowl, begged to know after a pause if he might enquire whether I

was going to Preston on business? Indeed I was going there, in my unbusiness-

like manner, I confessed, to look at the strike.
"To look at the strike!" echoed Mr. "To look at the strike:

Snapper, fixing his hat on firmly with both the year, bravely bettling for the rights of hands. "To look at it! Might I ask you and the whole tolling community.

The shinet you are going to look "For many years before the strike took place at the new, with what object you are going to look at it?"

Certainly," said I. "I read, even in liberal pages, the hardest Political Economy-of an extraordinary description toe sometimes, and certainly not to be found in the books—as the only touchstone of this strike. I see, this very day, in a to-morrow's liberal paper, some astonishing novelties in the politico-economical way, showing how profits and wages have no connexion whatever; coupled with such references to these hands as might be made by a very irascible General to rebels and brigands in arms. Now, if it be the case that some of the highest virtues of the working people still shine through them brighter than ever in their conduct of this mistake of theirs, perhaps the fact may reasonably suggest to me—and to others besides me—that there is some little thing wanting in the relations between them and their employers, which neither political economy nor Drum-head proclamation writing will altegether supply, and which we cannot too soon or too temperately unite in trying to find out."

Mr. Snapper, after again opening and shutting his gloved hands several times, drew the counterpane higher over his chest, and went to bed in disgust. He got up at Rugby, took riage, and left me to pursue my journey aloite."

When I got to Preston, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. The day being Saturday and market-day, a foreigner might have expected, from among so many idle and not over-ted people as the town contained, to find a turbulent, ill-conditioned crowd in the factory chimnies, the placards at the street corners, and the groups of working people attentively reading them, nor foreigner nor Englishman could have had the least suspicion that there existed any interruption to the usual labours of the place. The placards thus perused were not remarkable for their logic certainly, and did not make the case particularly clear; but, considering that they emanated from, and were addressed to, people who had been out of employment for threeand-twenty consecutive weeks, at least they had little passion in them, though they had not much reason. Take the worst I could find:

"IRILADS AND FELIOW OPERATIVES,

"Accept the grateful thanks of twenty thousand struggling Operatives, for the help you have showered upon Preston since the present contest commenced.

"Your kindness and generosity, your patience and long-continued support deserve every praise, and are only equalled by the heroic and determined per-fevenance of the outraged and insulted factory process of Preston, who have been struggling for some, months, and are, at this inclement season of

deerfe of their Employers, who is times of good wade and general prosperity, wrung from their labour a California of gold which is now being used to erush those who created it, still lower and lower in the scale of cigilization. This has been the result of our commercial prosperity!—more wealth for the rich and more poverty for the Poor! Because the workpeople of Preston protested against this state of things, because they combined in a fair and legitimate way for the purpose of getting a reasonable share of the reward of their own labour, the fair dealing Employers of Freston, to their eternal shame and disgrave, locked up their Mills, and at one fell swoop deprived, as they thought, from twenty to thirty thousand luman beings of the means of existence. Craelty and tyranny always defeat their own object, it was so in this case, and to the honour and credit of the working classes of this country, we have to record, that, those whom the rich and wealthy sought to destroy, the poor and industrious have protected from harm. This love of justice and hatred of wrong, is a noble feature in the character and disposition of the working man, and gives us hope that in the future, this world will become what its great architect intended, not a place of sprrow, toil, oppression and wrong, but the dwelling place and the abode of peace, plenty, happiness and love, where avarice and all the evil passions engendered by the present system of fraud and injustice shall not have a place.

"The earth was not made for the misery of its people; intelect was not given to make himself and fellow creatures unhappy. No the fruitfulness of the soil and the wonderful inventions -the result of mind-all proclaim that these things were bestowed upon us for our happiness and wellbeing, and not for the misery and degredation of the

human race.

"It may serve the manufacturers and all who run away with the lion's share of labour's produce, to say that the impartial God intended that there should be a partial distribution of his blessings. But we know that it is against nature to believe, that those who plant and reap all the grain, should not have enough to make a mess of porrulge; and we know that those who weave all the cloth should not want a yard to cover their persons, whilst those who never wove an inch have more calico, silks and satins, than would serve the reasonable wants of a dozen working men and their families.

"This system of giving everything to the few, and nothing to the many, has lasted long enough, and we call upon the working people of this country to be determined to establish a new and improved system a system that shall give to all who labour, a fair share of those blessings and comforts which their toil produce; in short, we wish to see that divine precept enforced, which says, 'Those who will not

work shall not eat.'
4 The task is before you, working men; if you think the good which would result from its accomplishment, is worth struggling for, set to work and cease not, until you have obtained the good time coming, not only for the Preston Operatives, but for yourselves as well.

"By Order of the Committee.

"Murphy's Temperance Hotel, Chapel Walks,
"Preston, January 24th, 1864."

would become of themselves, their friends. and fellow operatives, if those calicoes, silks, and sating, were not worn in very large quantities; but I shall not enter into that question. As I had told my friend Snapper, wh wanted to see with my own eyes, was how these people acted under a mistaken inpression, and what qualities they showed, even at that disadvantage, which ought to be the strength and peace-not the weakness and trouble-of the community. and trouble—of the community. I found, even from this literature, however, that all masters were not indiscriminately unpopular. Witness the following verses from the New Song of the Preston Strike:

'There 's Henry Hornby, of Blackburn, he is a jolly

He fits the l'reston masters nobly, and is very bad to trick : He pays his hands a good price, and I hope he will

never sever. Se we'll sing success to Hornby and Blackburn for

ever.

"There is another gentleman, I'm sure you'll all lament.

In Blackburn for him they're raising a monument, You know his name, 'tis of great fame, it was late Eccles of honour,

May Hopwood, and Sparrow, and Homby live for

" So now it is time to finish and end my rhyme, We warn these Preston Cotton Lords to mind for fature time.

With peace and order too I hope we shall be clever, We sing success to Stockport and Blackburn for ever.

"Now, lads, give your minds to it."

The balance sheet of the receipts and expenditure for the twenty-third week of the strike was extensively posted. The income for that week was two thousand one handred and forty pounds odd. Some of the contributors were poetical. As,

" Love to all and peace to the dead, May the poor now in need never want bread.

three-and-sixpence." The following poetical remonstrance was appended to the list of contributions from the Gorton district:

"Within these walls the lasses fair Refuse to contribute their share, Careless of duty-blind to fame, For shame, we lasses, oh! for shame! Come, pay up, lasses, think what's right, . Defend your trade with all your might; Fer if you don't the world will blame, And cry, ye lasses, oh, for shame! Let's hope in future all will pay, That Preston folks may shortly say That by your aid they have obtain'd The greatest victory ever gained."

It is a melancholy thing that it should not some of the subscribers veiled their names occur to the Committee to consider what under encouraging sentiments, as Not fired

All in a mind, Win the day, Fraternity, and the like. Somettook jocose appellations, as A stunning friend, Two to one Preston wins, Nibbling Joe, and The Donkey Driver. Some expressed themselves through their trades, as Cobbler Dick, sixpence, The tailor true, sixpence, Shoemaker, a shilling, The chirping blacksmith, sixpence, and A few of Maskery's most feeling coachmakers, three and threepence. An old balance sheet for the fourteenth week of the Strike was headed with this quotation from Mr. CARLYLE. "Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. The Elton district prefaced its report with these lines:

"Oh! ye who start a noble scheme, For general good designed; Ye workers in a cause that tends To benefit your kind! Mark out the path ye fain would tread, The game ye mean to play; And if it be an honest one, Keep stedfast in your way!

"Although you may not gain at once The points ye most desire; Be patient-time can wonders work ; Plod on, and do not tire: Obstructions, too, may crowd your path, In threatening, stern array; Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove Mere sladows in your way.

"Then, while there's work for you to do, Stand not despairing by, Let 'forward' be the move ve make, Let 'onward' be your cry; And when success has crowned your plans, 'Twill all your pains repay, To see the good your labour's done-Then droop not on your way."

In this list, "Bear ye one another's burthens," sent one Pound fifteen. "We'll stand to our text, see that ye love one another, sent nineteen shillings. "Christopher Hardman's men again, they say they can always spare one shilling out of ten," sent two and sixpence. The following masked threats were the worst feature in any bill I saw:

"If that fiddler at Uncle Tom's Cabin blowing room does not pag Punch will set his legs straight. " If that drawer at card side and those two slubbers do not pay, Punch will say something about their busiles.

If that winder at last shift does not pay next week,

Punch will tell about her actions."

But on looking at this bill again, I found the it came from Bury and related to Bury, had nothing to do with Preston. The Masters' placards were not torn down or disfigured, but were being read quite as attentively as those on the opposite side.

rounding districts were coming in, according to custom, with their subscription lists for the week just closed. These delegates meet on Sunday as their only day of leisure : when they have made their reports, they go back to their homes and their Monday's work. On Sunday morning, I repaired to the Delegates' meeting.

These assemblages take place in a cockpit. which, in the better times of our fallen land, belonged to the late Lord Derby for the purposes of the intellectual recreation implied in its name. I was directed to the cockpit up a narrow lane, tolerably crowded by the lower sort of working people. Personally, I was quite unknown in the town, but every one made way for me to pass, with great civility, and perfect good humour. Arrived at the cockpit door, and expressing my desire to see and hear, I was handed through the crowd, down into the pit, and up again, until I found myself scated on the topmost circular bench, within one of the secretary's table, and within three of the chairman. * Behind the chairman was a great crown on the top of a pole, made of parti-coloured calico, and strongly suggestive of May-day. There was no other symbol or ornament in the place.

It was hotter than any mill or factory I have ever been in; but there was a stove down in the sanded pit, and delegates were seated close to it, and one particular delegate often warmed his hands at it, as if he were The air was so intensely close and hot, that at first I had but a confused perception of the delegates down in the pit, and the dense crowd of eagerly listening men and women (but not very many of the latter) filling all the benches and choking such narrow standing-room as there was. When the atmosphere cleared a little on better acquaintance, I found the question under discussion to be, Whether the Manchester Delegates in attendance from the Labor Parliament, should

be heard? If the Assembly, in respect of quietness and order, were put in comparison with the House of Commons, the Right Honorable the Speaker himself would decide for Preston. The chairman was a Preston weaver, two or three and fifty years of age, perhaps; a man with a capacious head, rather long dark hair growing at the sides and back, a placid attentive face, keen eyes, a particularly composed manner, a quiet voice, and a persuasive action of his right arm. Now look'ee heer my friends. See what t'question is. T' question is, sholl these heer men be heerd. Then 't cooms to this, what ha' these men got t' tell us? Do they bring mooney? If they bring mooney t'ords t' excences o' this strike, they're welcome. For, Beass, my friends, is what we want, and what we must ha' (hear hear hear!). Do they coom to us wi' any suggestion for the conduct of this strike? If they do, they're welcome. vely as those on the opposite side. Let 'em give us their advice and we will. That evening, the Delegates from the sur- hearken to 'the But, if these men coom heer,

to tell us what t' Labor Parliament is, should have the dark ways of the real tra-or what Ernest Jones's opinious is, or t' ducers and apostates, and the real un-English bring in politics and differences amoong us when what we want is 'armony, brotherly love, and con-cord; then I say t' you, decide for yoursel' carefully, whether these men ote to be heerd in this place. (Hear hear ! and No no no!) Chairman sits down, earnestly regarding delegates, and holding both arms of his chair. Looks extremely sensible; his plain coarse working man's shirt collar easily turned down over his loose Belcher neckerchief. Delegate who has moved that Man-chester delegates be heard, presses motion —Mr. Chairman, will that delegate tell us, as a man, that these men have anything to say, concerning this present strike and lock-out, for we have a deal of business to do, and what concerns this present strike and lockout is our business and nothing else is. (Hear hear hear!)-Delegate in question will not lives are passed. Their astonishing fortitude compromise the fact; these men want to defend the Labor Parliament from certain charges made against them.—Very weil, Mr. Chairman, Then I move as an amendment that you do not hear these men now, and that you proceed wi'business-and if you don't I'll look after you, I tell you that. (Cheers and laughter)-Coom lads, prove 't then !-Two or three hands for the delegates; all the rest for the business. Motion lost, amendment carried, Manchester deputation not to be heard.

But now, starts up the delegate from Throstletown, in a dreadful state of mind. Mr. Chairman, I hold in my hand a bill; a bill that requires and demands explanation from you, sir; an offensive bill; a bill posted in my town of Throstletown without my knowledge, without the knowledge of my fellow delegates who are here beside me; a bill purporting to be posted by the authority of the massed committee sir, and of which my fellow delegates and myself were kept in ignorance. Why are we to be slighted? Why are we raised to enthusiasm by his pride in bringing to be insulted? Why are we to be meanly so much; another man was ashamed and destabbed in the dark? Why is this assassin-like pressed because he brought so little; this man course of conduct to be pursued towards us? Why is Throstletown, which has nobly assisted you, the operatives of Preston, in this great struggle, and which has brought its contributions up to the full sevenpence a loom, to be thus degraded, thus aspersed, thus traduced, thus despised, thus outraged in its feelings by un-English and unmanly conduct? Sir, I hand you up that bill, and I require of you, sir, to give me a satisfactory explanation of that bill. And I have that confidence in this noble, gallant, godlike struggle." Some your known integrity, sir, as to be sure that up starts Gruffshaw (professional speaker) my friends, but explanation is required here! Neither by night nor by day was there any my friends, but it is fit and right that you was this an accidental state of things, for the

ducers and apostates, and the real un-English stabbers, laid bare before you. My friends when this dark conspiracy first began—But here the persuasive right hand of the chairman falls gently on Gruffshaw's shoulder. Gruffshaw stops in full boil. My friends, these are hard words of my friend Grutfshaw, and this is not the business-No more it is, and ence again, sir, I, the delegate who said I would look after you, do move that you proceed to business!—Preston has not the strong reliant for personal altercation that Westminster hath. Motion seconded and carried, business passed to, Gruffshaw dumb.

Ferhaps the world could not afford a more remarkable contrast than between the deliberate collected manner of these men proceeding with their business, and the clash and hurry of the engines among which their and perseverance; their high sense of honor among themselves; the extent to which they are impressed with the responsibility that is upon them of setting a careful example, and keeping their order out of any harm and loss of reputation; the noble readiness in them to help one another, of which most medical practitioners and working clergymen can give so many affecting exam-ples; could scarcely ever be plainer to an ordinary observer of human nature than in this cockpit. To hold, for a minute, that the great mass of them were not sincerely actuated by the belief that all these qualities were bound up in what they were doing, and that they were doing right, seemed to me little short of an impossibility. As the different delegates (some in the very dress in which they had left the mill last night) reported the amounts sent from the various places they represented, this strong faith on their parts expressed in every tone and every look that was capable of expressing it. One man was triumphantly made it known that he could give you, from the store in hand, a hundred pounds in addition next week, if you should want it; and that man pleaded that he hoped his district would do better before long; but I could as soon have doubted the existence of the walls that enclosed us, as the earnestness with which they spoke (many of them referring to the children who were to be born to labor after them) of "this great, designing and turbulent spirits among them, you will give it, and that you will tell no doubt there are; but I left the place with us who is to blame, and that you will a profound conviction that their mistake is make reparation to Throstletown for, this generally an honest one, and that it is susscandalous treatment. Then, in hot blood; tained by the good that is in them, and not by the evil.

some effect. I traversed the streets very much, and was, as a stranger, the subject of a little curiosity among the idlers; but I met with no rudeness or ill-temper. More than once, when I was looking at the printed balance-sheets to which I have referred, and could not quite comprehend the setting forth of the figures, a bystander of the working class interposed with his explanatory forefinger and helped me out. Although the pressure in the cockpit on Sunday was excessive, and the heat of the room obliged me to make my way out as I best could before the close of the proceedings, none of the people whom I put to inconvenience showed the least. impatience; all helped me, and all cheerfully atknowledged my word of apology as I passed. It is very probable, notwithstanding, that they may have supposed from my being there at all-I and my companion were the only persons present, not of their own order—that I was there to carry what I heard and saw to the opposite side; in-leed one speaker seemed to intimate as much.

On the Monday at noon, I returned to this cockpit, to see the people paid. It was then about half filled, principally with girls and women. They were all seated, waiting, with nothing to occupy their attention; and were just in that state when the unexpected appearance of a stranger differently dressed from themselves, and with his own individual peculiarities of course, might, without offence, have had something droll in it even to more polite assemblies. But I stood there, looking on, as free from remark as if I had come to be paid with the rest. In the place which the secretary had occupied yesterday, stood a dirty little common table, covered with five-penny piles of halfpence. Before the paying began I wondered who was going to receive these very small sums; but when it did begin, the mystery was soon cleared up. Each of these piles was the change for sixpence, deducting a penny. All who were paid, in filing round the building to prevent confusion, had to pass this table on the way out; and the greater part of the unmarried girls stopped here, to change, each a sixpence, and subscribe her weekly penny in aid of the people on strike who had families. A very large majority of these girls and women were comfortably dressed in all respects, clean, whole-some and pleasant-looking. There was a some and pleasant-looking. prevalent neatness and cheerfulness, and an almost ludicrons absence of anything like sullen discontent.

Exactly the same appearances were ob-"le on the same day, at a not numerously that it came which blossoms in nothing but red be brought to think of authorised mediation and had nothe, the chairman of yesterday and explanation at home? I do not suppose Masters' placaret, from which speeches were that such a knotted difficulty as this is to be But on wopen air meeting in "Chadwick's figured, but wer proceedings commenced with tively as those officiently general and discur-

police records of the town are elequent to the Burnley, and sung in long metre by the whole audience:

- "Assembled beneath thy broad blue sky, To thee, O God, thy children cry. Thy needy creatures on Thee call For thou art great and good to all.
- "Thy bounty smiles on every side, And no good thing hast thou denied; But men of wealth and men of power, Like locusts, all our gifts devour.
- "Awake, ye sons of toil! nor sleep While millions starye, while millions weep; Demand your rights; let tyrants see You are resolved that you'll be free."

Mr. Hollins's Sovereign Mill was open all this time. It is a very beautiful mill, containing a large amount of valuable machinery, to which some recent ingenious improvements have been added. Four hundred people could find employment in it; there were eighty-five at work, of whom five had "come in" that morning. They looked, among the vast array of motionless power-looms, like a few remaining leaves in a wintry forest. They were protected by the police (very prudently not obtruded on the scenes I have described), and were stared at every day when they came out, by a crowd which had never been large in reference to the numbers on strike, and had diminished to a score or two. One policeman at the door sufficed to keep order then. These eighty five were people of exceedingly decent appearance, chiefly women, and were evidently not in the least uneasy for themselves. I heard of one girl among them, and only one, who had been hustled and struck in a dark street.

In any aspect in which it can be viewed, this strike and lock-out is a deplorable calamity. In its waste of time, in its waste of a great people's energy, in its waste of wages, in its waste of wealth that seeks to be employed, in its encroachment on the means of many thousands who are laboring from day to day, in the gulf of separation it hourly deepens between those whose interests must be understood to be identical or must be destroyed, it is a great national affliction. But, at this pass, anger is of no use, starving out is of no use-for what will that do, five years hence, but overshadow all the mills in England with the growth of a bitter remembrance?—political economy is a mere skelcton unless it has a little human covering and filling out, a little human bloom upon it, and a little human warmth in it. Gentlemen are found, in great manufacturing towns, ready enough to extol imbecile mediation with danat all untangled by a morning-party in the Adelphi; but I would entreat both sides now That evening, the out by a workman from so misegably opposed, to consider whather

to whom they might refer the matters in dispute, with a perfect confidence above all things in the desire of those men to act justly, and in their sincere attachment to their countrymen of every rank and to their country. Masters right, or men right; masters wrong, or men wrong; both right, or both wrong; there is certain ruin to both in the continuauce or frequent revival of this breach. And from the ever-widening circle of their decay, what drop in the social ocean shall be free!

THE GHOST OF A LOVE STORY.

In an excursion I once made in Brittany, I arrived one evening at the little town of Pontaven in Lower Cornwall-for Cornwall is on both sides of the channel-with all its Tors, Tres, and Pens, as well on the French as on the English land, which goes far to prove rushed towards the opposite entrance, and, that the two countries of Great and Little nearly falling over each other in their eager-Britain were once united.

It was a beautiful summer, and the charming country in that point of projecting land between the Bay of Douarnenez and the inlet of Benodet, had never looked more smiling and agreeable. I was on my way to Quimper, the capital of the district, and need not have ventured on such fare as the very shabby inn offered; but I had a fancy to stop in order to have an opportunity of visiting the ruins of a castle which I had observed on my way, crowning a hill rising above a village called Nizon, a short walk from Pontaven.

As I was well aware that to view a ruin aright, one should "go visit it by the pale moonlight," and the moon being then "in her highest noon," I meditated an excursion with my companions-one of whom was a Breton born, and the other a brisk little native of Normandy—to the Castle of Rustélan, as soon as our supper had a little restored us after a

day's journey over bad roads.
The walk was extremely pretty through deep shaded lanes, across which the clear rays of the moonlight danced as they escaped through the leaves, stirred by a soft breeze. We soon reached the village, and mounted the steep hill, at the highest point of which rose the numerous walls and towers of what must once have been a large castle. In what had been the inner court the ground was covered with soft turf; where, formerly, the

village fêtes and dances were held.

One night, a merry party of young people were dancing on this green, and had not yet ceased, when the clock of the chapel of Nizon tolled twelve. Exactly at that moment, although the weather had been beautiful until then, for it was a warm summer a which violently shook the thick ivy gar-lands on the wall. The party stopped in eyes; one of those whom you may meet the midst of their dance, for every one had any day in the parish; indeed, the real felt the influence of the change and, as the hero of the tale filled that very office. You

there are no men in England, above suspicion, sky grew darker and the wind londer, they clung to each other in actual fear. Presently those who had courage to look round them were aware that gazing at them from the pointed ruined window of the donjon, atood a figure in the dress of a monk with a shawen crown and hollow lustrous eyes. Great Revolution had long since bleared the country of monasteries, and as no monk had ever been seen in the locality except-in a picture, the general astonishment was great The terror increased when the figure, slowly moving from the window, reappeared at a lower one, as if descending the broken stair, and finally was seen to emerge from beneath the stone portal into the interrupte moonlight, and appeared—still fixing his lustrous eyes upon them—to be advancing. With a general cry of terror, and with rapidity which only fear could give, all ness to escape, darted from the castle and made the best of their way to the bottom of the hill, nor stopped until they had regained the cottages

After this, the ruins were never visited by night; but occasionally it happened that a stranger, coming from a distance, would have to cross the lower part of the hill, which the castle crowned, and, if he looked up from the marshy lake into which drains all the water from the heights round about, and which is one of the most dismal, dreary-looking spots in the neighbourhood, he was sure to see, mounting the hill and advancing slowly to the chief entrance to the castle, a funeral procession conducting a bier covered with a white cloth, and having four tapers at the corners, just as is usual on the coffin of a young girl. This would enter the castle gate

and disappear.

Others have heard, as they passed under the walls, the sound of weeping and lamenting, and sometimes of a low melancholy singing, and have been witnesses to the appearance on the walls of a female figure, as of a very young girl, dressed in a robe of green satin strewn with golden flowers, who walks mournfully along uttering sighs and sobs, and occasionally singing in a tearful voice words which no one has been able to comprehend.

My Breton friend, to whom all the legends of his country were familiar, finding that I was interested in the account of these apparitions of the castle, thus satisfied my longing to know how the belief could have arisea of

these appearances of monk and lady. "I suppose it was to give a gloomier horror to the legend that our friends the sudden chill came over all, the moon became peasants of Nizon fixed upon a monk for obscured, and the wind rose in sharp guest, their ghost. The fact is, it is a priest who may have observed two names frequently repeated over the shops, both in the village below and at Fontaven-both Naour and Flecher are common hereabouts; the first are extremely proud of cheir name, for it proves them to be descendants of the once powerful lord of the castle of Rustéfan, in days when lords were people who had the command of all the country and all the peasants within their ken. As for Flécher, it was never more illustrious than it is now, yet it is connected with the history of these old ruins as much as the other.

"The peasants of Brittany are very ambitious that their sons should enter the church: it removes them from evil habits and kard. lateur, it gives them education and a certain saperiority which every mother wishes her child to attain: moreover, in their opinion, it secures them heaven, and provides prayers for their kindred, and if the priest should happen to turn out a saint, the whole family

is irade immortal in fame.

"Marie Flecher, a widow with an only son, lived at Pontaven, and, every time her pretty little boy Ivan came home from the hills after tending the flocks of the farmer who employed him, she sighed to think that so promising a child should have no better occupation. As he grew older, her regret increased, until at last she became quite unhappy, and imparted to her son her desire that he should go to school at Quimper and study to be a priest, instead of wasting his time in keeping sheep, and dancing and flirting with the young girls of the village. 'This is not a life for you,' she said. Kad a dream, in which the Blessed Virgin directed me to dedicate you to her service: she hates idleness and ignorance, and you must go to the good father at Quimper, who eve you an education for nothing. You will finit become a clerc, then a priest, have a salary, be able to keep your poor mother when she can work no longer, and pray for the soul of your father.'

"'But,' said Ivan, laughing and caressing her, for he was very gay, 'I don't want to be either a priest or a monk; I have lost my heart to the prettiest girl in the parish.'

"Marie started and looked disturbed: 'This will not do, Ivan,' she said; 'you are too poor for that. You must leave your sheep and the young girls, and come with me to Quimper to learn to be something more than a clown, and to gain heaven by becoming a priest. You shall rtudy, and shall be where.

"The most beautiful girls in that part of the country were the daughters of the lord of the Castle of Rustefan, whose name was their white ponies to the Pardon of Pontaven, was leard in the church, and a girl with her clattering along the stony street, and dressed hair dishevelled, and with frantic gestures, in green silk, with gold chains round their rushed up the with sight of everyone,

necks. They were all handsome; but the youngest, Géneviève, was far beyond the others, and everybedy at Pontaven said she was in love with the haudsomest young man of the village, and he was Ivan Flécher, who was now a clerc, studying for the priesthood.

"It was at the Pardon of Pontaven that Géneviève and Ivan met, only for a moment, after his absence at the school of Chimper. 'Ivan,' said the young girl to him, "I have had four lovers who were clercs, and each of them has become a priest; the last of them is named Ivan Flécher, and he intends to

break my heart.'

"The young lady rode on, and Ivan did not dare to reply, for it had been arranged, without his consent being asked, that he was to take holy orders. On the day when he was to go through the ceremony of being received into the church, he passed the village castle, and there was the beautiful Géneviève sitting at the gate embroidering a chalice cloth in gold thread. She looked up as he passed, and said, 'Ivan Flecher, if you will be advised by me, you will not receive orders, because of all that you have said to me in former days.

"'1 cannot withdraw now,', replied he, turning as pale as death, 'for I should be

called perjured.

"'You have then forgotten,' said Géneviève, 'all that has been said between us two; you have lost the ring I gave you the last time we danced together?

"'No, replied he, trembling; 'but God

has taken it from me.

"'Ivan Flécher!' cried the young girl in accents of despair, 'hear me! Return! All I possess is yours. I will follow you to any fate. I will become a peasant like you, and work like you. If you will not listen to me, all that remains is to bring me the sacrament, for my life is ended.

"'Alas! alas!' sobbed Ivan, 'I have no power to follow you; I am in the fetters of Heaven; I am held by the hand of Heaven,

and must become a priest!

"It was not likely that the father of the beautiful Géneviève should favour their loves. He was therefore extremely glad when he found that the handsome young elerc had taken orders, and received him in the most friendly manner when he came to the castle to beg that he would assist at his first mass. The favour was immediately granted with a promise that his godmother, the lady Naour, should be the first to put an offering into the

"But on the day when Ivan was to say his first mass, there was a sad confusion in the church; he began it well enough, but faltered Naour, and whose lady was the godnother in the middle of it, and burst into a violent of Ivan Flecher: no one could look at anyone flood of tears, so that his book was as if else when these young ladies came down on water had flowed over it. A sudden cry of the young priest, cried out :-"'In the name of Heaven, stop ! You have

"When they lifted her from the pavement, where Ivan Flecher had fallen in a fit, the

beautiful Géneviève was dead.
"Ivan, who had sacrificed his love to the prayers of his mother, recovered after a time, and rose in the church; but he never smiled again; and the only recreation he ever allowed himself, was to wander about the gardens of the castle, where, unknown to her parents, he had been formerly, before he went to Quimper to study, in the habit of seeing the young lady of Naour. He passed most of his time when disengaged from his duties, in praying on her tomb. Some years afterwards, he was found one morning lying there, dead: embracing the stone which covered her remains.

"A ballad relating the history of these unfortunate lovers, was composed in Breton, and is still popular, both in Tréguier and in Cornwall, and those who have heard it, do not doubt that the spectres occasionally seen among the ruins of the Castle of Rustofan, are those of Ivan and Géneviève.'

I passed some hours of a beautiful moonlight night, after listening to this legend, in startled me in the deep shadows of the towers; and, except the sighing of the breeze, no sound disturbed the solitude.

MODERN HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Upon the "radiant moors" of the great occan, shone a winter sun. Over the surface of the deep, there floated a long wreath of mist that glittered in the morning light. watched it, stretched upon the sands with my head pillowed on the broken rudder of a mouldering old boat, and with the full tide at my feet hushing me to silence. A distant light-house was the only dwelling to be seen; a flock of gulls and one stray crow were all the living creatures within ken.

I had gone out for a long ramble, taking the newspaper in my pocket, and had sat down by the old boat to read a narrative with the heading in large letters: Dreadful Shipwreck. The mist that seemed to float before my eyes was perhaps illusion, sickened as I was with horror. The illusion growing on a sick mind soon became a waking dream.

Dimly shapen in the mist, and as it were creatures of mist, I saw strange figures sweeping in a train over the wide seapilgrims on the way to Mecca trail over the sand-waves of the desert. A low, house mouning in my ears seemed to proceeds from the huge conchs blown by misty seamen, whom I knew for Tritons. Behind them Behind them followed, in a chariot drawn by three horses streets. In all such places Neptune, had

and throwing herself on her knees at the feet | which scattered foam about the water upon which they half-careered, half-floated, Po-seidon Neptune—the old-see god of heathen times. He was surrounded by the songs of Sirens, and was followed by a train of shadows that made all the mist seem terrible with faces. Among them, ghastlier than any, was a face that I had kissed a thousand times. It had smiled up at me from the cradle; it had nestled to me from the knee; it had looked aside for me from many a book or piece of idle needlework, when it was the face of a daughter growing into womanhood, sunning all chills out of the heart of a dull widower, who had no home but where she sat down by his side. saw that face last, beautiful with caressing aughter, when we parted for a few days. board the ship that was to take her to her uncle's house at Dublin. The ship was a strong, large vessel, and she sailed out on a short voyage in fine weather. The captain hugged the shore to make a short voyage shorter, and the ship was wrecked in a calm sea under a cloudless sky. My shild and my brother were among the drowned. The summer moonlight shone over the last wild up-flinging of their arms. •

When I saw in the mist that beloved face, knew well in what company it went; I knew well that it went among the shadows the scene of the tragedy; but, excepts the of the drowned. They were not spirits, as I lustrous eyes of a large grey owl, nothing fancied, floating there, but unsubstantial images, such perhaps as the images of roses -form and nothing else-which some philosophers of old professed that they were able

to create. The train of mist rose from the surface of the ocean, and hovered over a tongue of sand on which, as I knew, a schooner had been lately wrecked. Suddeply a jet of blood reddened the waves, and laving his chariot, kissed Neptune's feet. Six bloodess faces rose out of the sea, and upon them the mist descended. Six more forms were added to the heathen frain. The procession floated onward, but my spirit clung by the dead image of my daughter, and methought we journeyed side by side. She did not speak to me or know me. All the images sped on as dead leaves that are hurried in a cloud before the gale. The songs of the Sirens magnified their king and the possessions he had come to visit, but what his royal progress meant I needed not to hear. Whereever a wreck fatal to life had been, blood rose, and ghastly figures came to join our

The blood did not soon sink again, and there are so few pieces of English coast two or three miles in length on which no vessel has been wrecked, that as we travelled on we seemed to be encircling Britain with a broad red ring.

When we came near a scaport town, we visited its shipping, made an unseen crowd; upon its quays, or drifted idly through its

business. men from whom his sacrifices were received, and sealed them with his mark. He would board a vessel while the dreadful forms of the drowned people who attended him filled all the deck and rigging, would look at the chief officers, and at the captain; and if any of them seemed to be a man qualified in any way to sacrifice a crew to him, the heathen deity of a thousand years ago, he would set a mark upon his wrist. Öften we found crews weak and worthless; two or three Sometimes goed seamen to a dozen louts. the captain then was marked, before we went among the men in dingy offices who sat before great books, and whose accounts the see god seemed to have a great facility in Wherever he found friends, men who did not shrink from sacrifice of life with Christian horror, he pressed his mark of a dead white hand with a hard clutch upon their shoulders, and left the form of a drowned sailor to keep night watch by their beds.

Our long procession, growing as we went, we circled in this way the British coast, and came in a dark cloud up the Thames to Westminster. There are still old women cherishing the past belief concerning spirits of men

" That in crossways and flood have burial,"

how they must wander to and fro as ghosts during a hundred years. Are the old legends true? With phantom images of all drowned people who have perished on the British coasts, for the last century, methought I, landing at Westminster, followed King Neptune to St. Stephen's. He went in state, and in words that never reached ears of the flesh returned thanks to his faithful Commons for supkies furnished to him during the past

Now, let this dream be broken by a touch of hard reality which might, one would think, awaken all the sleepers in the land. On the wreck chart of Great Britain, our seas are to be found absolutely blackened by the dots that indicate disaster. Wreck follows wreck, and indicate disaster. every slight gale kills one or two, if it does not kill hundreds, of our countrymen. do not always kill by twos or twenties. Meu, women, and children are sent out crowded in passenger vessels, to be wrecked by hundreds -two, three, four, five hundred at a time. If they be sent out in vessels that cannot be worked, or if they be sent with crews that cannot work them, or with masters unskilled to direct the crews, such men may as fairly be said to be sent to their death as to their own intended destination.

I do not speak with reference to any single there be some of these unable to understand case, but to all cases. A great wreck rarely the language in which orders were addressed happens that was not preventible by someto them, others slinking below when they thing less than superhuman forethought and exection—by mere common prudence. If work unable so much as to pull together; mariners less not be rash through much family should it be foundature of that ship that of

The heathen deity looked for the whom his sacrifices were received, at them with his mark. He would essel while the dreaded forms of is necessary to assist their erring judgments. The wreck of an emigrant vessel and the loss of hundreds of lives, is an event at least equal is horror to the burning of an English end to be a man qualified in any rifice a crew to him, the heathen thousand years ago, he would set pon his wrist. Often we found ke and worthless; two or three en to a dozen louts. Sometimes in then was marked, before we

We do not sufficiently look upon shipwrecks and upon everything else that affects. ships carrying English passengers and sailors, as home incidents. Deaths on board ship are liable to trifling inquisition: murders may be committed-I do not say that they are, but they may be-committed in very many cases with impunity; by the most culpable misconduct hundreds of men and women may be drowned together without much more inquiry than suffices for the wise and comfortable discovery that no one is to blame. Owners lie snug from censure. The world is very slow to connect a respectable citizen of Liverpool with a wreck liappening in the Bernaudas, while he sat at tea in his own parlour, innocently happy with his wife and family. people are so remote from the spot, and from the whole story, that their names are often passed over by readers of the newspaper report as pure impertinences—details with which memory refuses to be taxed. Of captains, again, whose vessels have been lost: even if they have been very rash, we say, they have been punished for their rashness. We forgive them, because they were upon the spot, they shared the danger, they endured terrible responsibility, saw fellow-creatures dying round about them, exerted themselves to save life, stuck by the wreck. Even if they really were to blame, would it not be cruel to tell them so—savage and barbarous to punish them again, as grave offenders? So, as the blame cannot belong to any man-absent or present-we lay it on the ship's compasses, and there let it remain.

Should, by chance, a vessel sail out of an English port, bound on a voyage half across the globe: a ship of faultiess sailing powers; should she be towed into one of our channel seas, and, presently encountering rough wind and fog, be found unequal to the first common emergency; should she have a crew aboard, consisting of the smallest legal complement, and even that made up of Chinese, Frenchmen, Italians, and others, who, though Englishmen, were skulking lubbers; should there be some of these unable to understand the language in which orders were addressed to them, others slinking below when they ought to be at work an deck, and others at work unable so much as to pull together; should it be foundertue of that ship that of

three compasses which she carries, no two agree; should the captain, under such circumstances, and observations being rendered impossible to be taken by the fog, see no reason why he should not run her straight a-head for fourteen hours, in the dark, just knowing generally that he is butting at a line of coast; should the ship under such circumstances soon become a wreck; can blame by any possibility attach to any human creature? No. Obviously it must be laid upon the compasses. And this is a convenient thing, because there is no fine payable by compasses, and the are case-hardened against imprisonment.

This, however, is a plan convenient only to one section of the public. It affords no solace to passengers by sea. Experience proves that the moral feeling of responsibility does not work strongly enough to procure for ships carrying large cargoes of human life and hope, efficient crews. It does not make captains as cautious as they are presumed to be clever. If the matter were but trifling, we as travellers should only lament this necessary inconvenience; but it concerns our lives; it is life and death consideration for some thousands of us who are destined to be drowned, unless we take Reed to avert that fate. Does it follow at all in sober sadness, that we must begin to regard losses at sea, not only as things to be lamented, but as things in a great measure to be prevented also.

It is not enough that we should bonour the brave men who give to scenes of shipwreck features of moral grandeur and beauty. We may cry in the imagining of such scenes, that.

"There is death above, there is death around; There is death wheresoever the waters be; There is nothing now doing Save terror and ruin, On earth, and in air, and the stormy sea."

But in every such scene there is something else a-doing. There is a man or there are men, who, like the surgeon to the Taylour, in a recent terrible instance, throw their hearts into the service of their fellows. When these men perish at their work, they do not die with soldiers' laurels, but their names become connected with their last brave actions, and are told by Englishmen to one another in their households, so that, in after years, they receive honour by many a fireside. The surgeon of the Tayleur was conspicuous in his exertions for the re-assurance and assistance of the shipwrecked passengers. We read at home, how, while struggling across a rope, with his own infant in his hands and teeth, he was plunged into

comfort. Her, too, the sea forced from his grasp; and we read that he was next seen perishing with his wife, during a vain struggle to save her. The noble man with his little family-his wife and his two children-is swept away; he exists now only in the name of Robert Hannay Cunningham. But these are the men whom we want living among us; these are the energies that we need for the leavening of all society, and for the work of the world. These are not men to be sent out in emigrant ships to the bottom of the sea.

Their memory too will be best honoured if we be indignantly aroused, for their sakes, to amend an evil; and to swear to ourselves that we will not allow their melancholy fat to soothe us down into a luxurious, inactive state of pity any more. We have great consideration for the feelings of a captain as a captain, of an owner as an owner, and generally of the gentlemen hidden behind the compasses. We regret, therefore, that this matter should be of a soler kind that will not bear the consideration of those feelings any more. There must be defined responsibilities and no evasion; there must be not only moral and sentimental, but material and legal motives for the utmost care on the part of all who send or take men down to the sea in ships.

In the first place, the compasses, as instruments, must be removed out of the calendar of offenders and appear in future by their representatives. There must be in every scaport one or two government inspectors, bound to have oversight over certain things preparatory to the sailing of at least every passenger vessel that swims. One of these things must be the swinging of the ship and the adjustment of the compasses where it is necessary, and the certifying on the day before a vessel sails, that she is perfectly safe in this respect. Another, that the ship is in every respect properly appointed for her voyage. Without such a certificate let no ship sail; and make the inspectors severely responsible for the truth of that which they attest.

Since it may be hard to regulate minutely, while in port the manning of a vessel, let the interests of owners be directed to that point, by requiring of them that they shall atone for negligence—not by a charitable subscription of a wretched hundred pounds or so, for hundreds of ruined people, widows and orphans; but by paying legal damages in answer to the claim or suit of every sufferer, when it is proved that, a ship was wrecked because she was entrusted to a crew incompetent to work Why should sailors be brought drunk to their work as they often are, and spend the sea that dashed his child out of his hald; that time in sobering and staking down we read that he was seen, then, holding by which is the most perilous time in the the ship's side with a krowning woman in his whole voyage? Why should not an owner arms, whose hair he was parting gently, and be made to be as careful in the character to whom he seemed to be speaking words of and condition of the men who navigate his

ship, as a gentleman in the hiring of servants upon whem he puts responsibilities incomparably smaller.

Another charge should be imposed upon owners of all vessels, whether they carry pas-sengers or cargo. They should be responsible according to a fixed scale, for remuneration to the widows or orphans, or other persons sub-sisting justly on the earnings of any of their seamen killed by ship accident in the performance of their duty. Life at sea is held too cheaply, and the amount of misery and vice created yearly among people left destitute by sailors' deaths is very great indeed. A sharge for their benefit upon shipowners would produce more stringent precautions than are now. used for the safety of our seamen; and such a charge would not be heavy in itself, since it would be covered by marine insurance, and deduct but a very slight per-centage from the gams produced by maritime adventure. Such drawback would, in the end, itself be gain; for it would encourage sensible and careful men to join a service in which they are much needed, and from which they are now repelled by its forbidding aspects.

Finally, though it be natural and right that we should feel much pity for the distress of mind suffered by a captain, who, though tender-hearted, has by a foolhardy or thoughtless course, caused the drowning of a number of his fellow-creatures, yet the sorrows of the thousand must overweigh the sorrows of the one. An imprudent captain who forfeits human life, an inefficient captain who forfeits human life, must answer for it and suffer for it. Our sentiment shall be, in such case with the dead and not with the living. Special verdicts, in howsoever many words, shall not in the least satisfy us. A very excellent captain, a very amiable man—anything you please, gentleman of the law and gentleman of the jury—but we demand

Punishment and Prevention.

WISHING.

A NURSERY SONG.

Ring—ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love the,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O-no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin of a little Wren, everywhere to go!
Through byeas, field, or garden,
And ask newsave or parden,
Till Winter comps with toy thumbs, c
... To rufte up our wing!

Well-tell! where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before adag was over,
Home must come the rover,
For Mother's kiss; sweeter this
Than any other thing!

WHY MY UNCLE WAS A BACHELOR.

It had often occurred to me to speculate on the reason which could have induced my uncle to remain unmarried. He was of such a kindly temper, so chivalrous towards women, so keenly alive to domestic enjoyments, and withal such an earnest promoter of marriage in all his relations and dependants, that it seemed to me perfectly inexplicable. But for his kind offices, I am sure it would have been impossible for me to have induced my father to consent to my marriage with Maria; the cottage in which we live, furnished as it is, with its well-stocked garden and coach-house, was the wedding-present he made us; my sister Kate, too, what unhappiness he saved her by his kindness to Charlie Evans, who every one knows was something of a scapegrace! But my uncle saw the good in him which nobody else but Kate could discover, and had nim down at his parsonage, and by his sweet and pious wisdom won him over to a speady and earnest pursuit of his profession. And now people talk of his brilliant talents and say how much good Kate has done him; but we all know who it was that gave him help and countenance just at the right moment, and we all love my uncle the more dearly for his good work.

When I was still a lad, and Maria's blue

When I was still a lad, and Maria's blue eyes had first turned my thoughts towards matrimony, it occurred to me to ask my mother in the course of one of our pleasant evenings alone together, why my uncle had never been married?

A grave sadness came over my mother's face, and she softly shook her head, as she replied in a suppressed tone, "Your uncle had a great sorrow in his youth, my dear; we must respect it. What it was, I do not know; he has never told me, and I have never asked him."

It was no matter of surprise to me to hear my mother speak thus; for, in spite of the gentleness of my uncle's manners and his warm affection, there was a dignity about him which rendered it impossible to intrude upon a confidence he did not offer. I felt that his sorrows were sacred, and never again made any attempt to gain information respecting them; although I could not refrain from a tender speculation as to the character of that grief which had deprived him of a happiness he was eminently calculated to enjoy?

enjoy:
In the summer of eighteen hundred and fortyleight, my uncle; ... appreciant to his custom, carue to spend a week with us. He was in fine health and spirits, and we and our children

enjoyed the festival even more than usual. On the Friday evening, my uncle had been into town, and it was growing sluck when he returned. He came as usual into my study. I looked up on his entrance to welcome him; but was struck by the pallor of his countenance, and by the traces of emotion which disturbed the tranquil dignity of his ordinary bearing. I placed a chair for him, and he sat down in silence-a silence which for some moments I felt almost afraid to break. length I said in a low voice, "Has anything curred to distress you, Sir ?"

"No, Edward," he replied, slowly and like one who has some difficulty in collecting his thoughts, ." nothing that ought to distress me; but I am very weak; my faith is very weak—and I heard it suddenly. I have heard to-night," he continued, after a pause, and speaking more continuously, "of the death of a lady whom I used to know many years ago. She was young and full of life when I knew her. I have always thought of her as so young, so full of life, that the great change to death seems almost impossible. Edward, you will not think me werrisome if I speak to you of what was, long and long ago, before you were born, when your mother was still a child."

I assured him by my looks rather than by my words, of the interest with which I should listen. He sank again in o silence; but, after a considerable interval during which he seemed to be collecting his thoughts, he resumed.

"My father, as you know, was the head of the younger branch of the great Northumberland family of the Watsons; my mother was a daughter of Sir George Mildmay of Cobham Hall. I refer to these circum-stances, not from any pride that I take in having what is termed good blood in my veins, but merely because they exercised an important influence over my life. When a child, I was very much spoilt, for I was considered handsome and intelligent, and my mother was proud of me. She was a woman of few but strong affections and of a very decided will. My father, who had been a soldier, contented himself with maintaining almost military discipline in his household, but left to my mother the internal administration of affairs. Feeling unconsciously the superior activity of her mind, he allowed himself to depend, in all important matters, on her judgment. They were united by a very strong attachment founded on a similarity of principles—prejudices perhaps, in some cases—and favoured not a little by the difference of their physical constitutions. The fine proportions of my father's figure,

guided by hers. For a long time I was an only child—your mother, as you know, is ten years younger than I—so that the absence of play-fellows and companions of my own age fostered—perhaps greated—in me a pensive and meditative disposition; an inclination to dwell upon small incidents, to keep my emotions secret, to repress the outward show of feeling-but to feel only the more deeply.

"I was brought up at Rugby, and the independant citizens of our rough school republic were the only associates of my boyhood. During the holidays indeed my mother was to take me to Cobham Hall, the seat of my unde Mildmay, where I used to see my ousin Grace, a girl of somewhat about my own age. But she was never away from her governess, and was so demure and lady like that I was afraid to speak to her. mother always expressed a great affection for Grace, and when she wrote to me at school, especially as I began to grow older, there was invariably some mention of her in her letters. as, "Your cousin Grace, whom I saw yester-day, sends her love;" or, "I went to Cob-ham a few days since; they are all well, your cousin Grace is growing fast, her figure promises to be very fine, she hopes to see you soon and sends her love." And so matters went on, till the time came for me to leave Rugby, when my mother informed me that, as there was a good living in the family, she and my father and my uncle wished me to go into the church.

"I am sorry to say, Edward, that although I was then nineteen, I had never seriously thought of my future calling; my wants had always been carefully provided for; and, in . the security of a contemplative temperament, I had glided down the stream of time with very little perception of the nobler portions of my nature, of my higher capacity for enjoyment and for suffering. My mother' proposal I acceded to without difficulty, and without any serious reflection. So, I went to Oxford, met many of my old Rugby associates there, and lived very much as I had lived before: only spending a little more money. But this was not to continue—I was to be roused from this spiritual torpor; I was to learn what was in me. If the lesson was bitter it was wholesome; and I can re-echo that deep and wise saying of one of your modern poets, Edward, which is the fruit of

suffering:

Better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.'

I went to spend part of the summer vacation of the year eighteen hundred and ten-L have good feason to remember the yearand his great manly beauty, gave him such a with a friend at his father's house, a pleasant material superiority to my mother—who was small and delicately made and withat not There were no field sports to beguile the handsome—that he with greater ease s.b- time; and Topham and I were neither of us mitted to her moral supremacy; and, without fond of soudy, so that we had some difficulty knowing it, allowed his mind to be fed and in disposing of our leisure. Colodel Topham,

my friend's father, was little better off in the scene. this respect than ourselves-he could hardly find occupation for himself during more than three or four hours in the morning, so it was with great exultation that, one afternoon on his return from Warwick, he brought us the intelligence that the Theatre was to be opened on the fellowing Monday, and that it was announced that Mrs. Siddons would be passing through the town, and would play Catherine in Honry the Eighth for one night; of course he had secured places for all our narty. Theatres were hardly then what they have become since—either the audience possessed less intellectual culture, and were satisfied with less, or the actor understood is art better; at all events the amusement was very popular, and the announcement of the opening of a country theatre was a signal for a pleasurable excitement in the neighbourhood. You may imagine, then, how much the excitement was increased by the prospect of seeing the greatest actress of her own, perhaps of any time, of whose retirement people already began to talk.

suffering majesty of the wronged Catherine, almost divine as she appeared by the side of opening sensibilities of the woman. womanly tenderness; while he uncomfortable with padding and vainly endeavouring to speak in a voice suitable to his artificial pro-portions, rendered absurd the violent but princely tyrant of the poet. Such inequa-·lities, painful as they are, are looked upon as matters of course in a country theatre. had come to see Mrs. Siddons, and expected nothing but amusement from the blunders and misapprehensions of the rest of the com-pant. My friends were familiar with most of the actors—several were native to the place-but the name of the actress who was to play Anne Boleyn had already given rise to some speculation in our party. No one was acquainted with it, no one had seen the lady who bore it. When she entered, in her graceful and modest costume, there was an involuntary start of admiration through the house. Anything more levely was never seen; and when she spoke, her words were delivered with propriety and intelligence, but in a subdued and rather timid tone, which added greatly to her charm. We held our breaths, lest we should lose one tremor of her girlish veice. Catherine herself was almost forgotten in sympathy and pity for Anne Boleyn.

"In the after-piece, the young actress played again. This time she had a part which statirely suited her: she had to play a spoilt child, senteto school to be taught manners, The character was exactly suited to her years and to her taste. She acted without effort and with perfect success. It was evident that for the time she was living in

It was impossible to express delight while she was speaking and movingwe teared to lose one glance of the mischief-loving eyes, one toss of the beautiful head; but, when at last we burst out into loud applause, she looked round in amazement to see for whom the demonstration was meant, and when our renewed cries and the whispers of some one who stood near her convinced her that she was the object of our admiration, a look of bewilderment, which had much more of displeasure than of triumph in it, broke over her countenance; she made a has y salutation; and ran-off the stage. V

"Nobody thought, nobody spoke, of anything but the beautiful actress, We soon learnt that she was niece to the manager, and was residing in the town with her mother, a widow, and three or four brothers and sisters. We went to the theatre whenever she acted. Mrs. Topham invited her to her house; so did all the ladies in the neighbourhood. In the morning she looked even more lovely than on the stage; she was hardly seventeen; her complexion had the trans-"I shall not attempt to describe to you parency and the variability of early youth; what I should want words to convey-the in her mind and manners, the simple trustfulness of the child was blended with the It is the ranting Henry. She bore herself as if she impossible to give you any idea of the elastic knew that she was every inch a queen, her grace of libr motions, of the marvellous and dignity giving a most moving pathos to her ever-changing expressions of her countenance -nothing that approached her could with-

stand her witchery.

"As a natural consequence of her position and her singular beauty, Violet Elder was capricious and proud. She did not attempt to conceal her dislike of some of the forward coxcombs who pressed their attentions upon her, or her displeasure at an ill-expressed or too open compliment. How it was, I know not; perhaps, because my silent admiration was better suited to her taste; perhaps, as I rather incline to think, from the natural kindness of her heart which led her to see the loneliness of mine, and to compassionate the nervous tremor with which her presence inspired me, for these or other reasons she soon distinguished me and showed pleasure in conversing with me. She took me into her confidence, demanded little services of me, treated me as a friend, and invited me home to see her mother, whom she loved with à devoted though sometimes dictatorial affection. If she looked lovely among the gay and wealthy where her only business was to be amused, how much more lovely did she appear in her simple home, the support and ornament of the humble household. Here, all pride, all restraint was lost in her affection for her mother-a gentlewoman still eminently handsome and not beyond the middle age and in her cordial and playful love for her younger brothers and sisters. I must not dwell on this part of my story, though God knows I could linger over it for hours.

"That I loved her with a true and earnest

passion, I need hardly tell you. She returned dear lips. After the term visit at Topham Court had expired I took lodgings not far from Warwick, accounting to myself and to my mother for not going home by the necessity of reading for my approaching examination. My mother wrote to me frequently, and continually mentioned my cousin This I did not remark at the time, and merely read and replied to her letters in an absent manner. I was wrapt in the sweet lclirium of a higher existence; all that was gross and material about me seemed to be laid to rest. Violet was all in all to me. I had no thought, no apprehension for anything except her. Creation seemed clothed in divine beauty; life, in its larger, fuller sense, was opening upon me, for I drank deep of the golden waters of love.
"Thus passed half a year. I returned to

Oxford, but we corresponded almost daily. I did not communicate anything relative to Violet to my mother, from an instinctive apprehension 1 suppose; for certainly it was not the result of design. Besides, I never had been accustomed to speak of my feelings to her or to any one, and I was such a child in worldly matters that I had never yet formed any plans for the future. When I returned to Warwick at Christmas, however, Mrs. Eldergeally required of me some explanation, some statement of my intentions. She told me that have yet to refuse compliance, especially as she entered to refuse compliance. much against her wish that her daughter had ever embraced the profession of the stage; that nothing but the representations of her brother-in-law and the necessities of her family had induced her to consent to her making use of her talents in this way; that it would be a very great happiness to her to see her united to me, convinced as she was of our mutual attachment; that she felt the dangers of Violet's position, and was extremely anxious to place her in one more congenial to her tastes and better calculated to develop the softer portions of her character. She con-cluded by informing me that Violet had received an extremely advantageous offer of an engagement in London, but that they had delayed accepting it until she had spoken

"I replied that I was just ready to take orders, that there was a good living waiting for me, and that I would write to my parents by that night's post to request their consent. Mrs. Elder looked a little grave that evening, but Violet and I were perfectly happy. We sat talking of our future. I described to her the Parsonage and the surrounding country;

sumed a more transparent brilliancy; her eyes other false and cruel arguments they wrung sparkled with health and happiness.

"That night, when I returned to my lodgmy love; I had the assurance from her own ings, I found my mother waiting for me. She was white with passion. In unmeasured terms she upbraided me with dissimulation and every species of misconduct. In her auger she told me that my hand had long since been disposed of; that I was affianced to my cousin Grace; that she and her brother had settled it when we were both children. She reminded me of the calling for which I was intended, and demanded if I-thought an actress a fit wife for a clergyman and a Watson? At first her vehemence stunned me, and I listened in bewildered dismay; but the contemptuous mention of Violet roused he dormant passions within me. I sternly and indignantly protested that Violet was worthy of a much greater fortune than I could offer her. I declared that I would not be bound by a contract made without my knowledge. I asserted that I would make Violet my wife—that in the sight of Heaven we were already united. My mother was in her turn astounded; she had never suspected that I inherited so much of her own temper. From angry denunciation she turned to entreaty, to supplication. 1 met her in the

to refuse compliance, especially as she en-forced her command by telling me of my father's severe illness, and of his imperative desire to see me. Besides, I was frightened at the strength of my own passions, and hoped to be able to soften her, and to win my father

to my side.
"While my mother was dressing next morning, and while the post-chaise in which we were to travel was waiting at the dia, I ran down to Violet's house. It was still very early, and I had to wait some minutes before Violet could see mc. I had not been in bed nor had I closed my eyes all night. I suppose I looked very haggard, for she started when she saw me

"'ls anything the matter?'

"'No, no, dearest; I am only come to say good-bye. I am obliged to go to the North. My father is very ill and wants to see me.

Violet's face brightened. She laid her

hand lovingly on my arm.

"'I am very sorry, love; but I hope he will soon be better, and that you will not be many

days gone.'
"They were the last words I ever heard her speak. I could not bear her trustful tender-

spoke of my father, of my mother, and of my grand relations at Cobham Hall.

"The next day was also one of unmingled happiness. We walked in the bright winter weather along the hard roots, her brotters if I married her I should be discovned by running races past up ther complexion asfrom her a renunciation of my engagement

to her, and at last induced her to send me back all my little presents, and all my letters, I never knew antil long, long afterwards. She sent me a few lines—a little letter-with them, but I did not receive it at the timenot until long, long afterwards. Though the things of which I speak are long past, though the paper is yellow with age, and the words traced in her pretty girlish hand are illegible, I know them by heart.

"'Dearest, T shall never write to you again. I send you back your presents, and, what is much harder, your letters. Your wicked, if I must grow provd and surful, still pray for me, you, who are so good, who are to live a pure and holy life, your prayers will be heard; and it cannot do you harm to pray for me.-VIOLET ELDER.

"'PS.—I hope you will marry your cousin,

and that you will be happy.

"I do not think my mother, fertile as she was in expedients, could have succeeded in keeping me away from Violet, but for my father's continued and serious illness. As it was, I wrote again and again to Violet, and, as I received no answer, no explanation of the return of my letters, I was in a continual state of agitation. An idea of the truththat my letters were detained-sometimes flashed across my mind; but I found it hard to believe that my mother would have recourse to such means. At rare intervals I felt dis-pleasure against Violet. At length, my father getting no better, but rather worse, the doctors ordered him to a warmer climate. I am not sure that my mother did not suggest the remedy; she was certainly very eager in adopting it.

"While we were in London on our way to the Continent, I insisted on going to Warwick. My mother made no difficulty; she was probably aware of the inutility of my

"When I reached the lodgings which the Elders had occupied I found them empty, the theatre was closed, all the compliny were dispersed. The keeper of the lodgings informed me that Violet had been very ill; a comfort to thow that Violet had been ill; met is the person to whom I could confide that might be the reason of my letters remaining under the mother, too, would problem the feed at the regusal of feeling themselves, and whose system of my parents a sanction our engagement. Honour has no reference to anything beyond

Violet had been very ill, the landlady said, for three weeks. She had had a fever, and they had out off mearly all her beautiful hair. She used to cry out and talk wildly, when she was ill plut her mother nursed her herself, and allowed no one else to go into the room. She was almost well before she went away. She used to go out in a carriage, and she revived and smiled again, too; but, somehow, there seemed a weight on her spirits: it wasn't her old, smile-but then she had been very ill.

"Perhaps the woman had connected Violet's mother and uncle are quite right. Rever illness with me. Women have an intuitive thought I was fit to be your wife. I with perception of such matters. At first she you very, very happy. Do not think I blambe was very cold and little disposed to be composed at all. God bless you. Perhaps I ought imunicative. But I suppose my own counnot to pray for you, but I cannot help it yet; tenance bore some trace of the suffering I and I do not think my prayers can do you had undergone. Perhaps she saw in me some-harm. You know how dearly I loved you; thing that moved her compassion; be that as but I do not love you now, since it would be it may, she threw off the constraint she had at your ruin. Oh! if I must become very first put upon herself, told me many touching first put upon herself, told me many touching details of Violet's weakness, and permitted me to visit the room where I had so often sat with her. She also gave me a braid of the hair which had been cut off; how she came to have it I don't know; I have sometimes hoped it might have been left with her for

> "I accompared my parents to Italy with reassured spirts. Violet loved me, and my heart was strong within me. I would make the best use of my time while I was abroad, and if on our return my mother still refused her consent, I would be able to support my wife by my exertions. Time and distance seemed as nothing. A little year and Violet would be mine. But the year lengthened into two. My father slowly declined; he pined to see home again, and we set out on our journey. But he was never more to set his foot on English ground: he died at Naples, and there he lies buried.

> "When my mother had a little recovered from the shock, she, my sister and I set out on our return. Perhaps in that saddened state of her feelings she might have softened towards Violet, but it was now too late.

"During our stay in Italy I had heard of Violet only in her public character. I had heard of her appearance in London, and of her triumph. My college friend, Topham, wrote me accounts of her. He told me she was surrounded by admirers, among whom there were more than one of rank and station, who aspired to her hand; but he said that she was grown very haughty; more beautiful than ever—unquestionably more that she was gone to Scotland—she believed, to fulfil an engregement. We were to beautiful than ever—unquestionably more lieved, to fulfil an engregement. We were to beautiful, but strangely proud, disdainful, and sail for Italy on the morrow. To follow wilful. He confessed that she had treated he was impossible, and the woman could him with marked and with what he considered give me no clue to her address. It was even supercilious coldress. Topham was by no

the opinion of the narrow circle in they move. I imagined that live thew the strength and constants of my love, that she had faith in me and for my sake assumed this repulsive manner to her suitors. Knowing her trustful tenderness, and abundant affection, this seemed to me nothing but a veil with which she sought to hide the sufferings of her heart. I panted for the moment when I should see her once more, face to face, and tell her all I had endured and hoped.

"My uncle, Sir George, met us on our arrival London, We were to stay at a house which he then occupied in Grosvenor Street; my aunt and my cousin Grace were also there, and George Mildmay, a fine boy of seventeen, just returned from Eton. After the first emotions of meeting were over, the ladies withdrew together; my uncle retired to his library; and George and I were left to ourselves. I could not help looking with admiration at the handsome, intelligent face, and listening with surprise to the masterly manner in which my cousin, whom I had never thought of but as rather a spoilt boy, dealt out the news of the town.

Woodhouse to run off with our little Sultana.'

"'With whom?' inquired I, mechanically. "'Why, the very princess and fairy queen of actresses, the brightest eyes—the loveliest hair-such a glorious laugh-and a foot and ancle that were delightful to look at. It's a splendid thing for her. Woodhouse has splendid thing for her. somewhere about four thousand a year in esse, and double as much in posse; though to be sure so he ought, for he's a slap and dash fellow. They say he's growing tired of his prize already, and she's so confoundedly cold and proud; but you know her; you were at Warwick when she came out.

"Yes, I did know her. I had known ever since he began to speak, of whom he was talking, but the sudden and unexpected blow had stunned me, and I was glad to let him rattle on. Violet, my Violet-she whom I had never for one moment ceased to love-she, my own tender Violet-married, and married to such a man!

"I must have inquired for Wolet by her and rests in peace.

name, for I was admitted in a minute I found must in her presence. The room was duxuirously furnished; Violet sat beside a lady, probably a visitor, on a sofa. She looked eminently handsome, but with a beauty different to that which I had loved; her carriage was more stately, and there was something haughty in her expression; her dress, too, had lost the girlish simplicity which was familiar to me. It was but for a brief space that I could gaze anon her unobserved—and at the time I was conscious of none of these things; but all, even to the minutest details of her dress, were stamped. or my recollection with the truth and vigour, go daguerreotype picture. Oh how often have I wept over that vision, so gloriesly lovely, but even then marred and sullied by the world!

"Violet looked up and perceived me. The rich colour fled from her cheeks, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her whole countenance assumed an expression of horror and despair, her lips trembled with the attempt to formea sound, and she half stretched out lier arms towards me. The sight of her emotion over-whelmed me. I trembled from head to foot!; "'You'll like to see what's doing at the theatres, I dare say,' said la, when a pause in the conversation suggested the introduction of a new subject, 'we'll be down to Drury Lane by-and-by, if you like; not that there's anything worth looking at the two yof women. It was a monstrous smane of landscape is shown in the instantaneous flood, we'll be a subject to the subject of lightning. I knew her story then, as truly of lightning. I knew her story then, as truly by instinct as afterwards I knew it by facts; yet, in all the heart-struggle of that dreadful time, it was a comfort, it was a triumph to me to feel that even as I had loved Violet, Violet had loved me.

"I forced from my mother a confession of. her interference; I compelled her to acknowledge the means she had employed to keep us apart; I extracted from my uncle an account of his interview with Violet; I saw how his heart had almost softened to her youth and tender love; in short, I gained such comforbas was lett me—the memory of Violet, in all her innocent beauty and trust, ing affection; but I never sought to see her

again.
"Years went on; her husband's fortune was dissipated by his lavish exponditure. Violet was compelled to return to the stage; her beauty diew upon her the misery of many married to such a man!

"The boy talked on, retailing all the little town gossip respecting her who dwelt in my heart's-core. An irrepressible desire to see her, to assure myself of the extent of my misery, came over me. I asked the boy where she lived; he replied by meditioning a street not far distant. How I koke from him, I don't know, nor does it may be how; I cally know that I hurried to be she between the declining days; bodily suffering was not far distant. How I looke from him, I don't know, nor does it may be now; I cally know that I hurried to be she between the learned the lesson sorrow and trial the house."

I must have inquired for Woolet by her and rests in peace. admirers; her actions did not escape censure.

morning and evening I have prayed for her, and many a time besides. It was of the innocent girl that I thought, but it was for the suffering weman that I prayed. My mother wheely strove to awaken in me some affection which might replace the remembrance of Violet. Had her fate been happier, I cannot tell what might have been moved within me; but I had so entifyly moved within me; but I had so entify of any two places, twenty miles apart from layed her, and I knew her to be set in the one another, of which the climates shall be mict of so many and great dangers that a could think of her, alone.

"She is gone where the children of the Father shall at length be pure and holy where the sorrows and misapprehensions of this world shall be scattered like mists before the risen sun—where I hope to see her; the same, yet more beautiful in the majesty

of completed suffering.'

My uncle ceased, and large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. He died after three years, strong in the faith in which he had stantly. lived. A locket, containing some curls of auburn hair, and a letter the characters of which were illegible, were found on his breast. We did not remove them; and beside the porch of his little country church we reverently laid him to rest, with these remembrances of her whom he had loved so tenderly and truly.

CHANGE OF AIR.

EveryBony-knows the great influence that is served on his own person by fluctuations in the regular supply of light and heat, air, water and food. They are vital stimulants. Different men need them in different degrees. The heat and light of the tropics would do hurt to the constitution of an Esquimaux, and a negro would be ill able to sustain the cold and darkness of a winter at the pole. Within those extremes are nations very variously constituted; and, in each nation, men are differently organised as to the degree and kind of vital stimulus that will produce in them the most perfect health. How of us can always exactly fit the supply of all those requisites of life to the demand. The same person, in one state of health, will require mone light and heat, or notice water and food, and, in another, less that the a yount count monly most beneficial to him. The who can afford it regulate in a rough man for the supply of the country was in this respect by, from time taking what is called a change of

the pride of her young wemanheed, eight-and thirty years have passed. She has fallen alsep, and my pilgrimage is nearly ended; but never on one day of those eight-and-but never on one day of those eight-andthirty years have I ceased to pray for her; ticularly, on the nature of the soil and scenery at any place ;-that is to say, upon the geological character of the earth trodden; the degree and character of vegetation on it; the relative proportions of hill, plain, and mountain, and of land and water; and the position which each element in the whole group of scenery holds with regard to all the others. It is thus evidently very difficult to conceive guite alike; and it is very easy to understand how a change in the texture of the soil, the position of a hill or of a river, the neighbourhood of a wood, or some sharp bend in an adjoining coast line may cause two places, only a mile apart, to differ very noticeably in their climates. In one, the soil will reflect more light and become warmed more readily than in another; the degree of moisture in the air of the two places, and the direction and force of air-currents may also vary con-

When geology and physical geography are older sciences than they are now, there will have been time allowed for their philosophical applied tion to a minute study of climate. The is and, when he is taught how to make the very best use of the natural stimulants that support life, will be in less need of those non-natural or medicinal aids of which he now takes, and must take, only too many tablespoonsful. We have studied climate hitherto empirically, finding out by experience, what state of body gets most benefit from the influences to which it is exposed in any given place. I mean here to set down with a few comments a little of this kind of knowledge. But we must set out with a few, plain,

general ideas.

Light, it is evell known, promotes the development of animals and plants. Plants living in darkness do not become green, and human beings without sunshine do not become flesh-coloured, and have not the true sparkle of life within their bodies. morning light is supposed, commonly, to be most beneficial, and perhaps it is so. Rays of the morning sun are found by photographers to do their work more perfectly than any others. Pale, weakly, sleepy-headed people should get out into the light, and love clear ground on which the sun beats cheerfully. Folks of an opposite kind, and those especially whose ways are the reverse of sleepy, supply of their wants in this respect by, may sometimes find their life better in the frem time, taking what is called a change of the change

I will be content, therefore, with observing, that when an Englishman tales change of air, it rarely happens that he roes not necessarily change also the cha cter of his food and the amount of excess habitually taken.
Cansiderations of this kind will account abundantly for the very great benefit which we see constantly accruing to others, and feel often in our own bodies, as the consequences of an occasional judicious removal for a few days of weeks from one part of England another. And still no mention has en made of the reviving influence exerted on the body through the mind, which is refreshed and amused with change of scene, and change of thoughts, and change of occupation.

regard to the amount of heat there to be met with, we must take into consideration the fact that the same given yearly average of heat people affected with spasmodic asthma: the may be spread over the year very differently draining, the paving, the great masses of in two places. In the heart of the continent dry brick and stone, the smoke, and the multiheat run through in the summer, and all the able effect upon the climate of the town. It could thrown into the winter. In other places, is made drier and warmer than that of the as on western coasts, there will be a sort of surrounding country, especially, of course, in as on western coasts, there will be a sort of surrounting country, especially, of course, in average struck, and a moderate amount of winter. The days in London lose about a warmtn will be maintained throughout the third of a degree of heat on account of the year. Again, as regards sea-side, a western impediment offered to the sun's rays by our coast, out of the tropics, is always winner, veil of smoke; but the nights are, on an and moister than an eastern one, because the average, almost four degrees warmer than wind that sweeps over the flat sea upon the nights in the adjacent country. Many shore, in one case comes over a broad ocean, winter residence in London. If all products of the opposition all overgrowding and whatwarm climates.

The moisture that accompanies the warmth | upon our western coasts oppresses the robust by rendering the air, already overcharged with vapor, untit to receive the full amount of healthy exhalation from their bodies; but to the consumptive patient such defect in the air is a blessing. His weak frame cannot bear the drain of that abundant exhalation which is provoked by a more bracing air, and the north and open to the south winds. It is which begets a sense of well-being in healthy

body is increased when atmospheric pressure air is drier and more bracing, especially in or consumption.

consumption.
Climates liable to sudden in frequent Sai ly changes always are unfit for clay soil beneficial, and to many

it does harm. It sometimes however, modifies usefully a climate otherwise too dry.

The power that an Englishman has of varying his climate, without quitting his own country, is very great. Our island lies nearly in the centre of that zone of the globe in which the range of temperature is greatest. We have, on one side of us, the largest mass of earth in the globe, namely Europe and Asia, forming physically but one continent; and on the other side the wide Atheric are also within the direct influence of the great ice-fields to the north.

The English climates suitable for invalids. arranged by Sir James Clark under five d change of thoughts, and change of occu-tion.

In considering the climate of a place with south-west coast, of Cornwall, and of the

west of England. The climate of London generally suits -anywhere far inland—there will be all the tude of fires there-burning, have an apprecieast wind comes from journeying across dry of decomposition, all overcrowding, and whatland. People who are scrofulous, who have ever else is obviously unwholesome, were got diseases of the lungs, are paralytic or rheu- rid of from among us, there is no reason why matic; also old people generally, should seek the London climate should not be, in the main, as wholesome as any other in the land;

wholesomer by far than a great many or On the south coast summers are cooler and winters are warmer than in London. On account of the reflection from chalk soil. light is there more intense than in other parts of England. The chief places of resort upon that coast are Mastings, Brighton, and the Isle of Wight. Hastings is protected from a good harbour of refuge for people with men; the moist air takes as much as he can weak lungs who wish to escape the north-spare, and asks no more. Again, exhalation and secretion from the months of severest winter. At Brighton the is diminished, as it is diminished in proportion to the height of land above the sca. Thus the height of land above the sca. Thus the high ground may, like dry ground, be very so is claye and the air moister and milder, bracing and delightful to those who need or who can bear free exhalation and secretion; but, at the same time, perhaps perilous to others—as to those who suffer from bronchitis. dr climate of Brighton best suits invalids with relaxed constitutions who secrete and exhale copiously. It is capital for children, and gravelly soils are the driest, halk is the and as a wholesome place of rest for healthy rably dry; there are few invalid who find a people. Its steadiness during autumn and constitutions early winter gives it great value during that

it is more equable than the climate of Torquay. Consumptive patients find a residence at the Undercliff most advantageous during the half-year from November until May.

The climate of our south-west coast is mild, soft and moist. For a large class of speople it is too relaxing. Its winter teameof the places just mentioned, and three of the places higher than that of London. That their moral perceptions or habits tour degrees higher than that of London. The not of the highest could be considered to the places of the Neapolitans. That their moral perceptions or habits touring the death of winter that During the depth of winter, it is in sheltered places, even five degrees warmer than London. This climate best suits consumptive patients who have a dry cough without much expectoration. It suits also some dyspeptics. In all old standing disease, attended with copious secretion, and to weakly people who perspire much, a residence on this coast will be probably injurious. Torquay is in just repute as the driest place of resort upon this coast. Though it has the soft moist atmosphere peculiar to the district, it is almost entirely fiee from fogs. The warmest spot upon this coast is Salcombe.

The climate of the south coast of Cornwall differs from that just described only in being moister, and more exposed to winds. It is more relaxing; Penzance is exposed to northeast winds during the spring month, and maintains, throughout the year, an English climate that is unusually equable. Its winter is five degrees and a half warmer than that of London; its summer is two degrees colver. Its oring is only a trifle warmer anan the London spring; but it escapes the chills of aucumn, gaining upon us then the advantage of about two-and-a-half degrees of heat.

The coast climate of the places bordering the British Channel is generally not quite so warm as that of the south coast during the winter; but it is a trifle warmer during It is less moist and relaxing. That of Clifton is perhaps the mildest and the driest in the west of England. It is bracing enough to be well suited for people with relaxed constitutions who exhale and secrete copiously. It is supposed to be the best

season of the year. It is then to be preferred to Hastings. The Undercitif of the Isle of Wight forms a refuge suitable for delicate means of active on the luman frame, by remvalids throughout the year; it is well sheltered, has a mild equable climate and a dry soil. It is not so moist and relaxing, and dry soil. It is not so moist and relaxing, and thus inevitably come to be found more and more worthy of careful study.

NEAPOLITAN PURITY.

It is an antediluvirus observation that med are what their circumstances make them: which original observation I have been ... c not of the highest order every one (who knows them) says, and what every one says must be true; yet hence to conclude that there is a natural predisposition to evil in them, would be as absurd as to conclude that there is a natural predisposition to eat maccaroni in them. The fact, 1 fear, however, I must admit after a long residence in Naples, that with very quick talents and very great good nature, there are generally intermixed many of those low qualities which spring from the want of a regard to truth and honor. As this deficiency may in a great measure his attributed to the régime under which this live, I shall try to throw my lanternary of light upon it.

Rolle was deserted by foreigners, and swarming with Romans—who by the hy

swarming with Romans—who, by the by, come out with the fleas — when I determined to go farther south, and try the cool breezes of the Mediterranean. To determine and to act, however, do not stand in so close a relation in Italy as in England, so it happened that it was not until three days later, that I found myself on the Neapolitan frontier. I was asleep at the moment; but the shouting of the postilions, the continued cracking of their whips, and the withdrawing of the chain awoke me; and poking my head, between sleeping and waking, through the window, I nearly knocked over a soldier, who was standing on the wheel and going to poke his head in.
"Passports, Nignori," was the first demand;

which was no sooner complied with than another soldier made his appearance; and, walking us out of our carriage, began to rifle and thump the cushions, and the pockets, and the wadding. Meantime half-a-dozen of those ragged and licensed ruffians, who swarft in copiously. It is supposed to be the best ranged and licensed ruffians, who swarft in climate in England for the screw, lous.

These English climates in enough for us to specify. They ser is examples of the principle by which invalids and health y were uncording a mountain of boxes. After dancing the guided in the scleen a dark and mounted on the top of the coach, and were uncording a mountain of boxes. After dancing attendance during what at midnight appeared an unreasonably long time, our first soldier made his appearance, and with a possible to be of air. The explanations here given a personnel of the study of the study of minute and illosophical investigation. It was easy. Soldier made in the study of minute and illosophical investigation. It was easy. Soldier made in the study of the

politan Billingsgate. Our luggage w to be cleared, shirts were to be transled, contto be cleared, shirts were to be transled, contpockets to be groped, and chousand other
delicate manipulations to be performed, unless
another botteglia to bottle performed, unless
another botteglia to bottle performed, unless
another botteglia to bottle performed, unless
the observation of most men on entering the
kingdom of beautiful Naples, the traveller
operations? He sat in a dirty room upthe law. character; he had just conscience enough to a just and regular remuneration.

to swear by, and was very sleepy. So, after lifting two or three layers of well squeezed linen, he was about to dismiss us, when a book met his eye-the Vicar of Wakefield. "Ah! it is against the church, then, this Vicar of Wakefield!" was his exclamation, as he threw upon us a suspicious glance; but on our assuring him that it was only the history of a fine old English gentleman, whose wife made excellent pickles and rola date; in short, that it was a species of cockery-book, he threw it in and locked up our does, and retiring into a corner waited for his botteglia. The superior in these cases never presents himself; noble-minded as he is, he affects to be incapable of receiving a present or a bribe. Some underling rolls or swaggers up to you, suggests that a regalo should be given for all the facilities accorded, and intimates that he will be happy to be the medium of conveying Thus it happened to us, and I gave the "But it is very little, Signore—here have we been detained from our beds" (a flat board or two, in the corner, covered with a dusky-looking blanket, whereon another Impigato | lucro of sixteen plastres, would have been was snoring) "till this late hour, and all for ready to defrated the government of a hunthis very small trifle." "Give him another dred and thirty-four plastres; yet the Neadollar, and have done with it," said my

are bounded on either side by orange groves or the trained aloft on trees, until we arrived at the city barrier, where the city-toll is levied, and where, dusty and tired, the traveller may be detained another hour, while dirty facchini are tossing his linen about, and prying into everything he carries with him. The driver however, mindful of his own convenience, had provided against his contingency;
for, as soon as the horsest and stopped, he
went from window to wind and collected acri, and pardon has been purchased and
a picatre to be offered as soot it berberns. If
you are an Englishman it will be ineptiably
On our arrival in Naples, the heat was
refused as not ground as in our case if the latter of the With other support pirels thererefused as not enough, as in our case if y

we were favoured with some superion Non- are a German, it will be taken without domur. next All demands at length were satisfied, and in cont-due time we were deposited in the centre of

stairs, stoking his cigar over a brazier, waiting until a might please him to descend and the one thing needful. With money you may fulfil his amportant duties. A signal at length do anything; for money the public officers was made, and the great man made his and clerks will do anything; without money a pearance. As a general rule in travelling appearance. As a general rule in travelling neither the one nor the other can or will do anything. One great reason of this is, that elastic glovelike conscience, or a quick and strong digestion, or if his dinner be smoking in the lastic glovelike conscience, or a quick and strong digestion, or if his dinner be smoking in the lastic glovelike conscience, or a quick and strong digestion, or if his dinner be smoking in the lastic glovelike conscience, or a quick and say the first thriving hotel, are paid nothing, or are on his table, one may get off casily enough in the lastic glovelike the strong digestion, or if his dinner be smoking in the lastic glovelike the strong digestion, or if his dinner be smoking in the lastic glovelike the strong digestion of the servants of o Our official was not a decided that they much prefer this freebooting salary

> eminently Neapolitan has sprung into common use; the word lucro is in the mouth of every Impiegato. A friend meets you and tells you that his son has lately been appointed Chancellor to the Commune of Batta. You congratulate him, and trust that he may keep it for a hundred years. "What is it worth?" "Oh, forty ducats a month, and perhaps fifty ducats more for the lacri." The custom house officer has his lacri, and the military commandant has his, and all officers, civil and military, have theirs, up to the ministers of State; so that the word lucri represents a state of things universally existing.

A friend of mine lately landed with his portmanteaus from England and submitted himself to all the rigors of the law. "If," said one of these functionaries, "we had known of it in time, we might have passed all his property for a regulo of six resulting. politan Government thinks it saves money by giving its officers starvation salaries. Once more, we were on our road to Ascending higher in the scale, we find the Naples by the blue sea, over roads which same system prevailing even in the antecamera of the Minister of State; the highest bidder for an office is sure to be the successful applicant. "I should like to get Unseppe per total," said a man to me last wisk, whole sor "as been working for nothing it a government of the for ten years, "but, quoto," I have not the money wherewith to biject. Indeed, to such an extent has this betterarried within the last few years, that they have been depoured for the interipreted.

insufferable. With other summer birds, there-

fore, I took my flight to one of the numerous little passotti, which lie within, a few miles of the capital. Of the picturesque in scenery, I say nothing; rather of the picturesque in manners.

The little village where I put up my tent was one of vast importance, in the opinion of its inhabitants, rejoicing as it did in a Judge and his Corte-a Syndic with his Eletti-two Charcellors, Judicial and Municipal respec-tively, an mer. and a fat advocate with a stentorian voice, besides two or three ragged hangers on-half beggars, half gentlemenwho aspired to the title of Impieghati. The Judge was of that class called the tergo charge in Neapolitan classification, and, as such real ce ved twenty ducats a month; being a fraction under three pounds ten shillings and sixpence. Out of this sum, he had to contri- all the grateful litigants of the village, amid bute a certain percentage to some funds at Naples; to house, feed, and clothe himself and family; and keep up the judicial authority and dignity. For the, Judge is no slight personage in a small village, where he is a kind of absolute little sovereign over the liberties of the people. One of this fraternity I knew, who had the courage to take upon himself the responsibilities of office, and the still greater responsibilities of a wife, three children, and a servant, upon something less than forty pounds a year. As he was a true Neapolitan, he spoke and acted like a man of considerable means; to enable him to do this, he kept all people who could be tempted to perpetually by the cars. A great advocate cover of the favor of the prime oppressor. of the rights of man was he, and no one, if This portrait is the portrait of many of he could help it, would he permit to put up Ciccio's class in this kingdom of the Two with an insult.

Don Ciccio in fine was pronounced to be a very good fellow, always ready to give the little tyrant who struts amongst them, and properly little their lights, and was most favourably irritates in order that he may exact. How contrasted with his successor, who, having can it be otherwise? Ciccio is by hirth a really some property and a conscience too, often acted he part of a pacificator. But Ciccio must be paid for permission to litigate. So it was generally understood, and thus he contrived to live. The butcher supplied him with meat at half-price; but then the butcher could now and then sell a cow that had died, and the Judge-good man-would know nothing of it. The butterman would supply him gratis, but then the butterman might indulge with impunity in certain acts of oppression. As for fish, had he ocen the prophet Jonah himself, his table might have ground with its supply; and confident from the with its supply; and confident from the Neapolitan character.

It may appear sufficiently extraordinary on the surface, that there should be a rush for in my mind's eye, ag, he rolled along in his large Spanish cloak, which he always the state of a great proposition of the country of the country of the surface, that there should be a rush for all public offices. The reason, however, is obvious enough, when it is considered that for a great proposition of the country

Societies the creat man threw a word to them over bis-shoulder; but generally he kept on his silent, ignified path; every bumpkin getting out of proad if time permitted, or otherwise standing to tiptoe and making flat back against the wall. To me, he always condended to be constant. condescended to be courteous, perhaps be-cause I gave him an occasional feed of maccaroni. My influence would have been sufficient to decide a cause, and a vote from me might have doomed a man to prison; as it did, unwittingly, on one occasion, with the additional courtesy of his Excellency's compliments, and he begged to know how long I wished the fellow to be detained. Don Ciccio was at length promoted, and, when the Estal morning of his departure came, accompanied to his starting-place by his Court, and much passionate weeping and embracing he left for his new home. And then, after this melanchely parting, the Court and the litigants and all the great and small men of the place,

again turned their faces towards their homes.
"Curses on his soul!" said the usher, first breaking the awful silence. "We are well rid of him. Was ever such a harpy known!"

So it was with the whole circle; the butcher, the bak r, the butterman, the greengrocer, all lead and courageous in their outcries, perfatly regardless of their own readiness to adp inister to, and purchase corruption for, there own advantage; and perfectly regardless, too, of all the little oppressions litigation within the limits of his Judgeship, which they themselves had practised under

> Sicilies; change the name, and hundreds would recognise the exact likeness of the gentleman, has received something (not much) of an education, fills a station of importance in the sphere in which he resides. How are his and his family's wants and dignities to be supplied? Certainly not out of the miserable pittance which he receives from the government; other means are to be devised, and these are of them.

> It is easy to conceive the fine moral influences exercised by a number of Ciccios scattered over the country, lights set upon hils, centres of circles; it is easy to account for

Ishrewdly guess, to cover the nakedness of a great proportion of the youth of the country the land; for Ciccio, like other great personal, siegs is absting by no other career openages, cared more for the inward than the They held of proportion of the country bear and him walked what by, worned herei, a 180 to 280 present it is prothe country people was called his Court, and his day, add, dangar Christmas, entroductive in any a very solemutand await-looking Court it was thing but minerage Christmas. Thus, bad, with

early in these improving and ennobling arts at which I have glanced.

THE IRON SEAMSTRESS.

THE tender stories which have gone abroad of the flesh and blood seamstress-stories of which Hood's Song of the Shift is at once the most affeeting and the most poetic-have often touched the hearts of all of us. They' needle or starve utterly: of early deaths, which forces sympathy, which commands the flesh from their hands: has driven the solid iron. Accordingly, so long ago as blood from their checks: it has jerced their in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, hearts! Soft-natured people have wept Mr. Ellis Howe, of Boston, in the United answered, that he could employ only at those benevolent society, and who would never los prices, and that higher wages were incompa-tible with reasonable profits. Again, the Government contracts left so little margin to the contractor, that seamstresses must work on, and working to the last hour, find early graves. Competition so harassed the manufacturers—drove them on so relentlessly in the general race for che-pness-that they could not possibly, without incurring a loss on every manufactured article, afford their seamstresses an additional penny per day. And thus, the needle was left to do its terrible work-to furnish for the happy and the gay the embroidered robe and the flowery bonnet, while the worker grew sick and blind.
Ye, at intervals, tales of misery so fearful,
were forced upon public attention, that men

very delicate people that wives should bales of nr

a Neapolitan censorship betind it. Commerce is unproductive, or required cavital which is not to be found, or is by many in this land of small nobility considered decading. There is only public office leaf-leaf thus the great body of the Neapolitan youth are trained considerable derangement of the liver. Yet the system was pursued. Many seamstresses did embark, and are now happily married to prosperous colonists.

This change has operated for the general good in England. Here, the seal of resses are fewer, and have, of late, commanded higher wages. Still, at the present moment, their pros cts and experience are not of the ghtest. Still the day's hard work brings nly the coarsest food and the coldest home. .. hile the advocates of emigration have bein were stories of hard work and scanty re- whispering seductive stories; while aristo-quital: of suffering widows, and forform cratic patronesses have been forming themquital: of suffering widows, and forlorn cratic patronesses have been forming them-orphans, doomed by necessity to ply the selves into committees in aid; the thinning (in a measure) of the human supplies has bloodless cheeks, fleshless fingers, and sight-turned the attention of one or two ingeless eyes. To the least sensitive of men these nious men to the possibility of contriving stories were often of that terrible desolution some kind of scarestress that would show no pale cheeks, and demand no morsel of bread. commiseration. A horrible little instrument Flesh and blood seamstresses having become of torture has this little needle been to thou- insufficient instruments, it was time to see sands of poor Englishwomen! It has worn whether a seamstress could not be formed of abundant tears over the picture of misery, States, saw a way of "going ahead" in the drawn by this sharp little instrumt. On matter. He adopted the principle of the all sides people asked whether the poor shuttle, and conceived that, by combining creatures, doomed to hold it could not be be—this with a needle and a double thread, he this with a needle and a double thread, he friended: whether the wages of their labor could form an iron seamstress who would be could not be increased. The manufacturer entirely free from the interference of any her sight or her flesh. Mr. Howe went. vigorously to work; spent much money in cranks and cog-wheels, and iron fingers and ingenious needles, and in shades. He 1 4 the anatomy of his iron scamstrels together in various ways; but she would not work. No school-girl was ever so lazy as this iron workwoman. At last, fairly tired out with the iron obstinacy of his seamstress, Mr. Howe gave her up as an incorrigible sloth and dunce. Other men advanced to afford to the iron seamstress that paternal protection and improvement which Mr. Howe had withdrawn from her; but all reformatory discipline appeared to fail. Her stitches were not good; her needle was never in the right place; her threads were always tangled.

cried aloud, this state of things must cease to be.

Needlewomen's Benevolent Societies were formed, and some few poor women were snatched from death. The cry for wives, reaching angland from Australia also brought good takings to many faint hearts and hundreds of seamstresses were helped and hundreds of seamstresses has been dearly seams which his predecessors had taken to seamstresses and hundreds of seamstresses and hundreds of seamstresses had taken to seamstresses had taken to seamstresses and hundreds of seamstresses had taken to seamstresses and hundreds of seamstresses had taken to seamstresses a ked to hink corrected her revolutionary tendencies that like so had been ame docile, and began to work her igh the sa (e fron fingers admirably.

Possibly the reformer plumed himself not a looking after her. She does not even hold little on his cleverness:—But, certainly Mr. How we knesself. A servant must be in attendants to gy de the cloth forward as the stitches are may in it, causing the sewing to the seamstress. Part of the iron lady (said be straight, angle the or circular, at his pleater.) Mr. Howe) might belong to Mr. Judkins; but, undoubtedly, the lady's hands - the needle and the shuttle-were the property of Mr. Howe. Howe versus Judkins hereupon joined issue, and the law decided in favor of Howe. When toes the seamstress then, but appear, like Miss Biffin, without arms! These were terrible times in the history of the metallic seamstress. But Mr. Judkins id not Adesert the lady in these her dark days. Le desert the fady in these ner wark days. forthwith proceeded to consider the possibility of adapting the seamstress to her work. succeeded. She now proceeds to do her business in a curious, but effective way. is, probably, not good at involved crochetpatterns, and in other mysteries of needlework; but give her plain work to sew, and

yon shall see her make more than five hundred tight stitches in a minute.

The iron scamstress is composed of a flat metal surface, about twelve inches square (a very comfortable little body, as it will be seen), resting on four substantial legs. From one side of the lady's flat iron surface, an arm rises to the height of about ten inches, and swer is not a case one. Needlework though then, bending the elbow, passes over to the poorly pair has long been the drudgery to opposite side. From the end of the arm, a which women have taken when the strong moveable finger descends; this moveable arm the shielded them has fallen suddenly finger holds the needle. But, the iron lady's away. It was work easily learned and and blood seamstress. Her needle has its eye only half an inch from the point. The lady's needle being fixed in the lady's iron finger (somehow, this is like writing about a ferruginous Misa Kilmansegg), a reel or bobbin filled with thread is placed above the lady's and, and the thread is passed through the reedle's eye —for, the iron seamstress cannot thread her nyedle herself. To move the iron seamstress, alwheel is fixed to a main shaft; this wheel may be turned, either by steam or by human hands. Once in motion, it has instantaneous effect upon a lever within the arm; and the effect of this lever is to move the needle in the iron finger up and down, through the cloth and back again, leaving a loop of thread visible under the Beneath the iron surface before described are a second red of thread and other needle; this needle moves horizonty, backwards, and forwards through the is said to save nine.

loops made by the vertical no. 1, 1, 2, 3 and is this way the stitches are framed. But the horizontal needle also haves a loop through shortly will be Published, price 5s. 6d., neatly board in cloth, which the vertical nealle passes in the new descent; and thus, at every descent, a set it is to completed by the iron seamstress. It is that this steen lady uses two needles, whereat the human instrument commands only one ; but she works at the prodigious rate of Containing Number five bundred stitches a minute! She certification number is to stocks for five brindred stitches a minute! She cer-

But with all these disadvantages, the iron seamstress has unquestionable recommendations. Her five hundred stitches pel minute outnumber those of the human scam, cress beyoud all hope of rivalry. In the delicate parts of work-in those mysteries known to the erudite as flounces, gussets, frills, and tucksin the learned complications of the herringbone system, and the homely art of darningwe imagine that the iron lady is not pro-ficient. We believe her to be able, at the present time, to take in only the plainest She needlework. She must cede the graces of the art, as yet, to her human rivals : content to stitch and sew anything put before her, at the goodly rate of five hundred stitches per minute.

Yet, even now, the friends of human seamstresses may well begin to consider the effect this iron rival will ultimately have on human labor. Will the iron seamstress drive the seamstress of (not much) flesh and blood to more remunerative employments! The auneedle is not like the instrument of a flesh abundantly wanted. Poor creatures whose prospect was so dark that any pittance was a relief, could always, if they would accept the hard price, get the work. True, better times than those of forty-eight have dawned: and in the future, hope is placed most confidently by all men. But while we acknowledge that it is for the good of everybody that the iron seamstress should ply her double needles, we may well look around to see what field of labor may be fairly laid open to helpless women. We are told that they would make tender doctors for one another; that in walks of science and knowledge, there is room they may well fill; that in the broad ways of the world there are many honorable employments for which they are appropriately fitted. No doubt. Still, if we look to it a little, while the iron seamstress is proctising her five hundred stitches per minute, we may take that one effective stitch in time which

THE EIGHTH VOLUME

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s 180 to 203 whoth inclusive), and the Christmas, enti "ANOTHER ROUND це Симитмав Гії